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THE CONSERVATIVE FOREIGN POLICY.

It continues to seem as certain as it has long seemed that the Liberal Party will be in a majority in the next Parliament. There is still a doubt if the majority will be large enough to enable the new Government to have a foreign policy of its own, and to do anything as regards our relations with the Continental Powers except live from hand to mouth. Yet hand-to-mouth treatment will hardly suffice for long to meet the dangers of the Egyptian and Newfoundland cases. Neither will it cope with the existing total want of protection for British subjects in Madagascar. There is also extreme probability of a renewal of the war between France and Madagascar, for which renewal Lord Salisbury will be in part responsible, and which will awaken the interest of all the British Mission Churches and of friends of humanity. Though harm has been done by Conservative delay, it is not too late, on the one hand, to keep our eyes about Egypt, and on the other hand, to act justly towards Newfoundland colonists, even though this means acting firm towards France. The Newfoundland and the Egyptian cases may indeed be brought to a close, but if we wholly give up negotiation, to include Madagascar in it will be wholly unwise. Italy had Italy and Lord Salisbury gone out of his way to recent speedily interests in Madagascar, and to surrender those out of Italy as a nation which were not ours to give up. Even have raised us as a country to say a word for Madagascar, it many, so far as the Churches—for the Church of England, for the British subjects, for the Society of Friends; and these bodies, most of which, whether, are powerful not only in England but in Heligoland. The American Consul for Madagascar transacts stone had Madagascar native Government, and it is to be pre-deprecate that his Government shrink from following Lord of an ancient nation of French rights. It is possible that the but, on this point, the Malagasy people and inaugurate in Government nominally only by moral influence the Protestant

peoples throughout the world, which is likely to be theirs in the future. The French, too, would listen to them; not to us.

Lord Rosebery, for there can be no doubt that he will again be Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, will naturally try to avoid the Madagascar question. What, in other matters, will he be able to effect? A cautious man—how cautious we may judge from the remarks on the position of this country in foreign affairs which he lets drop by the way in his "Pitt"—he will disturb and undo as little as he can. He will have a free hand from his colleagues, whose confidence he possesses, and who will be plunged up to the neck in the details of the Irish Bills. He will have a free hand at first from the House of Commons (if the Liberal majority is large), except as to Egypt, and a free hand even as to Egypt subject to the obvious necessity of entering on negotiations. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and the Liberal Party as a whole, will agree in imposing on him this condition. But, although Lord Rosebery, Lord Dufferin, and Sir P. Currie—the British agents through whom negotiations with France must proceed, are all suspected by the French of being pro-German, it will need no outside pressure to convince men so shortsighted as Lord Rosebery and Lord Dufferin that negotiation with Egypt is essential, and the former will probably take up at once the dropped threads of 1884, 1885, and 1887. Lord Rosebery has the advantage of a keen sympathy with colonial feeling, and may be trusted to do what is possible towards settling the Newfoundland question in consonance with colonial rights.

What respects as regards foreign affairs has Lord Salisbury

not place, has he erred? Mr. Gladstone has been

in at the abandonment by Lord Salisbury in

erred? In 1892, of what is known as the Jingo

so constantly we voice to praise Lord Salisbury's

1885, and again from his policy, that he has often lifted

conduct of foreign affairs, and has

Conservatives an almost complete immunity from

attack except on Irish questions. It is true that

pro-Turkish policy: no small wars, or

"small war" in Burma which has made a heavy

of India, for which we are morally more responsible

own finance. The ordinary Philistine says in fact

can be worse than the foreign, colonial, military

and practice of the Liberal Party. He thinks, for

that the military and naval policy and practice

are no better, and he is rightly convinced that, though

for land forces, and makes India pay as largely as

portion—he has no army at home and but a small

he is doubtful if even the fleet is as strong

however, on the whole satisfied with

of Lord Salisbury. It has been left to Lord H. Bruce and Mr. Beckett, alone among Conservative members of Parliament, to protest against the Heligoland-Zanzibar convention. Is the public right in refusing to them its support, or is the dead-set against Mr. Gladstone, which is the main cause of the favour with which, among Conservatives, the foreign and colonial policy of Lord Salisbury is viewed, too absolute to allow the unregenerate Briton to listen to reason? It is odd and it is exceptional, and it is probably a temporary phenomenon, that we have to count the mass of the Liberal Party as for the moment, for all practical purposes, supporters of Lord Salisbury's foreign and colonial policy. The fact that Lord Salisbury has not been an active Turk or an active Jingo has proved enough to cover everything, and the Tories have been allowed to carry out their foreign and colonial policy unhampered by Parliament in a degree hitherto unknown in the history of this country, and even blessed in the name of the Liberal Party in their worst act—the treatment of Newfoundland. Lord Carrington, speaking with the prestige of his immense success as a colonial Governor, has sweepingly condemned the colonial policy of the Conservative administration, but he has not carried his party with him against the dead-weight of indifferent satisfaction produced by what is thought to be Mr. Gladstone's virtual, or at least tacit, acquiescence in Conservative foreign and colonial policy.

What, then, have the Tories done with the free hand that has been given them? Above all, they have "made-up to" Germany, and this apparently for no definite object and with no definite result. They have given to Germany as far as they could give; they have certainly helped her to procure the renewal of the Triple Alliance, by inducing sanguine Italians to believe that the British fleet will protect them against France, though as a fact we all know that the House of Commons will not allow a British fleet to do anything of the kind. France has wholly given up the temporal power, and would not have threatened Italy had Italy held aloof from the Triple Alliance; and, in spite of a recent speech by the minister of Austria-Hungary, intended to "pay-out" Italy for her talks with Russia, it is not Austria that would have raised the question. Our Government have also given Germany, so far as they could give, a vast tract in Africa in which British subjects had traded and Britons had preached the Gospel, but in most of which no German had ever been. They have given Germany Heligoland, which they might have sold dear, and which, if Mr. Gladstone had given, they would have destroyed him for giving. "I deprecate," says a Tory member to his constituents, "the surrender of an ancient dependency like Heligoland, to satiate a shadowy claim," but, on this point, that Tory member stood alone. Her Majesty's Government nominally obtained in return a protectorate of Zanzibar

—that is, of the little island of Zanzibar. But they might previously have had, save for an old promise to France, the protectorate of all Zanzibar—the island and the coast, and the reversion of the whole after the late Sultan's death. Virtually they had it. For the protectorate of the island of Zanzibar, coupled with a giving-up by us of the greater portion of the Zanzibar coast, in which previously we had had almost a monopoly of the trade, and, in, consequence of this same old promise to France, our Government gave France a free hand in Madagascar. Thus they sacrificed, so far as in them lay, not only a gallant little Christian people, determined to struggle to the last against foreign oppression, but also vast British missionary interests, and considerable British trading interests, which are now paralyzed by the Hova Government finding that, unlike the American Government, we insist on trying to transact business through a French Resident, whose right to interfere they will not recognise. All this for what? What have we gained by it? In Africa our share is less than it was thought to be before we came to a division; less than our trade and travel and right of discovery justify. In Zanzibar we have substituted a protectorate of a portion for a virtual protectorate of the whole, and at the same time we have given up Heligoland for which we might have had consideration. I have had other opportunities of going into the details of the surrender in Africa to Germany, and in Newfoundland to France. The Egyptian occupation—the jealousy of France at our virtual violation of our promises—the need for German countenance, must be the secret, as they are the only possible, explanation. What but Egypt can explain our lapse from the straight path in the case of Madagascar? France was a partner with us in an arrangement with regard to Zanzibar which suited our trade better than any other possible plan, and under which British-Indian settlement upon the coast had proceeded merrily. We suddenly gave Germany, for nothing, the better half of this coast, and then made ourselves the catspaw of the Germans to cram the new arrangement down the throat of France. We assisted in or looked on at bombardments and blockades which ruined our Indian traders, and then, establishing on the island only a protectorate (which on island and coast alike we had enjoyed in practice), we bought the consent of France by recognising in her a fraudulent protectorate of Madagascar. As I sympathise with the French with regard to Egypt, I may perhaps the more freely express my opinion against them on the subject of Madagascar, against their treatment of which question the missionary bodies, so popular in the island with the natives, have, in some cases publicly, and in some privately, protested.

The French are trying at the present moment to set up a judicial establishment in Madagascar, but, should its police lay hands on

Malagasy subjects, these will probably, having law and treaty on their side, resist their would-be captors, and the result may not improbably be a fresh expedition and a renewed war. The Hovas have justice with them, but one hesitates to say anything which can encourage them in resistance to a Power which in the long run must evidently, if she chooses, be too strong for them.

There never were poor people more disturbed to know what an international arrangement meant than were the Malagasy when they heard that the Government of Lord Salisbury had "recognised the French protectorate with its consequences." This "protectorate" had no existence, for the Malagasy had fought in arms against it with success; had refused to sign a treaty containing the word, and had received from the plenipotentiaries, Admiral Miot and M. Patrimonio, a letter in which it was expressly stated that there was to be no such thing. This letter was annexed to the treaty, and the treaty was only signed by the Hovas on this formal explanation. The French Parliament ratified the treaty, put their own construction on its meaning, and informed the world that their plenipotentiaries had exceeded their instructions in writing the letter which has been named. When the pagan powers of the old world could not or would not carry out their engagements, they used to send back their plenipotentiaries to be dealt with as the other party chose. Admiral Miot and M. Patrimonio were not handed to the Hovas by the French. Had they been, nothing worse would have happened to them than to have been told to go in peace. The Malagasy people, though some of their statesmen may not be above temptation, are firmly resolved to fight to the death rather than accept French jurisdiction. The 1,300 Malagasy Congregational Churches, the numerous native bodies connected with the Church of England and with the Society of Friends, look to the United Kingdom as the country that they reverence, imitate, respect. That Power, which had no direct concern with them, except indeed that its subjects had provided them with British civilisation, now goes out of its way to hand them over to a Power which, for every reason, bad or good, and especially as a Roman Catholic Power, they detest. By our example to the other countries we have helped to sell the Hovas into political slavery—slavery which, but for possible American interference, will be reached after the English civilisation of the country has been wrecked in a wicked war.

Nothing has yet been said of the French establishment at Diego Suarez. The desire of the French to obtain a great naval and military station at British Sound was perhaps their reason for their action towards Madagascar, and I admit to the full that, according to the doctrines which prevail among the nations, they may be held to be not without justification in the seizure of this

port and strip of land. Some Conservatives attacked Mr. Gladstone's second administration for making no protest against that declaration of a protectorate over Tunis by France which gave France the naval station of Biserta, but the Conservatives as a party made no objection, and Lord Salisbury at Berlin had himself suggested that France should go to Tunis, on the ground that Carthage could not be left to the barbarians. It is natural that France should wish to have a great military and naval station in the Indian seas. The seizure of it is an act directed against us in view of possible hostilities some day. But just as Mr. Gladstone's second administration seized on Port Hamilton (and I for one would have kept and fortified it), so we must be prepared to see France seize on the coaling-stations she thinks necessary to her existence at sea in war. Diego Suarez or British Sound was, however, the subject of due cession by the Hova Government after the war, and there is no question open which concerns this bay and strip of land. But the treatment of the Hova people as regards their real country, their interior, and our eagerness to recognise that protectorate to which they had not consented, will remain a blot upon our name.

If our supposed Egyptian necessities are put out of view, it is not possible to defend what has been done by way of cession of rights to Germany in Africa (coupled with the loss of Heligoland), and to France in Newfoundland and Madagascar.

Once more I ask, What have we gained by these surrenders? The only two Powers in the world who can do us harm are France and Russia: France because her maritime enterprise would enable her in case of war to imperil our trade; and Russia, because by moving a few men in Central Asia she can force us to spend so much money upon Indian military preparation as to jeopardize our hold on India. Our one most real danger is an eventual advance by Russia on the north-west frontier of India. Our other possible danger is of a coalition against us of Russia and France, to the destruction of our sea-borne trade. Russia, or Russia and France alone can hurt us. Therefore we have made friends with their foes, but without gaining an alliance. We stop short at the point at which friendship with their foes might possibly be useful. Should Russia ever complete her Asian railway and concentrate troops with transport within striking distance, will German forces march to our assistance under treaties concluded by Lord Salisbury? There are no such treaties. If Russia and France should ever coalesce against our trade, we have no security that Germany would invade France to help us, and she would, as a fact, be more likely to look on at first till she discerned a distinct interest and opportunity. One would suppose that there would be something to be said on the impolicy of being on bad terms with the only two Powers that can

do us hurt, without being on sufficiently good terms with their opponents to have allies. I can understand the policy of a frank adherence to the Triple Alliance with the intention one day of crushing our possible opponents, but it is not the policy of Lord Salisbury. What I cannot understand is the policy of expressing a greater measure of sympathy with the Central Powers than with the other members of the European concert, and morally wounding where we do not prepare either to strike or to defend.

Lord Salisbury, then, we have seen, gave up most important British interests on the east coast of Africa to please the Germans. He next gave to Germany a vast stretch of country to the north-east of their previous nominal possessions on the south-west coast, in countries as to which British travellers had acquired rights, and which no German had ever visited. He handed over to Germany a colony which had never been German, and which formerly belonged to Denmark. For it he was supposed to have received a price in the right to declare a British protectorate in the island of Zanzibar; but the Zanzibar agreement was a bad one in itself, apart from Heligoland, and gave us, as I have said, only a small portion of that which in practice we had previously enjoyed. Heligoland was of vast importance to the Germans, although of little to ourselves. The German admirals who have written upon Heligoland have stated that its strategic importance to Germany is immense; that France has received a severe blow by its cession; that it is the key to the great rivers and trade routes of Germany, and secures the mastery of the approaches to them. In 1870 the French blockaded the Elbe and other rivers because they were able to coal under the shelter of Heligoland. It by no means follows that Heligoland should not have been ceded to Germany, but a jewel of such value to the Germans, although of none to us, should not have been given up for nothing, or less than nothing.

There are, of course, many who would like to see the country make a new departure in foreign affairs. Great numbers of Conservatives incline to a German alliance, although, on grounds which are not practical. There is also something to be said, although it never is said, in favour of an almost opposite policy, namely, that of detaching Italy from the alliance of the Central Powers, and bringing her into a neutral maritime league. I have been trying, as I always try, to deal with facts and possibilities, and neither of these policies will be agreed to by Parliament. There are many who, upon grounds which are really sentimental, although they are not sentimental people as a rule, are distinctly pro-German or pro-Italian, and hostile to France; not really neutral, although they profess, and probably think they feel, a desire for peace. Our relations to Belgium may be used by them as a touchstone for the testing of their own

minds. They are generally inclined to fight for Belgium, if its treaty neutrality should be violated, regardless of the military possibilities of our being able to do so in time to effect anything. But in fact, they are convinced that the only danger to Belgian neutrality comes from France; an opinion in which they are not justified. What they really wish to do is to join the Central Powers against France in the (unlikely) event of France passing through Belgium to invade Germany, while they would resist pressure to join France in the event of Germany violating Belgian neutrality to get at France through the valley of the Meuse. It is, however, useless to discuss at length their position, or even that of those who more honestly believe that it is to our interest to become parties to the Triple Alliance, inasmuch as Lord Salisbury has rejected their view, and there is not now the slightest chance of any Government or of Parliament consenting to give effect to it.

There is more to be said for the other speculative view which I have just thrown out, though it is equally undeserving of full discussion. No one seriously proposes alliance with France and Russia. France has broken with many Liberal ideas, has become Protectionist for a while, although her people will get tired of the loss of the markets of the world for their wines, and of the prices that they have to pay for all commodities in order to sell better among themselves the things they grow least well. She has become the ally of a great Tory, or even reactionary, Power, now once more destitute of any notion of the principle of individual freedom. Absolute reliance can now be placed in the permanence of French government in time of peace, but it is obvious that in time of war the form of government, and consequently the policy of the country, would be at the mercy of one of the ambitious among the younger of the generals now commanding army corps, or of a cadet of the Bonapartes, now a Russian officer, or in short of whoever might be made to the public to appear to be the man who had done most for them in war. Among real neutralities, among the modes of straightforward friendships with all the Powers, unaccompanied by alliances with any, there is the possible policy alluded to just now, which would probably be that which would commend itself to Mr. Gladstone, with his strong Italian sympathies, if he were a younger or a less busy man—less absorbed, that is, in the Irish question. Austria may continue to put forward the Pope's claims in conversation, in order to keep Italy in the Triple Alliance, but it would undoubtedly be possible for us to detach Italy from that alliance and make her neutral like ourselves. We could obtain for Italy from France any guarantee we pleased that France should not make use of the Pope against her or aim at a restitution of the temporal power. France has, indeed, already, as has been shown, volunteered

such assurances, and we might, if we liked, take the opportunity of stipulating for conditions for the Pope. As matters stand, however, Mr. Gladstone's time will be taken up with the Irish question, and foreign affairs will be mainly left to Lord Rosebery, who will, very naturally, not attempt to interfere with the alliances of the Continental Powers, and who will heartily meet his party on the common ground of strict neutrality. If, however, we are to be strictly neutral and to look forward to having, without even an Italian alliance, to be ready at all times to defend our interests we may dismiss from our mind the possibility of any such reduction of naval expenditure as some Liberals contemplate. The French naval estimates for 1892 count 30 of their ironclads as being fit for immediate service against 21 of ours; and they will have actually at sea or in barracks more trained men than we have, with a vast superiority in torpedo squadrons. As matters stand, in the event of single-handed war at any time with France (and I admit that the Russian fleet may for the present be neglected) we should be unable to hold the Mediterranean, could only mask the French fleets at Gibraltar, and might find ourselves forced to undertake dangerous expeditions for the relief of Malta, while Cyprus must be given up, and the Suez Canal and Red Sea be sealed. France intends to continue to build ships in sufficient numbers to prevent us from carrying out our naval policy of blockade.

What is possible, then, is healthy and prudent negotiation with France for the settlement of all dangerous pending difficulties between the countries, and, after this, strict neutrality, but one unfortunately not accompanied by all the blessings of a peaceful policy, inasmuch as it would not carry with it the possibility of a saving upon naval armament.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY: ITS METHODS AND RESULTS

ASTRONOMERS are at present endeavouring to become fully acquainted with the resources of a new tool which has recently been placed in their hands. Perhaps it would be rather more correct to say that the tool is not exactly novel in principle, but it is rather the development of its capabilities and its application in new directions that forms the departure now creating so much interest. We have already learned much by its aid, while the expectation of further discoveries is so well founded that it is doubtful whether at any time since the invention of the telescope the prospects of the practical astronomer have seemed so bright as they are at this moment.

In the earlier periods of astronomical research it was the movements of the heavenly bodies which specially claimed attention, and it was with reference to these movements that the great classical achievements of the science have been made. But within the last two or three decades the most striking discoveries in observational astronomy have been chiefly though by no means exclusively concerned with the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies. It is the application of the spectroscope by the labours of Dr. Huggins and others that has disclosed to some extent the material elements present in the stars, as well as in comets and the distant nebulae. Now, however, it seems as if the spectroscope were for the future to be utilized not merely for that chemical examination of objects which is in the scope of no other method, but also as a means of advancing in a particular way our knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies. The results already obtained are of a striking and interesting description, and it is to their exposition and development that this article is devoted.

In the first place, it will be observed that the application of the spectroscope which we are now considering is not merely to be regarded as an improvement superseding the older methods of determining the movements of stars. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable that the type of information yielded by the spectroscope is wholly distinct from that which the earlier processes were adapted to give. The new method of observing movements, and that which, for convenience, we may speak of as the telescopic method, are not, in fact, competitive contrivances for obtaining the same results. They are rather to be regarded as complementary, each being just adapted to render the kind of information that the other is incompetent to afford.

It is well known that the ordinary expression, *fixed star*, is a misnomer, for almost every star which has been observed long

enough is seen to be in motion. Indeed, it is not at all likely—nay, it is infinitely improbable, that such an object as a really fixed star actually exists. When the place of a star has been accurately determined by measurements made with the meridian circle, and when, after the lapse of a number of years the place of the same star is again determined by observation, it not unfrequently happens that the two places disagree. The explanation is, of course, that the star has moved in the interval. Thus the constellations are becoming gradually transformed by the movements of the several stars which form them. It is true that the movements are so slow that even in thousands of years the changes do not amount to much when regarded as a disturbance of the configuration. Thus, to take an example, we know the movements of the stars forming the Great Bear sufficiently well to be able to sketch the position of the stars as they were ten thousand years ago, or as they will be in ten thousand years to come, and though, no doubt, some distortion is shown in each of these pictures from the present lineaments of the Great Bear, yet the identity of the group is in each case well preserved.

It is, however, obvious that if a star should happen to be darting directly towards the observer or directly from him, the telescopic method of determining its movement becomes wholly inapplicable. No change in its position could be noticed. It is, no doubt, conceivable that if the distance of a star from the earth were determined, and if the investigation were repeated after a sufficient lapse of time, then the differences between the two distances would give an indication of the star's movement along the line of sight during the interval. But we may say at once that such a method of research is wholly impracticable. Our knowledge of the star-distances is far too imperfect for the successful application of this method. Nor is there the slightest prospect of any improvements in practical astronomy which could enable us to detect movements of stars in the line of sight in the way suggested. Certainly it offers no hope of a method which could compare for a moment in simplicity or precision with the beautiful spectroscopic process. Of course if a star were moving in the line of sight, there must be a certain change in its apparent lustre corresponding to the changes in its distance, and it might be supposed that by careful measurements of the brightness of a star conducted from time to time, conclusions could be drawn as to the speed with which it was moving. But the application of such a process is beyond the sphere of available methods. It would take at least a thousand years before even the most rapidly-moving star would experience a change that would sensibly affect its lustre; and even if we had the means of measuring with precision the light emitted, our results would still be affected by the possible fluctua-

tions in the star's intrinsic brightness. It is thus manifest that the resources of the older astronomy were quite incapable of meeting the demands of astronomers when it became necessary to learn the movements of the stars to us or from us as well as the movements perpendicular to the line of vision, which had always been the subject of much investigation. It is just here that the spectroscope comes in to fill the vacant place in the armoury of the astronomer. It tells exactly what the older methods were unable to tell, and it does so with a certainty and a facility that suggest vast possibilities for the spectroscopic process in the future. The principle of the method is a beautiful illustration of the extent to which the different branches of physical science are interwoven. But the principle has been a familiar one to astronomers for many years. It is the facility and success attending its recent application that has now aroused so much interest. Once it became certain that the undulatory theory of light expressed a great truth of nature, a certain deduction from that truth became almost obvious. It was, however, by no means certain that the practical application of this deduction to astronomical research would be feasible. That it has proved to be so in any degree is somewhat of a surprise, while it now appears susceptible of developments to an extent that could hardly have been dreamed of.

The logic of the new method is simple enough. Our eyes are so constituted that when a certain number of ethereal vibrations per second are received by the nerves of the retina the brain interprets the effect to mean that a ray of, let us say, red light has entered the eye. A certain larger number of vibrations per second is similarly understood by the brain to imply the presence of blue light on the retina. Each particular hue of the spectrum—the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—is associated with a corresponding number of vibrations per second. It will thus be seen that the interpretation we put on any ray of light depends solely, as far as its hue is concerned, on the number of vibrations per second produced on the retina. Increase that number of vibrations in any way, then the hue shifts towards one nearer the blue end of the spectrum; decrease the number of vibrations per second, and the hue shifts along the spectrum in the opposite direction.

From these considerations it is apparent that the hue of a light as interpreted by the eye will undergo modification if the source from which the light radiates is moving towards us or moving from us. In order to expound the matter simply I shall suppose a case of a rather simpler type than any which we actually find in nature. Let us suppose the existence of a star emitting light of a pure green colour corresponding to a tint near the middle of the spectrum. This star pours forth each second a certain number of vibrations appropriate to its particular colour, and if the star be at rest relatively to

the eye, then, we assume, the vibrations will be received on the retina at the same intervals as those with which the star emits them. Consequently we shall perceive the star to be green. But now suppose that the star is hurrying towards us, it follows that the number of vibrations received in a second by the eye will undergo an increase. For the relative movement is the same as if the earth were rushing towards the star. In this case we advance, so to speak, to meet the waves, and consequently receive them at less intervals than if we were to wait for their arrival. Many illustrations can be given of the simple principle here involved. Suppose that a number of soldiers are walking past in single file, and that while the observer stands still twenty soldiers a minute pass him. But now let him walk in the opposite direction to the soldiers, then, if his speed be as great as theirs, he will pass forty soldiers a minute instead of twenty. If his speed were half that of the soldiers, then he would pass thirty a minute, so that in fact the speed with which the observer is moving could be determined if he counts the number of soldiers that he passes per minute, and makes a simple calculation. On the other hand, suppose that the observer walks in the same direction as the soldiers; if he maintains the same pace that they do, then it is plain that no soldiers at all will pass him while he walks. If he moves at half their rate, then ten soldiers will pass him each minute. From these considerations it will be sufficiently apparent that if the earth and the star are approaching each other, more waves of light per second will be received on the retina than if their positions are relatively stationary. But the interpretation which the brain will put on this accession to the number of waves per second is that the hue of the light is altered to some shade nearer the blue end of the spectrum. In fact, if we could conceive the velocity with which the bodies approached to be sufficiently augmented, the colour of the star would seem to change from green to blue, from blue to indigo, from indigo to violet; while, if the pace were still further increased, it is absolutely certain that the waves would be poured upon the retina with such rapidity that no nerves there present would be competent to deal with them, and the star would actually disappear from vision. It may, however, be remarked that the velocity required to produce such a condition as we have supposed is altogether in excess of any known velocities in the celestial movements. The actual changes in hue that the movements we meet with are competent to effect are much smaller than in the case given as an illustration.

On the other hand, we may consider the original green star and the earth to be moving apart from each other. The effect of this is that the number of waves poured into the eye is lessened, and accordingly the brain interprets this to imply that the hue of

the star has shifted from the green to the red end of the spectrum. If the speed with which the bodies increase their distance be sufficiently large, the green may transform into a yellow, the yellow into an orange, the orange into a red; while a still greater velocity is, at all events, conceivable which would cause the undulations to be received with such slowness that the nature of the light could no longer be interpreted by any nerves which the eye contains, and from the mere fact of its rapid motion away from us the star would become invisible. Here again we must add the remark that the actual velocities animating the heavenly bodies are not large enough to allow of the extreme results now indicated.

However, in the actual circumstances of the celestial bodies it seems impossible that any change of hue recognisable by the eye could be attributed to movement in the line of sight. Nor does this merely depend on the circumstance that the velocities are too small to produce such an effect. It must be remembered that the case of a star which dispenses light of perfect simplicity of composition is one that can hardly exist among the heavenly bodies, though it may be admitted that there is a certain approach to it in one or two remarkable cases. It is, however, much more usual for the light from a star to be of a highly composite type, including rays not only from all parts of the visual spectrum, but also of rays belonging to the ultra-violet region, as well as others beyond the extreme red end. The effect of the retreat of a star, so far as its colour is concerned, is that though the green is shifted a little towards the red, a bluish hue moves up to supply the place of the green, and as a similar effect takes place along the entire length of the spectrum, the total appearance is unaltered.

It is a fortunate circumstance that the lines in the spectrum afford a precise means of measuring the extent of the shift due to motion. If the movement of the star be towards us then the whole system of lines is shifted towards the blue end, whereas it moves towards the red end when the star is hastening from us. The amount of the shift is a measure of the speed of the movement. This is the consideration which brings the process within the compass of practical astronomy. We need not here discuss the appliances, optical, mechanical, and photographic, by which an unexpected degree of precision has been given to the measurements. It seems that in the skilful hands of Vogel and Keeler it is possible in favourable cases to obtain determinations of the velocities of objects in the line of sight with a degree of precision which leaves no greater margin for doubt than about 5 per cent. of the total amount. It is truly astounding that such a degree of accuracy should be attainable under conditions of such difficulty. It must also be remembered that the distance of the object is here immaterial, unless in so far as the

reduction in the brilliancy of the star owing to its distance involves a difficulty in making the observations.

As the first illustration of the extraordinary results that are now being obtained by the application of the new process, I take the case of the celebrated variable Algol. This star is a well-known object to all star-gazers; it lies in the constellation of Perseus, and its vagaries attracted notice in early times. In ages when the stars were worshipped as divinities it was not unreasonable to suppose that a star whose light varied in any extraordinary manner should naturally be viewed with some degree of suspicion as contrasted with stars that dispense their beams with uniformity. It was doubtless a feeling of this kind which rendered Algol a star of questionable import to the ancient students of the heavens. It was accordingly known as the Demon Star, for this is the equivalent of the name by which we now know it. As to the peculiarities of Algol which have given it notoriety, these are very simply described. For two days and ten hours the star remains of uniform lustre, being ranked about the second magnitude; then a decline of brightness sets in, and the star in a few hours parts with three-fifths of its brightness. At the lowest point it remains for about twenty minutes, and then the brilliancy commences to increase, so that in a few hours more Algol has resumed its original character. The entire period required for the decline and the rise is about ten hours, and the whole cycle of the changes has been determined with much accuracy, and is at present 2 days, 20 hours, 48 minutes, 52 seconds. The length of the period seems to undergo some trifling fluctuations of a few seconds, but on the whole the permanence of the system is a striking part of the phenomenon. Considering that these changes can be observed without any telescope, it is not surprising that they have been known for centuries. Indeed, it fortunately happens that there is a smaller star near Algol which serves as a convenient standard of comparison. Under ordinary circumstances Algol is much brighter than its neighbour, but when it sinks to its lowest point it then happens that the two stars have almost equal lustre. It is only within the last year or two that the mystery of the variability of Algol has been at last revealed and the phenomenon of the Demon Star has received its true interpretation.

It had been suggested long ago that the loss of light might be due to an eclipse of the brilliant star by some dark companion; indeed, this theory seemed to hold the field, inasmuch as its only rival was one which supposed Algol to be a revolving body darker on one side than the other. This, however, was easily shown to be incompatible with the observed facts as to the manner in which the light waxed and waned in a single cycle of change. It was, however, impossible to subject the eclipse theory to any decisive test

until astronomers were provided with the means of measuring the velocity of approach or retreat along the line of sight. The existence of the dark companion was therefore almost destitute of support from observations until Vogel made his wonderful discovery.

Applying the improved spectrographic process to Algol, he determined on one night that Algol was retreating at a speed of twenty-six miles a second. This in itself is a striking fact, but of course the velocity is not an exceptionally large one for celestial movements. We know of one star at least which moves half a dozen times as fast. When, however, Vogel came to repeat his observations he found that Algol was again moving with the same velocity, but this time the movement was towards the earth instead of from it. Here was indeed a singular circumstance demanding the careful examination which it speedily received. It appeared that the movements of Algol to and fro were strictly periodic, that is to say, for one day and ten hours the star is moving towards us, and then for a like time it moves from us, the maximum speed in each advance or retreat being that we have mentioned, namely twenty-six miles a second. The interest awakened by this discovery culminates when it appears that this movement to and fro is directly associated in a remarkable manner with the variation of Algol's lustre. It is invariably found that every time the movement of retreat is completed, the star loses its brilliance, and regains it again at the commencement of the return movement. It is thus plain that the changes in brilliance of the star bear an important relation to the periodic movement. Here was an important step taken. For the next advance in this remarkable investigation we have to depend, not on our instruments, but on the laws of mechanics. We have spoken of Algol as moving to and fro, but it is necessary to observe that it is impossible for a star to run along a straight line for a certain distance, stop, turn back, again retrace its movement, stop, and again return. Such movement is simply forbidden by the laws of motion. We can, however, easily ascertain that there is a type of motion possible for Algol which shall be compatible with the results of the spectroscopic research and also be permitted by the laws of motion. There is no objection to the supposition that Algol is moving in a path which is nearly, if not exactly, a circle. In this it would only be moving as does the moon, or the earth, or any of the other planets. It will be only necessary to suppose that the plane of the orbit of Algol is directed so that it passes near the earth. During the description of one semicircle Algol will be coming towards us, while, during the other semicircle it will be going from us and thus the observed facts of the movement are conciliated with the laws of motion. Of course, this involves a certain periodic shift in the position of Algol in the

heavens. It must, for instance, when moving most rapidly from us be at a distance equal to the diameter of the circle from the position which it has when moving most rapidly towards us. This is true, but the extent of the shift of place is far too small to be visible to our instruments. In fact, it can be shown that the size of the circle in which Algol revolves could hardly be larger than is that which the rim of a three-penny bit would appear to have if viewed from a situation five hundred miles away. It is one of the extraordinary characteristics of the spectroscopic method that it renders such an orbital movement perceptible.

The fact that Algol revolves in an orbit having been thus demonstrated, we can again call in the assistance of the laws of dynamics to carry us a step further. Such a movement is possible on one condition and only one, and that is that there is an attracting body in the neighbourhood around which Algol revolves. Of course the student of mechanics knows that in such a case each of the bodies revolves around the other. The essential point to be noticed is that the spectroscopic evidence admits of no other interpretation save that there must be another mighty body in the immediate vicinity of Algol. We had already seen reason to believe in the possibility of the presence of such a companion for the Demon Star, simply from the fact of its variability. There cannot be any longer a doubt that the mystery has been solved. Algol must be attended by a companion star, which, if not absolutely as devoid of intrinsic light as the earth or the moon, is nevertheless dark relatively to Algol. Once in each period of revolution this obscure body intrudes between the earth and Algol, cutting off a portion of the direct light from the star and thus producing the well-known effect. Here we have such a remarkable concurrence between the facts of observation and the laws of dynamics that it is impossible to doubt the explanation they provide of the variability of the famous star.

There is, however, a further point in which the facts can be made to yield information of even a more striking character, inasmuch as it is unique of its kind. It is, of course, well known that stars in general show no appreciable disks even in our best telescopes. In fact the better the instrument the smaller does the stellar point appear. This is, of course, due to the distance at which the stars are situated. It would be easy to show that if the sun were to be viewed by an observer placed on the nearest of the stars the apparent magnitude of its disk would be no greater than an eagle would seem if soaring overhead at an altitude three times as great as the distance of New Zealand beneath our feet. Of course, no instrument whatever would render the dimensions of such an object perceptible, though such is the delicacy of the sense of perception of light that the eye may be able to detect the radiation from a self-luminous

object which is itself too small to form an image of recognizable dimensions on the retina. The stars, of course, are suns often comparable with, and often far exceeding, our own Sun in lustre and dimensions, but their distance is far too large to enable us to measure their diameters by the ordinary processes of the observatory. Even if the stars were brought towards the earth so that their distances were reduced to a tenth of what they are at this moment, it does not seem at all likely that any one of them would be even then seen clearly enough to enable us to perceive its diameter. This statement becomes the more significant when it is borne in mind that there are several cases in which, though we are not able to measure the dimensions of stars, yet we are able to weigh them. If the period of revolution of a binary star has been determined, and if the distance of the pair from the sun is also known, we then have sufficient data to enable us to compare the mass of the binary system with that of the sun. It will therefore be understood that the first observations which declare the actual dimensions of a star merit the utmost attention. They constitute a distinct and important departure in our knowledge of the universe. It is surely a noteworthy epoch in the history of astronomy when, for the first time, we are able to apply the celestial callipers to gauge the diameter of a star. So far as surveying and measuring goes, this is the most significant piece of work in sidereal astronomy since the epoch, half a century ago, when the determination of a stellar distance first emerged from the mistiness of mere guess work and took a respectable position among the solved problems of astronomy. Nor is our gratification at the result of Vogel's striking work lessened by the fact of its unexpectedness. Who would have predicted some few years ago that the spectroscope was to be the instrument to which we should be indebted for the means of putting a measuring tape round the girth of a star? The process and the results are alike full of interest and are of happy augury for the future.

To explain exactly how it is possible to deduce the diameter of Algol from the known facts of its movement would lead into some technicalities that need not be here mentioned. But the principle of the method is so plain that it would be unfitting to leave it without some attempt at exposition. We are first to notice that Algol, at the moment of its greatest eclipse, has lost about three-fifths of its light: it therefore follows that the dark satellite must have covered three-fifths of the bright surface. It is also to be noticed that the period of maximum obscuration is about twenty minutes, and that we know the velocity of the bright star. These facts, added to our knowledge that ten hours is required for the brilliancy to sink from and regain its original lustre, enable the sizes of the two globes to be found. There is only one element of uncertainty

in the matter. We have assumed that the densities of the two bodies are the same. Of course, this may not be the case, and if it should prove to be unfounded, then some modification will have to be made in the numerical elements now provisionally assigned. There can, however, be little doubt that so far as the substantial features of the Algol system are concerned, the elements given by Vogel may be accepted. Let us endeavour to form a conception of what Algol and its companion are like. It is worth making the attempt, because, as we have already said, Algol is the first star among "yonder hundred million spheres" of which the dimensions are approximately known. First we are to think of Algol itself. It is indeed a vast object, a glowing globe, a veritable Sun, much larger than our own. The diameter of the Sun would have to be increased by almost 200,000 miles to make it as great as that of Algol. But we may exhibit the relative proportions of the two bodies in a somewhat different manner. Imagine two globes, each as large as our Sun; let those two be rolled into one, and we have a globe of the splendid proportions of Algol. But now for a singular circumstance which indicates the variety of types of Sun which the heavens offer to our study. Though Algol is twice as big as the Sun it is not twice as heavy. It is indeed an extraordinary circumstance that notwithstanding the vast bulk of Algol, its weight is only about half that of the Sun. The Sun itself has a density about a fourth that of the Earth, or but little more than the density of water, yet Algol has a density which is much less than that of water, in fact, this globe is apparently not much heavier than if it were made of cork. We are, of course, speaking of the average density of the star. No doubt its central portions must be dense enough, but it is impossible to resist the conclusions that the greater part of Algol must be composed of matter in a gaseous state. Of course, such a state of things is already known to exist in many celestial bodies. The figures that have been arrived at must be regarded as subject to a possible correction, but it is difficult to repress all feelings of enthusiasm at a moment when, for the first time, so startling an extension has been given to our knowledge of the universe. And now, as to the dark companion of Algol. Here is an object which we never have seen, and apparently never can expect to see, but yet we have been able not only to weigh it and to measure it, but also to determine its movements. It appears that the companion of Algol is about the same size as our Sun, but has a mass only one-fourth as great. This indicates the existence of a globe of matter which must be largely in the gaseous state, but which, nevertheless, seems to be devoid of intrinsic luminosity. We may compare this body with the planet Saturn; of course, the latter is not nearly so large as the companion to Algol, but the two globes seem to agree fairly well as

to density. As to the character of the movements of the dark companion of Algol, we can learn little, except what the laws of dynamics may teach; but the information thus acquired is founded on such well understood principles that it leaves us in no uncertainty. It would be a natural assumption that the law of gravitation is obeyed and must be obeyed in the stellar systems. It would, indeed, be surprising if that law which regulates the movements of the bodies in the solar system should not be found to prevail in the sidereal systems also. Everything would justify us in the anticipation that this is so. Have we not learned to a large extent the actual nature of the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of stars? We find that the ingredients of these other suns are in the main identical with those which exist in our own Sun and in the Earth itself. If iron attracts iron by the law of gravitation in the solar system, why should not iron attract iron in the sidereal systems as well? But we are not dependent solely on this presumption for our knowledge of the important fact that the law of gravitation is not confined to the solar system. The movements of binary stars have been studied, and it has been invariably found that the phenomena observed are compatible with the supposition that the law of gravitation prevails throughout the universe. It would not, however, be correct to assert, as has been sometimes done, that the facts of the binary systems actually prove that gravitation is the all-compelling force there as here. The circumstances do not warrant us in expressing the matter quite so forcibly. The binary stars are so remote that the observations which we are enabled to make are wanting in the almost mathematical precision which we can give to such work when applied to the bodies of our own system. It is quite possible for mathematical ingenuity to devise a wholly arbitrary and imaginary system of force, which might explain the facts of binary stars, as far as we are able to observe them, on quite another hypothesis than the simple law that the attraction between two particles varies with the inverse square of the distance. No one, however, will be likely to doubt that it is the law of gravitation, pure and simple, which prevails in the celestial spaces, and consequently we are able to make use of it to explain the circumstances attending the movement of Algol's dark companion.

This body is the smaller of the two, and the speed with which it moves is double as great as that of Algol, so that it travels over as many miles in a second as an express train can get over in an hour. It revolves with apparent uniformity in an orbit which must be approximately circular, and it completes its journey in the brief period given above, which indicates the time of variability. So far the movements of Algol and its companion are not very dissimilar to movements in the solar system with which we are

already familiar; but there is one point in which the Algol system presents features wholly without parallel in the planetary movements. It is that the two bodies are so very close together. I do not, of course, mean that they seem close by ordinary standards—for is not their distance always some three million miles? This is, however, an unusually short distance when compared with the dimensions of the two globes themselves. The dimensions of the system may be appreciated by the simple illustration of taking a shilling and a sixpence and placing them so that the distance from rim to rim is two inches. The smaller coin will represent the dark satellite and the larger one Algol, fairly correct as to position and dimensions. Viewed in this way it is evident that the dimensions of the globes bear a monstrous proportion to their distance apart when compared with the more familiar planets and satellites of our system. The tides in such a case must be of a magnitude and importance of which we have no conception from our experiences of such agencies here.

We have dwelt thus long on the subject of Algol because it was fitting to give due emphasis to the remarkable extension of our knowledge of the universe which took place when, for the first time, we became able to measure the size of a star.

It is well known that the most difficult test-objects on which a telescope can be directed are some of those double stars of which the components have a suitable distance. If the two stars be so close together that they subtend at our system an angle not more than a few tenths of a second, then the telescopic separation of the two components is a feat to tax the powers of the most perfect instrument, and the eye of the most accomplished observer. It may, however, happen that there are double stars of which the components are much closer than this. In such a case there is not the slightest possibility of our being able to effect a visual decomposition of the pair into its components. The spectroscopic process has, however, placed at our disposal a striking method for detecting the existence of double stars, so extraordinarily difficult that even if the components were hundreds of times farther apart than they actually are they would still fall short of the necessary distance at which they must be situated before they can be separated telescopically. Indeed, we have here obtained an accession to our power so remarkable that we have not yet been able even to feel the limits within which its application must be confined. As an illustration of this process I shall take a star which is probably as famous as Algol itself. It is Mizar, the middle star of the three which form the tail of the Great Bear. Mizar has in its vicinity the small star Alcor, which is now so easily seen as to make it hard for us to realise the significance of the proverb, "He can see Alcor." It is, however,

possible that the lustre of Alcor may have waxed greater since ancient times. The relationship between Mizar and Alcor is closer than might be inferred from the mere fact of their contiguity on the sky. Their proximity is not an accident of situation, as is the case in some other instances when two stars happen to lie in nearly the same line of vision. The association of Alcor and Mizar is rendered highly probable from the fact that they move together in parallel directions and the same velocity. But this is the least of the circumstances that gives Mizar its interest. The star itself is a double of the easiest type, and is at the same time of striking interest and beauty. Every possessor of a telescope, large or small, knows Mizar to be one of the most suitable objects wherewith to delight the friends that visit his observatory, by a glimpse at a double star which is both easy to discern and remarkable in character. This is the second noteworthy point about Mizar; but now for the third and last, which is by far the most interesting of all, and has only lately been ascertained by a discovery which will take its place in the history of astronomy as the inauguration of a new process in the study of things sidereal.

Professor Pickering has, as is well known, been extremely successful in obtaining photographs of the spectra of the stars. Sufficient means having been placed at his disposal by Mrs. Draper, he has applied himself with remarkable results to the compilation of the Henry Draper Memorial. The photographs of the spectra of the stars that he has thus obtained exhibit a fulness of detail that some years ago could hardly have been expected even in photographs of the solar spectrum itself. Among the stars subjected to his camera was Mizar, and the photographs of the spectrum of its principal component exhibited, as other stellar spectra did, a profusion of dark lines. These photographs being repeated at different dates, it was natural to compare them together, and it was noticed that the lines sometimes appeared double and sometimes single. So striking a circumstance, of course, demanded closer investigation, and presently it appeared that this opening and closing of the lines was a periodical phenomenon. The interval between one maximum opening of the lines and the next was fifty-two days. If the star were a single object, then this phenomenon would be inexplicable. It was plain that the object could not be a single star; it must consist of a pair extremely close together, and in rapid revolution. The doubling of the lines will then be readily intelligible. When one of the components is moving towards us while the other is moving from us, all the lines belonging to one system are shifted one way, and all those belonging to the other system are shifted the other way, the effect on the spectrum being that the lines appear doubled. When the stars are moving perpendicularly to the line of sight, then their relative velocities towards the earth are equal, and the lines close up

again. We thus at once learn the period of the revolution of the two components. The lines must open out twice in each circuit, and consequently we have as the first instalment of the numerical facts of the system that the period of its revolution is a hundred and four days. It is, however, a peculiarity of the spectroscopic process that it provides us with a wealth of information on the subject. The amount by which the lines open when they separate admits of accurate measurement, and as this depends on the velocities, it follows that we obtain a determination of these velocities. It thus appears that the speed with which each of the component stars moves is about fifty miles a second. As, therefore, we know the pace at which the stars are moving, and the time they need for the journey, we know how large their path is, and thus we infer that the distance of the components is, speaking roundly, about one hundred and fifty millions of miles. But now we are enabled to draw a remarkable inference. We know the size of the orbits, and we know the time in which the revolutions are accomplished. It is the mathematician who enables the mass of the bodies to be determined, and the result is not a little astonishing. It tells us that the mass of the two component stars which form Mizar is not less than forty times as great as the mass of the sun. Here is indeed a result equally striking on account of the method by which it is obtained and of the startling character of the conception to which it leads. Remember that in all this the distance of the star from the earth is not concerned, for the results at which we have arrived are absolutely independent of the distance at which the star may happen to be placed. We already knew the masses of some few binary stars by the application of the older process, but in all such cases it was necessary that we should have a previous knowledge of the star's distance. This is always a precarious element, and in the majority of cases it is wholly out of our power to discover it. Now, however, we are entitled to expect large additions to our knowledge of the stars, their masses, and their movements, notwithstanding the fact that the distances may be too vast to be appreciated by any means at our disposal.

The instances that have been given will suffice to show the versatility of the new method. It is the alliance of photography with spectroscopy that makes the present time so full of promise. The improvement of the two arts has gone on simultaneously, and the quantity of detail that is contained in such photographs of stellar spectra as those which have been recently obtained by Professor Pickering and by Mr. Lockyer shows the immensity of the field that now invites exploration.

ROBERT S. BALL.

A HANDFUL OF LEAD.

On the table before me stands a small silver cup or "quaigh," filled with misshapen lumps and fragments of baser metal. It is of Scandinavian workmanship, and roughly engraved with devices emblematical of the chase. In the middle of the last century, as the date and name scratched upon it prove, it was owned, and in all probability fashioned, by one Thor Thorsen, some peasant hunter of the Northern wilds, by whom also, we may fairly suppose, it was often drained to celebrate the death of the elk, the bear, or the wolf, or, which is quite as likely, by way of consolation for their escape. Its present contents, themselves once liquid, form when emptied into the palm a small handful of lead, and are the mutilated remnants of modern rifle bullets, which, after finding their billets and fulfilling the purpose of their creation, have been released from active service. Originally the uniform offspring of one mould, they now vary considerably in size and shape. Some appear to have met with but little resistance in penetration, and although bruised and blunted still retain in a great measure their cylindrical form; others bear the strongest miniature resemblance to a battered Tyrolese hat with the crown knocked out; there are flattened fragments like chips from the edge of a broken plate; and vicious-looking deformities, twisted and crumpled out of all recognition, the veritable "ragged lead." So tightly clinched in the cruel amorphism of one of the latter as to have survived the thorough cleansing which it has undergone, are two or three long brown hairs, significant of the missile's passage through the hide of a bear.

Meditating, as I sit in my chair, on these relics, I am transported in mind across the rolling billows of the North Sea, and far up the coast of Norway, to a grand region of fjeld, forest, and lake, now lying silent and desolate beneath the white mantle of winter, to be traversed only by the runner on snowshoes; and happily at all seasons impenetrable except on foot. For there over a couple of thousand square miles are found neither inns, nor stations, nor roads, nor vehicles, nor horses, nor any convenience whatever whereby the ordinary tourist and scenery-seeker might be assisted in his intrusion. Half a dozen small homesteads, buried in the wilderness and accessible only by long boat voyages on the larger lakes, or weary travel across the fjelds, contain the inland population, and, together with the same number of private huts, specially built in sequestered glens, afford temporary resting-places to the wandering hunter, whose entire kit and outfit must, in shifting quarters, be carried on the backs of men. There I have been fortunate enough

to secure for myself a hunting-ground, the respectable size of which—about that of the county of Surrey—insures me against any immediate danger of being crowded out; there, during the past season, that handful of lead was expended and recovered; and it is my purpose in this article to take it as my theme, and to try and sketch the circumstances under which some at least of those now “emeriti” veterans performed their deadly duty.

I confess that at eight o'clock on the morning of September the 17th, 1891, when I came out of my hut after an early breakfast, I was in a bad temper and low spirits. In spite of the excellence of my Lapp hunter, Elias, a man of great experience and thoroughly familiar with the country, and of his dog, Passop, the most perfect leash-hound I have ever met with—superior, I am bound to say, even to my own Huy; in spite of the considerable number of elk seen up to date—in all, twenty-five, including cows, calves, and two-year-olds—at these I would not draw trigger; and in spite of hard work day by day from early morn until dusk, I had killed but one bull, and to my sorrow wounded another, which escaped in a dense fog on the high ground, and could never be found again. All things, as in the case of Sisera, had conspired to fight against us. A whole valuable week had been consumed in the search for and vain pursuit of an enormous beast, magnificently horned, who, in the company of an extremely wary cow with a calf, and a younger bull, frequented a wide expanse of open fjeld, and defeated during that time all our efforts to get within shot. At length, with supernatural cunning, he separated himself from his companions, and took up his abode in the large tract whereon I had already slain one of his kindred, and there by operation of the law which forbids the killing of more than one elk on each registered division of the land, was in perfect safety. Two attempts to dislodge him from this sanctuary being unsuccessful, we had to leave him in peace and move on. Therefore, I say, when I came out of my hut on the 17th, I was discontented and dispirited. It had, as usual, been raining all night as it had poured, after two months of splendid summer, ever since the elk season began, and there was not a sign of improvement in the wretched weather; beneath the canopy of dark cloud which rested on the fjeld, the lower pine-clad slopes showed as black as the “invisible green” of the rifleman; a chilly breeze, laden with drizzle, ruffled the leaden waters of the lake, whose extremity was veiled by the curtain of another approaching rainstorm; my clothes and boots were still suggestive of their last soaking—on these occasions one's wardrobe is perforce limited—and the boat in which I was about to embark looked abominably damp. Even my four cheery followers, Peter, Johannes, Eric, and the ever-hopeful Nils, accustomed as they were to hard work and hard weather, were somewhat dejected;

we were to shift quarters that day, and they had before them a long wet tramp over the hills, under their heavy burdens. And had the elements been only fairly kind, how delightful would everything have been! The log-hut stood close to the margin of a narrow channel, which connected with a swift current the two divisions of the lake, and commanded from its spacious "altan," or verandah-porch, a glorious view of the upper sheet of water girt by the terraced hills. The last built, it had been constructed with all the improvements suggested by experience. The lake in front was full of trout and char; game, big and small, abounded in the adjacent forests; nothing was wanting but a little blue sky and sunshine to render it an ideal residence for a sportsman. And yet here was I leaving it with a kind of sullen thankfulness that my next quarters would be in a small farmhouse. All the attractions of its position and the wild beauty of its surroundings were neutralized by the vileness of the weather.

But, be it fair or foul, the hunter whose legal opportunities will be exhausted in forty days must not shirk the obligations of the chase. Artemis is a hard mistress: her votaries, especially those who pursue the elk, must offer, day after day, their resolute homage of action and toil; there must be no slackness in her cult, lest the irate goddess turn from them the light of her countenance, and cause them to miss the best chances of the season. Leaving to the men the task of packing up, and the use of a large watertight boat adapted for the transport of baggage, Elias and I, with the dog Passop, the only member of the party whose spirits seemed unaffected by the weather, entered a small and leaky one, and crossed the lake. My dear Huy, whose vivacity is now tempered by mature age, regarded our departure with melancholy resignation. During the passage the fresh rain-storm overtook us, and increased the dismal tone of my reflections. There is an old song that has been a favourite of mine from my youth up: I believe that in former years I used to sing it; on occasion I still hum or whistle the air. It begins in this fashion:—

"Some love to roam on the dark sea foam,
Where the wild winds whistle free,
But a mountain-land and a chosen band,
And a life in the woods for me!"

I thought of it that morning: I reflected with some bitterness that the author, whilst noticing the fact that the sea may be dark and foamy, and the winds thereon wild and free, ignores altogether the possibility of the woods being sodden with rain, the mountain-land shrouded in mist, and the chosen band down upon their luck.

"When morning beams on the mountain streams,
Oh! merrily forth we go!"

But how if there are no beams of morning? what if the streams are all muddy torrents? How about your merriment then? Under these conditions, my good sir, I think you would be inclined to modify your cheery refrain of Yoho! Yoho-oo! with its prolonged high G.

We landed at the mouth of a very narrow glen, scarcely more than a ravine, and found ourselves forthwith in a copse of birch and alder, with dense undergrowth of tall ferns, sowthistle, sorrel, and other highland herbage. Before we had penetrated thirty yards I was conscious of being moist all over. But this unpleasant consciousness was speedily ousted by the varied signs of wild animal life which revealed themselves in the thicket. There was the spoor of elk to begin with, certainly not more than a few hours old: the markings were those of a cow and calf only, but where a cow is, a bull may be not far off, and hope is happily eternal. Then appeared the signs of a bear that had been feeding on the rank mountain sorrel, very much the reverse of fresh, and difficult to interpret by reason of the incessant rain. Then again, all within the same small area, came the traces of a martin-cat, a fox, and an old cock capercaillie. But, for the moment, the tracks of the big game only had any real interest for us. Quitting the thicket, which extended but a short distance from the beach, and was succeeded by thin birchwood, we began to slowly ascend the steep, narrow ravine by the side of its central watercourse, now filled with a foaming torrent; above the tree-tops we could see the inland boundary of the gorge, a smooth wall of black precipitous rock, shining with wet and crested on its sky-line by a bank of motionless grey fog. As we climbed, the fresh elk and old bear tracks always preceded us. About half-way up they separated, the latter crossing the stream and the former still following its course. We imitated the bear; and, after gaining the opposite bank, not without trouble by risky leaps from boulder to boulder, emerged from the wood on to a little open platform, where the inequalities of the rock beneath were overlaid with a carpet of thickest moss, unbroken by bush or stone, and equal in moisture-power to several million sponges. Behind a mound of this matted primeval growth we subsided—my previous sense of universal dampness recurred at that moment—and took out our field-glasses. We were nearly in the centre of the glen: to the right of our platform ledges of rock, crested with brushwood, closed the view abruptly; to the left its edge overhung the bed of the torrent, which, curving round to our front, separated us by a secondary ravine from the final barriers of black cliff and the slopes immediately beneath it. The latter, only a few hundred yards distant, were bare of all trees and covered with sheets of grey boulder *débris* alternating with patches of low vegetation, on which

the taller foliage of the angelica was conspicuous even to the naked eye. Intent upon finding elk amongst the birch-scrub on the hill directly opposite, we did not trouble to carefully examine these slopes, where so large an animal could, even if lying down, scarcely fail to be at once visible.

After a long and fruitless search we were shutting up our glasses when it occurred to me to ask Elias how long he supposed it might be since the bear made the signs we had seen below. The narrow, gloomy gorge seemed to me a haunt so suitable to the beast that I felt he ought, as a matter of duty, to be there. "Fourteen days or more," replied the Lapp, as he rose from the moss; "but after such rain who can say? Nevertheless," he added, in a few seconds, and with his usual low quiet tone, "there is the bear now!" And there he was, sure enough. High on the slope under the black cliff, and, as far as I could guess, between four and five hundred yards away, the carnivorous vegetarian was grubbing about amongst the herbage, looking, as I thought, very small and insignificant. Down dropped the Lapp, out came the glasses again, and we lay flat on our faces to inspect him. Just then an eddying wanton gust, the frequent bane of the hunter in a mountain-land, swept past us round the hollow of the glen and upwards to the black cliff, bearing with it a whiff of humanity as instantaneously caught as is the image by the plate of the camera. We saw the bear raise his head, sniff the air, and then start to run along the slope. "He is aware of us," whispered Elias, "you must shoot at once." "He is a mile off," I murmured, with some excusable exaggeration. "Shoot, nevertheless," urged the Lapp; "shoot! it is the only chance." I felt that it was, and a very poor chance too. The bear had a considerable distance to run before he could reach any covert, and I did not hurry my shot. Resting the rifle, as I lay, on the mound of moss, and putting up the sight for four hundred yards, its longest range, which had more than once done good service, I took the bead full, and, with a most careful aim, pressed the trigger. For all my care I had the least possible expectation of influencing the bear's movements, beyond making him run faster. But, to my surprise, directly after the shot he abandoned his horizontal course, and began to bustle straight down hill in such a headlong, reckless fashion that I dared to indulge a faint belief in his being hit. As this change of direction brought him considerably nearer, I took the sight fine for the second barrel, which was discharged just as he made a momentary halt on a narrow ledge of rock. I believe the bullet to have struck the stone in front of his nose; anyhow, I was intuitively aware at the instant that I had held too far forward. The smoke hung heavily round the muzzle of the rifle on its rest of wet moss, as the bear plunged off the ledge into the bushes below, and thereby losing sight

of him altogether as I lay, I rose to my feet to put in fresh cartridges. "Be ready," said Elias, "he is still coming down;" and even as I was closing the breech the Lapp dropped his habitual whisper, and exclaimed almost loudly, "Here he is!" In and out of the ravine, and through the intervening wood, that bear, wounded as he was to the death, must have galloped like a race-horse; and now, as Elias spoke, he broke at the same pace from the covert on to our little platform, apparently charging straight at us. But the sight of two men and a dog—Passop, so steady and mute to elk, but unaccustomed to bear, was barking furiously—caused him to swerve slightly to the left; and he was passing at the distance of fifteen feet, his head and chest slewed round towards me, when I threw up the rifle and fired at him as one often fires at a rabbit, with a timed snap-shot, and for all the world like the little rabbit when hit well forward, the big beast turned clean head over heels, and lay motionless, stone dead on the instant.

It proved to be a she-bear; but this fact not being ascertainable until after death, I have hitherto used the masculine pronoun, for which I apologise. That having found her way into the little glen along the beach some time before she should have elected to remain there was fortunate; that I should have hit her with the first shot at such a distance whilst running along the slope, was more so; but that she should then have hurried down right into our teeth, was an extraordinary piece of luck not easy to explain. She had had our wind, we were posted conspicuously in the open, the dog was barking. We found that the first bullet had gone clean through her, inflicting injuries that probably incapacitated her from travelling up-hill; but had she taken any other direction, had she even kept on down the little ravine when once in it, she must have escaped for the time and given us a great deal of extra trouble. The last shot had entered in front of the shoulder at the junction of head and chest, and the ragged lead rested against the skin of the opposite side. I acquit her of the faintest original idea of charging. Possibly, as Elias suggested, had she, on reaching the platform, found a single hunter, she might have gone for him; but this is pure conjecture, and I feel that it is not for me, now that she is dead, to unduly criticise her judgment, actions, or intentions. And I also apologise for my contemptuous estimate of her proportions when far up on the hillside—at closer quarters I considered them ample. From the tip of her black nose to the point where a tail ought to have been she measured 5 feet 8 inches, and, if minded to stand on her hind legs, would have attained a stature of well over 6 feet. No one, observing the powerful springy gallop with which she covered the deep moss, could doubt that, had her life been spared and had it pleased her to show fight, she might have proved a formidable

antagonist. Her skin was in splendid condition, and her body, weighing, as near as could be estimated, three hundred and fifty pounds, was loaded with what Elias assured me was most valuable grease. I will answer for it that a small portion thereof, melted to oil, mingled with whisky, and applied externally—its co-ingredient being at the same time used internally—cured me, some days later, of an incipient attack of rheumatism. In conclusion, she furnished the party with a great deal of doubtless excellent meat, which the majority seemed to enjoy. I have to regret that three of us—Elias, Huy, and myself—with no desire to be intentionally rude, found ourselves unable to appreciate it.

There is strong reason for believing that during the rest of the day the elements behaved as badly as ever; but our success with the bear having dispersed my depression, and caused the psychical barometer to run up instantaneously to "set fair," I ceased to trouble myself about the state of the weather. For aught I knew or cared, it might have been brilliantly fine, or very much the reverse, as, stretched on a luxurious couch of moss—how unjust were my previous suspicions of its dampness!—I smoked my pipe and watched Elias, who, like all Lapps, is an artist with the knife, performing his most needful but somewhat sanguinary task. And has there ever been smoked in the world a pipe more sweet than that which is consumed by a hunter on an occasion like this? Through the blue fragrant wreaths I gazed upon a picture perfect in its way. The narrow, gloomy gorge, with its steep birch-clad sides, and glimpses of white foaming water; the treeless upper slopes, with their grey torrents of stone, and, based on them, the colossal wall of black rock, with its roof of cloud; in the centre, on the one clear space of foreground, a hound couched by a rifle, and a Lapp bending over a dead bear. That day we did no more hunting, but, returning down the glen to the boat, rowed to the beach where the men had landed, and reached our next quarters, the little farmhouse of Skrovstad, early in the afternoon. There was "a kinder boom" in the quiet homestead that evening.

Since I first recorded in the pages of the *Fortnightly* (January, 1888) the experiences of a novice in elk-hunting, it has generally been my lot in the same pursuit, when under the guidance of a native hunter, to trudge for many a weary mile through the depths of the pine-forest and the interminable morasses of the comparative lowlands, and to submit to the use of the loose dog. Now, in this mode of hunting everything depends, to begin with, on the courage and staunchness of the hound, who, having found the elk, must stick to him until he either slackens his pace or is brought to bay; after which any novice who can run and shoot fairly, and has coolness and common-sense enough to avoid gross blunders, but neither experience

nor knowledge of woodcraft, may achieve success. That it is a noble sport, at times testing to the utmost the quality of both man and hound, cannot be denied; but it affords little scope for any study of the object of the chase, for the niceties of woodcraft, or the art of the stalker. Moreover, in order to avoid disappointing the dog, and perhaps losing him for half the day, it becomes necessary to kill any animal that he has succeeded in stopping. That the hound, to insure his staunchness, *must* have blood, is a rigid maxim amongst the sportsmen of Sweden, where this style of hunting is chiefly practised, and the result in that country is the indiscriminate slaughter of both cows and calves, as well as of young bulls with no honours to speak of. Fortunately, the older bulls are most easily brought to bay—in such a case it is not even necessary to run—but a really good dog will stop anything. Arbitrary custom, based on a sense of dependence on the hound, refuses to the shooter the right of selecting or sparing. This is undoubtedly a great blot on the system, and could only be tolerated in a land where men think far more of the meat than of the sport or trophy.

It had, therefore, given me the greatest satisfaction to find that under the guidance of Elias, who is a master in woodcraft, elk-hunting was in a great degree assimilated to deer-stalking. He was all for pursuing the chase on the highest possible ground. "There are, of course, always elk in the low pine-forest," he would say, "and in winter it is full of them; but at this season of the year the place to find and kill them is the high fjeld, or thereabouts." That this dictum was in the main correct is proved by the fact that last season, during thirty-two days' hunting, we sighted—including both sexes and all ages—no fewer than forty-one distinct elk, over two-thirds of which were found on the high terraces and slopes just under the crest of the mountains, or in the quiet dells and hollows of the fjeld itself, where the birch-copse often grew barely high enough to conceal them. They were occasionally seen lying out in the open, like red-deer. The term "high" as applied to the fjeld, is, of course, relative to the general elevation of the country. In my district the hills are grouped in masses of imposing bulk, often divided by deep precipitous gorges, but in actual height they seldom exceed fifteen hundred or two thousand feet. When, here and there, the summits reach three thousand, the rolling plateau of the fjeld between them becomes a mere wilderness of grey stone, avoided, or only traversed, by the hunter. It is true that our habitual climb to the high ground made the work harder, and that often whilst crossing the bare summits we were exposed—the weather being such as it was—to the full fury of the elements; but the sense of freedom, of escape from the monotonous tramp beneath a sombre canopy of dripping woods, the occasional rock-

climbing and general variety of the march, the ever-changing glimpses of grand, wild scenery, amply compensated for increased exertion and exposure. To me, the fiercest rain that ever fell is less pitiless and disheartening than the vicarious deluge of a thoroughly soaked forest.

Passop, the dog, was never by any chance loosed, but his wonderful nose utilised to the utmost. The perfect understanding between him and his master, and the panther-like progress of the pair whilst stealing on the elk, was a treat to witness. Thanks to my use, for the first time, of shooting-boots furnished with the patent leather and rubber soles, I was able to attain some degree of successful imitation. With these bosses one does not walk, one "incedes" like a phantom. The chink and thud of nails against rock or timber is avoided; there is no jar to the foot, and to ordinary rock surfaces one clings like a fly to the ceiling. Elias wore the thin leather-soled Lapp "komager," stuffed with grass, but I firmly believe that his tread was not less audible than mine—I am about double his weight—and he certainly slipped more often. Never for wild sporting will I use any other foot-gear. We both carried field-glasses, and habitually used them with much success. This was in itself a pleasant and to me almost novel feature in the sport, for although never without glasses, I had hitherto found them all but useless: I was now frequently able to study the appearance and movements of the deer for some hours. On the open expanse of a delightful fjeld called Grönlien (Greenlea), where there was abundance of pasturage, I remember having the pleasure of watching four separate lots of elk, all in view at the same moment. They were chiefly cows and calves, and there was no bull of any size amongst them, but I fancy that it falls to the lot of few hunters in the north of Scandinavia to enjoy such a sight.

The bear had yet to be skinned, and the pelt and meat brought home. On the following morning, therefore, we trudged back again with Nils and Johannes to the spot where the carcass lay, and, leaving them to do their work, picked up again the spoor of the cow and calf, which we followed past the end of the cliff to the higher terraces of the mountain. These we searched without success until the early afternoon, when we arrived at the mouth of a pass leading through a gap in the crags to the upper fjeld. Here, as Elias had anticipated, the tolerably fresh tracks of several elk, including those of the cow and calf, converged, all making for the open ground above; and here, feeling extremely hungry, and there being a partial lull in the tempestuous weather—the hills were powdered that morning with the first snow—I proposed that we should halt and lunch. But Elias explained that another hour's walk across the fjeld would bring us to the head of what he described as "a little

quiet dale, very fortunate for elk," and his proposal was that we should defer our meal until we had reached it. To this, my personal barometer still standing at "set fair," I consented. Once clear of the pass, it was no longer possible, however serene in mind, to treat the outward atmospheric phenomena as altogether unworthy of notice. A bitterly cold half gale was blowing in our teeth, and about every ten minutes there burst upon us fierce squalls laden with heavy sleet, so that in front we were plastered all over with a kind of imperfect freezing mixture. Now and then, when it was difficult to see ten yards ahead, we lay down behind ridges of rock, until the fury of the blast was abated. For all that, I do not remember having once regretted that we were out of the wet forest. At last, during a lull, we sighted the head of the little dale, a deep dark notch in the fjeld, buttressed with rock and filled with birch scrub. At the bottom a circular patch of grey light, the waters of a tarn, showed like a hole right through the earth or a window in the dusk. Elias, like all true hunters and children of the wilderness, never forgets to be observant and cautious, and is consequently seldom taken by surprise; he is never guilty of careless approach or of throwing away a chance. As a rule, his keen black eyes see all round him: I believe that on entering a room they would not fail to note instinctively what was immediately behind the door as well as in the opposite corner. On the very rare occasions when I caught a glimpse of an elk before he did, I used to feel uncommonly proud. And now, although Passop, as far as I know, had given no signs of game being ahead, he slipped over the edge of the fjeld into a groove between two of the rock buttresses, and peered round the corner of an enormous block into the valley below. I was a few yards behind him, and, I confess, for the moment, not so keen about the chase as I ought to have been; reflecting that now, before searching the valley, we should assuredly get our lunch; that my fingers, despite the woollen gloves I had put on, were decidedly cold; that, as for the sample of weather we were having—my stoical unconcern of twenty-four hours' duration was rapidly dying out—it was without exception the most — here, just in time to save the credit of my equanimity, I saw Elias drop suddenly into the runlet which trickled down the cleft, and begin to open the breech and remove the stopper of the rifle; I had taken out the damp cartridges and given it to him to carry. Having learnt to instantaneously imitate these abrupt movements of the Lapp, I did so now, and quite unnecessarily, being all the time concealed by the high rock, crawled through the water to his side. Then without speech he pointed stealthily over the low brushwood, and about a hundred yards down the slope, which at this point was excessively

steep, I saw the broad back of a bull elk quietly feeding. It was clear that the Lapp meant me to shoot, and there was no time to lose. A fresh squall was driving up the valley; the opposite hill and the tarn below were already blotted out, and, although the snow had not yet reached us, the flakes were beginning to cut the dark hide of the elk with white lines. In half a minute he would be invisible. He looked very big and black in the grey light, but as I squatted and took aim with my elbows resting on my knees, I had strong misgivings about the size of his horns; they were, however, partly concealed by the brushwood and his position in feeding. Directly after the crack of the rifle Elias laid his hand gently but firmly on my shoulder, and I knew at once that I had held straight, for thus does he always express his silent congratulations on a good shot. Before the driving snow quite obscured all view I saw that the black mass was no longer erect, but plunging on the ground among the brushwood; at the same moment Elias detected the shadowy form of a second bull disappearing behind a lower ridge. When we had scrambled down we found the elk unable to rise, and the Lapp, gliding in like a cat, seized the horn and pressed down the huge head with hand and knee; then, knowing the exact spot to the fraction of an inch, he passed in his keen blade without an effort at the junction of spine and neck, and in ten seconds life was extinct. We were now enveloped in a hurricane of whirling snow, and were lucky to find shelter close at hand beneath the projecting slab of an immense mass of rock fallen from the upper cliff. From the edge of this huge eave, the result of cleavage and fully three feet wide, moisture continually dripped; but right under it the rock and moss were absolutely and incredibly dry; and there for a while we made ourselves fairly comfortable, and ate our lunch. When everything is soaking, even the touch of dryness is a positive luxury, be it only the inside of a pocket. Thoroughly grateful was I for such shelter, for the thick woollen jersey—knitted by crofter hands in "The Rosses," in far-off Donegal—the dry cap and the warm neck-wrapper, all produced from the Rucksack. From the same receptacle came an axe guarded as to its edge by a bit of grooved horn, a scrap of whetstone, some twine, a white flag made of half an old handkerchief, and a small bag of snowy linen.

"Smoke now a little pipe," says Elias, when, after his meal of rye-bread and reindeer cheese, and a drink of cold water—he touches neither spirits nor tobacco—he has piously clasped his hands and moved his lips in a silent grace; "I will to the elk—you can presently come and help me." When I do so, I find him making the first artistic incisions round the hoofs of a very large five-year-old bull, and am, as I expected, disappointed with the horns, which are stunted and misshapen, and of ten points only. Depending from

the lower jaw is a fine specimen of the "baton," or long black beard, exactly like a big fox's brush in shape. This curious and characteristic appendage disappears in older elk; and is replaced by a heavy bunch of coarse hair. On account of it I resolve to preserve the head. To get a full-grown elk into a nice position for the "gralloch" is a job for two men, although it may be accomplished single-handed. But Elias is always very particular about doing his butcher's work in an artistic manner, and requires the huge carcass to be firmly propped by birchen shores at the right slope, to insure there being no slip or roll during the operation and a free run from stem to stern. A young birch-tree has also to be transformed by lopping with the axe into a temporary larder, and the breast and other selected portions spiked thereon, to be left till called for. Within the linen bag are deposited the fillet and one or two tit-bits which the hunter—quite superstitious on the point—always insists on carrying home himself. Whenever, on our approach, that small bundle, white, with ruddy stains, is seen dangling from his hand, there is joy in the camp, notwithstanding the concomitant prospect of severe toil on the morrow. Then, when all is ready for the start, Elias fastens the little white flag to the most conspicuous bough he can find, and produces a couple of sheets of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which I periodically supply him. For even when hunting in the wilds it is pleasant to be in touch with the outer world, and one or other of the men has to travel weekly to the sea in search of the post. All down the slopes and through the lower ravines and woodlands, we leave behind us a conspicuous trail like that of a paper-chase, until, at a spot where the main feeder of the tarn is joined by two tributary rivulets, Elias stops and impales the rest of the paper on a ragged tree-stump. "It is enough," he says, "they can find the elk without me this time"; and then rehearses the directions he will give this evening to the bearers of the slain: "From the farm to Kværn Vand, thence up stream until the three becks meet, then follow the paper to the deer." These precautions are due to the trouble that arose in the finding of the last dead bull. He lay a very long way from camp in so secluded a position that the three bearers who knew every yard of the country and had been duly instructed by means of my big map,—on the scale of an inch to the English mile—as to the whereabouts of the slain, were wandering about for some hours in the forest before Peter stumbled on the carcass. Nils, who accompanied them and did not know the country, put his faith in Huy, who he declared, would lead him straight up to the quarry. But the little dog was not to be balked of his fun for dead meat; he dragged the weaponless Nils a couple of miles astray, and eventually brought him face to face with a living bull,

who for some minutes stood and regarded the pair with calm defiance.

Of the 19th, a blank day of inexpressibly bad weather, during which the unfortunate bearers had to bring home the elk meat, I must omit farther mention, having to brace myself for a dismal narrative of greater interest. On the 20th, being Sunday, it was allowable to lie late a-bed, in calm enjoyment of coffee and farm-made cakes, of newspaper and pipe, followed by a deliberate toilet with bath and razor complete. To my surprise and joy, when Nils appeared at eight o'clock with the first-named luxuries, the sun was shining brightly in at the windows, unprovided as they were, according to the custom of pastoral Norway, with either shutter, curtain, or blind. By throwing one open I was able to survey from my pillow an extraordinary range of shattered cliffs, which formed one side of the valley, and nearly overhung the farm. The fallen masses of rock were grouped in most fantastic shapes. With an immense isolated monolith, a hundred feet high, there was connected, as Nils informed me, some local legend having to do with giants and witches. I am inclined to believe that they still exist in that valley, for I made, as I lay in bed, a pencil-sketch of a terrible crouching monster, with human face and pendant ears, who kept watching me between the stems of the pine-trees. More pleasing, and scarcely less remarkable—for in the forest valleys of Norway bird-life is scarce—was the sight of a feathered assembly feeding on a strip of fallow-ground close to the house. There must have been a dozen magpies, as many common jays, twice as many ring-ouzels, and a large mixed flock of starlings, fieldfares, redwings, mountain-finches, and wagtails.

After breakfast, as I was admiring, on the other side of the house, a waterfall which tumbles into the vale just opposite the front-door, and is grand enough to make the fortune of any district less remote, Elias approached. "That river," said he, "comes out of Skrovdal." Now, Skrovdal was a place that I had set my heart on seeing. On my map it is broadly indicated by a tint three times as black as that of any other gorge, and suggestive of the gloom and profundity which its name also implies. Elias went on to explain that it was easily accessible by a path close to the brink of the waterfall, and continued thence along the bank of the river. We agreed to start at once and explore it. "You cannot shoot an elk there," said the hunter, "for the last was killed on Skrovstad ground; but you had better take the rifle; it is a likely place to meet a bear." When I heard these words I felt sure that a bear we should not see, but in all probability, the finest elk in the North of Europe. The path on the brink of the waterfall consisted in a great measure of single logs supported on stakes driven into

the crevices of the slippery shelving rock, with a tumbledown rail fence between it and the abyss; altogether, as Elias remarked, an awkward place on a dark night. The approach was promising; but Skrovdal itself was not as I had seen it in my dreams. To begin with, from its lie it was flooded with the noonday sun, and no place could in reason look gloomy under such conditions. Then, although narrow, with high steep sides, half bushy slope and half precipice, it was bottomed with natural meadows of rich grass, through which the river ran broad and clear, so gentle in current that it seemed incapable of producing the violent cataract we had just passed. The trout were rising merrily, and I began to wish that I had brought a rod instead of a rifle. For about three miles we followed what I must still by courtesy call the path, up the glen, and a very delightful stroll it was. At intervals we sat down to examine the slopes with our glasses. Then, in a pleasant spot, we ate our lunch, and chatted, and I smoked a pipe or two before we rose to retrace our steps.

At this point I begin to hesitate. I feel that I have not the heart to describe in detail the melancholy conclusion of that Sunday stroll. Let the abridgment of the sad tale, as extracted from my diary, suffice. The painfully graphic jottings ran as follows:—After lunch, turned back, the wind then in our faces—about half-way to the fos, Passop told us that there was game directly ahead—made sure we should see the biggest elk in the world—Elias went suddenly down on all fours, I followed suit. Had spotted bear feeding like a cow in meadow across river, about a hundred yards off. Owing to hollow meadow and high bank could only see three inches of his back. With idiotic impatience left Elias, who grabbed at my coat-tail and missed it, and tried to gain place for clearer shot.—Passop whined, bear put up his head, saw me, turned tail and bolted—jumped to my feet and let off both barrels at his stern—waded river and found no blood on spoor—followed it some way up hill—when it came to hands and knees, Elias said we had better go home, for we should not catch that bear—home accordingly. Savage with self—had I waited must have got clear, easy shot—gloomy place, Skrovdal—rain began again before reaching farm—wretched evening.

Yes; the lead that then whistled from the grooved steel is not in my handful; it found a bloodless grave in the sward of the glen, and added in a trifling degree to the mineral wealth of the country. That evening there was the reverse of "a boom" at Skrovdal.

The bad weather which my diary, quoted above, records as having recommenced, after a brief lucid interval, on Sunday afternoon, is in full swing again when I rise early on Monday. To-day there is to be another change of quarters, but the men will, I am glad to say,

have a fairly easy time of it. They can embark with the luggage close to the farm, drop down the river into the lake, and row all the way to Strømmen, the next halting-place. We who do the hunting start long before them, and are landed a mile away on the bank of the lake, whence, by a circuitous route, we shall make the same point. We begin by a stiff climb up the face of the mountain. Elias, slim and light, generally goes, after the manner of his people, pretty straight at an ascent; but, fortunately for one who is—well, just a trifle less active than he was a great many years ago, the hills in this part of Norway are of “trap” formation, that is to say, they generally rise in a series of giant steps (“trapper,” *Norsk*) or terraces, whereby the climber gains at intervals a brief spell of fairly level walking. When, despite one’s age and infirmities, one is in tolerable condition, it is astonishing what complete and almost instantaneous relief to wind and muscle is obtained by a very few yards on the flat. One begins the next ascent with renewed vigour, and with the inspiring knowledge that such moments of ease will shortly repeat themselves. Our long pull against the collar lands us in a region abounding in wooded dells and rocky basins, which always contain water in one form or another, either as tarn, stream, or swamp. The woods consist chiefly of birch* and mountain ash, but dotted over the landscape are a fair number of Scotch firs, and these picturesque trees occasionally mass themselves into small groves. The rocks are for the most part sheep-backed, and significant of their treatment by the ice in very remote ages. Here and there, however, a low range of crags, which seems to have overtopped the universal glacier, and escaped the general grinding down and polishing, stands up boldly, weatherworn, cloven, and splintered, but still defiant of the merciless centuries. Bounded by these crags are fairly level tracts partly clothed with long heather, and partly with the spongiest moss through which the shooting-boot of unfortunate man ever laboured. I am positively ashamed to be always querulous about the state of the weather, but when a month of thirty days grants only four which may fairly be considered fine, how is it possible to avoid complaint? To-day we halt for the usual hour, and eat our lunch under much the same conditions as those described a few pages back, except that the rock beneath which we crouch affords less shelter, and that we have not killed an elk. We have, however, seen five: a cow and calf lying down under cover of a group of Scotch firs, and three cows feeding together in a covert on the side of a hill. One of these was a remarkable animal—we watched them for a long time with the glass—very light in colour, almost a yellow dun, with a black head and, strange to say, a long “baton” beard. Query: was she in a transition state, and assuming with age the characteristics of the male? I had half a mind to shoot her—she was about

the ugliest beast I ever saw—and keep her skin as a curiosity, but am right glad before the end of the day that I did not. The afternoon is drawing towards evening when Passop again encourages us by his evident but repressed excitement, and at last leads us up to very fresh and magnificent spoor. There is no doubt about it this time; we are upon the track of a really big bull; the length and spread of the slot is unmistakeable evidence. From his devious course it becomes evident that he is restlessly wandering about, probably in search of the cow, but of her we see no signs. After awhile, however, his trail is joined and crossed more than once by that of a second animal, which Elias pronounces to be a younger bull. There is also proof of some kind of skirmish; one has chased the other for a short distance, and further relieved his feelings by tearing up the ground and knocking a young fir-tree all to bits. The desire for blood and the hope of success are now strong in Elias; his eyes glitter; he radiates an aura of keenness and stealthiness; I am sympathetically filled with a sense of perfect reliance on his craft and patience, and the unerring instinct of his hound.

The difference is often very striking, irrespective of the mere change of pace, between the movements of elk when ignorant that the hunter is after them, and when they know for certain that he is. In the latter case they will resort to every kind of artifice to hide their trail and baffle the pursuer. This same season I was following for two successive days the tracks of a family—bull, cow, and calf, which we had disturbed. I am inclined to regard the mother as the inventor of the stratagems by which her offspring, and husband for the time being, profited. Amongst the most remarkable of them were these. The family, to begin with, entered one end of a long, shallow lake on the open moor, and waded, or swam, to the opposite end. A mile or two farther on they made as though they would enter another lake, but on the very margin turned along the stony beach, and thereby gained a causeway, also stony, where their footings were invisible. This causeway they did not follow out, but near the middle of it scrambled down over the boulders to a lower level, whence they described a huge S, the first curve thereof being to leeward of their previous line. They walked very slowly, in three long zigzags, up the face of a hill covered with brushwood, and overlooking a great morass behind them, across which we were bound to pursue. Here they probably sighted us, for at the top they hurried on at a great pace. They descended a range of pine-clad hills in a long slant to a considerable stream, which they pretended to cross. In reality they turned straight back up the bed of it for a couple of hundred yards, and issued therefrom at an acute angle to their former course. Eventually they reached a big river, half canal, half rapid, running out of a rushy lake; and there their footings, clear on the

soft bottom near the edge, led into a deep, broad pool, and there, as far as my personal knowledge goes, may the elk be to this day. Carefully all round the lake, and for a considerable distance down both sides of the river did we search, but neither the nose of Passop nor the eyes of Elias could recover the lost trail. The Lapp, however, was sufficiently familiar with the trick, and never doubted that, time permitting, we could have found their place of exit a long way down stream. But it was late on the second day, we were far from home, and were forced to abandon the chase.

The bull we are now after has no suspicions, and is above all such low cunning; his bold trail is easy to follow. The chief danger is that, in his erratic course, he may execute an involuntary flank movement, and surprise himself by detecting us. Therefore, as we advance, the Lapp's intense scrutiny, backed by my own efforts, makes every yard of ground safe on either side.

As we are descending the steep bank of a ravine, with the usual stream of considerable size at the bottom, certain unmistakable signs, of the very freshest, warn us that the elk must be close at hand. We tread like cats, for at the very moment he may be standing to listen. It appears that he has crossed the river; but Passop, whilst acknowledging the spoor to the water's edge, keeps facing the breeze, which is quite favourable and blowing strongly down the ravine, thus showing that he gets the wind direct from the elk himself. Hence, Elias argues, that the bull, after the manner of his kind, when restless and roving, must have recrossed higher up; and examination proves that he is right. The tracks regain our bank close to a densely thick little wood, which lines one side of the ravine from top to bottom for a couple of hundred yards. He is probably in that wood, and to approach him through it without noise is all but impossible. I fancy though, from past experience, that most native hunters, with the leash-hound, if pledged to stalk, would have attempted to do so; nineteen out of twenty, however, would in despair have loosed the dog at once. The genius of Elias is equal to the occasion: "Now," says he, "it is our turn to cross." And sneaking into the river, we wade over, gently and without splashing, on the very tracks of the bull, which are visible through the clear water. At this moment there passes high overhead, in a long curving line, a flock of several hundred wild geese, whose cackling, not unlike the distant cry of a pack of hounds, had for some time been audible. They doubtless notice what is going on below, and are making remarks on it, but fortunately for us the elk do not understand their language. Up the bank we crawl like serpents, and coil up in a depression at the top, preparatory to searching the wood with our glasses. But there is no need for them; the first glance shows us both bulls, standing some distance

apart on the flat open ground above the upper edge of the thicket; and also assures us that, whilst the one is a good beast with a fair head, the other, who, even as we look stalks majestically along the flat and halts directly opposite, is a bull of the first class—immense in bulk and blue-black in hide, with spreading antlers of a peculiarly bright red. "He is a long way off," I whisper to Elias; "we must try to get nearer." But the Lapp shakes his head. "I dare not try," he answers, "the elk are uneasy, and may be off at any moment; perhaps, if we had time, it might be well to wait, but the light is now failing; will you not put up that long sight which helped us to the bear, and shoot from here?" The four-hundred-yard sight again! To think that my chance of that grand head over the way must depend on such a shot! "I am certain you will hit him," whispers the Lapp encouragingly, "but lose no time; see, he moves." And, indeed, at that moment the elk advances a few steps and stands again with his full broadside towards us. Now or never it must be. There is a single dead tree in our hollow ambush, which I can reach without rising; against the side of the trunk I firmly press the tips of my fingers and thumb, and steady the rifle on the rest thus obtained. As the crack rings through the ravine, and the smoke flies down wind, I see the bull drop forward like a stumbling horse, but recover himself on the instant, and stand erect. Whilst his companion at once swings round, goes off at best pace across the flat, and disappears, the grand beast opposite never stirs until the second bullet strikes, when he gives a slight lurch and begins to move on, but with such a dragging limp in his off foreleg that I feel pretty sure the shoulder is broken. Elias is not so certain about this: "It may be low down, perhaps in the foot," he says; "he can yet reach the forest and give us much trouble, possibly escape for the night." Accordingly, under pressure, I fire two more shots at long and uncertain range, and without visible result, for the elk has now gained a thin grove of Scotch firs, and is slowly retiring among the stems. Then we hurry down, wade the river regardless of depth, and struggle through the thickets up the opposite bank. This kind of thing is not conducive to good shooting, and the light is getting worse every moment, but of the three cartridges I expend at the form of the retreating monster, who contrives to shuffle along at a somewhat better pace, I hear at least one tell loudly. Seven shots, and he is not down yet! as I tell Elias, I have but two more in my pouch. "We must head him," says the Lapp shortly. And off we go, swinging round in a considerable circuit, to find that the bull has suddenly disappeared. He must have dropped at last; and sure enough by careful search we detect one great red horn standing out from the broken ground. We approach with some boldness, believing caution to be now unnecessary, but

all is not yet over; the prostrate bull hears us and raises his head. This time I am determined to end his sufferings—which with all the ardour of the chase upon me, cut me, I declare, to the heart—and when within fifty yards I aim as well as the light will permit me at a mortal spot in the neck; but just as I press the trigger he regains his feet with a convulsive plunge, and my penultimate bullet misses him altogether. Then, as he scrambles off again, I run in and give him the last shot at close quarters right behind the shoulder. He halts at once, but to my consternation still keeps his legs. How are we to finish the tragedy? how is this monstrous vitality to be overcome? I cast myself and rifle despairingly on the heather, and appeal to Elias, who remains expressively mute. But the end is at length near. The gallant bull tries to ascend a low bank by which he is standing, fails in the attempt, staggers back, topples slowly over with a heavy crash, and lies before us in the majesty of death.

He is a beast of enormous bulk, probably about twelve years old, and in the prime of condition; for he has not yet entered upon that long period of complete fasting when the tender passion is tyrannically and exclusively dominant in the soul of a bull elk. The horns are heavy and yet graceful, symmetrical in their wide sweep, and without too much palmation; one has twelve and the other has eleven points—twenty-three in all. The entire weight of the uncleaned carcass is difficult to estimate, but it must be considerably over a thousand pounds; a single haunch is afterwards found to turn the scale at a hundred and forty. It appears that the first shot struck the very centre of the off shoulder, breaking the bone, and the hide reveals four other holes and a graze. I endeavour to illuminate the finishing touches of the “gralloch” by the aid of a few vesta-fusees; and I shall not in a hurry forget our long tramp that evening over the roughest ground and in nearly total darkness, nor my relief when the ruddy stars of light, in the homestead, visible far up the side of the mountain, broaden into distinct windows, and we hear—

“the honest watch-dog’s bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home.”

I have a good deal more to say in connection with the handful of lead, which, perhaps fortunately, cannot be told for want of space: otherwise, I might relate how we lay at Hænde, by the river of pearls, and followed the chase on the slopes of Ambudal and Roikle-fjeld; how, by Langotuva, I slew the bull who for half the day was in view but unapproachable; how I wounded the Troid-elk, the king of all the bulls, who for twenty years had shed his horns in the woods under the Black Fjeld, nigh to Brixelli of the three lakes, and who afterward ran many miles up and down steep places and swam

the straits, thereby clearly proving his real invulnerability; and finally, how on the very last day General Elias executed a brilliant forced march, outmanœuvred the elk, who were retreating down wind, and enabled me to kill from the top of a cliff—this time with a single bullet—another patriarch of grand proportions. The history, then, of these further adventures, whereof some, as here hinted at, may appear to verge on the fabulous, must for the present remain unwritten; but, as I lay down my pen, there arises in me a great longing and hope that when the cold, white mantle shall have once more vanished from the hills of Norway, when the bear has crept out from his winter lair and the elk has renewed his horns; when the crow of the ryper is heard on the high fjeld, and the wail of the loons on the lonely tarn; when the trout are rising in the stream, and the salmon plunging in the pool, I may again find myself in that grand region of the north, and fill my mind with memories yet more pleasant—especially as regards the weather—than those which I have been attempting to describe.

HENRY POTTINGER.

UNDER THE YOKE OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

PART II.

THE war that had broken out between the Hon. Walter and Professor Nulite did not end there, but was presently carried on between Lord Bigaker himself and that outspoken house-painter, Phil Stratonale. Returning to town for a couple of nights, when the season was over, Lord Bigaker found the house-painters in possession of the hall; and somehow he and Phil got into a discussion, which decidedly interfered with the work in hand, as the three other painters—like the combatants of Lake Regillus, at the meeting “of the horses, black and grey”—laid down their brushes and stood still to listen.

“Well, my Lord,” said Phil, “you big people are always lecturing us working-men, and telling us that we can’t get more than ninepence out of a bob; and that we buy the worst sort of things, and waste half of what we buy; and I don’t say, my Lord, that you big people ain’t right. I lived for two years in a French family in their country. The guv’nor, he sent me across, for he wanted to pick up a French notion or two in our line of business; and I do say, what with their potagings and their rechoffems—I got hold, as you see, of a bit of their precious language— and their hundred fashions of cheating the pig of his dinner, they can get pretty nearly eighteenpence where we only get ninepence out of the bob. Not that I hold altogether with their ways. They do turn the screw on, I can tell you. But it’s all uncommon neat and clever and careful, and we should be the better off in this country if both we and the missuses were a little more in the same line. But what I have got to say, my Lord, is that where the sins of us small people is like the size of a man’s little finger, the sins of you big people is big round like a man’s waist. Why, my Lord, half the world is busy serving you day and night, but what do you know about any blessed thing that anybody does for you? You pays us our money, but do you know if we have earned it or not? Do you know whether that plaster our mates were putting on for you the other day was the right stuff, or whether the most of it was just made up out of chalk; do you know if the white lead in this paint-pot of mine is true white lead, or is just half of it whiting—but bless ’ee, my Lord, I daresay you don’t know what whiting is—whiting’s only chalk again; or whether it’s been mixed up with barriter sulphur, or lime sulphur,¹ and them kind of cheap make-believes; do you know if that linseed oil of

(1) I conclude Mr. Phil meant sulphate of baryta and sulphate of lime.

mine is true stuff right away from the Baltic or Black Sea, or second-class stuff, as them black chaps grows it out in the East Indies; or not grown at all, but rubbish altogether, with a lot of fish-oil, or perhaps nut-oil in it? Do you know if that chap's patent dryers are made up from some true stuff, like sugar of lead, or from some of them cheap nastinesses, mixed up from lime? Now, I'm of the old fashion myself, and likes to make my own dryers. Just you smell them turps, my Lord. Ain't they sweet—just as if you were walking in a pine-wood? Why, even you, my Lord, could tell they're right enough, without any petroleum or benzoline rubbish in them; but you haven't got much idea, I suppose, my Lord, if that black I have just been putting on for you is true ivory, or just bone-black; and it wouldn't hurt your rest at nights, I suppose, as it would mine, if the guv'nor were to charge you for the primest lake that can be bought in the market, whilst I had put on only a rubbishy rose-pink, made up from chalk and Brazil-wood. However, you'd see it die quick enough. But bless 'ee, my Lord, that's the way with all you great gennelmen. You, none of you, ever troubles your heads about all these things we do for you more than my babby does at home. Why, I knows in a minute, from the way a gennelman looks at my work, if he understands anything about it. And I can see, my Lord, that you knows nothing in the world about this big house of yours, and all that fills it, and all that comes into it, and all that goes out of it. I suppose you trust to your tradesmen. It's right enough; there are some honest men in all trades—the guv'nor, he's an honest man—and there are plenty of rogues also. But how do you know whether you are served by the honest men or the rogues? Don't you think, my Lord, it would be better for you, and for all of us, if, with your time, and your opportunities and your money, and your larning—which I wish I'd got—you set us workmen a better example how to prevent things going to waste, and how to make every bob do all that he ought to be doing in the world? I believe myself that every bob ought to do his work. I believe myself that one reason why the world is such a poor sort of place is just because so large a part of every bob that is spent in it is a sort of gentleman at large, with kid gloves on his fingers, who don't do more than six hours' work out of the twelve. He slips into somebody's pocket, as large as life, when not more than half of him ought to have gone there."

"Well—ah—Mr.—Mr.—I don't think I exactly caught your name."

"Stratonale, my Lor; ; Phil Stratonale."

"Well, you know, M. Stratonale, I am afraid, as you say, I am a very ignorant man. I don't think I do know anything about the paint or the plaster, or, as you say indeed, about half the things that are in the house; but then, you see, I suppose we each of us have

our own kind of work to do; and, as you know, nowadays they keep most of us very busy on Committees and Commissions. Why, here am I just now on one Committee to inquire why 60 per cent. of the clerks are always ill in the Ministry of Health; and on another to inquire why the roof of the Board of Works, which was new five years ago, has let in the rain during the last storms, and spoilt all the plans which were stored at the top of the building; and then I'm on a Royal Commission to inquire why the office of Woods and Forests have been cutting down and selling some old woods, which everybody supposed that they were paid to look after and take care of; and I expect to be on a Committee next year to inquire into this row between the Local Government Board and the Municipalities, who are complaining about the extravagant and useless debts which have been forced upon them; and there's this awful expenditure on the army, which nobody can make head or tail of; and the row between the Duke of Cambridge and the War Office, who want him to resign; and then there's a row also between the Education Department and the doctors, who declare that the children are going steadily back in some districts owing to the lessened nourishment which has followed from more school and smaller earnings; and another row because we are beginning to find out that the children forget in two or three years all they have learnt in the schools; and then there's this case of the five babies who are said to have died from vaccination; and the man who was experimented upon in the new State Hospital; and I have no doubt you've read about the contracts which the Post Office made with those two Turkish steamers, which I am afraid they are still bound to pay, though the steamers are lying at the bottom of the sea. Well, Mr.—ah—Mr.—Stra—Mr. Straighenwhale—"

"Stratonale, my Lord; Phil Stratonale."

"Ah, yes—exactly so. Well, you know, Mr. Straitofale, you would not like all these things left unattended to. You are a rate-payer and a taxpayer; and the roof of the Board of Public Works—I should much like to have a five minutes' talk with you some day about that roof, if we could find time—and the old woods that have been cut down, and the Post Office, and those local debts, and those anæmic children, and the Turkish steamers—they all belong to you as much as to me. I ought to see about all these things first—ought I not?—even if I don't understand the paint and the plaster, and all the things you are good enough to do for me; and even if I am sometimes obliged to leave my own affairs not quite so well looked after as they ought to be?"

"Ah, my Lord, that's just the rub of it. I can't help thinking that if all your great gennlemen got your own affairs a little straight first we should not have all these public matters going so crooked. You'll excuse me, my Lord, but I can't help thinking that good

management, like charity, begins with one's own home. If I were to see that all the things here were Al tip-top—just what they ought to be in a nobleman's house—and that the whole blessed thing was not left to the chance whether my guv'nor was an honest man or a rogue; if I were to know that your Lordship only paid a bob where you ought to pay a bob, I should feel more confidence in what you and the other great gennelmen do, when you're spending the millions which, as you often tell us, comes out of our pockets. The truth is, my Lord, I can't help looking round at all these big houses sometimes as I walk home of an evening with a pipe in my mouth, and thinking of all the waste that goes on in 'em, of the bobs that go anywhere and everywhere, simply because nobody's got any knowledge of things, of the bad materials, of the sham work, of the paint that ain't paint, and the plaster that ain't plaster, of the lead that only runs four to the foot, when it should run seven. I thinks of it all sometimes till I feel pretty nearly sick. And then I thinks of all the old cocks who live inside—I beg your pardon, my Lord, but I am a very homely sort of man—and I thinks how much better it would be for them and for all of us, if they took the trouble to understand what the whole world, from the Injies round by America and back again, was always a doing for them night and day, and just to see with their own eyes and know with their own knowledge that they were well and rightly served. You'll excuse me, my Lord, but I don't think anybody who lets other people cut ducks and drakes with his own bobs can be of much use in looking after the bobs of his fellowmen in that big Parliament House of yours. If you knew all about your own roof, my Lord, perhaps that roof at the Board of Works might have kept the rain out better. There's my mate in the grey coat—him as has been putting that streak of red a precious sight too light over there—I always tells him he don't think enough about his colours—he's, as he calls himself, a Social Democratic chap; and he's always wanting a law for this thing and a law for the other thing, an inspector in here and an inspector out there. 'What the plague do yer want with your laws?' I says to him; 'laws won't make you mix your colours right; and if you can't mix your colours right, you're a pretty sort of chap to go telling other people what they're to do and not to do.' And I say the same to you, my Lord. None of you big gennelmen have yet learnt to mix your colours right. Where, I should like to know, is the nobleman, or the nobleman's lady, in all this 'ere square—and I knows the insides of most of 'em, my Lord, pretty well—who looks after his housekeeping even as well as my missus looks after hers. You great people have all got to look at home more than you do; and until you begin to do that, I expect that them steamers will stop at the bottom of the sea, and them woods will be cut down, and that rain will continue to

come in at the Board of Works' roof, and those akneesick children, as you call 'em, will get wusser and wusser, as they all did before. That's all I've got to say; and I only hopes it ain't too much, my Lord."

Lord Bigaker has a good deal of generosity about him, and a touch of real candour, though it sometimes gets buried under a crust of officialism; and the consequence of this talk was, that he and Mr. Phil Stratonale entered into an alliance over their social philosophy, and Mr. Phil has since gone down to Fesantia Hall to do some special jobs there. They have had their talk over the Board of Works roof; and Lord Bigaker has been primed with some rather deadly questions of which he intends to deliver himself as soon as his Committee meets. But what will be the ultimate result as regards the new roof of that worthy public institution, is beyond all my powers to conjecture.

Fesantia Hall, Lord Bigaker's country place, is in one of the western counties, and is a good example of a Queen Anne's house. It is comfortable, roomy, well lighted, and adapted for entertaining. Lord Bigaker is himself a man that the county likes. He is, up to a certain point, well-informed; he is genial, and kindly; would help any lame dog over a stile; performs all the charities and hospitalities that are supposed to attach to his place and person; takes a mild interest in Radicals and Socialists, and gives the village Dissenters a site for their chapel. Notwithstanding all these personal virtues, Fesantia Hall cannot be said to do much for the enlightenment or assistance of English society at a somewhat critical moment of its history. It is merely one of the most favourable examples of some two or three thousand other, greater or minor, Fesantia Halls that exist up and down the country. In these other Fesantia Halls there is, according to the scale of their grandeur, the same army of servants, the same kitchen with its glowing ranges, the same stream of guests whose social duty it is to come and go in their periodical orbits. Round them is the same park, and the same covers; and in the covers the same sacred animals, with the same brigade of keepers to insure their safety from profane hands. From hall-door to top-most pinnacle each Fesantia Hall repeats the other.

At Fesantia Hall, indeed, as was written in the book of fate, the sacred animals have gradually become supreme over all other things. There was a moment when both Lord and Lady Bigaker struggled ineffectually against this supremacy. That was in the days when they used to collect round themselves at Fesantia Hall a literary and rather interesting society. Indeed, until quite lately they continued to invite the Editor of the *Constellation*, Professor Oxy-Cerebrum, and that popular young poet, Lush-Jangle; but unfortunately all these distinguished gentlemen cherished the idea that they had special capacities for the cult of the sacred animals. The consequence was,

that they were not to be put off by any cunning proposals to wait and escort some of the ladies, who had been bribed by the shooting fraternity to waylay them during the morning, entangle them in conversation, and then convoy them to the field of action at the harmless hour of lunch. Indeed, Lush-Jangle and the Editor made their intentions, as to the more active part they were resolved to play in the day's proceedings, quite clear from the earliest moment, by appearing at breakfast in mysterious braided garments, principally made up of pockets and straps. Lush-Jangle, who came down some minutes earlier than the Editor, at once remarked about himself, that the shooting-dress which he was wearing came from a remote corner of the Austrian Tyrol, where he had spent an autumn, devoted to sporting adventures of a most thrilling description. Unfortunately a few minutes later the Editor came down in a coat which everybody, with silent unanimity, pronounced to be the twin-brother of Lush-Jangle's garment. The two men glared for a moment at each other; but the Editor, who rarely loses his presence of mind, proved himself equal to the occasion. In reply to some compliment that was presently paid him on account of the picturesque effect of his shooting-dress, he explained that it was copied from a picture of his great grandfather in the local sporting dress of the time, itself probably copied from the French court. It was really very convenient in its arrangements, only as it was now beginning to be a good deal imitated—"I see, Lush-Jangle," he said, with a slight glance in his direction, "you have got hold of one of the copies, but they've made a sad mess of the braid over the left shoulder"—he was thinking of giving it up. As Lush-Jangle was nearly apoplectic with rage, Lady Bigaker interposed, and turned the conversation by inventing a squint in the famous and blameless Vandyke that hung over the mantelpiece—a really national misfortune, which she quite truly declared she had never remarked before; but she could not prevent little Jack Ferriter from whispering to his neighbour that he knew quite well the shop in the city—an establishment that laid itself out to combine sport and the drama—where the garments in question had undoubtedly been purchased.

Both Lush-Jangle and the Editor are able men, and not easily diverted from their purpose, whatever it may be, but they had no chance at all in a contest where the interests of the sacred animals were concerned. The sacred animals have special views of their own upon all matters which concern them; and on this occasion they refused with one accord to be shot either by the Editor or Lush-Jangle, or even by Professor Oxy-Cerebrum, who during the last five minutes before starting, borrowed a shooting-coat of his host. The following day, after Lush-Jangle had fired away a countless multitude of cartridges, had blown one or two birds to pieces, and

successfully lodged a shot in the gaiter—which he mistook for a sitting hare—of the boy sent on to stop, old Bill Blazem, the head-keeper, to whom the pheasants were as his own flesh and blood, solemnly asked for an interview with Lord Bigaker, in the course of which he informed him that, “As for those gemmen who had gone out a-shooting—if it was his Lordship’s pleasure to call it shooting—the day before, they were gemmens, he thought, who might do well enough for Lunnon or Paris, or any such like places—he had no knowledge himself about what was wanted for them places—but they were that little use in the country, that it was a pity they ever came into it. He (Bill Blazem) understood what a hare, or a pheasant, or a fox had been created for. He thought he could understand what a stoat, or a jay, or a hawk was created for. If it warn’t for them, and all their other varmity kind, one keeper ’ud be just as good as his fellow, and his Lordship might as well make Dick Slocum, the beater, keeper instead of himself. But—if he was to speak the truth—why some kind of men, who wore tags all over them, and let their hair grow as if they hoped to make a hay-crop out of it, and had as much idea of holding a gun as he (Bill Blazem) had of playing the pianner, ever came at all into this sinful world—unless indeed it were to teach a keeper patience—that he did not understand in the least—that beat him altogether. Perhaps they were meant for ladies’ men; and if they would only walk with the ladies, or come out at lunch-time, and not think about carrying a gun, he (Bill Blazem) would be very glad to see ’em; but—his Lordship would excuse him—he hoped neither he nor Lord Shorthorner would ask him to take those gemmens, with the uncut hay-crop about their shoulders, out again, to waste good powder and shot, and scare the poor birds for nothing.” The natural consequence of which was, that after an ineffectual struggle on Lord and Lady Bigaker’s part with that omnipotent person, Bill Blazem, it came to pass that the Editor, the Professor, and I . . . dropped out of the winter parties, and had to be asked during those months in which the sacred animals enjoy their well-earned repose. Sacred animals have their rights and privileges, and amongst them is the right that they should only be shot by those who are skilled votaries of the craft. Indeed, when each sacred animal is worth, say, three shillings in the market, and ten thousand of them have to be shot, it requires no severe arithmetical calculation in order to feel sure that, although Lord Bigaker does not sell any of his game, so large an industrial undertaking must be confided to the hands of experts. And thus it has come to pass at Fpsantia Hall, as elsewhere, that the sacred animals now choose the men who are invited; and as the latter are most at their ease and shine more effectively in the company of the young women, who love to share in their expeditions, the sacred animals end by

getting into their own hands the selection of all the guests. For a certain time Lady Bigaker, who had some old-fashioned scruples about women walking with the shooters, and assisting at the bloody rites of the great field days, set her face against the new custom; but the sacred animals were too powerful for Lady Bigaker, as they had been for Lord Bigaker, and she has withdrawn from opposition. "My dear," she said to her pretty niece, Olga Marveling, who asked her advice on the subject, "there seems to be only one law for women. What the men wish you to be, that you must be. If they wish you to be different from them, you must be different; if they wish you to be like them, you must be like them. I think just now I should have liked you different; but that is not what they happen to wish."

My office, however, is not to blaspheme Fesantia Hall. Fesantia Hall has its virtues; and it will probably long continue to flourish with its worthy Lord and Lady Bigaker, its excellent Bill Blazem, its sacred animals, its young men who have been evolved under the influences of the sacred animals, and its young women who have been evolved under the influences of the young men. Far be it from me to quarrel with the existence of any of my fellow-creatures. I am all for the reign of the butterflies, so long as they reign only over themselves, in country or in town; but what I sometimes cannot help asking, in wonder and perplexity, is—admitting the excellence of Fesantia Hall—Why should Fesantia Hall be the one and only type of country life possible to us? Why should there be some two or three thousand Fesantia Halls scattered up and down the country, each simply a faithful copy of the other? Why should every owner of such a house be a repetition—with or without the sober virtues—of Lord Bigaker himself? Why must there be everywhere the same body of servants, the same army of keepers, the same covers, the same supply of sacred animals, the same young men and young women who come and go in an endless stream, and the day of whose departure is a trifle more blessed to host and hostess than the day of their arrival? Why this unbroken uniformity? Why this deadly want of imagination? Why this subservient copying of one another, just as if English social life were on the level of the annulosa, and capable of little more than of an endless reduplication of segments, each identical with the other? "Who was that with whom you were dancing, my dear?" said Lady Millefleurs to her beautiful and accomplished daughter, Arethusa Dealtis. "My dear mother, how am I to tell? They all part their hair down the middle, and they all say the same thing;"—and the same likeness that Lady Arethusa found in her partners reigns stolidly established in all our Fesantia Halls.

We have already agreed to make no war upon the butterflies. It

is good for everybody that the butterflies should exist; good that we should all see the type of butterfly life, flaunting itself amongst its flowers in the sunlight. The sermon of the most eloquent teacher is not so useful as the sermon preached by the butterflies, hovering over their flowers, wasting their honey, and, as they do it, persuading us of the vanity of butterfly life. The butterflies are as necessary to us in their own way as the bees. That excellent, well-ordered creature, the bee, is not, and never can be, all that we want. Without the butterflies we could not understand the temptations of this naughty world or learn to build up our ideals in the truest way. We are here to learn just as much through folly of every kind, as through wisdom of every kind; and the probability is, that—things being as they are—we could not spare out of the world one single bit of folly that now exists, any more than we could spare a single bit of existing wisdom. Every form of good and evil, until the hour strikes in which it is outworn, is wanted for our mental illumination. All evil is a relative good to some other evil; and all evil is not only educational, but tends to be remedial in its reactions. This, however, is a hard saying, which to many people will seem sulphurous and diabolical, and with which, for the present at least, I need not vex any worthy soul.

But whilst butterflies shall remain butterflies to their own hearts' content, such existence offers no reason, as I have insisted before, why their empire should be placidly accepted by those who are not butterflies. Scattered up and down the country, there are hundreds of owners of property, who by taste and intellectual habit are not butterflies, and yet, somehow, they not only allow themselves to be mixed up in the crowd of butterflies, but own and administer their property, cultivate the sacred animals, invite their guests, and observe all fashions and ceremonies, according to the accepted laws of the butterflies. I know quite well that Lord Bigaker is not a butterfly; cannot in any sense be classed amongst them; yet he allows himself to become a servant of the butterflies, and fashions the larger part of his life in the manner which best suits their luxurious and paltry tastes. As I write this, I feel a touch of keen regret on account of Lord Bigaker. It is difficult not to like him personally, and to recognise his generous qualities. The old cask still keeps a flavour of the good wine of the days that are past. But to-day is a poor ending to the historic story of the Bigakers, and to the part they once played in the making of a nation; and why should it be so? Why should not Lord Bigaker still play a helpful part in English life? Is it altogether outside the eternal fitness of things that a great House, like Fesantia Hall, which is still a little principality in its own way, should become a local centre of some intellectual interest, some effort to carry knowledge further, or some form of public service? If Fesantia Hall had

not everywhere set itself to copy Fesantia Hall, might we not have seen some of these great houses offering a scope to the worthier energies and nobler ambitions of those who live in them? Given their great opportunities, why should not each of them have served our little English world in its own way? Might not some of them have been devoted to the cultivation and spread of music in their neighbourhood; or to some form of art; or to the effort to spread the taste for dancing and acting amongst the people; or to the cultivation of some form of local history, or of sanitary knowledge and household economy? Might not some of them have possessed their chemical laboratory, and have been devoted to experiments in agriculture, after the fashion of which Sir John Lawes has set such good example; and others to experiments in small holdings, much as the late Lord Toller-mache has done; in a word, might not every great House, that was not simply a butterfly haunt, have played the part on a smaller scale than the Italian cities once played for Italy, each famous for the pursuit of some art or some knowledge, each impressing upon the general life the seal of its own peculiar talent. Unhappily, fate and the nineteenth century have decreed otherwise. It is, however, not only the dead pressure of conventional imitation, and the incessant and exhausting entertaining of people for whom you care but little, which have wasted the worthier energies. Another cause has lent its ill-fated co-operation. The delirious game of politics has absorbed—like hot sand that drinks in the drops of water as they fall—the good talents that might have been given to so many forms of useful and even brilliant work. In the struggle for place, in the struggle for power over each other, our leisured class has thrown away the great possibilities. Time, wealth, and energy, have been drained away into a dead sea, on the banks of which nothing can grow. Of course political life is an absorbing, a fascinating struggle—absorbing and fascinating not only to the Bigakors, but to all, small and great, who plunge into it. To a large part of the rich class it is a delightful and never-ending prolongation of Eton and Harrow, of Oxford and Cambridge, matches; it is at once something more tempestuous than football, more skilful, more capable of artistic development than cricket, more comfortably divorced from moral considerations than horse-racing; to another considerable class it is solid bread-and-butter, with vistas, ever succeeding to each other, of new employment and new offices—indeed for all such, an endless succession of greased poles, each with its own prize-pig at the top of it; whilst to the mass of workmen, with their too easily-corrupted imagination, it is as the land of the setting sun, the home of wonders, the El Dorado, the magic mountains, filled with uncounted treasures, which are only waiting to be seized and enjoyed for ever, as soon as a few truculent dragons have had their heads cut off, and

their claws have been nailed up on the castle wall. And thus it has come to pass that politics, or the baleful business of looking after your neighbour's affairs whilst you leave your own in disorder, have much to answer for as regards the failure of Fesantia Hall to take a new social departure. Combined with our sorry habit of imitating each other, they have done much to prevent many energetic, capable and kindly persons from being of real use in their own generation to their fellow-beings, and from lighting up a rather dingy social epoch with that brilliant light, which is never altogether absent, where individuals follow the leading of their own genius.

Of course, in all these great matters cause lies entangled with cause; and much might be said upon only one of these causes, which underlie our social uniformity—the unindividualistic character of our education. Whatever virtues there may be in our public-school system, it errs grievously on the side of that public pressure that makes for conformity. Just as it is a sin beyond expiation for a French woman to depart from the customs that exist round her, so does a false type of conscience spring up in most school-boys, enforcing the law of the crowd. This is not the place to discuss so big and complex a thing as our public-school system; and it is sufficient to say that the time is drawing near, when some parents, at least, will feel it necessary to challenge the whole system, and to require that school shall be subordinated to home, not home to school. I admit the infinite difficulties of the question, but one fact seems to stand out plainly; and that is, that any massing of boys (or men, for matter of that) in a barrack is likely to produce bad results. The problem that lies before us is to unite home and school-life—the school with its unrestrained contact with other boys in form and in the cricket field; the home with those influences, which are wanted to oppose both the barrack-like uniformity of character, and that element of brutality which is always present (and of which we periodically get flagrant examples, as in the case of the *Britannia*) where women form no part of the life. It is, as I have heard a friend remark, the unhomely temper of school and college life, which so often unfits men for that home-life which is to be theirs in a few years. Of course a grave difficulty arises, because the influences of many homes are of the poorest description, and because some boys are harsh and hard in character and set themselves against home influences; but here again, there is no reason why parents should mass themselves together under one system, as if they were all herrings, to be branded at the same port. Why should the lower type govern the higher type? The parents, whose children are fit for better systems, do not yet perceive that, in accepting any great conventional system, they are accepting that which is unconsciously adapted to the requirements of the children of the lower and more

careless type of parents. All systems necessarily gravitate down to the level of the lowest type, which is included under them, just as every cavalry charge is regulated by the pace of the slowest horse. It is this necessary defect which makes all large systems, especially when they are forced upon the community in any way, either by law or by fashion, so anti-progressive; as the people who are most capable of advancing, are either tied down to that which is below the level of their own wants and capacities; or are compelled by their own instincts to reform a system which, though not in accordance with their own character, is in accordance with the character of the larger part of those who come under it. The true remedy in every case is non-conformity on the part of those who represent the progressive type, and the working out of their own ideal. Difference and contrast are the two most eloquent evangelists that exist in the world. You cannot help the mass of people by destroying their own forms of life, and forcing on them something—even if better—invented by yourself; but you can help them by boldly living your own different life in their midst. We do not want either the yoke of the butterflies forced on the not-butterflies; or the yoke of the not-butterflies forced on the butterflies. We do not want huge systems meekly accepted; but a many-sided mental activity existing all around us, a host of types competing with each other, a natural differentiation into the groups for which we are fitted, and the widespread perception that he serves the whole best, who most faithfully serves his own ideas. Thus, and thus only, does the world advance.

This question of big systems and the world's conformity to them provoked a discussion the other night between young Professor Nulite and Lady Elfrida. It was at one of Lady Bigaker's receptions, and Lady Elfrida was suddenly called upon to defend the amount of her modiste's bill, which, as she herself occasionally confesses, is larger than she would wish it to be. Her commonest dress of wool material, I believe, costs twenty guineas, and I am informed that the cost of the material must not be placed higher than—but I forbear to mention the figure, and to draw down upon my unfortunate head charges of the grossest and most unscrupulous inaccuracy from all Lady Elfrida's friends. If you told Lady Elfrida herself that such expenditure was wasteful, she would probably admit in all truth and simplicity of heart that it might be so, but she would tell you, at the same time, as she told Professor Nulite, that it was a good thing to spend money and support the milliners and the girls whom they employed.

"You do not see," said Professor Nulite, "that you cannot spend money in any manner without giving employment. If you spend less on dress, and employ fewer milliners, you will spend more in other directions, and so equally be giving employment.

Does not common sense show that it must be so? If you buy books, then you are supporting paper-makers, printers, binders, and book-sellers, as well as the writer of the book; if pictures, then first the artist, and then all the persons to whom he pays the £500 which he received from you; or if you leave your money at the banker's, then all the persons who are employed by those to whom the banker makes advances. Unless you dig a hole in the ground for your money, you must give employment."

"But why should I not employ milliners as well as anybody else?" said Lady Elfrida. "They must be fed and exist."

"Have you courage to bear some dull political economy? If so, we must first put on one side all that important kind of expenditure which destroys useful things in order to reproduce a larger quantity of the same or other useful things; for instance, the necessary destroying of seed, and the food which labourers eat, for the purpose of growing a field of wheat. The wearing out or destruction of your ball-dress is not like the destruction of seed or of labourers' food, which necessarily took place in order to produce the coming crop; for when the dress is worn out it will have produced nothing—there will be no new dress to take its place. All the labour it cost is now only represented by a few yards of unhappy-looking silk from which the glory has departed. If, then, the worn-out dress has produced nothing in a material sense, we must call upon it to show what it has produced in a moral or intellectual sense. When you bought that dress you took possession of the labour of a considerable number of persons, and directed it to your own purpose. Now, please to tell me what has that labour, which you thought right to employ and direct, produced that was worth producing? How much useful service, how much happiness, how much moral and intellectual good, has it actually contributed either to yourself or to others? Look at that rather pretty dress which Lady Rondeletia is wearing. May I say that its materials, their growth and their manufacture, then its make up and trimmings, represent £15, that is, the labour of one hundred people for a day, each receiving 3s.; and shall we allow three times that sum for the superintendence, shop expenses, bad debts, and profit of the person who directs? Now, say that Lady Rondeletia will wear that dress—how many more times this season? As she is not the most fashionable of women, may I say fourteen times? It will then be done with, as far as she is concerned, though we may still allow something for its value—shall we say £10? Then, as you see, she has worn a dress fifteen times, at an expense of £50; or, in other words, each evening will have cost her £3 6s. 8d. Now tell me, Lady Elfrida, putting aside all questions of convention and of doing what Society considers necessary, have you, have I, have any of us in this room, profited to the amount of £3 6s. 8d. by

looking at Lady Rondeletia's dress? When that dress has been worn fourteen more times, will the world have had £50 worth of pleasure, or of moral and intellectual usefulness from it?"

"I think that is a very horrid way of putting it. Think what we should all be, and how much you would like it, though you are a philosopher, if we were all to appear in white or pink frocks! The next time you favour us, sir, with your presence, you shall have a party arranged according to your special taste, and dressed according to your own designs—no dress to be worn less than fifty times, or to cost more than—well, are we each worth a shilling a night to look at, do you think? Will that content you? And then you shall preach a sermon to us at the end of the evening on the wickedness of people, who, at compound interest, cost more to look at than a shilling a head. And, finally, when you have done preaching, we will comfort ourselves with a supper of bread-and-butter and water, and go to bed at half-past eleven o'clock."

"Well, if you will bring my congregation together, I will do my part, preach my sermon and eat my bread-and-butter, whether I can convert anybody or not. But you have not yet answered my questions in arithmetic, and told me if you have derived happiness to the amount of £3 6s. 8d. from looking at Lady Rondeletia's dress this evening. If there are a hundred Lady Rondeletias here to-night, then £333 6s. 8d. is the price of our night's admiration of their dresses; and what I want to know is, whether we are, between us all, better or happier to the amount of that £333 6s. 8d.?"

"Well, then, supposing, if you like it, that you are not better or happier, will you please tell me what we women are to spend our money upon? The poor milliners are to starve; we are to dress in black frocks, with white satin sashes, or white frocks with pink sashes; and then what are we to do with our money? You told me the other day that almost all my charities were doing harm; you have been telling me to-night that the pineapples, the champagne, and the expensive frocks are all wrong, because we are going to destroy so many persons' labour for so many days in a few minutes or hours, without any of us being wiser, happier, or better at the end of it; so please tell me now what I am to do, and how am I to spend the allowance which my father is good enough to give me?"

"No, you must forgive me, Lady Elfrida. I cannot possibly solve your allowance problems, or indeed any other personal problems, for you. I can only point them out to you, as problems, and leave you to solve them. You have to spend the money which comes to you so as to make the world—yourself included—better and happier for the spending of it. You have first to remember that it all represents the work of toiling men and women for so many hours and days, and therefore it is not right to destroy it in five minutes, unless you can

point to some good and worthy thing done in those five minutes. If I could believe that after eating those very good but expensive grapes, or drinking that champagne of the special year of grace—what was it?—you could by any possibility have become happier in yourself, or more charming than you are to others—”

“Don’t you think you might leave out that nonsense?”

“I would say at once, eat the grapes, drink the champagne, wear the £50 dress; but as I don’t think that the present result could be improved, at least for others—”

“Still more nonsense?”

“I am obliged to say, don’t contribute to this waste of the labour of men and women—wasted without any real result—that is going on all round you. But I can’t tell you—it is not my province—what you are to do instead. That you must find out for yourself. The world all round you is waiting to give its answer, if you will only take pains to see and to learn. The world is brimful of great interests and great enterprises, of causes to be helped, of experiments to be tried. It is full of opportunities for noble usefulness. Only you must open both eyes and heart, so as to understand the appeals that hitherto have cried fruitlessly to you. You must look at this marvellous world that surrounds you, until the great causes and great interests stand out plainly before you; until the true line of your own usefulness shapes itself before you; and until you begin to hate yourself for having fluttered and floated through the years that are past, without discovering the object on which you could have worthily employed your faculties for the short time you are to be in it.”

“You almost make me wish I was not employing my faculties to-night in talking to you. You are quite distracting when you throw such burdens upon my shoulders. I am but a poor woman, badly educated, at the mercy of duties and occupations which I have not made, and which I have had no voice in choosing. I am lost in this life, fashioned by others, which is round me; I feel as if I scarcely owned one joint of my little finger; and I come humbly to you, who are a philosopher, and want to know what I am to do. Shall I order a dozen white frocks? Shall I persuade my father and mother to pension off Corks, the butler, and advertise to find places for the footmen; shall I tell them to buy no more champagne of the year of grace, no more grapes out of season; shall we send round to our friends the cards which people send when they are dead—I mean that their friends send—you know the kind of thing, ‘the late lamented’ with a deep black border—and give them all up, all the dreadful crowd that is here to-night, and ask only the Professors, and Fellows of the Royal Society, and the R.A.’s to tea and cutlets at six o’clock—I am sure that dear Sir Frederick Leighton will not

come—and then shall we give up Blazem, that nice old keeper you saw at Pesantia, and Blazem's three sons, and all the rest of them, and the fifteen gardeners, and shall I set to work to read, and to think, and to talk to you, and try to make my poor life useful? Please tell me what I am to do—all these things, or some of these things, or none of them? I want to know how it is possible to be saved, when one is ill-fated enough to live in Eugeneia Square at the end of this distracting nineteenth century?"

"Lady Elfrida, you are putting your burdens on my shoulders, which is neither good for you, nor good for me. You must read all these riddles for yourself; only before you can succeed in reading them, you must start on a journey of exploration, and discover something which is not very easy to find."

"What do you mean? What journey? What something?"

"The something I mean is your true self. The largest part of your present self is not your true self; it is mainly given up to reflecting the habits and thoughts and feelings which exist all round you. Your present self is an imitative self, living a sort of parasite life on what others think and do. How much of you do you suppose is your true self, the thing that you really are, the expression both of your best possibilities, and the failings that go with them? How much of you is the mere shadow of Lady Rondelotia, and Lady St. James, and Mrs. Schwcepemin, and of all the rest of this fine world? Have you ever yet looked for your true self? Have you ever tried to begin to 'be,' and to cease to 'reflect'? When you do, the riddles will read themselves, and you will learn how to weigh in your own court of judgment the worth and the worthlessness of each bit of your life. If it is better and happier for others, better and happier for yourself, that you should wear white and black frocks, that you should cut yourself clear from the big houses, from the crowds of servants, keepers, gardeners, clear from all that part of society whose life is in these things, you will do it, just because your self—become supreme—tells you to do it, and all these other good people will be as mere masks and voices to you. At present, without knowing it, you are the plaything, the chattle, of this well-dressed world that fills your drawing-room. The great mass of them are not so good, so thoughtful, so desirous of leading a worthy life, as you are, and yet you acquiesce in their stamping upon you their own idle fancies, in their forcing upon you their own unprofitable life. Why are you to be a tablet, on which their foolish notions are scribbled? Why are you to be a mirror, on which their passing reflections are thrown? Your soul belongs to yourself, and not to them; why not wake from this poor dream, and take it into your own keeping?"

"I am afraid I am very stupid, for I don't see the least in the

world what I am to do. Shall I follow the old command, 'Sell all, and give to the poor?' Shall I go to Westminster Abbey, and summon Dr. Bradley and all his Canons, and follow St. Elizabeth's example? There's my father. Shall I tell him that he is to-morrow to get rid of 13A Eugeneia Square? Once more, please tell me quite plainly what I am to do."

"I cannot tell you. Nobody can tell you. You cannot even at present tell yourself, just because your real self is not here, either, to be asked or to answer. It is true that there is a conventional shadow, which people speak of as Lady Elfrida, but it is not the real Lady Elfrida. When you have found the real Lady Elfrida, then you will also find the answers to your questions. It may be right for you to keep 13A Eugeneia Square; it may be right for you to sell it. Presently it will all come clear to you, and you will know which is the truest life in front of you. For myself, I could not breathe in Eugeneia Square; but it may be the very fittest place on the whole earth's surface for you. The law of each life is different for each, and each must read the riddle for himself. There is no general command, 'Be rich,' or 'Be poor.' The command is to find your self, and fulfil your self in the truest way—so only can you profit in the truest way the world to which you belong. You must keep all, or sell all, just as the keeping or selling helps you or hinders you in the finding of your self."

"Well, that's a very convenient doctrine, and you are the most agreeable of prophets, Mr. Nulite. Even if it does not help poor me much, still what you prescribe will exactly suit a good many people who are here to-night, like that disagreeable old Lord Grababit. He, at all events, perfectly fulfils himself, I should think, by keeping all he can get. And there's young Mr. Goapace, who owns and spends that enormous fortune—he also, I think, fulfils himself very satisfactorily. Why, Mr. Nulite, it is quite wrong to preach your sermons only for my benefit. You ought to take a fashionable West End chapel, and open your doors to Mayfair. Mayfair, I have no doubt, will very gladly enter in, and find rest under your shadow for its inquiring soul."

"I am very sorry, Lady Elfrida; I can't help it, even if all the Lords Grababit, and the young Goapaces, and the rest of Mayfair, are to be handed over to me and placed to my credit. I cannot be a director of conscience,—either for them or for you. You are asking too much from me. You want me to furnish you with a complete set of little maxims, which will tell you what you are to do each day at sunrise, at noon, and at sun-setting. I can't do it. The world is too big for anybody's maxims. If you want to rule your life by maxims, you must go and enter some sisterhood. If you want to lead the larger and truer life, then the first thing that you must do

is to break free from this army of shadows which surrounds you, and discover for yourself what you have to do."

"Then I am to be a law to myself; and I am to take, I suppose, every idle mood, and every self-indulgent whim, and make them into a consecrated guide for my life. I think that is hardly going to help me. I begin to suspect that you are one of those desperate and lawless people whom I have heard my father call Antinomians—people who claim to have an inner illumination, and to do whatever they themselves think right."

"Well, of course, are we not all Antinomians? Don't we all frame—some of us carefully, some of us carelessly—a law for ourselves? Don't we all take, whether from Christ or from some other teacher, just what we like, and leave what we don't like? All that I ask you to do is to build up your life, and the creed that guides your life, with your conscious, and not your unconscious, self. Look upon this building up as the great work of your existence—a work that will task all your best endeavours, all your highest powers, and not as a work that you may leave to be done for you by the customs and conventions, the fine society and accidental circumstances, that happen to surround you."

"Well, I withdraw what I said about the Mayfair chapel. You are much more meant for Little Salem, I think, than for the West End. Your doctrine is just the sort of thing to suit the chapel-goers on my cousin's Welsh property. When Evan Muchgrace ran away with Farmer Williams' wife, and paid for the expenses of the journey with Farmer Williams' bank-notes, he declared afterwards in the chapel that it was done in obedience to a higher law; and I believe half Little Salem then and there forgave him. Why not go to Little Salem and preach the higher law?"

"I can't answer for Little Salem or Evan Muchgrace any more than I can for Lord Grababit or young Goapace, or any of the other delightful scarecrows which it amuses you to hang up in my path. But are you and I not to try to cross the wilderness that hems us in just because other travellers have never got further than the outside borders of it, and have left their bones there, as a witness for all men? I know that it is both a difficult and a dangerous path which I ask you to tread. Where it will lead you or any other person I do not profess to tell. You may wander only to die with the Muchgraces. You may make grievous mistakes. There may be pain and shame and failure; but for all that, it is the only life worth leading, just because it is the only life that has truth and reality in it."

"But what if my self wants binding rather than loosing? I think that I should not dare to find and face my true self. I should not dare to free it from all that constrains it now. I know that it is a bad self; and it frightens me as I catch glimpses of it. Why am

I to free it, and follow it, and obey it, as if it were some semi-divine thing?"

"How do you know it is not a semi-divine thing? But whether it is or not, it is *you*, which is the all-important matter. Do not be guided by fear. In the first place, it is better, far better, if it must be so, to be frankly bad—bad defiantly in the open sunlight—than to wear a mask over one's nature. To be one thing in ourselves—as we all at times are—and another thing to the people round us, is to be like those who nurse some horrible physical corruption within themselves, and remain content if no eye falls upon it. No good, no possibility of good, can exist where sores are covered up with rags. Then also, you may be sure, that as you reverence your own self and the freedom you have gained for it, you will learn equally to reverence the selves of others. The spiritual freedom you cherish for yourself you cannot in the end escape from cherishing for others. And, again, there are forms of good and evil, subtle entanglements, which, until you are free—free from the superstitious influences, woven all round you, which result from imitation and conformity, you cannot truly separate from each other. You must be free in yourself, you must cease from being a crowd-atom, if you are to know and judge good from evil. And then again, the good which will be born in you, as you get rid of the pretences and disguises that stand between you—the conventional you—and your truer self, will be of necessity stronger than the evil. Good is only free to prevail in the life of realities. Good is the child of truth; and the more strongly you desire what is true, the more surely you will move nearer to what is good. Much of what you think good in you now is not really good—it is only an imitation of good; it has no root, no abiding strength; it is clay, not iron. What restrains you now are the customs, the opinions of others, the shame that would fall upon you from the disapproval of these others; what will restrain you hereafter is the steady and proud consciousness of working out the life which you have deliberately chosen for yourself. It is true that it is a steep and giddy path to tread; you will fall and wound yourself many times; you will hear the fiends exulting over you as their appointed prey; but your very falls will help you, so long as you have the courage to rise from them, and to cling faithfully to your purpose."

"It is worse," cried Lady Elfrida, "than any steep and giddy path. It is the precipice itself. It is dreadful, quite dreadful. It is throwing oneself from the path into the air, and calling upon it to support one. It is setting sail alone in an open boat across a big sea. But why do you talk to me in riddles and mysteries? Tell me plainly what is the first step to be taken; how, if I had the courage, should I prepare myself?"

"I can only say, by snapping, one after one, the bonds that now

hold you. Remember that it is not only your every-day faults that bind you, your love of indulgence, your prejudices, fears, selfishnesses, but to some extent the good side of your nature, your very sympathies, your friendships, your tenderness for others—all these conspire against you. They all conspire to make you accept life, to make you drift with the tides round you. But you must not drift, either in thought or action. You are not to do what others do, just because they are doing it. You are not to let the direction of yourself pass into the hands of others. You are not to be their instrument—either for their interests or for their pleasures. You are not to join yourself to others because it is convenient to do so, or because it serves some passing end, which is not that of true mental agreement. You are yourself, and yourself you must remain. Even when you act under the guidance of a higher knowledge than your own for a definite special purpose, you are not to do so in the spirit of simple submission: you are not to abandon your own steady effort to judge the higher knowledge which is guiding you. The luxury of intellectual submission—if luxury it be—is never to be yours. You are to be true to your own mind, regardless of church, and party, and society, and every temptation of power, or influence, or comfort, which is thrown across your path. You are to accept no belief, you are to reject no belief, except in the spirit of a faithful priest standing by his altar, and in pure scorn of all material consequence. You are to fear no one, follow no one, flatter no one, cajole and delude no one; you are to use no one for your purposes which are not also his purposes; you are to win no one to your side, except by the weapon of pure and honest reason; you are to fight simply by expressing the truest truth that is in you—the truth, for which you have wrestled with patient and faithful endurance. It is right that the world should be beautiful and pleasurable to you; you may lawfully drink from its many cups of rich enjoyment; and yet at any moment its gifts are to be but a shadow to you, its rewards are to be but dirt to you, in presence of your own sovereignty. You are to be proud amongst the proudest, and yet you are to be humble, as Isaac Newton was humble, when facing the great Nature in presence of which—king though he was—he was only a grain of uncounted dust. Insolent you must not be. Insolence and greatness cannot go together, and you have to climb to greatness. Such is the first step, and it can hardly be called an easy step.”

“Easy! Alp piled on Alp would be easier! Is it not in reality the same thing as what the Christians call finding Christ? And is it not as impossible? But you—tell me about yourself—what have you done? Have you broken the old bonds; have you separated yourself from the shadows; have you started on your journey; have you found the true self?”

"No, no, no, Lady Elfrida, a hundred times, no. I can see, even if it is dimly, the work that lies before both you and me, but my shoulders are faint to carry the burden. The old faults, "weakly wailing," are always rising up against me. You will go further than ever I shall. Your nature is nobler, more devoted, and purer than mine; and what is not given to me may be given to you. I shall never cross the wilderness, but you may cross it, and both find the true self for yourself, and help others to find it."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed that dreadful Mrs. Peerabout, edging herself suddenly in upon them, with her brown shoulders, strident voice, small beady eyes, gold eyeglasses perched upon her thin aquiline nose, and moustache, which small heroes, unsuccessful in that line, occasionally envied, "What on earth are you young people talking about? What is this journey of the Professor, and what is he going to find? I am so fond of hearing about the other self and the double. Dear Lady Bigaker, do come here. Here are your charming daughter and the Professor talking magic. I believe they are going to join Mrs. Besant and the Theosophists!"

(Concluded.)

AUBERON HERBERT.

THE BLIND GUIDES OF ITALY.

AMONGST the famous gardens of the world the Orti Oricellari must take a foremost place, alike for sylvan beauty and for intellectual tradition. Second only to the marvellous gardens of Rome, they were first, for loveliness and for association, amongst the many great and carefully cultured gardens which once adorned Tuscany. Under the Rucellai their superb groves and glades sheltered the most intellectual meetings which Florence has ever seen. The Società Oricellari (which continued that imitation of the Platonic Academy created by Cosimo and Lorenzo) assembled here under the shade of the great forest trees. Here Machiavelli read aloud his Art of War, and here Giovanni Rucellai composed his Rosamunda. The house built for Bernardo Rucellai by Leon Battista Alberti was a treasure-house of art, ancient and contemporary; and learning, literature, and philosophy found their meet home under the ilex and cedar shadows, and in the fragrant air of the orange and myrtle boughs. High thoughts and scholarly creation were never more fitly housed than here. Their grounds, covered with trees, plants, fruits, and flowers, were then known as the Selva dei Rucellai, and must have been of much larger extent in the time of Machiavelli than they had become even in the eighteenth century; for when Palla Rucellai fled in fear of being compromised in the general hatred of all the Medici followers and friends, he left the Selva by a little postern door in its western wall which opened on to the Porta Prato and the great meadow then surrounding that gateway. Therefore they must then have covered all the space now occupied by the detestable modern streets called Magenta, Solferino, Montebello, Garibaldi, &c., and I have myself indeed conversed with persons who remember, in their youth, the orchards appertaining to these gardens existing where there are now the ugly boulevards and the dirt and lumber of the railway and tramway works.

On this unfortunate flight of Palla in 1527, the populace broke into the gardens, and destroyed the statues, obelisks, and temples which ornamented them, but the woods and orchards they appear to have spared; for some thirty years later, the park seems to have been in its full perfection still, when Ferdinand, in the height of a violent and devoted passion, gave it to his Venetian mistress as her *casin de piacere*, and Bianca brought a mode of life very unlike that of the grave and scholarly Rucellai into its classic groves; for although her fate was tragic and her mind must have been ever apprehensive of foul play, she was evidently of a gay, mirthful, pleasure-loving

temperament. The jests and pranks, the sports and pastimes, the conjuring and comedy, the mirth and music, the dances and mummeries, which pleased the taste of Bianca and her women, replaced the "noble sessions of free thought" and the illustrious fellowship of the Academicians. The gravity and decorum of the philosophical society departed, but the floral and sylvan beauty remained. At the time when she filled its glades with laughter and song and the beauty of her women, the Selva was what was even then called an English garden, with dense woods, wide lawns, deep shade, and mighty trees which towered to the skies. But when it passed into the hands of Giancarlo de' Medici that Cardinal decorated it with a grotto, a giant, and other *gentilezze*, and changed it into an Italian garden, with many sculptural and architectural wonders, and plants and flowers from foreign countries, employing in his designs Antonio Novelli, who, amongst other feats, brought water to it from the Pitti, and built up an artificial mountain in its midst. He must have done much to disfigure it, more than the mob of 1527 had done; but soon after these ill-considered works were completed the gardens passed to the Ridolfi, who, preserving the rare flowers and fruits, with which the Cardinal had planted it, allowed the woodland growth to return to its freedom and luxuriance. Of who ultimately restricted the park to its present limits, and robbed the house of all its treasures of art and admirable ornament, there is, I believe, no record. From the Ridolfi it went to a family of Ferrara, of the name of Canonici, and from them to the Stiozzi, who sold it in our own time to Prince Orloff, by whose heir it has once more been put up for sale. Amidst all these changes the beauty of the park, though impaired, has existed much as it was when it was celebrated in Latin and Italian prose and verse, although diminished in size and shorn of its grandeur, invaded on all sides by bricks and mortar, and cruelly violated, even in its inmost precincts. The house has been miserably modernised, and the gardens and glades miserably lopped, yet still there is much left; and many of their historic trees still lift their royal heads to morning dawn and evening stars. Enough remains to make a green oasis in the desert of modern bricks and stucco; enough remains for the student to realise that he stands beneath boughs of cedar and ilex which once sheltered the terrible and august brows of Leone X. and cast their shade on the gathered associates of that literary society of which no equal has ever since been seen. The gardens, even in their shrunken and contracted space and verdure, are still there, priceless in memories and invaluable to the artist, the student, and the lover of nature and of history.

It seems scarcely credible, yet such is the fact, that these treasures of natural beauty and storehouses of historical association, should have already once been invaded to build the ordinary modern

house called Palazzo Sonnino, and that now the municipality is about to purchase half of them—for what purpose?—to cut the trees down and cover the ground with houses for the use of its own office-holders, those multitudinous and pestilent *impiegati* who are the curse of the public all over Italy, and feed on it like leeches upon flesh. That the destruction of such gardens as these for such a purpose can even be for an instant spoken of is proof enough of the depths of degradation to which public indifference and municipal vandalism have sunk in the city of Lorenzo. It can only be equalled by the destruction of the Farnesina and Ludovisi gardens and the desecration of the Villa d'Este in and near Rome. Few places on earth have such intellectual memories as the Oricellari gardens; yet these are disregarded as nought, and the cedars and elms which shaded the steps of philosophers and poets and scholarly princes and mighty Popes are to be felled, as though they were of no more value than worm-eaten mill-posts.

That a people can be *en masse* so utterly dead to memory, to greatness, to beauty, and to sense, makes any serious thinker despair of its future. There are waste grounds (grounds already deliberately laid waste) yawning by scores already in the town and around it, on which any new buildings which may be deemed necessary might be raised. There is not one thread or shadow of excuse for the abominable action now contemplated by the Florence Municipality, and certain to be consummated unless some opposition, strong and resolute, arise. Even were the Orti Oricellari a mere ordinary park, without tradition, without heritage, without association, it would be imbecility to cover the site with bricks and mortar, for Maxime du Camp has justly written that whoever fells a tree in a city commits a crime. "Chaque fois qu'un arbre tombe dans une ville trop peuplée cela équivaut à un meurtre et parfois à une épidémie. On a beau multiplier les squares, ils ne remplaceront jamais la ceinture de forêt qui devrait entourer toute capitale et lui verser l'oxygène, la force, et la santé." These are words salutary and true, which would be well inscribed in letters of gold above the council-chamber of every municipality. When towns are desperately pinched for space, hemmed in on every side, and at their wits' ends for lodging-room, there may be some kind of credible excuse for the always mistaken destruction of gardens, trees, and groves. But in all the cities of Italy there is no such excuse; there are vast unoccupied lands all around them; and in their midst more, many more, houses than are occupied. In Rome and Florence the latter may be counted by many thousands. There is not the feeblest, flimsiest pretext for such execrable destruction as has already overtaken so many noble gardens in the former city, and now menaces the Orti Oricellari in the latter.

Nor is this Selva, although the most famous, the only garden which is being destroyed in Florence, whilst many beautiful glades and lawns have been, in the last ten years, ruthlessly ruined and effaced that the wretched and trumpery structures of the jerry-builders may arise in their stead. The Riccardi garden in Valfonda was once like that of the Oricellari, a marvel of loveliness; and its lawns, its avenues, its marbles, its deep impenetrable shades and sunlit orange-walks and perfumed pergolate surrounded a house which was a temple of art and contained many choice statues of ancient and contemporary masters. Talleyrand once said that no one who had not lived before the great revolution could ever know how perfect life could be. I would say that none can know how perfect it can be who did not live in the Italy of the Renaissance. Take the life of this one man, Riccardo, Marchese Riccardi, who spent most of his existence in this exquisite pleasure-place, which he inherited from its creator, the great scholar and *dilettante*, Romolo Riccardi, and where he resided nearly all the year round. In the contemporary works of Cinelli on the *Bellezze di Firenze*, his house and gardens are described; they are alluded to by Redi:

"Nel bel giardino
Nei bassi di gualfondo inabiscato
Dove tieni il Riccardi alto domino:"

They are spoken of in admiration by Baldinucci, and, in the description of the festival of Maria de' Medici's marriage by proxy to Henri Quatre, they are enthusiastically praised by the younger Buonarrotti. The court of the Casino was filled with ancient marbles, busts, statues, and inscriptions, Latin and Greek; the exterior was decorated in fresco and tempera, with many rare sculptures and paintings and objects of art, whilst, without, a number of avenues led in all directions from the house to the gardens and the woods where, in shade of ilex and cypress, marble seats and marble statues gave a sense of refreshing coolness in the hottest noon. Here this elegant scholar and accomplished noble passed almost all his time, receiving all that was most learned and illustrious in the society of his epoch; and occasionally giving magnificent entertainments like that with which he bade farewell to Maria de' Medici. Of this delicious retreat a few trees alone remain now; a few trees, which raise their sorrowful heads amongst the bricks and mortar, the theatres, and photographic studios, around them, are all that are left of the once beautiful and poetic retreat of the scholars and courtiers, the ambassadors and *illuminati*, of the family of the Riccardi. Why has not such a place as this once was been religiously preserved through all time, for the joy, health and beauty of the city?

It would be scarcely possible for so beautiful and precious a life as this of the Riccardi to be led in our times, because it is scarcely possible, lock our gates as we may, to escape from the detestable atmosphere of excitement and worry which is everywhere around. The mania of movement is on the human race as the saltatory delirium seized on the Neapolitan peasants. Riccardo Riccardi living now would be ashamed to dwell the whole year round in his retreat of Valfonda; would waste his time over morning-newspapers, cigars, and ephemeral telegraphic despatches; would probably spend his money on horse-racing; would send his blackletter folios, his first copies, and his before-letter prints to the hammer, and would make over his classic marbles to the Louvre, the Hermitage, or to his own government. He and his contemporaries had the loveliness of leisure and the wisdom of meditation; they knew that true culture is to be gained in the library, not in the rush of a *pèlerinomanie*, and being great, noble, and rich, judged aright that the best gifts given by high position and large fortune are the liberty which they allow for repose, and the power which such repose confers to enjoy reflection and possession. In modern life this faculty is almost wholly lost, and the wit and the fool are shaken together in the vibration of railway trains, and jostled together in the eating-houses of the world, till, if the fool thus obtain a varnish of sharpness, the wit has lost all individuality and grace.

Not long since, I said to an Englishman who has filled high posts and attained high honours, whilst public life is always repugnant to his tastes and temperament, that he would have been wiser to have led his own life in his own way, under his own ancestral roof-tree in England; and he answered, "I would willingly have done so, but they would have said that I had nothing in me!" Characteristic nineteenth-century reply! Romolo and Riccardo Riccardi did not trouble themselves in their different generations what their contemporaries thought of them. They led their own lives in their own leafy solitude, and only called their world about them when they were themselves disposed to entertain it.

The gardens of the Gaddi were equally and still earlier, renowned, and in them the descendants of Taddeo Gaddi had a pleasure-house wondrous and lovely to behold, while the rich gallery of pictures annexed to it was situated next to the Valfonda, and covered what is now the new Piazza di S. M. Novello. These descendants had become great people and eminent in the Church, many cardinals and monsignori amongst them, and also celebrated *letterati*, of whom Niccolò, son of Senibaldo, was the most illustrious. He, as well as a scholar and patron of letters and arts, was, like the Riccardi, a botanist, and, as may be seen in the pages of Scipione Ammirato, was foremost for his culture of sweet herbs

and of lemons and citrons. Whilst he filled worthily the post of ambassador and of collector of works of art for the Medici, he never forgot his garden and his herb-garden, and was the first to make general in Tuscany the Judas-tree, the gooseberry, the strawberry, the Spanish myrtle, the northern fir, and other then rare fruits and shrubs. So fragrant and so fair were his grounds, that the populace always called them, and the vicinity perfumed by them, *Il Paradiso dei Gaddi*. This beautiful retreat has for centuries been entirely destroyed and forgotten; and all which is left of the rich collections of the Gaddi are those thousand manuscript folios, which Francis I. of Austria purchased, and gave to the libraries of Florence, where to this day they remain and can be read.

The director of the Gaddi gardens bore the delightful name of Messer Giuseppe Benincasa Fiammingo; and a contented life indeed this worthy and accomplished student must have led, working for such a master, and passing the peaceful seasons and fruitful years amidst the cedar-shadows and the lemon-flower fragrance of this abode of the Muses and of Flora and Pomona.

We dwell too much upon the strife and storm, the bloodshed and the internecine feuds of the passed centuries; we forget too often the many happy and useful lives led in them, which were spent untroubled and consecrated to fair studies and pursuits, and which let the clangour of battle go by unheard, and mingled not with camp or court or council.

We forget too often the placid life of Gui Patin, under his cherry-trees by the river, or of the Etiennes, in the learned and happy seclusion of their classic studies and noble work, even their women speaking Latin as their daily and most natural tongue; we only have ear for the fusillades of the Fronde and the war-cries of Valois and Guise. In like manner we are too apt only to dwell upon the daggers and poison powders, the factions and feuds, the conspiracies and the city riots of the *Moyenage* and Renaissance, and forget the many quiet, useful, happy persons clad in doublet and hose, like Messer Benincasa, and the many learned and noble gentlemen clothed in velvet and satin, like Niccolo Gaddi, his master, who passed peacefully from their cradle to their grave.

In the fifteenth century, according to Benedetto Varchi, who himself saw them, there were no less than a hundred and thirty of these magnificent demesnes in the city; and whatever may have been the sins of the earlier and the follies of the later Medici, that family, one and all, loved flowers, woods, and lawns, and fostered tenderly "*il gusto del giardinaggio*" in their contemporaries. This taste in their descendants has entirely disappeared. They are bored by such of the magnificent gardens of old as still exist in their towns and around their villas; they abandon them

without regret, grudging the care of keeping them up, and letting them out to nursery gardeners or to mere peasants, whose only thought is, of course, to make profit out of them. The Latins were at all times celebrated for their beautiful gardens; all classic records and all archaeological discoveries prove it. The Romans and the Tuscans, the Venetians and the Lombards, in later mediæval times, inherited this elegant taste, this art which is twin child itself with nature; but in our immediate epoch it has vanished; the glorious legacies of it are supported with indifference or done away with without regret. How is this to be explained? I know not, unless the reason be that there has come from without a contagion of vulgarity, avarice, and bad taste which the Italian temperament has been too weak to resist, and with which it has become saturated and debased. The modern Italian will throw money away recklessly on the Bourses or at the gaming-tables; he will spend it frivolously at foreign baths and fashionable sea-ports; he will let himself be ruined by a pack of idle and good-for-nothing hangers-on whom he has not the courage to shake off; but he grudges every penny which is required for the maintenance of woodland and garden, and he will allow his trees to be felled, his myrtles, bays, and laurels to vanish, his fountains to be choked up by sand or weed, and his lawns to degenerate into rough pasture, without shame or remorse.

Almost all these noble gardens enumerated by Varchi still existed in Florence before 1859. Now but few remain. Even the Torrigiani gardens (which for many reasons one would have supposed would have been kept intact by that family) have been almost entirely destroyed within the last year, and the site of them is being rapidly covered with mean and ugly habitations. The magnificent Capponi garden, so dear to the blind statesman and scholar, Gino Capponi, has been more than half broken up by his heirs. The renowned Serristori garden was cut in two and shorn of half of its beauty when the first half of the Via dei Bardi was destroyed. The Guadagni garden is advertised as building ground. The Guicciardini gardens are still standing, but as they and their palace have been given over to amalgamated railway companies, the respite accorded to them will probably be of brief duration. The bead roll of these devastated pleasure-grounds and historic groves could be continued in an almost endless succession of names and memories, and the immensity of their irreparable loss to the city is scarcely to be estimated. When we reflect, moreover, that before 1859 the whole of the ground from the Cartain Bridge westward was pasture and garden, and avenue, where now there are only bricks and mortar and a network of ugly streets, we shall more completely comprehend the senseless folly which built over such green places, or, where it did

not build, made in their stead such barren, dusty, featureless, blank spaces as the Piazza degli Zuavi and its congeners.

Ubaldo Peruzzi (who is this day, as I write, being buried with pomp in Santa Croce!) was the chief promoter and leader of this mania of demolition. It was at his instigation that the Ponte alle Grazie and the chapel of the Alberti were pulled down; that the Tetto dei Pisani was destroyed to make way for an ugly bank; that the noble trees at the end of the Cascine were felled to make way for a gaudy gingerbread bust and a hideous guardhouse; that the beautiful Stations of the Cross leading to San Miniato at Monte were destroyed to give place to vulgar eating-houses and trumpery villas; and that old palaces, old gardens, and old churches were laid waste to create the bald and monotonous quays called severally the Lung Arno Serristori and Torrigiani. Peruzzi began, and for many years directed, the destruction of the beauties of the city, and only stopped when, having brought the town to the verge of bankruptcy, funds failed him, and he retired perforce from municipal office.

But if it may be feared that the good we do does perish with us, it is certain that the evil we do does long survive us, and flourishes and multiplies when we are dust. The lessons which Peruzzi taught his fellow-citizens in speculation and spoliation will long remain, whilst his bones crumble beneath a lying epitaph. His dead hand still directs the scrambling haste with which the historic centre of the city is being torn down, in order that glass galleries, brummagem shops, miserable statues, and a general reign of stucco and shoddy, may, as far as in them lies, bring the Athens of Italy to a level with some third-rate American township.

Except with a few rare exceptions, Italians are wholly unable to comprehend the indignation with which their callousness fills the cultured observer of every other nationality. Anxiety to get ready-money, an ignorance of their true interests, and a babyish love of new things, however vulgar or barbarous, have completely extinguished, in the aristocracy and bureaucracy and *bourgeoisie*, all sentiment for the arts and all reverence for their inheritance and for the beauty of nature. It would seem as if a kind of paralysis of all perception had fallen on the whole nation. A prince of great culture, refinement, and reputed taste having occasion this year to repair his palace, has stuccoed and coloured it all over a light ochre yellow! A great noble, selling his ancestral gardens last year to a building company, his family clapped their hands with delight as the first ilex trees fell beneath the axe! To make a *paven* street in Venice, unneeded, incongruous, vulgar, abhorrent to every educated eye and mind, Byzantine windows, Renaissance doorways, exquisite *loggette*, admirable scrollworks, enchanting façades, stones, and marbles, and mosaics, of hues like the sea-shell and the sea-mouse, are ruthlessly

torn down and pushed out of sight for ever. Ruskin in vain protests, his tears scorched up by his rage, and both alike powerless. Gregorovius dies the other day, his last years embittered and tortured by the daily destruction of the Rome so sublime and sacred to him. I remember well the day when the axe was first laid to the immemorial graves of the Farnesina—a barbarous, infamous, inexcusable act, done to gratify private spleen and greed, leaving a mere mass of mud and dirt where so late had been the gracious gardens which had seen Raffaello and Petrarca pace beneath their shade. The Duke di Ripalda, whose passionate love for his Farnesina was known to all Rome, died of the sorrow and fever brought on by seeing its desecration, died actually of a broken heart. "I shall not long survive them," he said to me, the tears standing in his proud Spanish eyes, as he looked on the ruin of his avenues and lawns, which had so late been the chief beauty of the Tiber facing their sponsor and neighbour, the majestic Farnese Palace.

To the student, the artist, the archæologist, to live in Rome now is to suffer inexpressibly, every hour, in mind and heart.

Who does not know the piazza of San Giovanni Laterano as it was? The most exquisite scene of earth stretched around the most beautiful basilica of the world! Go there now: the horizon is closed and the landscape effaced, vile modern erections, crowded, paltry, monstrous in their impudence and in their degradation, shut out the green plains, the azure hills, the divine ethereal distance, and close around the spiritual beauty of the great church, like bow-legged ban-dogs round a stag at bay. The intolerable outrage of it, the inconceivable shame of it, the crass, senseless, piggish obstinacy and stupidity which make such havoc possible, would fill the dullest soul with indignation, had it but the faintest spark of poetic fire in it. Yet such things are being done yearly, daily, hourly, ceaselessly, and with impunity all over Italy, and no voice is raised in protest. Whenever any such voice is raised, it is never that of an Italian; it is that of Ruskin, Story, Yriarte, Taine, Vernon Lee, Augustus Hare, or it is my own, to the beggotten of ten thousand enemies, to the receiving of twice ten thousand maledictions.

Nor is it only in the great cities that such ruin is wrought. In every little hamlet, on every hill and plain there is the same process of destruction going on, which I have before compared to that growth of lupus on a human face. Rapidly in every direction the beauty, the marvellous, the incomparable, natural, and architectural beauty of the country is being destroyed by crass ignorance and still viler greed.

Along those famous hillsides, which rise above Careggi, there was, until a few months ago, a landmark dear to all the countryside, a line of colossal cypresses which had been planted there by the hand

of the Pater Patriæ, Cosimo de' Medici himself. These grand and noble trees were lately sold, with the ground on which they stood, to a native doctor of Florence, who *immediately felled them*. Yet if before this unpardonable action, in looking on the fallen giants, anyone is moved to see the pity of it and curse the stupid greed which set the axe at their sacred trunks, he who does so mourn is never the prince, the noble, the banker, the merchant, the tradesman; it is some foreign painter or scholar, or some peasant of the soil who remembers the time when one vast avenue connected Florence and Prato.

Within one mile of each other there are, near Florence, a green knoll, crowned with an ancient church, and a green little river, shaded by poplar trees; the beauty of the little hill was an historic tower, dating from the year 1000, massive, mighty, very strong, having withstood the wars of eight centuries, at its foot was a stately and aged stone pine; the beauty of the river was a wide bend, where the trees and the hills opened out from the water, and a graceful wooden bridge spanned it, chiefly used by the millers' carts and the peasants' mules. In the gracious spring-time of last year the old tower was pulled down to be used for building materials, for which it was found that it could not be used, and the stone pine has been felled, because its shade prevented a few beans to the value of, perhaps, two francs, growing beneath it; on the river the white wooden bridge has been pulled down, and a huge red brick structure, like a ponderous railway bridge, hideous, grotesque, and shutting out all the sylvan view up stream, has been erected in its stead, altogether unfitted for the slender rural traffic which alone passes there, and costing a heavy price, levied by taxation from a rural, and far from rich, community. Thus are two exquisite landscapes wantonly spoiled, marred, ruined; no one who has known those scenes, as they were a year ago, can endure to look at them as they are; there was no plea or pretext of necessity for such a change, the one was due to private greed, the other to municipal brutishness and speculation: some persons are a few pounds the heavier in purse, the country is for ever so much the poorer.

There is, within another mile, an old castellated villa with two mighty towers, one at either end, and within it chambers pannelled with oak carvings of the Quattro Cento, of great delicacy and vigour of execution; it stands amidst a rich champagne country, abounding in vine and grain and fruits, and bears one of the greatest names of history. *It is now about to be turned into a candle manufactory!* In vain do the agriculturists around protest that the filthy stench of the offal which will be brought there, and the noxious fumes of the smoke, which will pour from the furnace chimney about to be erected amongst its fir-trees, will do infinite harm to the vineyards and orchards around. No one gives ear to their lament. Private cupidity

and communal greed run hand in hand; and the noble building is doomed beyond hope. Who can hold their soul in patience or seal their lips to silence before such impiety and imbecility as this?

When this kind of destruction is going on everywhere, in every city, town, village, province, commune, all over Italy, who can measure the ultimate effects upon the face of the country? What, in ten years' time, will be left of it as Enstace and Stendahl saw it? What, in twenty years' time, will be left of it as we now know it? Every day some architectural beauty, some noble avenue, some court or *loggia* or gateway, some green lawn, or shadowy *illex* grove, or sculptured basin, musical with falling water, and veiled with moss and maidenhair, is swept away for ever, that some jerry-builder may raise his rotten walls or some tradesman put up his plate-glass front, or some dreary desert of rubble and stones delight the eyes of wise modernity.

It is impossible to imagine any kind of building more commonplace, more ugly, and less suitable to the climate than the modern architecture, or rather masons' work, which has become dear to the modern Italian mind. It is the kind of house which was built in London twenty or thirty years ago, and now in London is despised and detested. The fine old hospital of Santa Lucia, strong as a rock, and sound as an oak, has recently been knocked down by a *richard* who, returning with a fortune made in America, desired to be able to name a street after himself. (Streets used to be named after heroes who dwelt in them; they are now named after *rastaquouères*, who pull them down and build them up again.) Instead of the hospital, there are erected some houses on the model of London houses of thirty years ago, with narrow ignoble windows and façades of the genuine Bayswater and Westbourne Grove type. There has not been one opposing voice to their erection, and any censure of them is immediately answered by a reference to the brand new dollars of their builder. In the suburbs it is the hideous cottage (here called *villino*), which, having disgraced the environs of London and Paris, is now rapturously set up in the neighbourhood of Italian towns. Both these types of house-building (for architecture it is absurd to call it) are as degraded as they can possibly be; and, whereas the London and Paris suburban cottages have frequently the redeeming feature of long windows down to the ground, modern Italian houses have narrow windows of the meanest possible kind, affording no light in winter and no air in summer. The horrible English fashion of putting a window on each side of a narrow doorway is considered beautiful in Italy, and slavishly followed everywhere, whilst the climbing roses and evergreen creepers which in England and France so constantly cover the poorness of modern houses, are, in Italy, only conspicuous by their absence. The noble *loggias*, and balconies, and colonnades, of old

Italian mansions were in the old time run over with the tea rose, the glycine, and the banksia; but the wretched modern Italian "villino" is in all its impudence, naked and not ashamed.

These dreadful modern constructions, with flimsy walls, slate roof, pinched doorway, mean windows, commonness, cheapness, and meanness, staring from every brick in their body, are disgracing the approach of every Italian city: they are met with climbing the slope of Belloruardo, beside the hoary walls of Signa, behind the cypresses of the Poggio Imperiale, on the road to the Ponte Nomentana, outside the Porta Salara, on the way to the baths of Caracalla, close against the walls of the Colosseum, above the green canal water of Venice, in front of the glad blue sea by Santa Lucia, anywhere, everywhere, insulting the past, making hideous the present, suited to no season and absurd in every climate, the ricketty offspring of a century incapable of artistic procreation.

It is impossible to enter into the minds of men who actually consider it a finer thing, a prouder thing, to be a third-rate mediocre commercial city than to be the first artistic or the noblest historic city of the world. Yet this is what the modern Italian, the Italian who governs in ministry, bureaucracy, municipality, and press, deliberately does prefer. He thinks it more glorious and worthier to be a feeble imitation of a shoddy American city than to be supreme in historic, artistic, and natural beauty. He will sell his Tiziano, his Donatello, his Greek and Roman marbles, and his Renaissance tapestries, without shame, and he will pant and puff with pride because he has secured a dirty tramway coaling-yard, and has befouled his atmosphere with mephitic vapours and coal-tar gas, and has reduced his lovely *verzaja*, so late green with glancing foliage and fresh with rippling water, into a howling desert of iron rails, shot rubbish, bricks and mortar, unsightly sheds, and smoke-belching chimnies. To the educated observer the choice is as piteous and as grotesque as that of the South Sea Islander greedily exchanging his pure pear-shaped virgin pearl for the glass and pinchbeck of a Birmingham brooch.

Not many years ago there was in these gardens of the Oricellari of which I have spoken a neglected statue lying unnoticed in a dark-some place. It was the Cupid of Michaelangelo, which, being discovered by the sculptor Santerelli, there and then was sold to the South Kensington Museum, where it may be seen to-day. This will ere long be the fate of all the sculptures and statues of Italy, and the "modern spirit" now prevailing in the country will consider it best that it should be so.

The empty word of "progress" which is repeated by all nations in this day, as if they were parrots, and has as much meaning in it as if it were only "poor poll," is continually used to cover, or feign to

excuse, all these barbarous enormities: but most insincerely, most vainly. To turn a rich agricultural country into a fourth-rate manufacturing one can claim neither sagacity nor prudence as its defence. To demolish noble, ancient, and beautiful things, in order to reproduce the modern mushroom-growths of a dreary and dusty "western township," can allege neither sense nor shrewdness as its excuse; it is simply extremely silly; even if inspired by greed it is both silly and short-sighted. Yet it is the only thing which the Italian municipal councils consider it excellent to do; they have, after their manner, sufficiently paid tribute to the arts when they have chipped a Della Robbia medallion out of an ancient wall and put it away in a glass case in some gallery, or when they have taken an altar (as they have just taken the silver altar out of San Giovanni) and locked it up in some museum where nobody goes.

To the arguments of common sense that an altar is as safe, and as visible, in the Baptistery as in a museum, and that five centuries have passed over Lucca's out-of-door work without wind or weather, heat or frost impairing it in the least, no one in the municipal council of any town would for a moment attend. They do not want reason or fitness; they only want the vaporous, fussy, greedy, braggart "modern tone."

Everyone who has visited Florence knows the house fronting the gate of San Pier Gattolino (Porta Romana), on the front of which are found remnants of an almost wholly damaged fresco, through which a window has been cut. The house was once radiant with the frescoes of Giovanni di San Giovanni, which Cosimo de' Medici caused to be painted on its façade, because fronting the gateway by which all travellers came from Rome, "it was to be desired, for the honour of the city, that the first impression of all such travellers should be one of joy and beauty, to the end that such strangers might receive pleasure therein and tarry willingly." This wise and hospitable reasoning has been utterly lost sight of by those who rule our modern cities, and the approaches to all of them are defiled and disfigured, so that the heart of the traveller sinks within his breast. Instead of Cosimo's gay and gracious fresco-pageantry upon the walls, there are only now, by the Romano gate, a steam-tramway belching filthy smoke, a string of carts waiting for the *octroi* dues, and a mason's scaffolding where lately towered the Torrigiani trees!

Reflect for a moment what the rule of—we will not say an Augustus, but merely of a Magnifico, of a François Premier—might have made in these thirty years of modern Italy. Marvellous beauty, incomparable grandeur of form, surpassing loveliness of nature, entire sympathy of the cultured world, and splendour immeasurable of tradition and example—all these after the peace of Villafranca, as

after the breach of Porta Pia, lay ready to the hand of any ruler of the land who could have comprehended their meaning and their magnificence, their assured opportunity and their offered harmony.

But there was no one; and the moment has long passed.

The country has been guided instead into the trumpery and ephemeral triumphs of what is called modern civilization, and an endless expenditure has gone hand in hand with a mistaken policy.

Whenever a royal visit is made to any Italian town, the preparations for it invariably include some frightful act of demolition, as when at Bologna, on the occasion of the late state visit of the sovereigns, the noble Communal Palace of that city was bedaubed all over with a light colouring, and its exquisitely picturesque and irregular casements were altered, enlarged, and cut about into the mathematical monotony dear to the municipal mind, no one present having sense to see that all the harmony and dignity of its architecture were ruthlessly obliterated. Some similar action is considered necessary in every town, big or little, before the reception of any prince, native or foreign. The results are easily conceived. It is said that William of Germany did not conceal his ridicule of the colossal equestrian statues in *pasteboard* which were set up in the station entrance at Rome in his honour; but as a rule the royal persons in Europe appear not to have any artistic feeling to offend. The only two who had any were hurled in their youth, by a tragic fate, out of a world with which they had little affinity. Those who remain have no sympathy for tradition or for the arts. The abominations done daily in their names and before their eyes leave them wholly unmoved. Nay, it is no secret that they do constantly approve and urge on the vandalism of their epoch.

The Italian people would have been easily led into a higher and wiser form of life (I speak of the Italian people as distinguished from the Italian bureaucracy and *bourgeoisie*, which are both of a crass and hopeless philistinism). The country people especially have an artistic sense still latent in them, and they remain often artistic in their attire, despite the debasing temptations of cheap and vulgar modern clothing. Their ear for music is generally perfect, they detect instantly the false note or the faulty chord which many an educated hearer might let pass unnoticed. Their national songs, serenades, and poems are admirable in purity and grace, and although now, alas! comparatively rarely heard on hillside and by seashore, they remain essentially the verse of the people. Unfortunately this part of the nation is absolutely unrepresented. The noisy agitator, the greedy office-seeker, the unscrupulous politician, the pert, unhealthy lawyer crowd to the front and screech and roar until they are esteemed both at home and abroad to be the sole and indivisible "public," whilst their influence, by intrigue and bustle,

does most unhappily predominate in all spheres municipal and political; and the entire press, subsidised by them, justifies them in all they do and pushes their selfish and soulless speculations down the throat of unwilling and helpless men.

"Mi son meco," says Benedetto Varchi, "molte volte stranamente meravigliato com' esser posso che in quelli uomini i quali son usati per piccolissimo prezzo, insino della prima fanciullezza loro, a portare le balle della Lana in guisi di facchini, e le sporte della Seta a uso di zanaiuoli, ed in somma a star poco meno che schiavi tutto il giorno, e gran pezza della notte alla Caviglia e al fuso, si ritrovi poi in molti di loro, dove e quando bisogna, tanta grandezza d'anima e così nobili e alti pensieri, che sappiamo, e osino non solo di dire ma di fare quelle tante e sì belle cose, ch' eglino parte dicono, e parte fanno."¹

A people of whom this was essentially, and not merely rhetorically, true, would have been with little difficulty kept within the fair realm of art and guided to a fine ideal, in lieu of being given for their guides the purchased quill-men of a venal journalism, and bidden to worship a dirty traction-engine, a plate-glass shop front, and a bridge of cast-iron, painted red.

If through the last thirty years a sovereign with the cultured tastes of a Leonello d'Este or a Lorenzo del Moro, had been dominant in the councils of Italy, he would have made his influence and his desires so felt that the municipalities and ministries would not have dared to commit the atrocities they have done. Constitutional monarchs may be powerless in politics, but in art and taste their power for good and for evil is vast. Alas! in no country in Europe is any one of them a scholar or a connoisseur. They have no knowledge of the one field in which alone their influence would be unhampered, and might be salutary. They think themselves forced to pat and praise the modern playthings of war and science, and of beauty they have no conception, of antiquity they have merely jealousy.

It is to be deplored, not only as a national, but as a world-wide loss that modern Italy has entirely missed and misconceived the way to true greatness and to true prosperity. In other centuries she was the light of the world; in this she deliberately prefers to be the valet of Germany and the ape of America. Had there been

(1) "I have in myself wondered strangely many a time how it is possible that in men who from their earliest youth have been used at the lowest price to bear bales of wool as porters and baskets of silk as carriers, and in a word to be little better than slaves all the day long and to spend a great part of the night at carding and spinning, can in so many cases display, when there is opportunity and need, so much greatness of soul and such high and noble thoughts, and cannot only say but do such beautiful things as are said and done by them."

Zanaiuoli means, literally, "whoever carries a basket"; there is no exact English equivalent.

men capable of comprehending her true way to a new life, and capable of leading her varied populations in that way, she might have seen a true and a second Renaissance. But those men are not existing, have not existed within recent times for her; her chiefs have all been men who, on the contrary, knew nothing of art and cared nothing for nature: a statesman like Cavour, a conspirator like Mazzini, a free-lance like Garibaldi, a soldier like Victor Emmanuel were none of them men to understand, much less to re-create, the true genius of the nation; their eyes were fixed on political troubles, on social questions, on acquisition of territory, on quarrels with the Pope, and alliances with reigning houses. Since their death lesser people have taken their places, but have all followed in the same tracks, have all misled the nation to imagine that her *risorgimento* lies in copying American steam-engines and keeping ironclads ready for a signal from the potentate of Berlin.

Italy might be now, as she was in the past, the Muse, the Grace, the Artemis and the Athene of the world; she thinks it a more glorious thing to be only one amongst a sweating mob of mill-hands.

Italy, beautiful, classic, peaceful, wise with the wisdom inherited from her fathers, would have been the garden of the world, the sanctuary of pure art and of high thought, the singer of immortal song. Instead, she has deliberately chosen to be the mere imitator of a coarse and noisy crowd on the other side of the Atlantic, and the mere echo of the armed bully who dictates to her from the banks of the Spree.

QUIDA.

PHILIP MARSTON, THE BLIND POET.

"They are worthy of Shakespeare in his subtlest lyrical moods."

D. G. ROBERTS, in *Garden Secrets*.

"Such perfect lyrics ought to entitle him to an independent place of his own, and no inconsiderable one."—MR. THEODORE WATTS, on "The Rose and the Wind."

A FLOWER, especially a sweet-scented one, never failed to move Philip Marston, and to move him deeply. Lifting it every now and then to drink in the fragrance with passionate rapture, and with his sightless eyes fixed lovingly upon it, he would sit, as in a dream, for an hour, holding his treasure meanwhile as tenderly as a holy thing. Death had robbed him of love, and hope, and the most cherished of his friendships, and there had gathered round him a mental gloom blacker even than the physical darkness in which he lived as in a house in which he was the only tenant, and which seemed to him, at last, like a charnel-chamber, strewn with the ashes of dead love, dead hope, and dead aspiration. But a flower, fair, fresh, and immortal, as in the days of his youth, and to him the one unchangingly pure and perfect thing in a changing and decaying world, would call forth a new hope within him, and would awaken in the heart of the blinded, sorrow-stricken poet some memory of his happier self. Hence he could scarcely speak of flowers without his words rising into poetry, and he has personified them in language which recalls the ripple and run, the lightness and lilt of the Elizabethans. All this is done with the simplicity of the true artist. We never find ourselves wondering at the quaintness or originality of the idea, for it seems as natural to us that roses should whisper and laugh among themselves in Marston's verses, as that birds should sing and waters flow. It is not Marston who is telling us *his* fancies; no, it is the flowers themselves to which we are listening, and all he has done is to let us into the secret of their language. He takes us into a world of fairyland, which is like a revelation to us, and in which we are tempted to forget the worries and the weariness of the workaday world we have left behind.

Garden Secrets is the name which Marston gave to his flower-poems, the most notable of which are "The Rose and the Wind," "The Flower and the Hand," and "Before and After Flowering." It is in the last-named of these, as readers of the blind poet's verses will remember, that the following musical lines occur:—

Daily they talk of fairer things to be.
 Great talk they make about the coming Rose,
 The very fairest flower, they say, that blows,
 Such scent she hath; her leaves are red, they say,
 And fold her round in some divine, sweet way.

"The Rose and the Wind," which we give below, is a very beautiful lyric, and is, perhaps, the most finished piece of work which Marston ever accomplished.

THE ROSE AND THE WIND.

DAWN.

THE ROSE: When, think you, comes the Wind,
 The Wind that kisses me, and is so kind?
 Lo, how the Lily sleeps! her sleep is light.
 Would I were like the Lily pale and white!
 Will the Wind come?

THE BEECH: Perchance for thee too soon.

THE ROSE: If not, how could I live until the noon?
 What, think you, Beech-tree, makes the Wind delay?
 Why comes he not at breaking of the day?

THE BEECH: Hush, child! and, like the Lily, go to sleep!

THE ROSE: You know I cannot.

THE BEECH: Nay, then, do not weep.

(After a pause.)

Thy lover comes; be happy now, O Rose!
 He softly through my bending branches goes.
 Soon he shall come, and thou shalt feel his kiss.

THE ROSE: Already my flushed heart grows faint with bliss.
 Love, I have longed for you through all the night.

THE WIND: And I to kiss your petals warm and bright.

THE ROSE: Laugh round me, Love, and kiss me; it is well.
 Nay, have no fear; the Lily will not tell.

MORNING.

THE ROSE: 'Twas dawn when first you came; and now the Sun
 Shines brightly, and the dews of dawn are done.

'Tis well you take me so in your embrace,

But lay me back again into my place;

For I am worn, perhaps with bliss extreme.

THE WIND: Nay, you must wake, Love, from this childish dream.

THE ROSE: 'Tis you, Love, who seem changed; your laugh is loud,

And 'neath your stormy kiss my head is bowed.

O Love, O Wind, a space will not you spare?

THE WIND: Not while your petals are so soft and fair!

THE ROSE: My buds are blind with leaves, they cannot see.

O Love, O Wind, wilt thou not pity me?

EVENING.

THE BEECH: O Wind! a word with you before you pass:

What did you to the Rose, that on the grass

Broken she lies, and pale, who loved you so?

THE WIND: Roses must live and love, and winds must blow.

It was a fortunate, and yet an unfortunate thing for Philip Mars-

ton that, when Fate set him to sing darning (as men veil the cage of a song-bird in order that it may more readily learn its note), the voice from the outer world which he could always most easily distinguish was the voice of Dante Rossetti. Fortunate, for the reason that Marston could scarcely have chosen a more consummate master of song, under whom to perfect the gift with which he was himself endowed; unfortunate, for the reason that the blind poet's love and reverence for his master, and for his master's work, were so ardent that his thoughts became saturated and coloured with Rossetti's to an extent which tended to subordinate his own individuality. Hence there are passages in the poems of the younger singer which inevitably recall similar passages in those of the elder, and a comparison is thus instituted which, it is no serious disparagement of Marston to say, is not to his advantage. Of *Songtide* the *Examiner* declared that the author would, in virtue of the volume, "take an equal place alongside Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti," and in liquid loveliness and melody some of the blind poet's work is not unworthy such extravagant praise; but we miss in his lines that deep-mouthed volume of sound, that rhythmic splendour and sonority which are never absent in his master. For all its sweetness, Marston's voice seems thin and shrill after Rossetti's, and the framework of his poetry strikes one as being slender, and as lacking in intellectual robustness. Moreover he is diffuse, and often painfully unequal, for, although his lines are never wanting in grace and in fluency, he had that fatal facility for verse-making which often leads to the publication of much that is mediocre and immature. Melody is his one unailing characteristic, and musical, at least, his lines always are. The harp he touched was strung with silvern chords attuned to subtle sweetness, but his range of music was narrow, and of bass notes he had but few. There were times when, under the influence of a stirring thought, he beat out, as in the sonnet, "No Death," a strain of solemn grandeur, but most of his melodies are set to a minor key, and are rendered more or less monotonous by an ever-recurrent note of sadness. "No Death," which has some of the sombre strength of Rossetti's "Lost Days," is given below. It is undoubtedly the most powerful piece of sonnet-work which Marston ever accomplished.

I saw in dreams a mighty multitude—
 Gathered they seemed from North, South, East, and West,
 And in their looks such horror was expressed,
 As must forever words of mine elude.
 As if transfixed by grief, some silent stood,
 While others wildly smote upon the breast,
 And cried out feebly, "No rest! no rest!"
 Some fled, as if by shapes unseen pursued.
 Some laughed insanely. Others, shrieking, said,

"To think but yesterday we might have died !
 For then God had not thundered, 'Death is dead !'"
 They gashed themselves till all with blood were red.
 "Answer, O God ! take back this curse !" they cried,
 But "Death is dead," was all the voice replied.

Scent and sound, to both of which Marston was singularly susceptible, he has interwoven into his work with considerable skill. Some of his lyrics have the trickle and purl of running water, and the pages of his *Garden Secrets* seem pervaded with the delicate perfume of the lily and the rose, while effects of light and shade, of colour and tone—the last things to be expected in the poems of a blind man—are, strangely enough, by no means rare in his verses. Who would suspect the writer of the following lines, for instance, to have been sightless?

Now, when the time of the sun's setting came,
 The sky caught flame ;
 For all the sun, which as an empty name
 Had been that day, then rent the leaden veil,
 And flashed out sharp 'twixt watery clouds, and pale ;
 Then suddenly a stormy wind upsprang,
 That shrieked and sang ;
 Around the reeling tree-tops, loud it rang,
 And all was dappled blue, and faint, fresh gold,
 Lovely and virgin ; wild, and sweet, and cold.

In the poem entitled, "Thy Garden," there are many similar effects, but it is too long to be quoted in full, and we give only three verses :—

Pure moonlight in thy garden, sweet, to-night,
 Pure moonlight in thy garden, and the breath
 Of fragrant roses ! O my heart's delight,
 Wed thou with Love, but I will wed with Death.

* * * * *

Dawn in thy garden with the faintest sound—
 Uncertain, tremulous, awaking birds !
 Dawn in thy garden, and from meadows round
 The sudden lowing of expectant herds.

Light in thy garden, faint, and sweet, and pure,
 Dim noise of birds from every bush and tree,
 Rumours of song the stars may not endure,
 A rain that falls, and ceases suddenly.

Of the wind Marston writes always with power and beauty. Here is a fine passage from a sonnet :—

(Blow, autumn wind of this tempestuous night !
 Bear through this garden, and bear down these trees :
 Surely to-night thy voice is as the seas,
 And all my heart exultant in thy might.

With the wind he had always a singular sympathy, and one is tempted at times to fancy that it was to the accompaniment and under the inspiration of Eolian music that certain of his poems were written, for in the wind-harp's fitful strain—now sighing in and out among the strings, soft, and low, and scarcely audible; now upswelling to a shrill and stormy cry of passionate sorrow, but always sweet, sad, and most musically mournful—there is that which strangely recalls the voice of the blind poet, and which seems to suggest the source and secret of his singing.

Of Marston's first work, *Songtide*, all the poems in which were written before the author's twentieth year, Mr. E. C. Stedman said that he did not "remember any experimental volume which had shown more artistic perfection." It is in *Songtide* that the "Rose and the Wind" occurs, and among the most musical of the longer poems is that "saddest of sad songs by sad lips sung," entitled, "In Grief," a concluding stanza from which we give below:—

Oh, strange and unseen land whereto we come,
Are thy shores shores of day, or shores of night?
As near we draw shall we, indeed, see light?
And shall we hear, through lessening wind and foam,
The voice of her we love come from the land,
And, looking shorewards, shall we see her stand,
Girt round with glory on a peaceful strand,
Smiling to see our dark skiff heave in sight?

The influence of Rossetti is unduly prominent in Marston's second volume, *All in All*, but the average excellence of the sonnet workmanship is very high. The following is finely expressed:—

Our raptures and our sorrows are our own,
Most false it is to say we sympathize:
What man can see us with another's eyes?
The song of one man drowns another's moan;
A man in sorrow always is alone!
He pours his heart out 'neath unpitying skies,
And tells his trouble to the night, and tries
To feel some message with the wind is blown.
He hath his anniversaries of woe,
He walks o'er verdure that hides death below,
He gives to no man, as he takes from none,
The life he lives none hinder or control,
Only the hearts of lovers beat as one,
For theirs is knowledge, absolute and whole.

There is no truer test by which to distinguish the poet "born" from the poet "made" than the writing of a lyric; and the simple grace and beauty of the lyrics contained in *Wind Voices*, Marston's last volume, would alone suffice to place his name high among his contemporaries. "No Death" and "Thy Garden," which we have already quoted, are both from *Wind Voices*, but there are two other

poems, "The Old Churchyard at Bonchurch" and "Pure Souls," which must not be left unnoticed. The former is prefaced by a note, stating that "the old churchyard has been for many years slipping toward the sea, which, it is expected, will ultimately engulf it." Below are some stanzas from the poem:—

The churchyard leans to the sea with its dead—
It leans to the sea with its dead so long,
Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird's song,
When the winter's anger is all but fled,
The high, sweet voice of the west wind,
The fall of the warm, soft rain,
When the second month of the year
Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,
The green grasses waving above them?
Do they think there are none left to love them,
They have lain for so long there, together?
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,
The cry of gulls on the wing,
The laughter of winds and waters,
The feet of the dancing Spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward,
The old land with its hills and its graves,
As they gradually slide to the waves,
With the wind blowing on them from leeward?
Do they know of the change that awaits them,
The sepulchre vast and strange?
Do they long for days to go over,
And bring that miraculous change?

* * * * *

Do they think 'twill be cold when the waters
That they love not, that neither can love them,
Shall eternally thunder above them?
Have they dread of the sea's shining daughters,
That people the bright sea-regions
And play with the young sea-kings?
Have they dread of their cold embraces,
And dread of all strange sea-things?

But their dread or their joy—it is bootless:
They shall pass from the breast of their mother;
They shall lie low, dead brother by brother,
In a place that is radiant and fruitless,
And the folk that sail over their heads
In violent weather,
Shall come down to them, haply, and all
They shall lie there together.

Philip Marston's opinions on religious matters were of a negative rather than of a positive nature, but religious cant and gush he very emphatically disliked. Repeated experience of the insincerity of many so-called religious folk had made him suspicious of all mere

PHILIP MARSTON, THE BLIND POET.

profession, but that he had at heart an earnest love for all that is high and holy is, we think, as certain as that he failed (who, indeed, does not?) to hit the mark at which he aimed. Listen to what he says in the poem, "Pure Souls":—

Pure souls that watch above me from afar,
To whom, as to the stars, I raise my eyes,
Draw me to your large skies,
Where God and quiet are.

* * * *

O pure, strong souls, so star-like, calm, and bright,
If even I before the end might feel,
Through quiet pulses, steal
Your pureness—with purged sight

I might Spring's gracious work behold once more,
Might hear, as once I heard, long, long ago,
Great waters ebb and flow,
Might smell the rose of yore,

Might comprehend the winds and clouds again,
The saintly, peaceful moonlight hallowing all,
The scent of leaves that fall,
The Autumn's tender pain.

Ah, this I fear, shall never chance to me,
And though I cannot shape the life I would,
It surely still is good
To look where such lives be.

Marston's poetry has been called "gloomy," and gloomy indeed much of it is; but as one sometimes hears, ringing from a darkened chamber of mourning, cries which condense a whole life-history into half a dozen passionate words—so from the perpetual darkness in which the blind poet lived, there arose a voice athrill with such intensity of feeling that men, hearing it, paused involuntarily to listen. Here is a sonnet in which the lines seem shaken with suppressed sobs. It is called, "Not Thou but I," and was addressed by Marston to his dead love.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan.
And so it eor fors me, yea, not in vain,
To think o' thy eternity of sleep,
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep;
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep—
Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain.

But if Marston had his sorrows, he had, too, his consolations, not the least of which was his art. Poetry was to him, as to Coleridge, "its own exceeding great reward," and there is no doubt that the freedom with which he could express himself tended in no slight degree to give his overcharged feelings relief. His was too unselfish a nature to merge into misanthropy or permanent melancholia; and in society, at least, he was always cheerful. At the literary gatherings in his rooms he was the life of the party. In congenial company all his sorrows were forgotten, and an idea as preposterous as that of going to bed would, apparently, never occur to him, for not seldom he would sit on till daybreak. The first occasion on which we met him was at the house of a friend (Mr. Jerome K. Jerome), who had often on previous occasions told us that "late hours made a wreck" of him; and we remember that when, having a distance to go, we took our departure at the comparatively respectable hour of two A.M., Marston was "just beginning," as our plaintive and sleepy host pathetically said, "to enjoy himself." And enjoy himself in company Philip indeed did. For a witty story he had always the keenest appreciation, and we have seen him sit, with face beaming with sly fun and merriment, as in his drawling and somewhat peculiar delivery, he led us step by step to the irresistibly humorous *dénouement* of his latest "tale." But although Marston was pre-eminently a "good fellow," and could "spin a yarn," or laugh at a joke with the blithest, he was none the less, at all times, a man of deep feeling and sensitive soul. Even when the fun was at its broadest, and the merriment at its best, a generous thought or sincere word never failed to find a response in the heart of the blind poet. We remember how his face first sobered, and then lightened, when, in the course of conversation one evening, the name of Whittier was mentioned. "Oh, yes, I know him well; he sent me his portrait," he said, in reply to a question whether he had any acquaintance with the American singer. "He is a dear old fellow, and the most sincere of poets. He has composed some noble lines, and although his work may not always—from an artistic standpoint, that is—be worthy of himself, yet his every word is written in earnestness, and in sincerity, and with a purpose." And then—we shall not soon forget it!—the name of Whittier recalling a fine passage in one of the Quaker poet's finest poems, poor Marston repeated it, apparently unconsciously, and to himself. The gentler lines he let linger lovingly on his lips, as though he were loth to part with them; but the stormier passages he poured forth, as only a poet could, and with passionate impetuosity, raising meanwhile, as one does when uplifted by a lofty thought, his (alas, sightless!) eyeballs above. The effect was strangely pathetic.

For some moments each of us sat motionless and in silence, until, as if ashamed of the enthusiasm into which he had been betrayed, the blind poet himself turned the conversation upon other subjects.

Not the least remarkable characteristic of Marston's mournful and musical verses is his constant anticipation of death. "The garden of this poet's muse," said a writer in the *Academy*, "is haunted by two presences that are never far apart—the rose-crowned Love and the shrouded Death. 'I believe in death' seems to be the first article in the poet's gloomy creed."

"I believe in death" did, indeed, seem to be the first article in Marston's creed, and with reason; for even at the very outset of his life-journey, and as he was groping his way in his sunless, starless solitude, Philip Marston found that every signpost of life which he could chance upon pointed always in one of two directions—"To Love," or "To Death"; nor was it long before, following the path to Love, he found it lead to, and lose itself in, that to Death; and from thenceforth and for ever, Death, and such thoughts as are expressed in the following sonnet, were never long absent from his mind:—

• MY GRAVE.

For me no great metropolis of the dead,
Highways and byways, squares and crescents of death,
But, after I have breathed my last sad breath,
Am comforted with quiet—I who said,
"I weary of men's voices and their tread,
Of clamouring bells, and whirl of wheels that pass,"—
Lay me beneath some plot of country grass,
Where flowers may spring, and birds sing overhead:
Whereto one coming, some fair eve in Spring,
Between the dayfall and the tender night,
Might pause awhile, his friend remembering,
And hear low words breathed through the failing light,
Spoken to him by the wind, whispering.
"Now he sleeps long, who had so long to fight."

Here, too, is a mournful fancy, in which, speaking of the time when he and those whom he loved should—

Lie at the last beneath where the grass grows,
Made one in one interminable repose,
Not knowing whence we came or whither went—

he asks himself if there would not linger in the room—"the desolate, ghost-thronged room" where he had lived, and loved, and suffered—some haunting memory of him who had so long been its tenant:—

Must this not be, that one then dwelling here,
 Where one man and his sorrows dwelt so long,
 Shall feel the pressure of a ghostly throng,
 And shall upon some desolate midnight hear
 A sound more sad than is the pine-tree's song,
 And thrill with great, inexplicable fear?

Even more sadly prophetic are the concluding words of his essay "On Clocks":—"The great public clocks," he says, "always inspire me with awe. They are so dreadfully impartial. Through fair weather and foul, for years and years, have they recorded the flight of time as we hear it pass. And when we have gone away to see if there is anything new, the other side of the great darkness, so shall they still record its passing hours." These are the last words of a paper which appeared only a week or two before the blind poet's death, and which, as they are believed to be the last words he ever wrote for publication, have now a peculiarly mournful significance. Of the right answer to that questioning cry which rose so often to his lips—"Ah! if only I knew what lay beyond!" none of us, whatever we may believe or hope, can, for a surety, *know*. God grant that for poor Marston, and for each of us, some answer to that question lie hid in the concluding words of a beautiful hymn by a great and holy soul who has lately gone from us:—

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved, long since, and lost awhile!

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN AMERICA.

PROBABLY there is nothing which strikes an Englishman more on his return after a long residence abroad than the change which has come over public opinion at home in recent years, and the intense admiration with which anything and everything American is now regarded. Only a few years ago the almost universal feeling was one of thankfulness that we were not as they were, and no more telling reproach could be made against any English statesman than that he was attempting to americanize English institutions. The present feeling is probably the natural reaction from the former. But while this change has taken place in England, the reverse has happened in America. Public opinion there, at least so far as it finds expression in the public press, is intensely adverse to England, and cannot find words sufficiently forcible to express its hostility and contempt for everything English, from the Royal Family down to the so-called pauper operatives who manufacture the goods the competition of which the Americans dread, and which they endeavour to shut out by protection.

There is no doubt a class, numerically large, but relatively insignificant when compared to the rest of the population, which knows better, but unfortunately its voice is not heard. It does not pay to say anything in favour of England or of English institutions, and as no one is allowed a hearing on the other side, judgment goes by default. All other sounds are lost in the blasts of self-laudation which ring through the land every morning. And yet, perhaps, our worthy cousins have still something to learn from the older country, and perhaps our own people might find that their admiration of the United States is based in no inconsiderable degree on a total ignorance of the working of the institutions which they so ardently admire.

No one will admit more readily than I do the merits of the great Republic; still there is much to be accomplished before it can, in my opinion, lay any reasonable claim to be considered on a level with the civilised nations of Europe.

America is a wide word, and probably no one can say that he is even well acquainted with the whole country, so, in this paper, I propose to confine my remarks to the Pacific Coast, where I lived for many years, mostly in San Francisco and its neighbourhood, and with which I may therefore claim to be fairly well acquainted.

It may be objected that California was only admitted into the

Union some forty years ago and that for years it was the refuge for all the scum of the earth, who came there to mine for gold, or to prey on those who did. This is true, no doubt, but, in many respects, the condition then was preferable to that now prevailing. The miner was, and is, a rough fellow; but he is, so far as I have known him, an honest, straightforward man, kindly and courteous to all who are willing to take him as he is. He established a code of justice remarkable alike for its simplicity and its effectiveness. He had to protect himself and his property in the remote places where he worked, and he did it very effectually. If a man became intolerable to a community he got notice to go; if he stayed he ran a good chance of being hanged. If a man used blackguard and insulting language to any one, he had a good chance of being shot by the man he insulted; if he used it to, or even before a woman, he had an equally good chance of being shot by a bystander. The miner had his faults, no doubt; he drank and gambled, and had his other frailties, but they were at least the faults and frailties of a man.

But California has advanced rapidly during the last twenty years. She claims, and with good reason, to be the most favoured State in the Union; her population and wealth have increased with amazing rapidity, and on the surface, at least, there are considerable evidences of culture and refinement. It is not with California that I have any fault to find, she has no more enthusiastic admirer than I—it is with the much-vaunted American institutions, which prevent her reforming the abuses which permeate her whole system, and cleansing herself of the mass of dishonesty and corruption which is eating every day deeper into the life of the State. Every American you meet will admit it, and will lay the blame, if a politician, at the door of one of the political parties, and, if not a politician, at the door of both of them. If any Californian is inclined to question what I say, I ask him to refute any one of the instances I am about to give in support of my statements; if any one from another State objects that California cannot be taken as a fair example of the rest of the Union, I reply that the Union is, or ought to be, responsible for the condition of each State; and moreover, to judge from the public press of other States, California is not only in as good a condition as any of them, but is better than most. Take, for instance, the treatment of the negroes in the Southern States. I will also ask the reader to cross the border into British Columbia, a much wilder and more sparsely populated country than any of the American States on the Pacific coast; I will then challenge him to point to any one of the Western States of the Union where life and property are as secure as they are there, where crimes of robbery and violence are as infrequent, where the law is administered as

firmly, where punishment as surely follows conviction, and where, in consequence, lynch-law is unknown. The Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific Railways were built at the same time, both trans-continental lines, the one in British, the other in American territory. Why was it that on the former, murders and shooting-scrapes, as they are called, when men fire at each other with pistols, were unknown; while on the latter they were of daily occurrence? I am told, perhaps, because men carry revolvers in America and not in British Columbia; but, I ask then, why men carry revolvers in America and not in British Columbia, when it is equally against the law of both countries to do so?

But let us return to California, and let us begin with the administration of Justice—surely the first and most important institution in any civilised country. With the laws themselves no one has any fault to find; they are, to all intents and purposes, our own laws codified and transferred to the American Statute-book. But unfortunately the same cannot be said for the administration of these laws. In England it was said at one time, and may be true to some extent now, that there was one law for the rich and another for the poor. In America this has been greatly simplified, there is only one law, a law for the rich and none for the poor. When a man commits a crime, the punishment does not depend so much on whether he is guilty or not guilty, as on whether he is rich or poor, whether he has political influence or not. But my English readers must not suppose that by a man possessing influence, as I use the word here, is meant a man of good standing in the community. On the contrary, it may, and frequently does, mean the very reverse. Every drunkard, loafer, thief, and ruffian has a vote, and therefore anyone, say, for instance, the saloon-keepers who supply these men with liquor, often to a large extent on credit, may have considerable political influence, though they may be men without means and of bad character. Such men are required by their party bosses to make sure of the votes of their clients, and in return they receive political patronage, or protection for themselves and their friends when they get into trouble. Such protection is extended in a variety of ways—judges may be influenced. I do not make this statement on my own authority, I simply refer to the newspapers, which do not hesitate to accuse judges of the party opposed to them of giving unrighteous decisions and of screening criminals. Witnesses may also be bought off; sometimes the prosecutor may be disposed of in a similar manner, but more frequently still the jury is tampered with. Jury-fixing, as it is called, is one of the fine arts, and employs a considerable number of artists. I should hesitate to make these statements on my own authority, but Americans are extremely

plain-spoken on these subjects, and nine out of ten of them will tell you the same thing ; and evil though they will admit the results of such a system to be, they seem to believe that there is no remedy for it, and that the same thing exists in every country in the world.

Some five or six years ago the editor of the most important newspaper in San Francisco and on the Pacific Coast was shot. He had found it necessary to animadvert in pretty strong terms on some of the financial transactions of one of the wealthiest men in San Francisco. The son of this man met the editor in the street, turned and followed him. The editor had entered his office, had passed through it, and was going to enter his private room, when he heard himself called. He turned round and was instantly shot by the young ruffian, who was standing at the office counter. The wound was dangerous, but fortunately not fatal. The young man was arrested, but was immediately bailed out. So far as I have seen, there is no offence for which a man may not be bailed out. The affair created a great sensation, and I remember saying to people I met at the time, that it was a terrible thing for this young man's family. He had been taken red-handed and there could be no escape from the disgrace which a conviction and a long imprisonment would entail. Why, they said, his father is very rich, he will never be convicted ; and they were right. The trial came on and lasted an interminable time. There was practically no defence, none was possible. The nearest approach to a defence was, that some years ago this young man had fallen out of a carriage, and that his head had been affected ever since. I do not think, however, it was seriously pressed. Then the speeches began, and I think the lawyers who delivered them deserved great credit for keeping their countenances, if indeed they succeeded in doing so. The case in question was put quite on one side and Hamlet was tried. It was eventually demonstrated that Hamlet would have been quite justified in shooting his uncle, in fact, that he ought to have done so, that his only excuse for not doing so was, that he was not quite right in his head, while here was a young man, also not quite right in his head, who had behaved far better. Then his lawyer had known him since he was a little boy, an innocent child (the little child is a great feature in American oratory), and a good deal more to the same effect, but not at all to the point. It was all very interesting and surprising to me, but did not seem to interest any one else, as every one said it all meant nothing. Then the prosecution replied, and not to be outdone in his knowledge of the English classics, he, too, got down his Shakespeare, and now we had a most terrible picture drawn for our benefit. The editor was transformed into the venerable Duncan,

and it was conclusively proved that it was very wrong of Macbeth to murder him, and had not this young man acted far worse than Macbeth in following and shooting the unsuspecting editor? The end was that the jury acquitted the prisoner unanimously. After what people had told me I should not have been surprised had the jury disagreed, but that twelve men should acquit a man of a crime which was practically admitted, was to a stranger, to say the least of it, somewhat astonishing. I do not know how it was done, though accusations were openly made in the newspapers at the time. I content myself with relating what happened.

So much for the rich man ; let us now see how it fares with the poor man. Some three years ago there lived in one of the rich valleys of the State, a farmer, his wife and family. They employed a Chinaman as cook, who was a great favourite in the family, and had been with them a considerable time. One day the farmer was absent from home, and the family, consisting of the wife and daughters and a farm labourer, were sitting at supper. Suddenly the door opened, and the Chinaman, presenting a Winchester rifle, fired, killing the wife and wounding the labourer. No motive could be given for the crime. The Chinaman disappeared, and the country was raised. They tracked him down to the river, and there all trace of him was lost. A large posse of men was got together, and they made their way up the river. At last they came to a cabin belonging to a Chinaman, and as every Chinaman must know where every other Chinaman is, they got him out, and as he either did not know, or would not tell where his countryman was, they put a rope round his neck and over the branch of a tree, and hung him up. Before he was quite dead they let him down again, and still the obstinate rascal would not tell, so they repeated the operation several times, and eventually left him more dead than alive. They then proceeded up the river, and, if I remember aright, repeated the hanging at least once. News travels even among Chinamen, and at last they came to another Chinaman's cabin, and this one not having the decency to wait to be hanged, and making off as fast as he could, must necessarily be the murderer, and so they gave him the benefit of the doubt and a volley from their rifles, killing him on the spot. Well, he was only a Chinaman, a frugal, hard-working Chinaman, drudging all day long and all the year through to gather together his little pile, which he was going to take home with him to his wife and family in far-away China, and why did he not stay and be hanged like a man?

Nothing was ever done about it. What can you do to people if they do make a little mistake in the pursuit of justice? Well, time went on, and, at last, the murderer gave himself up. It turned out that he had never been very far, that he had run down to the river,

and there hidden himself among the willows and rushes that line the banks, whence he had crept out at nights to try to pick up a few scraps of anything he could find to keep himself alive. Hanging was at least better than starvation. He was taken to the county jail, and there he told his story. According to his account he had no grudge against any of the family by whom he had always been well treated, but on the afternoon in question, he had discovered that an intrigue was being carried on between the farmer's wife and the farm labourer. The latter, being aware that he had made this discovery, had told him he would kill him, and it was this man he had intended to shoot. He had shot the woman unintentionally and regretted it. Here, at least, was a motive for an otherwise motiveless crime. At the same time, it is only fair to say, that the explanation was very generally disbelieved in the neighbourhood, and added fuel to the flame already burning fiercely enough.

At last the trial came off, and, apparently, some, at least, of the jury believed the Chinaman's story, for they could not agree, and the wretched man was again consigned to jail, but not for long. That night a number of people assembled, and marching in a body to the jail, demanded the prisoner. The sheriff, in whose custody he was, replied that he had removed him, and he had indeed hidden him in some part of the building, but it availed nothing, he was found, and dragged out amid the execrations of the mob. Then he was marched up the street to the first telegraph post and there hanged, while his executioners fired volley after volley into his still quivering body. And there they left him swinging in the night breeze, to show the passing stranger how much superior is the will of the people to the law of the land.

And here we may at once contrast the advantages and disadvantages of the election of officers by the popular vote, instead of their appointment by the government. Had the sheriff on this occasion done his duty; had he been willing, as many another man has been, to do his duty at the risk of his life; had he planted himself at the door of the prisoner's cell, and announced his determination to shoot the first man who attempted to enter, the country would have been spared that foul night's work. And what risk would there have been? None! This was no rescue of a prisoner by his comrades, desperate men, willing to risk their lives on the venture. Is it to be supposed that any individual in that crowd would have dared to enter that cell, if he knew he did so at the risk of his life; or would any one have dared to fire at the sheriff in the execution of his duty, the sheriff, who was, probably, the personal friend of more than half the men composing the party? But it is probably quite true, and very likely was in his mind at the time, that when election day came round

again, his resistance to the will of his townspeople, even in the execution of his duty, might cost him his place. Still, to their honour be it said, there are many sheriffs in America, who have stood their ground in the face of worse mobs than this, and I have never heard that any-one of them lost his life through doing so.

. But after all it was only a Chinaman, and in a free country one cannot well expect that a miserable Chinaman is to have justice, not to speak of mercy.

This story will, however, show my readers how little able the law is in America to control popular excitement, and how during such periods the most savage and brutal acts may be perpetrated with comparative impunity.

So much for lynch-law as a popular institution. Let me now show my readers how it may also be used for private ends, in fact, to put it quite plainly, for assassination, and how some American officials seem as willing to make use of their official positions to aid in carrying out these nefarious designs as the Venetian bravo was to make use of his stiletto, and probably for the same consideration.

The incident I am about to relate is by no means ancient history, but happened only a few weeks ago, and the account of it only reached me the other day in a San Francisco newspaper, which I shall allow to tell the story in its own words.

"A FOUL OUTRAGE.—Herrington tarred and feathered because he worried Kern land-grabbers—He was the champion of honest settlers—Likely to die of his wounds.—In the *Chronicle* of October 2nd was published a dispatch from Bakersfield, giving an account of the tarring and feathering of James Herrington, who was asserted to be a malicious land lawyer, given to stirring up trouble for actual settlers on Government land. From facts derived from the *Delano Courier* and from correspondents it seems to be plain that Mr. Herrington was the victim of a conspiracy among the henchmen of the large landowners of that part of Kern county to drive him out of the county, and effectually put an end to the suits which he had brought in the interests of *bond fide* settlers. The *Delano Courier* of October 3rd says: The facts of the Herrington case are about as follows: The warrant for Herrington's arrest was issued by Judge S. W. Mahon on September 15th, but for some cause or other was not served till the 30th. Deputy Constable William Tibbet arrived in Delano Tuesday evening, and soon finding Mr. Herrington on the street, placed him under arrest. The constable then telegraphed to Bakersfield that he had secured his man and would arrive with him that night. Herrington did not like the idea of being taken to Bakersfield immediately, as he feared trouble, and requested that he be taken to the residence of Mr. Brown on Poso, and go from there on the next day. The constable said as his horse was tired he probably would do so, but later events show that the jail was reached at about 2.15, and Herrington placed in a cell. A very few moments after the prisoner was placed in jail Frank Graham, the jailer, in answer to the bell ring, stepped out into the hall, when he was seized by a couple of masked men and taken up stairs. The keys of the "lock-up" were taken from him, and Herrington sought for. In the same cell with Herrington was another

prisoner, who was taken out into the hall and guarded, while eight or ten more of the masked demons fell upon the lawyer. Herrington is a powerful man, and, armed with a heavy stool and a shoe, fought for his life, and succeeded in flooring a number of his assailants. He was largely outnumbered, but kept the mob at bay until one cowardly cur drew a pistol and shot him. The loss of blood soon weakened him, and he was dragged to a waggon in waiting and driven a few blocks west of the Court-house, where his clothes were removed, and a coat of tar and feathers applied to his body. To add to his sufferings a solution of carbolic acid was applied to a portion of his body. Though greatly weakened, chilled and sore, he struck out to the north, swam the river, wending his way northward, and was picked up on Wednesday afternoon by Herman Oresay. Bruised, smeared with tar and feathers, and with a pistol-shot wound in the side, he was an object of pity. He was cared for as soon as possible, and shortly afterward was taken over into Tulare county, to the home of a friend, where he received treatment. The pistol-shot wound in the side will probably prove fatal. The warrant on which Herrington's arrest was made charged him with perjury, and was sworn to by one Harpham, a party who has attained some little notoriety through a late fistie encounter over registration matters. And now comes the why of this dastardly deed, the reason for this brutal outrage. The dispatches to the city journals and a number of our local contemporaries have given a garbled account of the affair, and state that Herrington was a troublesome lawyer; that he had made trouble with settlers and extorted money from them; that he was a very objectionable character, and met his just punishment. The pretence that Herrington was a perjurer and had swindled settlers falls flat, and only more clearly reveals the real cause that underlies the difficulty. He was a pretty shrewd land lawyer, and made a speciality of 'desert' lands, and in this line was stirring up trouble. His immediate neighbours claim that he was not a disturber with the settlers, but, on the other hand, got along very well. The report that his assailants were neighbouring settlers is a base slander, and is spurned with contempt by those who surround him. The prevailing opinion is that his work in connection with the desert lands did not meet with favour."

Let me now beg my readers' attention to one or two little points in the above narrative. Here is a respectable lawyer who has made himself obnoxious to the larger land-grabbers by defending the rights of the smaller settlers. A ruffian is employed to swear an information, and an obliging judge is found to issue a warrant for his arrest on a trumped-up charge of perjury. During the next fifteen days nothing is done, probably pending the completion of the necessary arrangements. An obliging constable is next found and dispatched to make the arrest, which he does without the least difficulty, and he immediately telegraphs that he will arrive with his prisoner during the night. Why he sent this telegram is probably best known to himself—and others. The unfortunate victim, evidently anticipating to some extent what is in store for him, suggests that he should be taken elsewhere for the night. To this the constable at first seemed to assent, but no doubt, on reflection, he saw that such a course would not suit previous arrangements, and so he arrives with his prisoner at about two o'clock in the morning. The moment the prisoner is lodged in jail there is a ring at the bell, and

the jailer—and I think we must all admire the childlike simplicity of his character—without reconnoitring to see who it may be who is ringing the jail bell between two and three o'clock in the morning, steps outside, keys and all, into the arms of two masked men, who take the keys and apparently look him up, as we do not hear of his subsequently attempting to defend his prisoner. Then we have the pitiful story how this brave man defended himself against some eight or ten hired ruffians. With no weapon but a shoe and a heavy stool, he floors one after another, till one of them draws a pistol and shoots him in the side. Then smeared with tar and feathers, tortured with carbolic acid, wounded, bruised, and bleeding, still the brave man fights on, swims a river, and at last, thank God, falls among friends, and is cared for. Now, I question very much if my readers have ever heard a more piteous story than this, and I doubt not they are most anxious to learn the fate of the gallant fellow who fought so bravely against such fearful odds, whether he recovered or succumbed to his wounds, as the newspaper seemed to anticipate. I have, however, studied the papers which reach me regularly from San Francisco, but since the report of the outrage given above, I have not seen the number referred to. This is the more remarkable when we consider that these papers have been daily filled with long telegraphic accounts of the terrible maltreatment of the poor Irish at Tipperary by Mr. Balfour and his myrmidons. But then my English readers must remember that the Irish have a great many votes in America, while this unfortunate lawyer had only one.

In passing, let me perhaps suggest to the Senate, the States, Legislatures, and to the press of both parties and of the whole of the United States, which all protest so strongly against the misgovernment and maltreatment of the Irish, whether, in a country where such outrages as I have narrated and am about to narrate, pass almost unnoticed and almost always unpunished, it might not be better for themselves and for their country to look at home first, and endeavour to set their house in order, before they proceed to rebuke their venerable parent, and read her lectures on the science of government. I would ask them, in all humility, if Mr. Harrington's coat of tar and feathers does not deserve at least as much attention at their hands as even Mr. O'Brien's now classic breeches. I would suggest to those gentlemen, who do protest so strongly, that government like charity should begin at home, that if they are really in earnest in their desire for the reform of abuses, they have a larger, a ten thousand times larger field for the exercise of their philanthropy in their own country than they can find in the whole British Empire. Let them turn their attention, and they can do so with considerable advantage, to the credit of their country and the

well-being of their fellow-men, to the treatment of the negroes in the Southern States and that of the Chinese on the Pacific slope, and, if they consider these questions too complex, let them begin with the White Cap outrages in the middle States, which would disgrace the most barbarous nations of olden times. A country where it is almost daily reported that men are tarred and feathered and otherwise maltreated, and where women are taken half-naked from their beds and flogged by a savage mob with absolute impunity,¹ has surely enough on her hands to keep her statesmen so fully occupied with her own

(1) The following are instances of White Cap outrages, by no means the worst that have occurred, as reported by the San Francisco papers:—

“Kentucky White Caps.—Louisville, Ky., 20th June, 1890.—A band of White Caps, thirty in number, visited Corydon, Ind., at one o'clock this morning, and proceeded to the house of Lucy Noyes and Jane Flagg, two women of questionable character. The women were dragged from bed, taken to the edge of town, tied to trees, and flogged until both had fainted from pain. Their thongs were then cut, and the White Caps departed, leaving their victims lying where they had fallen at the foot of the trees, limp and insensible.”

“New Albany, Indiana.—28th June, 1890.—Information is received here to-day that the White Caps of Crawford County on Wednesday night entered the residence of Willis Strain, until recently a United Brethren minister, near Leavenworth, and, taking him and his paramour into the woods near by, beat him with switches until blood flowed from a hundred wounds and he was unconscious. The woman was tarred and feathered, and both of them abandoned. A notice was placed upon the door of their house warning them to leave the county inside of two days. Strain came here from Cincinnati two years ago with the woman, and they lived together as man and wife. The husband held religious meetings in the school-house near the county line for some time, and was highly respected. The couple quarrelled frequently, and the woman divulged the fact that they were not married. The people became incensed, and the visit of the White Caps resulted.”

“White Caps.—Outrages committed by them in the West.—A man and wife whipped in Indiana.—An Iowa Case.—Special to *Daily Report*.—New York, February 26th.—A special to the *Herald* from Louisville says:—White Caps last night went to the house of John McConnell in New Amsterdam, Ind., and, breaking the door, took him and his wife outside and whipped them. The two victims were then carried to a shanty boat, on which they had come to the village a few weeks ago, and were turned adrift in the Ohio river in the night. With much difficulty they made a landing, as the wind was very high, and the storm, which did great damage, had passed over the section. The river was also rising very rapidly, which added to the danger. Neither of the two was badly hurt, but they were so much alarmed that they remained on their boat all the afternoon. There is no clue to the White Caps, who have been guilty of many similar outrages of late.—A special to the *World* from Mason City, Ia., tells of the following outrageous case:—‘A week ago, contrary to the wishes of some of the bride’s relatives, Ed George, of Clear Lake, was united in marriage to Clara Young, daughter of Roy Young. When the couple returned they received notification to leave the town at once, but determined to stay. On Monday night, just before midnight, George and his wife were awakened by the presence at their bedside of eleven masked men, clothed in white. The intruders produced revolvers, and dragged the bridegroom to the street, his wife clinging to him for nearly a block. They forced him on a train, and ordered him never to return. George, however, got off at the first station and came back, and yesterday caused the arrest of Will Boyd and Morris Cardin, whom he thinks were among the guilty men. Last night County Attorney Clark, who is pushing the case for George, received a threatening letter, signed “White Caps.”’”

affairs that they will not have time to offer their opinions on the government of other countries. By devoting their attention to the government of their own country they will end by discovering in how much it is wanting, and they may then possibly recognise of how little value are the opinions they have so freely expressed in the past on the governments of their neighbours.

I would also with equal humility submit to Mr. Gladstone and his allies the following subject for their consideration. They do not hesitate to make use of these protests and rebukes for their own political purposes, they profess to consider them quite natural and warranted by the state of Irish affairs to which they have reference. They imply not only that Americans are justified in making these protests, but that being justified, it is clearly their duty to make them. I will not insult them by supposing that they are as well aware as Americans themselves are, that these protests are only made for a political purpose, the capture of the Irish vote, because, if they are aware of this, they are making use of American methods unworthy alike of English gentlemen and English statesmen. But I will point out to them, that if it is the duty of Americans publicly and officially to protest against Irish outrages, it must be equally the duty of England to protest against outrages in America. Let Mr. Gladstone, therefore employ some of his surplus energy and eloquence in moving a vote of censure on the United States for their treatment of the Chinese, or of the negroes of the Southern States.

But let us return to California, and I shall now relate a story which will show the happy-go-lucky way in which the administration of justice is carried on in that country. Some years ago an old farmer and his wife were murdered under very brutal circumstances in Napa Valley. I forget exactly what these circumstances were, but they have no bearing on the story I am going to tell. The man who committed the murder was a Swede named Olsen, and he at once disappeared. Every effort was made to find him, and large rewards were offered for him, either dead or alive. He was heard of, or supposed to be heard of, at all sorts of places, but when hunted up, he had either disappeared again, or it turned out to be the wrong man. His escape was the more remarkable, as he was a marked man, having a large scar on his face.

Well, some months after the murder, a man was hunting for strayed cattle in the mountains and he came upon a small clearing. A cabin had been built and some land cleared, and the owner was splitting wood in front of his door. The hunter accosted him and was invited to enter and have some breakfast, which he did. He then noticed that his host was a man of a somewhat peculiar appearance, and that he had a large scar on his face; so after breakfast he

abandoned his hunting and his cattle and rode home with all possible speed. There he gathered some of his friends to aid him in the capture of this desperate criminal, and to share with him the blood-money. They armed themselves, mounted their horses, and started for the scene of their enterprise. When they arrived at some distance from the cabin, they dismounted, tied their horses, and then forming a wide ring, they stalked their prey, dodging from tree to tree, till they held him in a small circle guarded on every side. No escape was possible this time, the brutal murderer was trapped at last and his gallant captors could almost count the price they were to receive. There he was, still in front of his cabin, sitting beside the pile of wood he had chopped, resting from his labours, his axe lying beside him, little thinking what was awaiting him. Yes, there was the very tell-tale scar on his face, there could be no mistake this time, and the reward was as good as won.

All of a sudden he hears that terrible western cry, "Throw up your hands," ring out from one of the trees a few yards from him. No, he is not going to surrender—he makes a bound for his axe to defend himself from his unseen foe, and the next instant falls, pierced by a volley from the rifles of his captors. Well, it is all over now, the murder is avenged at last, and the murderer lies weltering in his blood, his white up-turned face still showing the fatal scar. And now they prepare to carry down the body to the authorities and claim the reward, but first they have a good look round the place to examine the den of the wild beast they have just exterminated. Well, there is the clearing he has made, and the wood he has cut, and there the cabin he has built, and there is something written up over the cabin door. What is it? They examine it, and a very strange sign they find it for a murderer to have written up above his abode. "HERE THE WEARY SHALL FIND REST." But probably even murderers need rest after they have been hunted all over the country, and has he not got the scar on his face? But still the captors have an uneasy feeling, and the blood-money does not seem quite so certain as it was. They start for home, and the body is brought down to be identified. The sheriff of Napa, or some one who knows the veritable Olsen, is sent for, and then it turns out that, despite the scar on his cheek, he is not the man they wanted. And they had no difficulty in finding out who it was they had murdered for the price of his blood. He was a poor, harmless fellow, who had started fairly well off, but had been worsted all through in the battle of life, and, at last, beaten and weary of the fight, forsaken by his friends and even by his wife, he had retired into this remote spot in the wilderness, where, alone and unfriended, he hoped that the weary would find rest, and here at last he found it, the rest that knows no

waking. But I pray you do not waste all your sympathy on the dead man : he at least had found what he was seeking : reserve a tear for those who had lost a day's work, had a long ride, slaughtered a man, and, after all, had not received the price of his blood. Verily, they were perhaps the most to be pitied.

One instance of the way in which Chinamen may be maltreated in California with absolute impunity.

At a dairy farm, not very far from San Francisco, there lived a mother, her two sons, a daughter, a farm labourer, and a Chinese cook. For some reason or other, the Chinaman was dismissed, and, just as he was going, the daughter discovered that some trinkets she had were missing. What could be more natural than that the Chinaman should have stolen them? The brothers, with the assistance of the labourer, took him and searched him, but found nothing. What could be more natural than that he should have secreted them somewhere? It only showed his cunning. So they took him up to a loft above the cowshed, and there they tried to make him confess. Obstinate like a Chinaman, he would confess nothing, and so they put a rope round his neck and over one of the rafters and strung him up. As they were anxious to get his secret, they let him down again before he was quite dead, and as he still refused to say where he had hidden the things, they strung him up again several times, till at last, to her credit be it said, the young girl who had lost the trinkets interfered in his favour, and the unfortunate man was released and allowed to drag himself off more dead than alive. A little later it transpired that the mother, finding her daughter's things lying about, had locked them up in a place of safety. And what do you think was done to these savage brutes? They were tried and acquitted. It was only a Chinaman, a poor devil who works hard, saves his money and drinks no whiskey. You surely would not have him the equal before the law of the white loafer, who hangs round the saloons, ready to drink at his own expense if he has the money, and at any one else's if he has not; a creature whose throat seems to be a channel down which he pours nothing but the vilest of whiskey, which returns in a continuous stream of profanity, obscenity, and blasphemy. A creature with nothing good in him except—a vote.

Do you suppose in California a jury of their neighbours would bring in a verdict of guilty against two of their fellows in a case of assault on a Chinaman, however damning the evidence might be? Certainly not.

But in this instance, the Chinaman was persistent, and having failed to get his torturers punished by the criminal law, he brought an action at civil law for damages, and had the case tried in San

Francisco. The dairyman, who had committed this outrage, delivered milk to his customers every day in San Francisco, and yet it was some months before the officers who had the matter in hand were able to serve the necessary papers on him. Of course it is not a very grateful office to have to summon a white man at the instance of a Chinaman, and I know that the officers in question did not use due diligence. The trial came off, and this jury, at least, found the evidence conclusive enough, for they brought in a verdict of 5,000 dols. damages.

I cannot say that the Chinaman has not received his money, and for all I know he may now be at home in his village in China, living in the most boundless luxury on the price of his hanging; but if he is, then all I can say is, that every one to whom I spoke of the case must be greatly mistaken, for with one consent they all agreed that the only thing the Chinaman could get out of the trial, was the pleasure of paying his expenses. "Why," said one gentleman to whom I spoke, "what do you suppose they were doing during these months, when it was supposed that the officers could not find them? and depend upon it, if they had needed more time still, they could have got it." Americans, as I have stated, are extremely frank in making admissions of this sort, and I attribute this in no small degree to the fact, that they believe the same, or an even worse state of affairs, exists in every other country. Bribery and corruption are considered necessary evils, and purity, either in politics or in the law-courts, as possibly very desirable, but at the same time an utterly Utopian idea.

Not long ago the newly-elected chairman of one of the largest and wealthiest corporations in the world, the Southern Pacific Railway, announced that, for the future at least, the influence of his company should not be made use of for political purposes as had hitherto been the case. To any human being outside of America such a statement would seem not only very proper, but exceedingly sensible. Here is one of the very best men of business in America who declares he will not have his railway used for political purposes, as such a course is detrimental to its interests, and, in almost every newspaper on the Pacific slope he is met with a howl of derision, and speculations as to what particular political move he is undertaking under cover of this declaration. The average American cannot believe in honesty of purpose in any one else, and the consequence is, I am sure, a lower tone of morality in that country than in any I have ever visited.

Not very long ago, I was driving along a country road, and overtook a nicely-dressed lad who was walking in the same direction. The dust was knee deep, and the thermometer about 100°; so I stopped

and gave him a lift, and I then asked him how he came to be tramping along in the dust, a somewhat unusual thing in California. He explained to me with the greatest frankness, that he had come into the country with his family, but that his ticket had been taken for a station further up the line than the one at which they had stopped, and that it is necessary with return tickets of this sort to have them endorsed by the station-master for whose station they are issued, and who also requires you to affirm that you have spent at least one night in the neighbourhood. He had not been aware of this last regulation, and when his father sent him up to get his ticket endorsed, the station-master having seen him get off the train refused to sign the ticket. His father dispatched him again the following day, and, in order that he might not be seen on the train, he made him walk, instructing him to tell the station-master he had slept the previous night in the town. By way of comment on his worthy parent he remarked that "the old man was as cute as they make them." I had never seen such an extraordinary mixture of truthfulness and untruthfulness, and I asked him if his father was poor, to which he replied, "not likely," which, considering the means the gentleman took to retain his wealth, was a very fitting answer to an absurd question.

That a man should tell a lie and cheat is, I suppose, common to all countries; that he should tell his son to go and tell a lie and cheat is, I hope, more uncommon; that his son should tell me that his father had told him to go and tell a lie and cheat, and that he was going to do it, and that he should tell me this with the utmost frankness, and without the smallest doubt in his mind that his own and his father's conduct must meet with the approval of every reasonable being, was calculated to make one ask if some great change had not come over this people since the days of George Washington and his cherry-tree.

I cannot refrain from adding one short extract, cut from a San Francisco newspaper, which lately reached me:—

"**MERCY TEMPERED JUSTICE.**—The dawn not of the Millennium, but Election Day.—Justice is strongly tempered with mercy in the police-courts at present, and the prisoner who is charged with drunkenness or other petty offences is dealt with in a manner that foreshadows the Millennium. It is a strange and rapid change from former occasions, when the prisoner was hustled into the dock, and in a second of time he would wipe his eyes in astonishment at the rapidity with which he was found guilty, sentenced to five or ten days' imprisonment in the county jail, and pushed down-stairs on the way to serve the judgment of the court before he had time to explain where he lived. Now he is gently summoned to pour his tale in the judge's ear, and is gently remonstrated with for his conduct by that official, and departs with a blessing and only a five dollar fine. This change is noticeable from the fact that election day is only two weeks distant."

In all I have written above, have I said anything as strong as this? Is it possible to draw a more deplorable or a more humiliating picture than this of the judges of a great city like San Francisco, toadying habitual drunkards and other offenders for their votes? Either this is true or it is false. If true, the judges to whom it refers are a set of corrupt scoundrels, in no way better than the thieves and drunkards they are called upon to sentence, and that such men should be seated on the bench dispensing justice, probably to the highest bidder, is a reproach not only to the State, but to the whole country, and to the system which renders such a thing possible. It may be false, and may be a foul libel on a body of honourable men, but true or false, nine out of ten Americans who read it, will believe that it is true, and would be rather surprised if it were otherwise. Am I not justified, then, in saying that a lower moral tone prevails in America than in any European country?

We all know that, had any one of the atrocities I have cited above taken place in England, a storm of horror and indignation would have swept over the country, public opinion would have found expression in the newspapers, and the Ministry would have been called to account till the perpetrators of such hideous outrages had been punished, and steps had been taken to prevent their recurrence. But in California they passed almost without comment. No political purpose could be served by drawing attention to them. That a few Chinese should be murdered, or half murdered, and an unfortunate wanderer should be sent to his long rest, could not matter very much to any one. They had neither influence nor friends.

Public opinion in America has no means of expressing itself as with us, and there is no responsible government. The officials are practically only responsible to the people who elect them, and therefore, when popular feeling runs high, as, for instance, has happened more than once on the Pacific Coast, when an anti-Chinese excitement has prevailed—wrong is right, till the excitement has died out, and acts of injustice and oppression are perpetrated almost without any check, the officials, at most, offering a half-hearted resistance to such acts, and taking no steps to punish the offenders.

As to the newspapers, they represent two interests, the pockets of their proprietors and the political party to which they belong. Instead of leading they follow, and instead of trying to teach the working classes, which are necessarily their largest patrons, they flatter their vices and applaud their follies. Hardly do they urge even a mild remonstrance against a popular outbreak. It would not pay; they would lose subscribers.

To my English readers I would say, pause a little, and make sure that these American institutions you now so ardently admire are

really worthy of your admiration. Believe me, it is not a bad thing to live in a country where the law is administered without fear or favour, where judges are men of honour and without reproach, and their decisions upright. Whereas in America it is popularly said and largely believed, that every judge has his price.

But of my American readers I would ask, how long is this state of things going to continue, and why should it continue for one day longer? You may question the opinions I have expressed, you cannot question the facts I have given in support of them. These can all be substantiated from the reports in the newspapers at the time the occurrences took place. Nor will I discuss the question as to whether the same, or an even worse state of affairs, exists elsewhere. Such a discussion may be interesting, but it is neither practical nor important. What is important is, whether the state of things I have pictured is true, or even approximately true. Your Republic may be the greatest and best form of government the world has yet known, this question also I will not stop to discuss, but I maintain that, when such things as I have recounted can take place within its borders, and the perpetrators go unpunished, your Government is neither great nor good, your freedom is a delusion, and your independence a pretence.

Your country is, I believe, the most heavily taxed on the face of the globe, more heavily than either France or England, and yet there is no army or navy to speak of, to keep up. With vast resources at your command, I ask, wherein lies the difficulty of having the laws administered, offenders punished, wrong righted, and the service of the country faithfully carried on? I ask again how much of the enormous revenue goes, perhaps not nominally, but in reality, in the payment of political services, past and to come? I saw it stated the other day that there are about 10,000 widows drawing pensions for the services of their husbands in the war of 1812. I ask, do you believe in these remarkable widows, whose united ages must aggregate nearly a million years; or do you believe that the whole thing is a fraud upon the country, which neither party has the honesty to put a stop to, because it fears the result at the next election? Look at the pension list for the Civil War now closed twenty-five years ago. Twenty-five years is a long time, and I should suppose that the rate of mortality among wounded men, and men who came through the hardships and privations of that war, must be high, and that the pension list must be beginning to decrease. But the reverse is the case. It is increasing with amazing rapidity. I ask again, do you not believe that a very large proportion of these pensions are awarded not for past services during the war, but for future services to be rendered at the elections? Americans who do not believe this are unlike the

great majority of their countrymen, who admit it, who may regret it, but who claim that there is no remedy.

And there is no remedy so long as the great majority of the American people is content to allow itself to be made use of as pieces in the game, which a small and not very reputable minority is playing for place and power.

But the remedy will come when the great mass of the American people throws off its present apathy, and determines that it will give no votes for a party which will stoop to dishonest practices, either direct or indirect; when it insists that merit, and not political services or political expediency, shall be the passport to office; that party wirepullers and party bosses, with their attendant cohorts of hired ruffians, shall be dismissed from the scene for ever; that reckless legislative measures, such as the Chinese Exclusion Act, the new Tariff Bill, and the Silver Bill, shall no longer be passed against the convictions of half the men who vote for them, as bribes to obtain the support of the working classes, the manufacturers, and the mine owners of the Western States.

How soon this day will come I cannot foretell, but the mass of corruption is weighing more heavily on the State each year, and the burden is becoming too grievous to be borne.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

VICTOR HUGO: *DIEU.*

TOWARDS the close of the year 1855 two poems by Victor Hugo were announced for publication: an engagement never to be fully redeemed, and never to be redeemed at all during the lifetime of the author. Upwards of thirty years more were reserved for the various and incessant labours of his illustrious life, for the manifold and marvellous expansion of his incomparable genius; but the two poems advertised as then in preparation were never to appear in full. On the reverse leaf of the plain paper covering in which *Les Contemplations* then came forth for the delight and wonder of all ages of the world, till thought and passion, sympathy and emotion, and poetry and nature shall be no more, the two great and strange titles, *Dieu* and *La Fin de Satan*, gave promise of future work on the same lines as the sixth book of that immortal collection or selection of lyric and elegiac, meditative and prophetic poetry. And now, upwards of thirty-six years later, we receive all that we ever shall receive of the first-named and more ambitious poem. Fragments of its vast original design may possibly be recognised, may certainly be surmised, as lying embedded or incorporate in other works since completed and issued in the designer's lifetime: in the second series, for instance, of *La Légende des Siècles*, and especially in the historic and philosophic poem called *Religions et Religion*. There as here the intellect of a sovereign thinker was rather displayed than disguised by the genius of a supreme poet. We must not, of course, overlook or forget a fact so familiar to the lowest intelligence which finds itself capable of articulate expression as is this: that no great poet can be really a great thinker; that the ideal Gomorrah of Plato was the creation of a deeper intelligence, a loftier intuition, than the ideal Arcopagus of Æschylus; that Aristophanes of Athens, in his campaign against Socrates of Sodom, succeeded only in displaying the spiritual inferiority of a conservative patriot to a progressive idealist. A later and no less obvious example of intellectual inferiority—of petty, trivial, fantastic tenuity of thought, contrasted with superb, virile, trenchant energy of intelligence—must be familiar to all Englishmen who have ever compared Shakespeare's play with Bacon's essays: the platitudes, for instance, of the playwright's Hamlet with the profundities of the Chancellor's exposition "of Nature in Men."

With Plato and Bacon we must not then compare—we should not, if desirous to do so, be permitted to compare—such thoughtless thinkers, such brainless songsters, as Sophocles or Shakespeare,

Pindar or Victor Hugo. We must know that we must be wrong if we fancy that we find in such a volume as that now before us more grasp of thought, more solidity of reason, more fixity of faith, than in such theological treatises as teach us the grammar of assent without belief. It must suffice us to examine, in a spirit of charitable tolerance and of consideration less contemptuous than compassionate, what manner of message, if any, it may pretend on attempt to convey.

One point, however, it would be difficult for the most scornful professor of theology or atheology to dispute; that the most ardent optimist and spiritualist of his age could become, when it pleased him to speak dramatically, to cast his imagination, as it were, into the mould of another man's mind, and assume the mask or the raiment of another man's intelligence, an incomparable exponent of pessimism and materialism. The philosopher of *Force and Matter*, the poet of *Dreadful Night*, found no such utterance for the faith which was in them as Hugo has bestowed upon the bat and the owl of his superhuman vision.

"Le moindre grain de sable est un globe qui roule
Trainant comme la terre une lugubre foule
Qui s'abhorre, et s'acharne, et s'exècre, et sans fin
Se dévore; la haine est au fond de la faim.
La sphère imperceptible à la grande est pareille;
Et le songeur entend, quand il penche l'oreille,
Une rage tigresse et des cris léonins
Rugir profondément dans ces univers nains."

In no other poem of Hugo's are there to be found so many and such striking coincidences of thought and expression with the contemporary work of his greatest English contemporary. Compare with this the famous passage in *Maud*—

"For nature is one with rapine."

Again and again the English reader will be reminded of Tennyson as vividly and as directly as here. It is hardly necessary to transcribe any of the parallel passages which no probable reader can be supposed not to know by heart.

"Tout ce que vous voyez est larve; tout vous leurre,
Et tout rapidement fond dans l'ombre; car tout
Tremble dans le mystère immense et se dissout;
La nuit reprend le spectre ainsi que l'eau la neige.
La voix s'éteint avant d'avoir crié: Que sais-je?"

* * * * *

O toi qui vas! l'esprit, le vent, la feuille morte,
Le silence, le bruit, cette aile qui t'emporte,
Le jour que tu crois voir par moments, ce qui luit,
Ce qui tremble, le ciel, l'être, tout est la nuit!"

To this cry of triumphant despair it would be difficult to find an echo in the work of the English poet; but all serious lovers of poetry will be reminded of one of the noblest passages in English verse on reading these posthumous lines of the greatest European poet since the days of Dante:—

“ Vanité !

Tu crois qu'en te créant Dieu t'a mis de côté,
Que ton berceau contient toutes les origines,
Et que tout se condense en toi ; tu t'imagines
Qu'à mesure que tout naissait et surgissait
L'Éternel t'en donnait quelque chose ; et que c'est
Sur ton crâne que Dieu pensif traça l'épure
De ce monde qu'emplit son auréole pure.
Tu dis : J'ai la raison, la vertu, la beauté.
Tu dis : Dieu fut très las pour m'avoir inventé,
Et tu crois l'égaliser chaque fois que tu bouges.”

“He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?” That bitter and terrible question will ring at once in the ears of the English reader; who can hardly fail to remember the magnificent music of the six lines which close with it as even greater and more memorable than the ironic harmony, the dramatic resonance, of these.

But it is rather of Blake than of Tennyson that an English reader will be usually reminded by the passionate and apocalyptic utterance of horror and of hope, of anguish and of faith, which rings and thrills through every line of this incomplete yet perfect poem. The intensity of pity and of wonder, hardly harmonized or scarcely subdued by the intensity of hope and faith, which vibrates in the lyric aspiration and meditation of Blake, finds a fuller, a clearer, but not a deeper or a purer expression in the matchless verse of Hugo. The adorable poem called *Auguries of Innocence*—a series of such divine epigrams as angels might be imagined to dictate, by way of a lesson for repetition, to little children—has here, for the first time, an echo or a parallel. The wrongs and sufferings of our fellow-animals had been nobly and touchingly denounced and lamented by such less inspired voices as those of Cowper and of Burns, before they struck home to the heart of the great man who was only not a great poet in the formal and executive sense because he was always altogether a child at heart, and a vagrant denizen on earth of the kingdom of heaven; but the pleading or the appeal of Burns as of Cowper was merely the expression of material compassion and compassionate indignation; to Blake as to Hugo these sufferings and these wrongs were the ciphers or the figures of a problem insoluble except by faith, and unendurable to contemplate unless by the eyes of faith. Not Blake himself is more extravagant, excessive, outrageous to the instincts or the inductions of common sense and practical reason—

more preposterous, more puerile, more Manichean—than the greatest and most inspired writer of our own day. Till now it would have been difficult to find a parallel for the divine absurdity, the insane and ineffable wisdom, of such sayings as these:—

"A robin-redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
A gamecock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright.
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear.
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing."

But the passionate pity, the fiery tenderness and the sensitive intensity of faith, with which these couplets are informed and imbued as with life and meaning beyond the mere nakedness of words, are clothed by the genius of Hugo with yet fuller and loftier and more superb expression. And assuredly the vehemence of belief—the wilfulness, the positiveness, the audacity of confidence—is unmistakably identical in its constant and insistent ardour of affirmation. No two poets of the prophetic or evangelic order can ever have had more utterly unlike beginnings and surroundings than the London hosier's son and the child of the camp of the French army in Spain: and yet there is no third—not even Shelley, and not even Coleridge—whose vision was as the vision of these; right or wrong, mad or sane, wise or foolish. Hugo's, as we know, was to Sainte-Beuve a stumbling-block, and to Mérimée foolishness; Blake's, to all but two or three of his contemporaries—Wordsworth, to be sure, being one of the two or three,—was sheer lunacy. For less acute and intelligent readers than the Sainte-Beuves and Mérimées and Matthew Arnolds it may be interesting to compare the couplets above cited with the passage of which these few lines may be taken as a sample:—

"Pourquoi le héron gris, qui s'enfuit dans les brumes,
Sent-il le noir faucon fouiller du bec ses plumes?
Pourquoi, troussant ta manche et tachant tes habits,
Plonges-tu les couteaux aux gorges des brebis?"

* * * * *
Cours au désert, la vie est-elle plus joyeuse?
Que d'effrayants combats dans le creux d'une yeuse
Entre la guêpe tigre et l'abeille du miel!
Va-t-en aux lieux profonds, aux rocs voisins du ciel,
Aux caves des souris, aux ravins à panthères;
Regarde ce bloc d'ombre et ce tas de mystères;
Fouille l'air, l'onde, l'herbe; écoute l'affreux bruit
Des broussailles, le cri des Alpes dans la nuit,
Le hurlement sans nom des jungles tropicales;
Quelle vaste douleur!"

It seems unseemly and irreverent to transcribe such lines and to break off in the middle; but the breach must be made somewhere. And wherever the eye may light on reopening the book, the hand is impelled to transcribe again such samples of its contents as this:—

“L’homme n’a qu’à pleurer pour retrouver son père.
Le malheur lui dit : Crois. La mort lui crie : Espère !
Qu’il se repente, il tient la clef d’un sort meilleur.
Dieu lui remplace, après l’épreuve et la douleur,
Le paradis des fleurs par l’éden des étoiles.
Ève, à ta nudité Marie offre ses voiles ;
L’ange au glaive de feu rappelle Adam proscrit ;
L’âme arrive portant la croix de Jésus-Christ ;
L’éternel près de lui fait asseoir l’immortelle.

“Aigle, la sainteté de l’âme humaine est telle
Qu’au fond du ciel suprême où la clarté sourit,
Où le Père et le Fils se mêlent dans l’Esprit,
Il semble que l’azur égalise et confonde
Jésus, l’âme de l’homme, et Dieu, l’âme du monde !”

The adoring reverence of Hugo for the sacred name which is used here to express the ideal of divine or glorified humanity stands out singularly in contrast with the apparent aversion excited by its association with creeds and churches in the mind of such a contemporary student and fellow-republican as Michelet. But it is always more interesting, as it is always more profitable, to find instances of likeness than to find instances of contrast to the work of a poet or the speculation of a thinker: and in the following couplet—one of the most perfect and magnificent in all the world of verse—we hear again an unconscious echo of the spirit and indeed the very voice of William Blake.

“L’oubli que ferait Dieu du dernier et du moindre
Suffirait pour ôter au jour le droit de poindre.”

But of course it is seldom that we find anything here which could have been written by any hand save one. The full and fiery torrent of Crashaw’s sometimes turbid and morbid verse poured out in honour of a great Catholic saint has in it no pearl of praise that can be set against the single line which closes the following magnificent and transcendent passage:—

“Oh ! vous l’avez cherché sans l’entrevoir, sibylles,
Ce Dieu mystérieux des azurs immobiles !
Filles des visions, toi, sous l’arche d’un pont,
Manto ; toi, guettant l’œuf que la chouette pond,
Albunée, et brûlant une torche de cire ;
Toi, celle de Phrygie, épouvante d’Ancyre,
Parlant à l’astre, et, pâle, écoutant s’il répond ;

Celle d'Imbrasia ; celle de l'Hellespont
 Qui se dresse déesse et qui retombe hyène ;
 Toi, Tiburtine ; et toi, la rauque Libyenne,
 Orian : Treize ! essayant la loi du nombre impair ;
 Toi dont le regard fixe inquiétait Vesper,
 Larve d'Endor ; et toi, les dents blanches d'écume,
 Les deux seins nus, ô folle effrayante de Cume ;
 Chaldéenne, filant un invisible fil ;
 Sardique à l'œil de chèvre, au tragique profil ;
 Toi, maigre et toute nue au soleil, Erythrée,
 D'azur et de lumière et d'horreur pénétrée ;
 Toi, Persique, habitant un sépulcre détruit,
 O face à qui parlaient les passants de la nuit
 Et les échevelés qui se penchent dans l'ombre ;
 Toi, mangeant du cresson dans ta fontaine sombre,
 Delphique ; après esprits, toutes, vous eûtes beau
 Hurler, frapper le vent, remuer le tombeau,
 Rouler vos fauves yeux dans la profondeur noire,
 Nulle de vous n'a vu clairement dans sa gloire
 Ce grand Dieu du pardon sur la terre levé.
 Sainte Thérèse, avec un soupir, l'a trouvé."

Victor Hugo alone could have written that ; and Victor Hugo alone could have put into the mouth of an angel such superhuman words as these :—

"Si tu ne l'entends pas, tu peux au moins le voir,
 L'hymne éternel, vibrant sous les éternels voiles.
 Les constellations sont des gammes d'étoiles ;
 Et les vents par moments te chantent des lambeaux
 Du chant prodigieux qui remplit les tombeaux."

Of this great new song which comes to us from the grave of Victor Hugo there is so much more to be said than any man could say at once that it may be well to disclaim all pretence of giving an analysis or even a summary of its component parts. Those who would know what it contains and what it conveys—its dramatic force, its philosophic insight, its evangelic passion—must be content and thankful to study it reverently and thoroughly for themselves.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PARNELL AND BUTT.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

BUTT. What! his Uncrowned Majesty among us! And so soon! Surely, sir, your conquest of England cannot have been already achieved?

PARNELL. Who is it? The light is dim here, and my eyes are not yet accustomed to it. . . . Ha! Mr. Butt.

BUTT. I am flattered. You have the royal memory for faces; and a generosity more than royal. To recognise rulers whom they have supplanted is the last magnanimity of kings.

PAR. You were supplanted, sir, by a foot more powerful than mine.

BUTT. Really! How deceptive are appearances! I should have said that if any man was ever tripped by another, it was I by you. "Political necessity," no doubt. "Irresistible national movement," of course. "Popular forces beyond control;" oh, I know the jargon well; I have the whole of it at my fingers' ends. But need we trouble ourselves with it here? The wrestler who gets his toe behind his adversary's heel, and with one well-timed jerk, cants him over upon the green, is, I suppose, an instrument of Fate. But it is a truth ill-suited to the meditation of the athlete on the broad of his back; and, I own, I have found it as little consolatory.

PAR. My object, Mr. Butt, was not to console, but to explain. I could never have overthrown you had you not been the man you were, or had the times been other. Nor did I go out of my way to overthrow you at all.

BUTT. Out of your way? No. I never said so. I was in your path, and your way lay over my body.

PAR. Say rather, sir, that you were an obstacle in the path of advancing Ireland, and that I, as the chosen of the Irish people, swept you aside.

BUTT. No doubt I should have put it so. The patriot who trips his rival is always the "chosen," and the other is "the obstacle."

How is Mr. Timothy Healy?

PAR. You think that a relevant question?

BUTT. Relevant to what? I do not understand you.

PAR. You cannot have mistaken me. Come, Mr. Butt, this is unworthy of you and of our common abode. I thought we had left malice behind us, with the other vile passions and viler creatures of the earth. Deal plainly with me. How much do you know?

BUTT. Mr. Parnell, I know nothing save that you were bound to the liberation of Ireland, and—that you are here.

PAR. And you guess that I have not accomplished my work? Well, you guess rightly. But what has that to do with the man whose name you mentioned?

BUTT. I conjectured that you had fallen, and I knew that you had been the patron, the benefactor, the maker of Mr. Healy. I thought, therefore, that if any foot had tripped you, it might well be——.

PAR. Foot! he has no feet. His breed has had none since an earlier and a greater Fall. You may stumble over them, but you would hardly say that they “trip” you. Nor, to do them justice, are they ever, in Ireland, at any rate, found crawling openly across any one’s path; or they would not have escaped St. Patrick. So long as you keep your footing, they will keep the hedge. You do not feel their fang till you are prostrate.

BUTT. You speak in riddles, Mr. Parnell.

PAR. The answer would take long to give you, if you know none of it already. Tell me, what have you heard?

BUTT. Of late, nothing. But before that, enough to make me wonder at beholding you here. They told me that you had gained absolute control over an English party, and their leader.

PAR. They told you truly. I held them in the hollow of my hand.

BUTT. Then you should have closed it on them. Why, *I* could have done that—I, the despised patron of obsolete parliamentary methods. Fortune never favoured *me* with the command of a majority in the House of Commons.

PAR. Nor did she so favour me. I wrung it from her by years of patient scheming and unwearied endeavour. In the teeth of hatred and calumny, at the cost of ease and happiness, under penalty of banishment from the order to which I was born, and of condemnation to the society of ruffians whom I despised, in peril of my liberty from the Government, ay, and even of my life from the desperadoes at my back—I won it! The half-dozen rebels who defied your declining authority in '76, became at the next election the thirty members of a fully recognised Irish parliamentary party, and grew at the election after that, into the eighty-six “constitutional spokesmen of the legitimate demands of Ireland.” The detested obstructionist, the incendiary agitator of '81 became the “patriot statesman” of '85; and, thanks to the blunders of his enemies, the “deeply-injured victim of cruel slander” in '89. I was the same man that I had always been, pursuing the ends which Mr. Gladstone had described for me, by the methods which he had imputed to me. I was “marching” then, as always, “through rapine and plunder to the disintegration of the Empire.” But I held the balance of

parliamentary power in my hand! I could make and unmake Ministries! I could banish party leaders to Opposition and recall them again to office! And so, in a moment, at a single turn of the wheel, at a single spin of the penny, without one act of atonement, without one word of submission, I stepped from the pillory into the triumphal car! The men who had pelted me with the rotten eggs of their abuse, strewed the flowers of their flattery in my path; the aged demagogue who had denounced and imprisoned me, followed humbly in my train! . . . Mr. Butt—you who have always believed in and respected this people—you know how I have always hated them. Can you wonder now that I despise them too?

BUTT. I can hardly help wondering that you should tell me so. Their meanness reduces the value of your conquest. But proceed. Have you wreaked your scorn and hatred on these time-servers? Have you trampled them under foot?

PAR. Spare me your irony. You know as well as I that Death has been too quick for me.

BUTT. Too quick? Let us understand each other, Mr. Parnell. I had supposed it to be some years since this Triumph of yours set out, with your flower-strewing flatterers in front, and that bound and humbled old commander behind your car. How comes it to have been so long upon the road to the Capitol? Can anything have happened to it? Is it possible that——

PAR. There! there! enough. Your sarcasms show me plainly enough that you know more—or at least that you have guessed more—than you would have had me suppose. You are not ignorant, I see, that the victory has been postponed.

BUTT. What; till after the Triumph? That seems strange. The erection of the trophy interrupted by a defeat?

PAR. You are mistaken. I reject the word. I was not—I have never been, defeated. I am no more defeated now than is the general who is laid low by a lightning stroke, ere he has had time to close and conquer.

BUTT. It is the question of dates that puzzles me. Only a very timid or a very indolent general would have allowed accident so long to work in—would have left so many years open for the dispatch of a thunderbolt. It was wantonly tempting Jupiter; that is if you were really not defeated. But come, you may be candid with me, especially since, as you say, I have already guessed the truth. You sustained a—how shall we call it?—a check. In spite of your obedient English parliamentary majority, you failed to carry the stronghold of the Union at the first assault. Was it not so?

PAR. It was. Our Bill was lost by a majority of thirty.

BUTT. No more? Has there been a mortality among the Tory peers?

PAR. In a house of over six hundred and fifty.

BUTT. No less? Has the whole peerage taken to attending the debates? But no; that is incredible. Yet, on the other hand, you cannot surely be speaking of the House of Commons—the home of your obedient majority? Was it *they* who threw out the Bill?

PAR. You would call a pack of hounds obedient, I suppose, even though some five or six couples should run wild. And it was little more than that proportion of the Liberals who refused to answer to the whip. I may fairly enough exult, I think; over the docility of the remainder. Two hundred and twenty-four English politicians turning their two hundred and twenty-four coats at the bidding of a two hundred and twenty-fifth; eighty per cent. of a great English party recanting the principles they had professed, and repudiating the policy they had supported, for years! Is *that* not victory enough to satisfy an Irish leader?

BUTT. If vanity is his only appetite, yes. But there should be something more solid than that to stay the stomach of his patriotism. And what else was there? So far as I understand you, nothing. You did not even capture, or you could not keep, your Home Rule majority in Parliament. And the English constituencies, I conclude, would have none of you.

PAR. They were badly handled. They were alarmed and mystified, and driven to the ballot-boxes before they had had time to recover. The whole business was execrably bungled, but what then? The bungling was none of mine. After all, I was not Prime Minister to decide when a dissolution should be taken, and how the stupid English electorate might be best approached. If their own prophet and oracle—if the man who had been for twenty years befooling them mistook the way to their slow wits, it was no fault of his Irish partners in the game.

BUTT. No; but the fault by whomsoever made may be irremediable. What assurance have you that the verdict once pronounced against you will ever be reversed?

PAR. What assurance have I? . . . And this man supposed himself capable of winning Home Rule by Parliamentary methods! A man with so intimate and accurate a knowledge of the English democracy!

BUTT. I did not catch what you said, sir.

PAR. Mr. Butt, it was not necessary—I will go so far as to say it was not desirable—that you should. You were asking me what assurance I had that the verdict of the English constituencies against Home Rule would ever be reversed. Let me ask you what assurance you have that the barb of a weathercock will ever change places with its feather. There is no reason why it should, unless the wind changes. And there is no reason that we know of why

the wind should change, except that it always does; which assures us that it always will. My assurance, sir, that the English electors would reverse their verdict against Home Rule was mainly of that description. But there were other grounds for it in plenty. Upon one in particular I was relying with confidence the most complete. Nothing but death—not my own, but another's—could have arrested the operation of *that* cause.

BUTT. Which was——?

PAR. You have not forgotten the characteristics of Mr. Gladstone?

BUTT. Surely not. I had many opportunities of studying them. My intercourse with him was always of a pleasant kind, and he was on more than one occasion good enough to express high approval of the speech with which I introduced my annual motion.

PAR. Your annual. . . ? You will forgive me, I am sure, Mr. Butt, but I have entirely forgotten its purport.

BUTT. No doubt. Events have travelled fast of late. It was my habit every year to move for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into and report upon the nature, extent, and grounds of the demand made by a large proportion of the Irish people for the restoration to Ireland of an Irish Parliament, with power to control the internal affairs of that country."

PAR. Ah! so strong as that? Mr. Gladstone must indeed have been magnanimous to bestow his praise upon a speech delivered in support of so formidable a motion.

BUTT. He voted against it, however.

PAR. I know. He would. It is to his credit, nevertheless, that he was not too much alarmed by it to do justice to your eloquence. If the Fates had spared you, Mr. Butt, to go on moving it for another twenty years, he would have met it, I am persuaded, with the same intrepidity, and his praises of the mover would have been equally disinterested. But did your intercourse with him reveal no other trait in his character except the singular magnanimity which he thus illustrated?

BUTT. He was doubtless fond of power.

PAR. Doubtless he was—and is. And should you say or not, that if power were torn from his grasp, he would resent it as a personal affront?

BUTT. Perhaps.

PAR. I will go further than your perhaps. I say that he would regard it as an injury never to be forgotten or forgiven until he had forced atonement from those who had inflicted it. I say that he would take his defeat to bed with him at night and rise with it in the morning; that it would sit with him at his table and companion him in his walks; and that if only life and health remained to him,

he would never rest until he had not merely recovered the power which he had lost, but had compelled his countrymen to restore it to him on the very grounds on which they had wrested it from him, and for the very purposes which they had striven to foil. And now, sir, you know my second ground of assurance that the defeat of 1886 would be retrieved. I had not only myself to rely on, but Mr. Gladstone; not only my own inflexible determination, but his implacable pride.

BUTT. And yet you come among us a disappointed man. Your narrative, Mr. Parnell, does not grow more intelligible as it proceeds. For you do not say that it was death only that came between you and your final victory.

PAR. No; you are right. I do not say that.

BUTT. Yet what else was there, in Heaven's name? You say, and you should know, that your own determination was inflexible. You tell me, and you may well be right, that Mr. Gladstone's pride is implacable, and that nothing would satisfy him but to avenge its injuries and to reverse the judgment which inflicted them. You declare, and I am not concerned to deny it, that you had yet another ally in the levity and inconstancy of the English electorate. Yet, fair as was the prospect which you had thus before you, it was overclouded before you quitted the world. Is it not so?

PAR. I left it at its darkest; or, at least, I left it darker than it had ever been since Mr. Gladstone's surrender.

BUTT. Ha! that is strange indeed. By what extraordinary mischance came that about?

PAR. I was unlucky enough to give occasion to my political enemies and my false political friends by a matter of private scandal——

BUTT. Of private scandal! *You* to give them such occasion!

PAR. Come, Mr. Butt, I might as well say, "*You* to be surprised at that!" No one should know better than yourself that an Irish leader may suffer that misfortune.

BUTT. You might have spared me the reminder. My surprise was merely a compliment to your reputation for business habits, and to the sound condition of your financial affairs. You, so far as I know, were never in difficulties. I was never out of them. You had not my excuse for mixing in transactions that Parliament had to call in question, and for confounding the legislator with the lawyer in the matter of fees. However, let us hear—who was the other party in your case? Another Indian Prince?

PAR. You mistake the nature of the incident altogether. It had nothing to do with money.

BUTT. No? Then where did the scandal come in?

PAR. I was made co-respondent to a petition for divorce, and a decree was pronounced against me.

BUTT. That was unpleasant. Well, what followed?

PAR. What followed? Why, what should follow? That was the private scandal I spoke of.

BUTT. Yes; I see the private scandal plain enough. What I do not see is its public interest—"the occasion" which, you say, it gave to your political enemies and false political friends. How, in the name of confusion, did they manage to hook the affair into politics at all?

PAR. Did you ever hear, Mr. Butt, of the "Nonconformist conscience"?

BUTT. To be sure; I remember it well. It used to object to Church-rates; but they have been abolished.

PAR. Yes; but the conscience remains, and has found out other things to object to—my leadership amongst them. It declared that it found it impossible to co-operate for the attainment of Home Rule with a man who had been guilty of a breach of the Seventh Commandment.

BUTT. Strange! Yet the Dissenters have been Liberals for generations, and have gone quite steadily under leaders with whom—well, with whom the Seventh Commandment had to take its chance with the others. Indeed, they have been more restive in the hands of Mr. Gladstone than of anybody.

PAR. They were so—or so he pretends—in the present case. He yielded wholly—or that is his account of the matter—to their overwhelming moral pressure.

BUTT. What! and to their exquisite reasons also? Your whole story, Mr. Parnell, is to me so incredible, that you must forgive my suspecting you of having formed an entirely wrong impression of the affair. No man would be more likely to do so than one as deeply concerned in it as yourself. Pray, let me have the whole series of events in strict chronological order. What occurred immediately after the pronouncement of the decree?

PAR. Nothing.

BUTT. You mean——

PAR. I mean nothing to indicate that it would have, or even that it ought to have, any political consequences whatever. There was a week to pass before Parliament met. During that week not a word fell in speech or writing from Mr. Gladstone, or from any political personage of the slightest importance. My party held a meeting in Dublin, and they unanimously resolved to ignore the incident, and to continue to me their confidence. So little did any of them foresee a future interest in betraying me, that they had made no arrangements for desertion; but, on the contrary, by the servility

of their homage, threw difficulties in its way. The chance of treachery which was about to offer itself would have taken even the readiest of traitors unawares.

BUTT. The Irish race is surely not losing its finer political instincts. What could have been the opportunity which so escaped their traditional foresight?

PAR. You shall hear. A few days after these enthusiastic proceedings in Dublin, Parliament met; and, on the first night of the session, my followers unanimously re-elected me leader. The next morning there appeared a letter from Mr. Gladstone in the London newspapers, proclaiming to all the world that I had become impossible as an ally, that my continuance at the head of the Nationalist party would reduce his own leadership "almost to a nullity"—you know his turn of phrase—and that he could no longer hope to carry his political adherents with him in the struggle for Irish Independence unless my own followers and my countrymen would consent to cast me off.

BUTT. What! He proclaimed that to the whole world in the London newspapers, and without any previous communication—without even any attempt to communicate—with you?

PAR. Without an attempt? Oh, no; he was far too considerate for that. He gave a message to one of his lieutenants, who gave it to one of my lieutenants, and as there was no answer from me within the next few hours—well, he wrote and dispatched his letter to the newspapers. So prompt was the obedience which had to be rendered to the demands of the Nonconformist conscience.

BUTT. And you are content with that explanation of his precipitancy? Mr. Parnell, I credited you with more than your real share of acumen.

PAR. And apparently with less than my actual taste for irony. Do not deceive yourself, sir. I have not contended with that venerable manœuvrer for a dozen years without knowing him at least as well as you do. And in this case his precipitancy is just as intelligible to me as his delay. If he held his hand for a week it was not from disinclination to strike, but from fear lest he should strike too soon. If the blow fell abruptly at last it was not because he was forced, but because he was eager, to deliver it. He wanted, and he waited for, an out-door agitation as an excuse for striking at all; but when the Pharisees among his followers had provided him with that, he seized upon it with all the hurry of hate and fear.

BUTT. You must know better than I what his motives were, but even I can see that they must have been self-supplied, and that the theory of "irresistible pressure from without" is inadequate.

PAR. Inadequate, indeed! Why, for years past he has been the keeper of the conscience that he now pretends to be obeying. Irri-

resistible pressure, forsooth! What pressure from followers or from colleagues did he ever find irresistible—he who has paralysed their judgments, and swayed their wills, and defied their scruples for half a lifetime; he who has compelled landlords to assist in confiscating rents, and lawyers to evade Acts of Parliament, and Quakers to bombard towns? No! the pretext is too transparent. He welcomed the clamours to which he affected to yield with reluctance, and caught greedily at the opportunity of shaking off a confederate whom he knew that he could neither coerce nor cajole.

BUTT. And you think that he so regarded you?

PAR. I know it. And but a few months before he had made tacit admission that what he could not accomplish he would nevertheless be bound to attempt. At an interview under his own roof he had sounded me, after his own fashion, with a view to ascertaining how far he could outwit, and how far intimidate me; and I left him, well persuaded in my own mind that neither experiment had satisfied him. We had looked into each other's eyes like two wrestlers about to close, and he knew what to expect when the struggle came. What wonder that he should have sought to escape that struggle by a stratagem, and to provide himself with an easier antagonist? You talked but now of tripping, Mr. Butt. If I have been tripped by any one, it is by him.

BUTT. Yet surely it was in no man's power to do that unassisted. The decision rested, after all, with your party and your countrymen. I need not ask you what was the verdict of the former; I have led an Irish party myself. How many of them—let me take the simpler statistics first—how many of them remained true to you?

PAR. Between twenty and thirty.

BUTT. Ah! more than a fourth! I congratulate you. It was always said that you had infused a new spirit into Irish politics, and if nearly thirty per cent. of your followers were able to resist the influence of an English Government, you have nobly justified the boast. With these at your side and the Irish people, of course, behind you, you would have made head, I doubt not, against your enemies if your life had been spared. The Fates have dealt more cruelly with you than I thought. They must have snatched victory from your very grasp. This Parliament, I gather, had well-nigh run its course, and ere many months had passed, an indignant Ireland would have purged your party of its traitors, and you would once more have brought the English hypocrites and their leader to your feet. . . . You are silent. Surely I have read the situation aright?

PAR. The Irish people have been deceived.

BUTT. Deceived! Deceived! You cannot mean that——

PAR. For a moment they hesitated to rally round me.

BUTT. For a moment? Ay, like enough. Or for an hour, a day, a week. That would be no more than pardonable. The shock was sudden, the position novel. The blow was staggering, and it had been delivered by one in whom their own leader had lately taught them to believe. But did they waver for a moment after they heard the sound of your voice? . . . You do not answer. Did they refuse to listen to you? Or, can it be—but no! that is impossible—that you shrank from the conflict?

PAR. I? I flung back the old man's challenge in his face. I answered repudiation with defiance, and revealed to all the world the plot which had been hatched against me. I told my countrymen the whole truth of the negotiations with Mr. Gladstone, and showed them that he only sought to rid himself of me that he might have them at his mercy.

BUTT. And you took that course without hesitation?

PAR. Ay, and pursued it without rest. Sir, between the morning when I began this battle to the night when I quitted the field for ever there ran three hundred and fourteen days. My nights I reckon fewer, for I have had to travel much; but of all those days there has not been one, nay, not a waking hour of one, which I have not given to my enemies and to my revenge. I have faced them everywhere, and with every weapon—in the conference-room, in the newspaper-office, in the market-place, at the polling-booth. I passed six days of every week in planning their overthrow, and the seventh in denouncing them to my countrymen. I crossed and recrossed the Irish Sea a score of times, and covered hundreds of miles in journeyings by land. What? You imagine that it was fear, or doubt, or sloth that gave them the advantage. I know not the meaning of the words. Fear! It was the whitelivered deserters themselves who cowered before me! Doubt! I never doubted for one instant that, at last, I should drive the rats to their holes. Sloth! I never rested; and I never would have rested till I had done it!

BUTT. Compose yourself, sir. I have imputed to you none of the weaknesses you disclaim. But had they existed they would have, at least, been explanations of what now remains unintelligible. If you neither shrank from your enemies, nor doubted your victory, nor remitted your efforts, how came you to be defeated?

PAR. Must I again tell you that I was not defeated—that my ultimate triumph was assured—that when Death cut short my struggle I had suffered nothing but a temporary check, a reverse which——

BUTT. Which has still to be explained. You were the idol of the Irish people, their king, their hero, the object of their enthusiastic homage. They had followed you for years with blind and unquestioning devotion, with that romantic loyalty which only nations can

feel, and which has never existed unalloyed with baser sentiments in the purest political party that ever took, or broke, an oath. The Irish people had no jealousies to gratify, no rivalries to further, no private ends to serve. They would have laughed, I know, at the outcry which English Puritans had raised, and English intriguers re-echoed, against you; and they could not have failed to notice that, until Mr. Gladstone declared himself, your followers had laughed at it themselves. Yet this people, so devoted to you, so hostile to your enemies, so sensible of the services you had rendered them, so eager for the benefits you had promised them, so conscious of the wisdom of obeying you, so contemptuous of the pretext for displacing you—this people it is who, at a word from an English statesman to whom they owe nothing but what you have wrung from him—have cast you off! It is incredible.

PAR. Incredible it would indeed be were that all there is to tell. But it was not as you have said, "at a word" from Mr. Gladstone that I was abandoned. It was from a voice much nearer to their ears.

BUTT. The landlord's?

PAR. The priest's.

BUTT. And! The secret out at last! I wonder no more. If you have quarrelled with the priesthood——

PAR. Tut! you are behind the times. Irish leaders court the priesthood no longer. I had whipped them to heel, and they have followed me, every spaniel of them, till now.

BUTT. I should have thought that it was the collie's service, and not the spaniel's, that you wanted of them.

PAR. And I had it! for years I had it! I had wrested the crook from the shepherd, and he was content at last to play sheep-dog to me lest he should be wholly parted from the flock. He cursed the necessity, but he yielded to it. The Catholic clergy and their prelates stood aloof as long as they dared, but they had to submit at last; and to do them justice, they made up for their hesitation by their zeal. All orders of them worked well. Bishops and Archbishops barked industriously round the main body, while parish priests collected the stragglers on the hillside. I could have left the Nationalist flock entirely—I did leave it largely—under their control.

BUTT. And a shrewd trick they have served you, it appears.

PAR. They saw their chance and seized it, but they waited till it was actually in their grasp. Not a word—not a syllable escaped these right reverend persons, on the point of conduct, so long as the question of tactics remained doubtful. It was not till Mr. Gladstone found me politically impossible that it flashed upon them that I was morally reprobate.

BUTT. And then?

PAR. And then they descended—these black-coated gentry—like a cloud of ravens upon what they mistook for my political corpse, all eagerness for that imagined feast which was to turn out for them the fiercest of frays. They found themselves fighting with the carrion for their own lives! Ay, and they would have fought for them in vain, had not Death itself turned traitor!

BUTT. You are unjust, Mr. Parnell. You fell by an earlier betrayal than his.

PAR. Ay, by my party's.

BUTT. No, by your country's. From the moment that the priests recovered their hold upon the people you were lost.

PAR. Not so. They were thrice as strong, and their grasp was three times firmer when, ten years ago, I challenged them and struck them down. Another year, and I would have brought them to their knees again. But now—but now—it is not I, but the cause of Ireland, that is lost! The priests and the place-hunters will sell the birthright of the nation to Gladstone for a mess of official pottage. Who, indeed, is to prevent them? There never was but one man who could have arrested that infamous bargain; and now—he is *here*.

BUTT. Ay, but what has brought you here? By your own showing, it is the people whom you had redeemed in the past, and could alone have saved from foreign guile and native treachery in the future, who have broken your heart!

PAR. It is too true! It is too true!

BUTT. You own it? And yet you hoped, and were you on earth again you would still hope, to make a nation of them! Be comforted, sir. Death, whom you chid but now, has spared you a bitter disappointment. The task you set yourself was impossible. If you do not overrate your own services to the Irish people, nor have incorrectly described their return, the most formidable enemies of their freedom are to be found, not in their priests and placehunters, but in themselves. For a race so servile and so thankless must have been born for servitude, and your utmost efforts for their liberation would never have done more for them than to change their masters.

H. D. TRAILL.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

CHAPTER XII.

They had made no plans for the following day, but he took it for granted that he should spend it with her somewhere and somehow; and he was pleased rather than surprised when, before ten o'clock, a note was brought to him from her, begging him to come to her instantly. He was surprised, however, as soon as he was in her presence; for her face and manner were full of trouble and agitation. "I have just," she said, "heard such dreadful news; and I can't at all tell what's the best thing to be done. The doctor—a very nice man, who has seen the children before—has just told me that scarlatina has broken out in Lichtenbourg—that three children have already died of it, and that there are two bad cases in the villa next the hotel. I want," she went on, "to be off without a moment's unnecessary delay; but I am so perplexed—I can't decide where to go. I might return to my aunt; but the children are never well at the castle; and of course we have our flat at Vienna; but Vienna, in this heat, would be death to them. Poor little things—they are both of them so delicate! And then," she added with a faint regretful laugh, "everything here was beginning to be so pleasant. Do help me—tell me what you advise."

Grenvil's face, whilst she was speaking, had shown as much concern as her own; but by the time she had ended, its expression had changed suddenly, and he looked at her for a moment in silence, with a dawning smile.

"Can't you help me?" she said, a little irritably. "To me this is really serious. I, whatever you may do, see in it nothing to smile at."

"I was smiling," he said, "at something you don't see; and that is a way, and an easy one, out of all your difficulties. Take your children to the Count's hotel in the forest."

The suggestion came to her like a burst of sunshine out of clouds. She drew her breath and clasped her hands with delight at it. But then, relapsing into despondency, she sighed, "The hotel's not open."

"No," urged Grenville, "but some of the rooms are ready; and we know the cook's there. No doubt they could take you in. If you'll let me, I'll order a horse, and ride over to arrange about it; and you meanwhile can take the opinion of the doctor."

She paused reflecting; then she looked at him enquiringly. "And what would you do?" she said. "Would you stay here? You couldn't—at least I suppose so—you couldn't very well come to the hotel."

"I," he said, "would go to the Count's hunting-lodge. As I told you the other day, it is already as good as lent to me."

"It's too good of you," she murmured. "But how bored you would be shut up there!"

"As soon as I am," he answered, "I promise you I will go away. Only tell me—shall I ride over now and arrange things?"

"Yes; do what you can; and I shall be waiting for your report anxiously. Don't be too long—not longer than you can help."

This parting injunction kept softly echoing in his ears, as his horse's hoofs rang on the road of yesterday: and he was back again, his mission accomplished, before she had begun expecting him. The manager, he said, had been charmed at his prompt return, and more charmed still on finding out the reason of it. A suite of rooms with a lovely view of the lake, were perfectly ready at this moment for occupation: and though as yet there were only a few servants, there were still sufficient to wait upon one family. As for himself, Grenville had been at the lodge. The forester and his wife had heard from the Count that morning, that the English Excellency was to occupy it whenever it pleased him; and "By this time," he said, "they will be airing the sheets and dusting. If we go to-morrow afternoon we shall find everything prepared for us; and in case at the hotel there should be difficulty the first night about dinner, I have ordered something at six, for ourselves and for the children, at the lodge."

"I see," she said laughing, "you will have everything your own way; and as the doctor approves of the plan, we are all bound to be grateful to you. You must, too, arrange about the carriages. Our flight will be a regular exodus."

And indeed with the luggage, and the servants, and the children, it seemed so. It was a journey slower than their first, and so far as scenery went, it could not offer them the excitement and charm of novelty: but they felt in it a novelty of some kind—they hardly could tell what; and though the place to which it was taking them was still fresh in their memories, the life to which it was taking them had something in it that was hardly imaginable.

Columbus, when he landed first in the New World, could not have felt in his nerves the thrill of entire strangeness more keenly than they did, when they finally reached their destination. The halt of the three carriages at the wooden porch of the hotel, the bustle of the servants, the sorting of the luggage, the taking of hers indoors, and the despatch of his to the lodge, seemed to them both like events that never had had a parallel. They inspected her rooms together, and admired their fresh daintiness; they went out on the balcony, and admired the lake and forest. The children were wild with delight, as if they had never before been happy; and the mother clapped her hands and laughed as happily as the children.

Then Grenville hurried off to the lodge, promising to return and bring them over to dinner. The gold of the warm evening shone and floated on the lake, when he did so an hour later, and when they went with him across the grass and the pine-needles—the children in their red frocks, and their mother, with apologies to Grenville, showing the woodlands the cloak in which she had glittered at Lichtenbourg. The meal which they found awaiting them was a supper rather than dinner. There was fish from the lake, a chicken, and a variety of early vegetables. There was for the elders a slim bottle of hock, and an old German jug full of milk for the children. The mellow daylight was still bright enough for them to eat by; but some candles were burning, whose flames were like pale daffodils.

"When we were little," Mrs. Schilizzi said, "we had a game which we called 'pretending.' One could play it in many ways; but our favourite way was this. We put a tent we had on the back of an old donkey, and we walked away to a common behind the house. We pitched our tent, we encamped amongst the furze-bushes, we lit a fire, and pretended we were Arabs in the desert. Those encampments have always seemed to me the remotest places in the world, and the hours we spent there the most adventurous life imaginable. I feel somehow as if we were playing at 'pretending' now." She said this when the meal was drawing to a close; and then she added presently, laughing into her children's eyes, "Now children, there is another adventure in store for you. You must come back with mother a long, long way to bed, all across the grass and through the myrtle-bushes, where the beautiful fairies play."

The children opened their eyes, and they were deep with the joys of imagination.

"Must we go yet?" said Grenville. "Won't you wait for our coffee?"

"No," she answered, laying her hand on his arm. "They are tired; it is very late for them. Get them their hats, and let us go. We will come back for our coffee."

As they went, in the dusk, the children played amongst the bushes, constantly running up to their elders to ask where were the fairies; and Mrs. Schilizzi said, "Whenever a child sees them, they become shy and change themselves into glow-worms."

She and Grenville, when they went back to the lodge, drank their coffee by the window in almost complete silence. Now and then one or other of them uttered a word or two; he offered her a biscuit; he asked her if she felt the draught; and once, unbidden, he rose and bent down over her, and folded her cloak a little more closely round her.

"Won't you smoke?" she said. "I expect you would be more comfortable."

By-and-by, between the floating puffs of his cigarette, he said abruptly, "We must know each other very well, I think."

She asked why? as if sure of the answer and yet waiting for it.

"Because we can sit like this," he said, "and talk without ever speaking."

For a time she made no response, except a look and a faint smile. But at last she rose from her seat, and said, "It is time to go." He expostulated, telling her it was early; and indeed it was only nine.

"Don't keep me," she said very softly and gently. "Let me go. If you like you can walk back with me."

They were both standing by this time, but both seemed withheld from moving. Suddenly she uttered a word, quite naturally, and as if she hardly knew she was using it; but it went through his whole being as if it had been a spell. It was simply his own name, "Bobby." He waited. Her head drooped pensively.

"There is something," she went on slowly, "that I want to tell you. You have been very good to me—you have taken great care of me."

Again she stopped. "This is all so new," she murmured. "It is

like—— No, I don't know what it's like. It's like nothing except itself—— to me." Then, with a sudden movement, she raised her head, came up to him, and put her hands on his coat. In the frank appeal of her eyes, in every look and gesture there was an absolute simplicity, as if her inmost self were expressing itself.

"Bobby," she said, lingering over the syllable in a whisper, "I want you to be always good to me—always. Tell me that you will be; tell me in my ear that you will be."

Her words seemed like the bleat of some forsaken animal. A silence followed, and only her eyes spoke. There was a trouble in them like the meeting of two conflicting waters. A moment later she had hidden her face in her hands, and when she removed them, in her eyes there were tears and happiness. He had uttered her as yet no word; but now looking half sadly at her, "Irma," he said, "I will be to you the best I am able to be. You are right, you must go now. Come, I will take you back."

If her day's journey had tired her, it had, at all events, not made her sleepy. A lamp stood on her table; her window was half open; a faint sound as of murmuring boughs came in through it; and before her, according to her custom, was the case that contained her diary. The last words she had written were the lines she took from Tennyson. Unity of style as a diarist was not her strong point certainly; nor did what she wrote now show any concern to make it so. It was hardly like a diary, indeed, except that it was prefaced by a date.

"To-night," she began, "if I am to express myself at all, I must express myself in a new way. I must address myself to something that is not myself, and that is beyond me. What this is I cannot tell, or, at all events, I will not tell. I will not tell myself even. Its form and its nature shall remain vague, and I shall speak to it more freely. Listen then, you, whatever you are, to whom I am going to lay bare my thoughts, as the sea lays bare to the moon its hushed and yet troubled waves. I used when a child to read Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, and I often amused myself by wondering how the people felt when they found themselves turning into trees and flowers and fountains. I think I can tell now, for I am undergoing the same sort of change myself.

"Power to whom I speak, into what am I changing? You will be able to see perhaps; but I want myself to tell you. Could I laugh about it—and why should I not? for one can always afford to laugh when one is quite sure one is serious—I would tell you that I felt like Aaron's rod, when it budded. As for Ovid, the bodies of his women turned into flowers. I feel like a flower turning into a woman's soul. Is not this vague? Tell me—can you catch my meaning? I wish to put it more plainly; and when I try to do so in my mind, do you know what happens? The sentences I shape to myself are metamorphosed like Ovid's heroines; and instead of speaking about myself, I find myself speaking about—what? About the warm silence of the night, about the stealing scents of the forest, that just make the edge of the thin lace curtains tremble, about the lapping of the lake, that I can just hear at intervals, as at intervals when one is half asleep, one can just hear one's watch tick. Yes, I feel inclined to tell you about all

these things, instead of telling you—of confessing to you, about myself. But were I really talking to you, and could you hear my voice, I should betray myself in that: you would hear my whole confession in it. Consider again. Is this a sign of anything? I write these sentences slowly, pausing between each and dreaming—dreaming as I watch the flames of the candles tremble, and little white drops of wax chase one another down their sides; and as I dream, with my pen balanced in my hand, all sorts of verses I have read come, like bees in summer, winging their way into my mind; and each comes laden with some new meaning, all my own—some pollen, some honey, some dew, out of the flower of life, as I myself have lived it.

“Can you imagine how a rose feels, when all its petals are unfolding? That is how I feel. I am unfolding towards you. Do you see what you have done for me? Ah, but that is not all the story. If you have done this for me, there is something I have done for you. Let me boast—let me rise in the air, on this sense of power. You—you who are so much stronger than I am, I have led you, I have influenced you: and listen; you know I have done this—I have opened your eyes, and you have seen in me what I never saw, but only dreamed of in myself, till you saw it; and now I am created anew. Since you have seen it, it is a reality.

“Shall I go further—shall I make another boast? If you would ever see what I am writing, I would not; but you never will, and so I will make it. Something—I know what it was: it was regard for me, for I saw that in your eyes—well, something has held you back from me, or held you up from me. I thought all the more of you for this; but I have made you stoop; my power has been more than yours. I have made you stoop till your lips have at last touched mine. And do you know how I did it? I will remind you. I begged you—not in so many words, but you knew my meaning—I begged you, I prayed you, to keep away from me. And I meant it too. I have never lied to you. But there was something in me that meant something quite different, and meant it more strongly—at least I suppose so; for we now see the result. Perhaps I shall teach you what a strange thing a woman's heart is. It's motto, I think, ought to be, ‘I am nothing if logical.’

“And yet, seeing that in all this some responsibility has been incurred somewhere, I don't mean to let you off, and say you are responsible for nothing. For do you know what you have done? I wonder, I wonder, if you do? You have entered my mind, you have moved amongst my thoughts, like a wind moving through a garden, and stealing into the flowers, and fluttering their petals. You have been where no human being has ever been before—not even I myself; and you have said to me, ‘See these flower-beds, see these flowers. You never knew, did you, that you had such things in your garden?’ Why did you do this? You had no business to come there and wander there at all. But since you have come, do you know how I am going to punish you? I am going to keep you there. You never shall go away again.

“I began talking of you vaguely, as some impersonal power, and owing to a kind of shyness I thought of you vaguely; but by this time I think I

have pretty well betrayed myself. And yet I can no more tell you now, than I could at the beginning, all that I want to tell you. Let the air of the night, which we both are breathing, breathe it to you; let the forest murmur it. Let the lake, which is so near you, ripple it to you through your windows. Let me tell it to you myself, in telling you how I love my children. I feel sometimes as if nothing I could do for them, could ever satisfy what I feel for them; that they could never be close enough to my heart; that my life could never completely enough be spent for theirs. As the arms of a mother long to enfold her child, so, my friend, my companion, I long to enfold you!"

The following morning when she stepped out on her balcony, whilst a waiter inside was clattering as he arranged the children's breakfast, she murmured, feeling the freshness that seemed to pervade everything, "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

She presently looked towards the lodge, watching the slope in front of it; but she saw no one stirring; and a shadow—a very transparent shadow—of disappointment crossed her mind. "Does he like me," she said to herself, as she passed indoors. But the smile on her lips showed that she had little doubt about the answer.

At breakfast a packet was brought to her.

"What!" she exclaimed. "The post! I never thought that letters would follow me here so soon." But she saw, the next moment, that it was something which had come by hand; and she found, on undoing it, that it was a copy of Grenville's poems. She recollected now that she had asked him if he had a copy which he could lend her. He had said, "No;" but a line which he now enclosed ran thus:—"By accident this was found in one of my boxes. I will come to you after breakfast. You have made me once more a poet." She turned over the pages with a placid, half-tender, interest; but all of a sudden she started and blushed crimson. She had come to the fly-leaf; and that showed her his meaning, when he spoke of being once more a poet. Her initials were written on it; and under her initials these lines:—

"What may I write that shall hint of my love for you?

My pen trembles idly, and doubts as it dips.

Teach me some name that is tender enough for you:

Or else hold me silent, my love, with your lips."

She read the lines over and over again, her lips slightly quivering. Then, pressing her hands, with the open book in them, close to her breast, as if feeling some sharp pain, but a pain contradicted by something shining in her eyes, "Oh, my friend," she murmured, "my beloved friend—speech is silver."

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. SCHILIZZI remained for some time, with the book lying open in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the verses as if they were some strange flower. She had left the breakfast-table, and was sitting outside on the balcony, shielding her head from the sun with a large parasol, whilst a light breeze played with the soft tendrils of her hair. Her parasol and her dress were red; and as Grenville came presently over to the hotel from the hunting-lodge, he saw her from far off, like one brilliant patch of colour. She, however, did not see him, till he came to her through the window of the sitting-room, and the sound of his steps roused her. She gave him no good-morning, except with her eyes. She looked up at him, her hand still resting on the book; and she merely said "How could you?" He returned her gaze, not with sadness exactly, but with gravity; and for a few moments both were silent. At last he said, "Are you angry with what I wrote? It was written before I knew what I was writing."

"No," she said, "not with it, but with myself for being made so happy by it."

Again they were both silent. At length, in an altered voice, "Tell me," he said, "what shall we do this morning? The manager tells me that he has a pony-carriage, and also that there are roads in the forest—a little rough, but still fit for driving."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "let us drive!" And her face was like a sunlit sea, from which the shadow of a summer cloud has floated. The carriage was ordered, and they drove off together, first for a little way skirting the borders of the lake, and then following the road, into the heart of the leaves and shadow. Active glancing lights were playing on all sides amongst the branches; birds sang, squirrels whisked their tails; and the white throat of a stoat confronted them, tame with wonder. Mrs. Schilizzi seemed to Grenville, as she sat beside him, to bear the same relation to the beauty and the happiness of nature, that an echo bears to a voice; and she filled his mental ear with a soft magical music. Every appreciation he shared with her, every passing laugh, was a new link uniting him to her, that was fashioned and fastened noiselessly.

Having driven for some way amongst pines, they at last reached a wood of beeches, where the undergrowth was cut into glades, evidently for the purposes of sport, and where the open ground was gleaming with moss and grasses. They left the pony in charge of a boy they had taken with them, and wandered away together through one of these inviting ways. By-and-by they seated themselves at the foot of a tree, she more flower-like than ever, in her red dress amongst the greenness, whilst her cheeks seemed, by contrast, like the petals of a pale geranium.

"Never," wrote Grenville afterwards, addressing her in imagination, "never shall I forget that scene. After we had sat there for a moment or two, talking of I cannot remember what, you turned to me with a half mischievous laugh, and yet with something in your manner that was serious, and you said to me, 'Bobby'—you said that slowly as if you liked the word

—‘I should think you were a brother, if it were not for one thing; and that is, that I want to ask you such a silly and vain question. Do you think I am pretty?’ Irma, there was nothing of the coquette in you. You asked that question with such absolute simplicity, laughing at yourself just a little for asking it, that you made me absolutely simple in my answer. I said, ‘I should, very likely, think so, if only you were anybody but yourself. As it is, I see not your face, but the meaning of it. Many hieroglyphics are very graceful in form, and so long as they are nothing but forms for us we, no doubt, think them pretty: but as soon as we learn to read them, we forget the prettiness of the letters, in thinking of the sense of the sentences.’ And yet you were pretty, and I saw you were. Round your red dress through the mosses, blue flowers were sprouting, like tiny spires; and above you the young leaves of the beech-trees were catching the sunlight on their tremulous transparent films; and we had for companions the hush and whisper of the forest, and the profound embowered solitude. . .

“Irma, you turned over in your mind what I said to you, as if you were a little girl sucking a sugarplum, and thinking whether you liked it; and at last I saw that you did like it, and you said, ‘I’m glad of that. I hate people who like me merely because I am pretty.’ We were both satisfied; and for a little while we did nothing but pull up grasses and flowers, and ask each other if we knew their names. We are neither of us very good at botany. Presently you began to tell me of a place in a wood near your old home, where you used to go and hide yourself with your books. There was a copy of Keats you used to take with you, and an *As You Like It*: and on one of them, I forget which, you had managed to spill some milk, and your brothers and sisters used to say of you, ‘Irma is always so messy.’ And you laughed as you told me this, and said, ‘I am very clean now.’ And then you began telling me one little anecdote after another about your early years, and all the atmosphere of your life’s spring breathed about me. You seemed to be bringing out all your little treasures, and showing them to me one by one, with a child’s simplicity mixed with a woman’s humour; and with something more than this—with consciousness that to me you would never have thought of showing them, if you had not been confident that whatever was yours would interest me. There lay the magic of the moment, its subtle spiritual alchemy, transmuting so much within me.

“What trifles such things are! Any man not a fool can in some moods laugh at them; a fool can laugh at them in all moods indiscriminately; but no man not a fool will be afraid of his own laughter. Men who know life best, and whose sense of humour is keenest, know best that we should never find anything to be valuable if we valued only what we could never despise or laugh at. The serious things of life are of value only as settings for the things which in our practical moods we call trifles. Let me think of ourselves in that wood, and compare ourselves with some man of business, who has made at one stroke by his shrewdness some twenty thousand pounds. *There is sense—there is seriousness, with a vengeance.* Well, what does this good man do with his money? He buys for his wife some magnificent tiara of diamonds. But what are these diamonds? Merely sparkling pebbles. Consider this:—the reward of business is to look at

some little pebbles twinkling. This is the pleasure of your shrewd practical man. What is that compared with my vision of you?

"Well, after you had talked to me of those enchanted trides, you suddenly checked yourself, and you said to me, 'Look here, I am doing all the talking. I tell you everything, and you tell me nothing. It's your turn now. You must tell things to me.' I asked you what sort of things. You reflected a little; and then looking at me, Irma, with a persuasive gravity, you said, 'Tell me why Italy seemed a prosaic place to you.' I hesitated, for reasons which you know now. They concerned another woman; and the devotion and respect I felt for you, and my sense of how impossible it would be for me, under any circumstances, to discuss you with anyone else, gave me the same reverential feeling with regard to the woman I speak of. There seemed to be something wanting to justify me in even naming her. And yet I spoke the truth when I answered you, 'I should like to tell you, but it would take a long time.' And here, having mentioned time, I found an escape out of my difficulty. I pulled out my watch, and showed you how late it was. You started and laughed. 'Help me up,' you said; and as quick as our feet could carry us, we went to the pony carriage and returned. I lunched with you at the hotel. How well I remember the look of that meal. The brown crumpled skin of the children's rice pudding, and the clear blue shadows the dishes made on the tablecloth! I remember, too, saying, as we entered the room together, 'So far as liking goes, I should like to tell you everything.'

"That evening, Irma, that evening, I did so.

"In the afternoon you had letters to write; so had I. You wrote yours in a summer-house by the lake, with your children playing round you. I went to write mine in my own rooms. But write I could not. I could not concentrate my thoughts on the people I wanted to address, or the subjects I wanted to deal with. Between me and the paper your image would come; and five minutes after five minutes I found myself sitting motionless, occupied with it only. At last I gave the attempt up, and pushed my pen away from me. I longed to go back to you; but I thought it the kindest thing to give you one hour to yourself at all events; so I kept myself from you for all that weary time. I never knew before how long an hour could be, or how in an hour a sense of want could be developed in one, springing up like the tree that grows under the napkin of an Indian juggler. At the end of that hour I went to you, and found you still in the summer-house. 'Have you written your letters?' I asked. You pointed to two sheets of note-paper, on each of which were scribbled a few lines, and which you began listlessly to put into their envelopes. 'I couldn't write,' you said. 'That is all I have done.' Irma, that pleased me. We had been going through the same experience. But then you said you were tired, and wanted to lie down for an hour in your room. 'Do you mind?' you asked me. Of course I said no; but owing to one of those wayward caprices of temper, which sometimes take the bit of reason in their mouths, and carry off the imagination on their backs, I said to myself that you were tired because you were tired of me. Well—you went; and for another hour I was left alone. Fool that

I was! I felt miserable, despised, deserted. I went roaming about, moving quickly, and treading as if I would tread time under my feet, still half angry with you, and still longing, and longing, and longing for you. The hour went by, and still you did not come. You had told me when you were rested, you would come out on the balcony. 'Come, come, come,' I said, 'and I will tell you everything. Every thought in my mind is longing to pour itself into yours.' Suddenly it occurred to me that the old man at the lodge had shown me a boat-house, with some boats belonging to the Count in it. An idea came to me. We would dine at the lodge at six, and I would row you on the lake afterwards. This gave me at once an excuse for sending up a note to you. I longed to be in communication with you, even through a sheet of note-paper. I turned towards the hotel, for at the time I was looking away from it, and there, Irma, I saw you sitting in the balcony. You waved your hand. I went; I believe I ran towards you. I was upstairs, I was by your side in a moment; and your smile showed me how foolish my bitter dreams had been, and that whatever had tired you, you were not tired of me. I told you of my plan for our dinner, and our boating. You assented with pleasure; and then you said, softly and musically, as if you hardly knew you were saying it, as if it were a thought that had become embodied accidentally, 'Do you care for me? I thought just now that perhaps you were only amusing yourself.' 'I will tell you,' I said, 'on the lake what will make you think otherwise.'

"We dined at the lodge—you and I and the children; and afterwards you and I went floating out over the water. 'Well,' you said presently, 'what are you going to tell me?' I said I was going to answer you the question you had asked me about Italy. I said, too, that you must be patient, and let me answer you in my own way. I began my story like this, as no doubt you remember. 'Since the days when you did your geography lessons out of a school-book, I daresay you have forgotten the very name of the city of Vicenza. It is little talked about; few tourists visit it; and yet, in all northern Italy, there are few places more interesting. Its narrow streets, blinded with Venetian shutters, are full of old palaces, having carved and pillared fronts, and great arches under whose shadow you enter, passing through them into stately courts. There are pale marble staircases, hushed and mysterious, leading to saloons and halls, whose ceilings are dim with paintings, whose great hearths are surmounted with carvings and coats of arms, and whose walls are darkened with old tortoise-shell cabinets. The roadways are overhung with rows of antique balconies, whose iron railings are twisted into leaves and lyres. There is a theatre built more than three hundred years ago, which still has on its stage some of its original scenery. Lamps at night twinkle before the images of saints. The neighbourhood is full of ancient villas, embowered in gardens. There are churches everywhere, full of twilight and gilding; and stray scents of incense meet you as you come round corners. You would think it the very place to dream in. Well—it was to Vicenza I went; and shall I tell you why I went there? It was to meet somebody to whom— Irma, when I said this you started, and exclaimed in a breathless whisper, 'Somebody whom you are going to marry?' I said, 'If you

had asked me that question three weeks ago, I should have answered Yes! Wait a moment, and you will see how I answer it now.' Little Irma, what a true woman you are. Do you remember how you leaned forward, and exclaimed, 'Tell me her name. Who was she? I'm sure she was beautiful—and yet, no—I'm quite sure she was horrid!' I told you who she was; and you said that she was very grand, and that she was this and that, and that I had better go and marry her; and then you said, 'Well, go on. How did you fall in love with her?' I told you. I described her, and how I had felt about her, and how I did feel when I went to meet her at Vicenza. Then I described our meeting. I described her pleasure on seeing me—a pleasure so frank and placid, and the kind of pleasure I felt in response to it; and then I went on in this way: 'All that was good, and genuine and intelligent in her, I recognized as clearly as ever, and the quiet high-breeding that betrayed itself—or should I say hid itself?—in every movement and gesture, and in every intonation of her voice. But, for some reason—I could not divine what—she seemed changed; she seemed faded; something seemed to have passed away from her; and I began to wonder what had been my condition of mind, when a girl like this could have tinged my dreams with rose-colour. Then we all of us began to explore the town. She and I were constantly apart from the others, and I tried to point out to her all the many things that touched my own imagination, and perfumed the very air with interest. One point I soon found out. So far as mere facts went, she knew a great deal more about Vicenza than I did; and small wonder indeed, for, as it turned out presently, she had just been learning by heart the contents of two guide-books. But as to the sentiment of the place, as to that strange, plaintive music that old things make in ears able to hear it—of this she knew nothing. I had been at Vicenza once before by myself. I found it delightful then; but now, as I went through it with her, the same thing seemed to have happened to this town that had happened, so far as I was concerned, with regard to herself. Both, somehow, were disenchanting. Do you know, after two days' sight-seeing, how she summed up her impressions? Vicenza, she said, is very quaint and interesting, but it would be a dull little place to live in. No doubt that last statement may be true; but it affected me when she said it exactly as I should have been affected if she had been to witness some wonderful religious ceremony, and had nothing to say about it except that there were draughts in the cathedral. Well—and now let me tell you this. All the time that I was there going about with her, conscious of disappointment, even before I acknowledged it, memories kept echoing in my mind of another relic of the past—an old castle in a forest on the borders of Hungary, where iron balconies overhung a forest of beech-trees, and where I stood with someone who was looking for something that never came. That day I seemed to have moved in music; and I felt that how by contrast I first knew its full charm. That day was summer; these were frost. That day I was at home; during these days I was an exile. I was home-sick, Irma, for our golden holiday. I didn't understand my feelings clearly then. I have learnt to do so since. I never said then to myself that the want in my life was you; but I began

to find out, and to feel a secret relief in finding, that candid as my friend was, there was nothing in her manner which need necessarily mean anything more than cordiality. She felt that she did not, at all times, quite understand me. I could see this; and I could see also that she found in the feeling very little to discompose her. Indeed, I think that in a gentle, cheerful way she was amused by it. In saying this, I seem to be saying so little. In reality, I am saying so much. It came to this—that I grew certain of two things. One was, that though, if I made an effort, I might secure her affection easily; if I did not make that effort, she would be very little of a sufferer. The other was, that the effort was one which I could not make. Things being in this condition, fate did me a kind turn. My friend's mother had a sister who was passing the spring in Florence. This lady fell more or less dangerously ill; and a telegram was suddenly received from her by her relations in Vicenza, which, at a moment's notice, took the whole party off. Our parting was cordial—nothing more. I was left alone, divided between a sense of relief and a sense that my future, which had lately showed a definite prospect, had all of a sudden melted into stormy clouds. Just as I was saying this, Irma, you gave an exclamation. Some large rain-drops had fallen, and turning your face to the sky, you said, 'We are going, I think, to have stormy clouds now.' We looked about us. The sky had become purple; the stars were steadfast above us, and were wavering below us in the faint depths of the lake; but up from the west was floating a film of dusky vapour. Some more drops fell. We were not far from land, and we were both on shore before the real down-pour had begun. We hastened into the lodge, where my room was already lamp-lit. We sat down. For a short time we were silent, and I was doubtful how to take up the broken thread of my history. By accident your eyes fell on a photograph lying upon my writing-table. It was a photograph of an old house. You took it up and admired it. I said to you, 'It is mine; but soon I shall have to sell it.' 'Sell it!' you exclaimed; 'your old family place! If I had a place like that, I would sooner sell my life.' There was horror in your voice, and also something like contempt. 'Do you know,' I said, 'why I shall have to sell it? It is my life; but I am going to sell it for the sake of another life.' Then I told you all. I explained to you, that so far as my fortune went, all depended upon my projected marriage; that this marriage I now found impossible, and that I found it impossible for a reason which I at last recognised—that reason being yourself. You looked at me as if you could hardly believe my words, and you drew a long breath, the sound of which I can hear now. You were sitting on a sofa; 'Bobby,' you said, and you could hardly speak for emotion, 'is this true? Come, sit by me here, and tell me so.' A little later on, you were saying this: and you spoke gasping. 'How can I be glad when you tell me I am ruining your fortunes? Is not this selfishness—the very madness of selfishness? And yet—and yet—oh, Bobby, you overwhelm me. No one has ever understood me, or ever loved me till now. I never thought that for my sake anyone could give up anything.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

In the grey of the morning Grenville woke, with a dull sense weighing on him that a vague something had happened, which he shrank from looking at, and, when looked at, would change him in his own eyes. What was the life, the condition, the course of action, to which he now at last had had definitely and passionately committed himself? And to what also had he committed her by the passion he had roused, and which he now knew to be so serious.

He moved to get up; but that would be to face realities: and he had not courage for the effort. He did so at last, however; his will rallied its strength. He hastily put some clothes on, muffling himself in his great coat. He softly unlocked the door, and he went out. The sky was a field of dim moving fleeces, damp as Gideon's, and so was the lake as well. All the ground was spongy and grey with dew. Nothing about him stirred but a slow and silent breeze, which just laid on his cheeks the touch of the weeping fir. He looked blankly round him. In spite of its strange aspect everything spoke of her. He thought of their drive of yesterday, and the meeting of their sympathies in the sunshine; and then he started as his eyes rested on the hotel. Had it not been for that, yesterday might have been years ago; but that was a witness of her actual neighbourhood, as it slept with its closed white curtains, and its wet tiles glimmering. His eyelids were heavy still; his head ached. How, he asked himself, would she meet him? Or would she meet him at all? Perhaps, he thought, his devotion would by this time seem to her to be an insult, and she would merely send him a letter, telling him coldly never to see her again. He looked at his watch. It was only five o'clock. Hours must pass before he could have any news of her.

Close to the lodge was a little patch of garden. There were some white roses in it, and some red tulips. He picked a bunch of these, and arranging them very carefully, went indoors, and put them in a tumbler of water. The cold air was now making him sleepy. He sought his bed again, and slept till Fritz awoke him. He made Fritz tie the flowers together, and told him to take them at once to Mrs. Schilizzi, and ask if she had caught cold owing to last night's rain. "If she wishes not to see me," he thought, "she will send back word to say so. I shall escape the humiliation of finding her door closed." He waited miserably impatient for the return of Fritz. He waited for half-an-hour. At last a message came to say that she was quite well, and would hope to see him soon after ten o'clock. Along with the message came a small scrap of paper, with this scrawled on it—"How good of you! what lovely flowers."

The words operated like a charm on him. A load fell from his heart. He realized that his coffee was at his bedside. He drank it, and rose instantly. He dressed with a hurried eagerness, and turned his steps to the hotel. As he approached it his heart again sank, and his hand trembled as he knocked at the door of her sitting-room.

He entered: she was at breakfast with her children, and some of his

flowers were in the breast of her red dress. She looked full at him; there was no reproval in her face; and her voice still had its laugh like the ripple of a brook in spring-time. The only change in her—and, indeed, there was a change—was the growth in her eyes and smile of a clearer and more earnest affection.

"I see," he said, by way of saying something, "that Fritz has brought you my flowers."

"Yes," she said, pointing him to a chair at the table. "I know, too, why you sent them. Sit down and have some coffee with us. Olga, get him a cup."

Grenville declined. "Won't you?" she said. "You look tired."

"Do I?" he said; "I've been thinking."

"Yes," she replied; "so have I—thinking about many things. Come outside on the balcony. The children can finish by themselves. Tell me," she said, in a whisper, as soon as they were alone together, "do you mean what you said last night? You mean really that you will give your life to mine?"

Grenville looked at her in silence, as if vainly seeking for words: at last he said slowly, "I don't want to use exaggerated language."

She gave a gasp, as if a knife had wounded her. "Ah!" she exclaimed. "Then you were only laughing at me—tell me?"

"I don't want," he repeated, "to use exaggerated language; but I believe I . . . ; I tell you that I would willingly die for you."

He was surprised himself, at the almost bald intensity which he heard in his own voice as he quietly said this. The effect on her was like that of the sun reflecting itself in water. The returning smile on her lips, and the trusting affection in her eyes, which, deep as it was, seemed as if yet it were but half unfolded, filled him with something which would have been overwhelming happiness, if he had not, in consequence of his recent trouble and suffering, felt it as rather the blessing of overwhelming peace.

And yet, through all this, though he was scarcely conscious of the fact, some part of her was a disturbing and perplexing riddle to him—a riddle, however, which she herself could have answered, could she only have confessed herself to him as she did that day to her diary. For although she had calmed him, yet in a certain way she shocked him. He had feared she would have suffered too much. It seemed as if she had suffered nothing. But she, too, like him, had been face to face with self; and had confronted conscience with a braver face than he had, although she had expected an even keener wound from it. This, however, it is true, she had not experienced, and the cause was, not, indeed, the greater intensity, but the greater simplicity of her own emotion, and a certain moral fortitude greater than his, which it had endowed her with. What she wrote in her diary was as follows:—

"In connection with a step I have taken, my own impression of myself is most vivid. One often reads imaginary stories of a soul's surprise after death at its own new condition, so wholly different from what was expected. I am like such a soul. Nothing has happened to me which, according to tradition, was sure to have happened. I have crossed a chasm into which

it seemed sure that I should fall, bruising and crushing myself amongst the rocks ; but something has borne me up—has carried me through the air. I am neither soiled nor injured. If I were I would confess it. I thought when I woke I must be ; and expected every moment to find myself a spiritual wreck. As a fact, however, I found myself whole. Why should I pretend otherwise ? I will pretend nothing. I ought to feel degraded ; that may be—but I don't. I can say no more than that. And yet I can—I can say this. If I fail to feel what the occasion is supposed to demand, it is not from callousness. Were I really degraded, surely I should know the signs of it. I should feel unworthy of doing or of thinking anything good ; my eyes would flinch from the thought of ideal goodness ; and somehow and somewhere I should be hardened. But I am conscious of nothing of this kind. No—no. On the contrary, never has affection, or the sense of goodness and beauty, filled my heart so full as they fill it now. My children to-day are more dear to me than ever. The desire for self-sacrifice, the desire for prayer, trouble me, and are ever in my heart. Even towards Paul my feelings have an unwonted gentleness ; and it seems to me that to him I could give a more dutiful service, because I have found someone to whom I can give myself. I am not deceiving myself. I can distinguish good from evil ; and my good thoughts and my pure thoughts—I know them as my guardian angels. After the step I had taken, I feared they would have deserted me ; but I look about me, and they keep me company still—as near as ever, as much mine as ever."

Such was her condition in her own eyes, what possessed her now was a sense not of abasement or trouble, but of exaltation. It was a sense not of a loss, but rather of a transfigured, universe ; and Grenville's spirit adjusted itself under the direction of hers, as though it were stronger than his own.

"Bobby," she said to him, "I wish to be quiet this morning. We will come into the summer-house, and you shall read to me."

He did so. There was beatitude in obeying her smallest wishes. He was not himself particularly in a mood for reading ; but he found that this, for a reason which soon became more clear to him, did but add to the zeal of his obedience. Before luncheon, as they went back to the hotel, he picked up a broken flint, and with a laugh put it into her hands.

"Do you think that pretty ?" he said. "Don't you ? I wish you did."

"Why ?" she asked.

"Because," he said, "if it would only give you pleasure, I would sit all day long and break stones for you."

After luncheon, she was tired and lay down ; and he went away for an hour or so, in order to leave her quiet. He walked restlessly about the borders of the lake ; and removed from her presence, the charm of which seemed to protect him, the first bitterness of his morning's mood revived in him ; and when he went back to her, something had begun to stir in him, though he did not dare to recognise it, that was like anger against her. He did his utmost to disguise from her his changed condition ; and his voice recovered its tenderness, but he could not recover his spirits. They had arranged to take the children for a walk amongst the shadows of the forest,

and he tried to hide his dejection in his kindness and his attention to them. For a time this succeeded ; but at last the truth was felt by her, his replies when he spoke to her were so short, and his smiles were so slow in coming. At last she said to him with a certain constrained abruptness,

"I know why you are so moody. You are afraid—though you might perhaps have thought of it a trifle sooner—that you have done me an injury by the hold you have acquired on my affections. Leave that matter to me. We have each enough to do to bear our own responsibilities."

To his morbidly sensitive ear her voice seemed hard and flippant. He hung his head and walked on in silence.

"Well," she said presently, "are you not going to speak to me?"

He looked at her, and was wounded afresh, by a smile that seemed almost mocking.

"Perhaps," he said, "if what you tell me is true, I had better go and bear my responsibility in solitude."

"If you like to," she answered, "certainly."

He stopped short in his walk, and fixed a long look on her. Then he held out his hand, and quietly said "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she repeated, and turning away moved on. He remained where he was, leaning listlessly against a tree. A swarm of torturing thoughts at once sprang at him out of their ambush, accusing with hateful voices the woman from whom he was parting himself.

"You," they said to him, "are by no means her first lover. You are not the first in fact, and you have not even the first place in her fancy."

That these suggestions came to his mind like truths it is too much to say ; but they irritated him like the stings of mosquitoes, with a pain which he despised whilst it maddened him. He looked after her to see if she were out of sight. She was not. She was at some distance, but just as his eyes turned to her, she too, stopping, had turned a glance towards him—a glance which, though still resentful, seemed to be full of melancholy. He hurried towards her, as though she were his life escaping him, which he must return to, though the process were full of pain.

"Irma," he said, "forgive me. My soul will kill itself if I leave you."

They walked on side by side, each of them still troubled. At last she spoke.

"It seemed," she said coldly but yet gently, "that whatever your soul will do, you could leave me very easily. I never," she went on presently, and her voice was a little harder, "I never knew a man take offence so quickly."

They had reached an open spot, where the children were picking blue-bells.

"I am rather tired," she said. "I am going to sit down. May I ask you to spread my cloak on the ground?"

He did so, and sat down by her. Her recent speech had filled him with fresh bitterness, and inflamed anew the stings of all his recent suspicions. He was afraid to speak for fear of what he should hear himself saying ; but at last, slowly and firmly, as if he were addressing a stranger :

"I am sorry," he said, "that my temper is so very unreasonable, and that I show to so little advantage by the side of your former lovers."

She started in horror, and looked at him, as if she could hardly believe her ears.

"How can you," she gasped, "say a thing like that to me!" Her eyes held him motionless. They at once petitioned and judged him. They slowly filled with tears, and he saw that her lips trembled. Instead of reproaching him she helplessly leaned towards him, and resting her arm on his knee, explored his face wistfully. "Bobby," she said, "you shouldn't treat me like that. For your sake I have taken off my armour, and now you are stabbing me, after you have made me defenceless. Tell me—what is it? Why do you think bad things of me?"

He tried to explain. He did so very lamely; but she realised that he was reminding her of something she had said about "other men."

"I'm not perfect," she said, "I know that. I would willingly tell you all there is to tell; but it's not much. I've been interested in other men—yes, I have been interested: but that's all. Do you believe me? You must. It is the entire truth. I don't quite know," she continued, "what you are thinking about me. I have seen so much less than you. I believe I'm so much simpler."

"Irma," he said, "Irma, are you?"

"I think so. From you, at least, I have nothing I wish to hide; and you are the only person to whom I can say that, or ever could have said it. Once—yes I must confess this—I thought I could have loved one man; but I didn't; and no man, not even that one, has ever so much as held my hand. Bobby—you must believe me."

Disbelief was impossible. He was conquered: he showed her that he was so. Her voice slowly changed to a happy murmur, which still suggested tears, but tears with a rainbow spanning them.

"I was like a dog," she said, "that had been beaten all its life. I trusted in you; and you were more cruel than anyone."

The words sounded like a reproach, but really they were the seal of a reconciliation. She seemed to be giving the keys of her heart into his hands—to be placing herself wholly at his mercy. Her soul lay before him as if it were clear water; he was filled by the sense of how wholly her whole being was his; and he felt that their union had been but half complete till now. The wood, which a moment ago had been chilled with gloom and bitterness, was once more full of sunshine and moss-scented air and flowers. This pair, lately so taciturn, sent out their voices to the children; and the laughter of the children, which answered them, was hardly more gay than theirs.

All through dinner that evening enchantment hung in the air. In the warm dusk afterwards the children played amongst the glow-worms; and then, when the nurse came out, calling them and telling them it was bedtime, Grenville and his companion again committed themselves to the boat, and noiselessly glided off together into the peace between the sky and water.

The boat was commodious, and Grenville, when he had rowed some way,

shipped his oars and seated himself by his companion. They hardly for a time felt any need for talking. They each trusted the other to think and to brood in silence, each knowing that each was being taken into the other's life. All nature conspired to assist the process, touching them through their ears and eyes. Over their hearts was the cool of the immeasurable twilight. Stars were showing themselves—the immemorial friends of lovers: a young moon glittered like liquid silver. All around, the forests, softly dim and mysterious, guarded the lake, as they rose above their own reflections; and down in the depths below were the horns of the floating crescent.

In Grenville's mind what was taking place was this:—An element in his devotion which had already made itself felt, but the nature of which he had hardly understood clearly, even when he had been most moved by it and had given it intermittent expression, was now coming to the surface, definite and recognisable, and growing in power as it did so. This was a longing which his passion had to express itself, not only in the enjoyment of her society, but in suffering for the sake of enjoying it. It was a feeling in some way resembling that of David, when he would not make an offering of that which had cost him nothing. Of its full meaning Grenville was not even now aware; but he knew this much, that one part of its meaning was a longing to prove to her and himself as well, how intense this passion was, and to glorify it by the witness of self-sacrifice. "I would break stones for you, I would die for you." These had been fragments of the liturgy which was now inwardly completing itself. The mind becomes conscious of its own emotional changes mainly by means of a species of picture writing—a swift phantasmagoria of images, of metaphors and analogies. Grenville felt his passion to be now mounting on wings, beating the dusk on its way heavenwards, and taking her with him. And now, too, his condition flashed on him another unexpected facet. For the first time in his life he realised in his own experience how matter and spirit are capable of being fused together, how the body can rise with the soul instead of weighing it down, and how instead of dying it can be changed.

At last he said to her, "Let me breathe in your ear something. If every husband loved his wife as well as I love you, marriage would indeed be a sacrament, and earth long ago would have been heaven. If our love is degradation, there is no elevation possible."

"Bobby," she said, "why do you fret yourself? I know that my soul is living—now for the first time. You say you would die for me. My wish is to live for you."

She had arrived at the same self-knowledge as he had; only he had reached it gradually, by a conscious and difficult progress, through opposing prepossessions, which had to be met and reasoned with. To her, everything, though strange, had been entirely simple. She had not reasoned about sacrifice, or flesh, or spirit. Her thoughts were lost in him: she had ceased to busy them with herself. She only remembered herself, when his words had reminded her of it; and later on, when again they had reached the shore; and when, by-and-bye, the doors of the hotel received her, she hardly knew that her feet had touched the earth, or that her cheeks were like fluttered rose-petals.

Days and evenings now passed on without their counting them, varying little in respect of outward incidents, but witnessing, so far as the consciousness of Grenville and his companion were concerned, the formation of a new world either of reality or of illusion. Which it was, they had to learn by experience. Its formation was an experience in itself. From the first moment of his regarding her with any attention, he had not only felt her temperament to be attractive to his own, but he had discovered, under a misleading manner, that her intellect was active, and that her knowledge, though it was scattered, was curiously extensive. He now learnt how her education had been the work solely of herself. No guiding hand had been ever held out to help her. She had been the lonely sower of seed in her own soul; and some of the seeds had sprung up like wildflowers; others had hardly sprouted; and others, perhaps most, were sleeping. On these his thoughts seemed to descend like rain; and ground that before looked barren, began to grow green with life.

The precise nature of their relationship, and what might be its future consequences, never troubled them farther by presenting itself as a perplexity. They were insulated for the time from all external circumstances; and their life together appealed to their inner judgment, only on its own merits as related to themselves only. In this isolated world, scrutinize it as they might, there was nothing to rouse in either of them any moral misgiving. Everything that either had imagined as spiritually or intellectually beautiful seemed to be sprouting and growing, and fulfilling itself. They seemed to be witnessing the days and the dews of a New Creation, and whatever they looked upon seemed to be "very good."

One night, however, in the boat, she said to him, after a long pause, during which her eyes had been fixed on the clouds and stars, "I wonder if—supposing people could see us—people, I mean, that the world describes as *good*—" She hesitated, and then went on, trying a different form of expression, "I mean," she said, "that, supposing we were not ourselves, I sometimes wonder how I myself should judge us."

"If you were not one of ourselves," he said, "you would, perhaps, judge us hardly, and the reason would be that you would necessarily judge us wrongly. The imaginary history which the world, if it looked, would make of us, would be a thing very different—how grotesquely different!—from the reality. What are the thoughts that I, Irma, have offered you? Have I ever breathed to you one that was impure or shameful? Have I ever breathed to you one that was not half-brother to a prayer? My passion for you is worship, and my whole being is cleansed by it."

"Stop, stop," she said. "No, go on; go on. Do you remember what you told me once, that for people who loved truly you believed the heavens were opened as truly as they were for Stephen? Look up; look up. It seems as if they were opened now."

"Irma, Irma, can this indeed be living? It seems to me to be so much more than life. See the depth above us, and the depth reflected under us, holding endless space, and all the endless ages, and ourselves like a ball of thistle-down floating between two eternities. Where that milky light is are new universes forming themselves—the book of their genesis yet

remains to be written. From some of these stars the arrows that to-night reach us started on their vibrating way before Eve's foot was in Eden. Think of the worlds forming, think of the worlds shining, and the darkened suns and systems mute in the night of time. To us, to us, what can it all say, more than the sea says to a rainbow in one tossed bubble of foam? And yet, Irma, to me it seems that it says something."

"What does it say?" she murmured almost inaudibly.

"It asks, can it have no meaning, seeing that we are born of it? And can we be out of harmony with it, seeing that it speaks to us now?"

By-and-by that night, when he entered the lodge solitary, he heard himself utter aloud this passionate exclamation—"Can it be true? Can it be I am not dreaming? Is the rose indeed in my hands that I always had thought fabulous? Barren garden of life, bitter frost-bitten furrows, can it be that you have bloomed for me into this one wonderful flower!"

CHAPTER XV.

Most people who have indulged much in the amusement of watching the reflections of objects in clear water are familiar with the experience of seeing real rocks or pebbles force themselves into view through the visionary clouds or foliage. Grenville and Mrs. Schilizzi had soon an experience that was similar, when a packet of forwarded letters one morning arrived from Lichtenbourg.

They were at breakfast at the time, in her sitting-room with the children, and Fritz, who brought in a small budget for her, informed his master that for him there was another, which had been taken to the Lodge. Mrs. Schilizzi glanced hastily at the envelope. Two or three she tore open, and read the contents indifferently; but she finally came to one at which her countenance changed. Grenville looked at her with a vague misgiving, silently asking her for an explanation. "It is from my mother-in-law," she said. "I don't know what to do. I really can hardly understand her. It seems she wants me at once to go back to London." She let the letter fall on her lap, and turned to him in distressed bewilderment.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Is it illness? Is it anything serious?"

"No," she said; "only business. I remember something about it; and something has to be done about which I have to be consulted—and—more important still—for which they require my signature." She showed Grenville the letter, and explained what she understood of the case to him. In spite of the rude break which it would make in their present existence, he saw that for her own sake it was really well that she should go; and he pointed out to her what she had not at first realised—that the whole business could be settled within a week. "Leave the children here," he said, "and ask the Princess to come to them; and before ten days are over you can easily be back again."

"And you?" she said, "what will you do?"

"I will come to England also. Who knows but ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~summons~~ ^{summons} may also contain a summons? I had but six weeks of freedom, and four have already gone."

For a little while she was silent, lost in perplexed thought.

"I feel," she said at last, "as if we had been sailing in a boat of dreams, and were now, with all that belongs to us, being lost upon the rocks of reality."

"Nonsense," said Grenville, with a vigour which approached roughness, but which brought to her, for that very reason, a certain sense of comfort. "If you and I are only realities to one another, we shall find that it is not our boat which is the dream, but the rocks, which you fear will wreck it. I will go to the Lodge, and look at my own letters; and when I come back, you shall see me in the character of a practical man."

There was every need, he found, for at once redeeming this promise. It is true that none of his letters was an absolute summons to return; but there were amongst them two important communications which made him see that his instant return would be desirable. One was from his man of business, the other from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both of them were serious enough in themselves; but quite apart from the actual news contained in them, they brought him face to face with a number of practical problems, which he had known for the past week would ask now for a new solution, but which had till this moment seemed more or less vague and distant. All of a sudden they became close and tangible, and disclosed to him, as they did so, all sorts of troubling details. Returning to Mrs. Schilizzi he discussed their immediate movements. A messenger was despatched to Lichtenbourg, who would go from thence to the Princess, taking a letter to her, and returning that night with an answer: and so soon as arrangements could be made for the proper care of the children, Mrs. Schilizzi would start, by way of Vienna, for England. At first it was assumed that Grenville would travel with her; but suddenly, with a doubtful smile, she said to him,

"Do you think you ought to? Perhaps I am foolishly nervous. I know the world so little, and I never before had occasion to be nervous at all. You must say what is best for me. I trust everything to you."

"Irma," he answered earnestly, "I need hardly tell you this; you already are sure enough of it. Were it not for external circumstances, I would never for a moment leave you. Every hour of my life I would be at your side caring for you. But in this case it may be best that we go separately—for part of the way at least. Let me think it over by myself, as I put my own things in order. My own things!" he repeated as he prepared to go back to the Lodge. "How wretched to think that my things are for a moment separate from yours!"

As soon as he was alone he set himself to consider the situation. With regard to the journey he judged it best on the whole that he should precede her to Vienna, where he would meet her and her maid, and go from there in the Orient Express to Paris with them. In this way he would avoid meeting the Princess, who, since he had reached Vicenza, had heard nothing of his movements; and who, if she arrived promptly, as she might very

possibly do, would be startled at finding him where he was, in close attendance on her niece.

"How much happier"—the thought came like a cloud—"how much happier life would be, were there nothing in it that required concealing! Any one, up till now, would have been welcome to find me anywhere. And yet," he continued, "we all of us have our burdens. Let me make the best of this one by the way in which I accept its pain."

Then with a sigh he let these reflections pass, to take up their lodging in some dim chamber of his mind; and others succeeded them, in certain respects more formidable, but yet of a kind which he faced with a better heart. These, but not the former, he recorded carefully in his diary.

"A man of imaginative temperament," he wrote,—"I have always thought this—may fill his mind with visions of the deepest and loftiest feelings, the tenderest sympathies, the purest principles, and acts of complete self-sacrifice; and connecting himself with these by an act of the imagination, just as he might connect himself with a character in a poem or novel, he will seem to himself to be a fine and sublime person, when he is in reality selfish and mean and heartless. Am I myself a person of that kind? If so, good God, to what a depth I must have sunk now! For nothing can justify me in my present condition but the fact that I am what I think I am—the fact that I mean my feelings. Do I mean them? Now comes the time for testing them; and I welcome the test. Suddenly, during the last fortnight, that strange catastrophe has befallen me, which when happening in the sphere of religion, is commonly called *conversion*. A something which I had always considered as something of secondary value has bewildered me by showing itself as the one treasure in life, and for the sake of securing this—so I have told my soul—I have already sacrificed much, and am prepared to sacrifice everything. But what I have sacrificed thus far has been merely certain scruples, which I have indeed respected throughout my life till now, and which I have certainly violated not without a pang; but so long as one's sacrifices are merely at the expense of one's scruples, they can hardly be accepted as much evidence of one's sincerity. I have felt this all the time. Again and again I have said to her, 'What I long to do is to suffer for you.' And my meaning I am sure has been—though I did not at first perhaps understand it fully—that I longed to convince myself of my own absolute sincerity—to convince myself that I was offering her my truth, and not my falsehood. Well, sooner than I thought, and more completely than I thought, the real trial has come. I see now that if I am genuinely devoted to her, if in any serious and self-denying way I mean to make my life the companion and support of hers, I shall have to sacrifice many things besides scruples. I told her that owing to her I should have to sell my property; and I knew when I said so that this was true. But I thought little—indeed I had hardly time to think, of all that my words meant. I realise what they mean now. I have received a letter informing me that an offer for the whole property has just been made, of a kind unexpectedly liberal. My lawyer tells me that if I am to sell at all, now is my lucky moment; and indeed I can well believe him. Such an offer would probably never be made again. I might have to sell

on terms that would leave me a beggar. These will, at all events, make me sure of a competence. I must decide within three weeks. Within three weeks!—so soon to part with everything! I feel like a prisoner who hears that to-morrow is the day of his execution. How near it is all coming! And a fortnight ago the entire prospect was different. Then, instead of selling my home, I saw before me the redemption of it. I saw life and honour returning to the old disconsolate rooms. And now it must all go; it must pass away like a shadow—pictures, furniture, everything, with some few exceptions. And why? For the sake of what? Is it not for the sake of a shadow?—a shadow, a dream, a fancy, of which the very memory will soon be unintelligible? If that were the case, I am certain at least of one thing; I should look on myself as a creature beneath even my own contempt. But it is no dream, no shadow, the thing for which I shall make this sacrifice. I knew it was not. I knew that the feelings within me—the longing, the joy, the worship, the self-devotion—I knew that all these were no mere idle sentiment, but that for better or worse they were part of my very self. And now I am about to prove that my self-knowledge was true. Can my love be unreal, if I give up so much for it? Can it be selfish, if for her sake I am leaving all?

“I talk about *all*. I don't mean my property only. That is something; but I shall have to leave more than that. I think so, at all events; and at all events I am prepared to leave it. It is my new career that I am referring to. That would take me to Constantinople, and part me from her for an undetermined period. Irma, for those who are united as you and I are, there must be no separation such as this. Let me keep as near to you as I may, we shall be separated often enough. How often I cannot tell. The difficulties of our future till this morning were mere abstractions to me; and for the first time they are showing themselves as hard realities. They may be more, or they may be fewer than I anticipate: but be they what they may, I promise you this faithfully—there shall never be a day or an hour which I could possibly give to you, and which I will fail to give you, on account of what it may cost myself. The kind old man who would have acted so liberally to me about my marriage—the minister who has taken so friendly an interest in my advancement—to both of these I shall have to explain myself somehow; how I hardly know. I shall have, without the delay of a needless day, to let the authorities know that they must not reckon on my services. It will be difficult. There will be difficulties everywhere. And yet, what am I? I am so mad or so inspired—I have so completely lost my reason, or so completely found my soul—that all these difficulties, even whilst they fret and perplex me, and put an end to these weeks stolen from heaven, are at the same time filling me with exultation, and in every pang they inflict, are saying to me ‘You are true to her.’”

He wrote this that morning, before rejoining her at luncheon; and he felt, having done so, more at peace with himself. Of the thoughts he had recorded he said little to her: but she felt in his manner a certain new quality which touched her, and soothed her, and gave her an added trust in him. He told her the conclusion he had come to, with regard to their journey: and though she winced at the idea of leaving him even for a day,

she agreed that his plan was wise ; and in the course of the afternoon she said to him, " If I liked you less, I should be more unhappy at parting from you : but the more I know you, the more of you enters into my soul, and will still remain with me, even when you are absent. Listen to me. I trust you. These are three short words ; but all that is best and strongest in a woman's passion is implied in them."

Late that night the messenger who had been sent to the Princess returned with a letter from her, full of all sorts of kindness. She said however that to come to the hotel in the forest was an adventure beyond her strength ; and she begged that, in their mother's absence, the two children might be sent back to the castle. " In fact," she added, " unless you telegraph to the contrary, I will meet you at Lichtenbourg to-morrow, in the middle of the day, and receive them straight from your hands, as you are on your way to Vienna."

" In that case," said Grenville, " I will be gone to-morrow, at cock-crow. I shall have the start of you by a few hours only. You will reach Vienna at midnight. I will call on you, at your apartments, next morning ; and that same afternoon we will start together for Paris."

They dined that evening at the lodge, without the children. " In thirty-six hours," she said, " I shall again be with you : but still, since we have been known and belonged to one another, this is our first good-bye. Will you think me doubting and fretful if I ask you one thing ? Are you sure you will be mine always ?" There was a gentle solemnity both in her voice and look, which produced the sensation in him of being bound afresh to her—bound by a new link which was indeed unnecessary, but the added pressure of which he felt and received with gratitude. As he walked back with her to her door, she clung to his arm like a child, being taken to school, and about to be parted from its parent. The starlight showed on her cheeks something that gleamed like dew ; and as she hid them and dried them in her sleeve, she murmured " I want never to leave you."

Grenville had to start by four o'clock in the morning. The sinking moon still shone as he dressed himself ; but none of the lights of day were yet busy amongst the eastern clouds. The lamps of the carriage he was to travel in, were staring with their nocturnal eyes ; and he drove off behind the four jangling horses, feeling as if all the world were from henceforward to be night. Knowing that the sight would pain him, he turned to watch the hotel, as a man whose tooth is aching cannot resist touching it : and a desolating sense filled him, that though she would be soon restored to him, the conditions of their perfect union were done with, were lost for ever. The mysterious forests at first saturated with the darkness, and then as the wan dawn touched them yielding it up like an exhalation, would at any other time have charmed and aroused his fancy. But now every mile of the road meant to him one thing only—a return from Eden, into the forgotten troubles of life. Lichtenbourg, with its hotels and gardens, as he reached it in the ashy twilight, desolated him with vivid memories of his first days of acquaintance with it. Those days as he saw them now, were coloured with the light of what succeeded them. They were vivid with hope and promise ; but they were past, and their promise seemed vain.

Horses were changed at the *Hôtel Impériale*, where he had stayed. The front doors were closed; but his mind through the shuttered glass saw the gleam of a certain brown hat and dress, which had appeared to him on the sunny morning of a day that fluttered with cherry-blossoms. "Irma! Irma!" he constantly muttered to himself as he waited: and then presently the horses were put to; and whatever he muttered further, the bells and the wheels drowned it. When he reached the railway station, he experienced another shock. His life of late had been so removed from the world, and had given time such a new and expanded value, that though hardly a fortnight ago he had arrived at this very place, a train seemed as strange to him as if he had not seen one for years; and the musty smell which came from the red plush cushions of his compartment, seemed to him the breath of our common unprofitable life. This journey to Vienna he compared dreamily with his last, when his mind was perplexed with thoughts about Lady Evelyn, stimulated with thoughts of his own brilliant prospects, and troubled—little as he at the time knew it—by her, under whose influence all these prospects would evaporate. "I can hardly believe," he reflected, "all that has happened to me in a fortnight. All those interests I had meant to live for, and even the very world that holds them, I have already resolved to sacrifice, and am now on my way to do so. I can hardly imagine the value I once set on them. On the other hand, the thing which I value now, and for the sake of which I am renouncing everything else, is a pearl hid in a field which I flattered myself I should never enter."

When he reached Vienna about three in the afternoon, the change which had taken place in himself came home to him yet more vividly. The last time he had been there, and especially the time before, the very air of the streets had seemed to whisper of ambition to him. He had felt himself becoming one of the important figures of Europe, and about to be honoured and welcomed as a part of its most stately life: whilst the pride of blood which underlay his desire of achievement had been stimulated there as it could have been nowhere else. But now all was different. The very reasons which formerly had made the Austrian capital, with all its glitter of to-day and all its traditions of yesterday, seem to him familiar and sympathetic, made it now seem bleak and alien. It seemed as if he had neither part nor lot in it. Under other circumstances, without losing an hour, he would have gone to the British Embassy to see the Ambassador and his wife; but now, though he thought of them still as two of his best friends, he shrank from the atmosphere which breathed through their bright drawing-rooms. It was once his natural element: he should now, he felt, be like a ghost in it. Far more answering to his mood was what he actually did with himself. He went to the offices of the International Sleeping-Car Company and took three places for Paris in next day's Orient Express. In doing this he was conscious of doing something, not for himself only, but also for the woman he was devoted to; and the simple act seemed to be bringing him close to her. He even welcomed the fact that he had, out of his own pocket, to take an extra ticket, in order that she and her maid might be quite secure of having a cabin to themselves. That business

concluded, he rambled through the town like a tourist, and presently bethought himself of going to the Ring or Boulevard, in which her apartment was situated, and taking a look at her windows. This he found, however, was hardly an attainable solace, as there was nothing to tell him which her windows were. They were somewhere or other in a huge block of building, whose frontage was rough with carving and gay with extended awnings, the entire upper part being devoted to flats or offices, the lower to glittering shops. M^{de} Schilizzi's flat was apparently over the shop of a jeweller, and some of the objects in the window were at once so tasteful and splendid that Grenville for a minute or two stood in the street studying them. Whilst thus engaged he was startled by the sound of his own name, pronounced with a charming though very foreign inflexion, and looking round he discovered the Countess C——, who seemed to have just emerged from the jeweller's swing-doors. She was full of questions, which she gave him no time to answer, and then of invitations, answers to which she demanded; but, finding that Grenville was only a bird of passage, and that he could neither come to her castle in the country nor join her in her box at the opera, she insisted on taking him off that moment for a drive in the Prater. Unwilling to yield, he had yet no excuse for refusing. A huge engine of torture in the shape of a heavy barouche, with two gawky footmen in salmon-coloured stockings, attending it, was there touching the curbstone; and this was presently bearing him away with the Countess, hardly more willing than Proserpine when she went from the fields of Enna. Till they reached the Prater ennui was his chief suffering, but here ennui was lost in a kind of painful interest. As they drove through the crowd of carriages, or paused now and then under the trees, the Countess kept pointing out to him this and that personage, one great as a magnate, one fascinating as a beauty, whom he ought to know, and whom he would know, would he only stay in Vienna. Some of these desirable acquaintances stopped for a moment and spoke to her; and Grenville noticed in men and women both the same charm of manner which had at once attracted him in the Countess. Suddenly a carriage came by, the harness glancing with silver, and the servants breasting the air with gold lace and crimson waistcoats. It contained two ladies and a dark-bearded handsome man.

"Look," said the Countess, "there is the King of Moldavia."

Grenville turned, but it was not the king he looked at. What held his attention was two faces under parasols. Of one he only saw that it was middle-aged, refined, and cynical. The other he recognised by its wonderful velvety eyes—a face now set off by a dress almost insolent in its daintiness. Everyone as it passed gave it the homage of a stare. It was the face of Miss Juanita Markham.

"The woman with her," said the Countess, "is the well-known Baroness X——. I suppose you have heard *her* story. Your pretty compatriot is hardly to be congratulated on her friend; and as for the king, they say he is tiring of her already."

All this spectacle, varying, bewildering, brilliant, with a key to it here and there given by the Countess's comments, had for Grenville, no doubt,

a degree of interest; but it pained and chilled him in two distinct ways. It made him feel how Irma was taking him away from it; and also how it, at the moment, was taking him away from Irma. His imagination, he felt, was being invaded by a vulgar crowd out of the street, which divided him from her to whom all its domain was consecrated. "Irma! Irma!" he again repeated to himself passionately, but under his breath, and with a due mundane self-repression, so that the Countess, who once actually caught a murmur, concluded that he was merely blowing away a speck of dust from his waistcoat.

At last his trial was over. The Countess dropped him at his hotel. The moment the porter saw him he put into his hand a letter. Grenville received it eagerly, fancying it might be from Mrs. Schilizzi. It was not. It was from the ambassadress, who had somehow heard of his arrival. She begged him to come that night to dinner; there would be no party. He despatched an acceptance, resigned rather than pleased; and, indeed, when the time came he was little less than miserable. His host and hostess talked to him much of his prospects; and he could not explain that they were now his prospects no longer. He was conscious of their wishes for his success, but their very wishes irritated him. He felt as jealous of any influence that would draw him from Mrs. Schilizzi as he could feel of any that would draw her from him. A strange sensation was dawning on him that his affection for her was, except for herself, making him alone in life. Wearied with the fatigues of the day, he returned to his hotel early, and was just preparing to close his eyes in sleep, and so to abridge the hours which still separated him from her, when the thought suddenly struck him that it might be a help and a pleasure to her if he went to the station and met her on her arrival. To rouse himself now was really a matter of effort; his eyelids were so heavy he could hardly keep them apart. But rouse himself he did, and re-dressed himself; and driving to the station, he awaited her. As the train came drifting in, he half feared that something would have detained her, and his heart gratuitously embittered itself with a pang of groundless disappointment. Amongst the dim figures that emerged he soon detected hers, and hastened to her glowing with sudden happiness. With a start of surprise and pleasure, she gave him her hand and looked at him; but the moment after, the pleasure gave place to nervousness, and her voice, hardening and acquiring a note of petulance, "You shouldn't have come," she said. "Please go away and leave me."

"Can I do," he said, "nothing for you? May not I get you a carriage?"

"No, no," she said, almost turning her back on him. "Good-night; you can call at twelve to-morrow." Grenville returned to the bed on which he had been about to rest himself, full of a bewildered bitterness which made rest impossible. He could not banish her strange reception of him from his memory. Her voice through the watches of the night kept ringing and echoing in his ears; and hour by hour its tone became harder and more bitter, till her image at last appeared to him, as he lay there half dreaming, like that of a woman who had suddenly grown to hate him, and having ruined his life was going now to spurn it

away from her. The condition of his thoughts in the morning was somewhat calmer, but a sense of estrangement from her remained with him even then, and anxiety branded his forehead with its keen physical pain. But through all this he was famishing for her presence; and it wanted still a good ten minutes to twelve when he was standing at the door of the building in which her apartment was, and rousing the concierge with a peal of the electric bell.

"The first floor," said the man. "The first door on the right."

And Grenville, with trembling hand, was presently again ringing. A white-capped woman with an inquiring look admitted him, and, passing through a lobby in which the carpets were up, he found himself in a large drawing-room overlooking the street. There were no traces of life in it, except that on one of the tables was a pair of gloves and a parasol, both of which he recognised. He looked about him, full of curious interest. The floor was covered with thick red velvet carpet. There were red velvet chairs and sofas, whose woodwork was sumptuously carved, but which suggested the fittings of an hotel, rather than of a private dwelling. The walls were papered with staring brown and gold, relieved only by two large mirrors and a life-sized photograph of the Emperor, liberally coloured in oil. Here and there were some fine vases and candelabra, but they seemed arranged for sale rather than ornament; and the only other objects that decorated the shelves and tables were some ormolu trays for cigar-ash, some inlaid cabinets for cigars, and several sets of bottles and glasses for liqueurs, coloured and gilt as gaudily as artists in glass could make them. One thing more he discovered, and one thing only. It was a photograph lying under one of the ormolu ash-trays, faded and ragged, and representing a half-clothed Viennese actress.

Anything more depressing, anything more hopelessly *bourgeois* it would hardly have been possible to imagine. And this was the home, or at least, one of the homes, of the woman to whom he was devoting everything! He thought of the drawing-rooms at the Embassy, and compared them with it. They seemed to belong to two wholly different universes—designed for the lives of people who had not a thought in common. A surprise which he could not analyse at first occupied his mind, and made him forget how the time was passing: but at last it gave place to wonder as to when Mrs. Schilizzi would present herself; and wonder by-and-by gave place to impatience and resentment. Of all the troubles of life, the strained suspense of waiting, with every nerve stretched of doubt, of hope, and of hearing, in proportion to its real importance is the hardest for some temperaments to bear. Grenville's temperament was one of these; and it is no exaggeration to say that he soon was enduring tortures. Angry savage thoughts came leaping into his consciousness, longing to assail the woman whose conduct seemed now so heartless; and he felt as he stood amongst them like a man in a cage of lions, trying to beat them down, to kill them, or to grow them into silence, and yet stung with a temptation to let them have their way. At last—and it seemed that he had been kept on the rack for hours—he heard, or he thought he heard, something like a distant rustle. All his senses of a sudden became hearing. He held his breath; he

started; the door suddenly opened; and there before him, her eyes eager with welcome, was the woman for whom he waited.

She looked at him; she came up to him. She was wholly, entirely, different from the distorted image which his mind had been just fashioning; but the stress of his late mood was still affecting his muscles, and his voice and look as he greeted her were, against his will, unnatural. She had greeted him as she used to do in the forest, at once gentle and passionate; and it was not for a minute or two that she took note of his change. At last she said, scanning him:—

"What's the matter with you? Are you angry? Have I kept you waiting? Am I late?"

"No," he said, smiling in spite of himself, "only three-quarters of an hour. It wasn't that; only after your anger last night, I felt rather doubtful if you ever would come at all. I thought, you see, that at the station I might have been some help to you. In fact I got out of bed in the middle of the night to come. You must forgive me for doing unintentionally what roused in you so much resentment."

For the first time the idea seemed to dawn on her that she had done or said anything which could possibly wound his feelings. A flush came into her cheeks, and a sudden moisture into her eyes, and putting her hands on his shoulders, she whispered, "Dear, forgive me. Come, Bobby, come, sit down by me. We are all alone—forgive me. But coming to meet me like that, late at night at the station, might possibly have put me in such a very false position. You know you told me yourself how readily the world would judge wrongly of us. I felt so afraid and nervous, I hardly know what I said to you: and I trusted you so completely, I felt you would understand."

The trouble was over, peace had again returned to him. "In twenty minutes," she said, "I have told them to bring luncheon. Oh, Bobby, tell me what do you think of this place? Isn't it dreadful? It will show you something of what my life is. Paul thinks it's beautiful. At first I tried to alter it; but it made him perfectly furious. He swore at me. He did more than swear. Look at my wrist. Do you see that faint scar on it? Wait a moment, and I will show you what is its history." She went to a drawer in a cabinet and brought out an ivory paper-knife. "Paul," she said, "struck me with that, because I told him his room was vulgar, and wanted to put away those terrible sets of liqueur things. And there—I see, you've been looking at that photograph. The woman is Paul's great friend, and when I am away she reigns here. He thinks I know nothing about her, and this he must have left by accident. So far as appearances go, he is full of ideas of respectability; and he thinks that I ought to be ignorant that bad women exist. Ah!" she exclaimed sighing, and suddenly changing the subject, not as if in pain, but rather as if it repelled and wearied her, "how often when I looked round this room have I thought of our rooms at home—the shelves crowded with books, the chintzes and the faded carpets. Hark; here is Gretchen with the luncheon. When we have lunched we must go: and you must meet me punctually at the train."

This arrangement entailed a two hours' separation; Grenville bore it in peace. Their quarrel had made their union closer.

He was at the station before her, watching the passengers for the express, as they slowly assembled, and hoping they would all be strangers. He deputed Fritz to wait for Mrs. Schilizzi, to help her maid with the luggage, and to see them settled in their places. Until the train had started, he had hardly done more than speak to her. No one could have imagined that they were travelling together by concert. She appreciated the quickness with which he had learnt his lesson. But as soon as the train was off and they both were perfectly satisfied that there was not a single passenger known by sight to either of them, they secured a sofa in the saloon which formed part of the train, and engaged a table for dinner in the restaurant car adjoining. It was five when they started in the mellow and golden afternoon, and the air from the gardens in the suburbs came with a gust of summer. In half an hour they were nearing meadows and wooded hills, vivid with exuberant green; and the shining curves of the Danube began to show and hide themselves, here reflecting a sail, here a town or a villa, and here the domes and façade of some palatial monastery. During their dinner they had drifted, not perceiving it, into the night; and the windows, instead of revealing the moving landscape, did but repeat the light of the lamps in the gilded roof. Mrs. Schilizzi retired with her maid to her own compartment, and Grenville shared his with a pasha and two Roumanians. The following evening, again in the warmth and sunlight, their eyes began to be greeted by lodges and blossoming gardens, and houses with mansard roofs. Then came buildings stretching in long white masses, and tall brick chimneys pricking the clear blue air. The train rattled over points; and they were soon stationary in Paris. To Grenville and his companion the journey had been a long idyll, and they had almost banished from their minds the doubtful sequel it was leading to. But an hour or two later, when after a hasty meal they found themselves seated in a crowded carriage for Calais, and heard the language of England spoken in several accents, when English newspapers were being called for and unfolded, and two puffy-looking men began making arrangements for going next night to a farce at a certain theatre in the Strand—they felt for a second time that they had dropped down out of cloudland, and would have to face and struggle with the squalid difficulties of reality.

W. H. MALLOCK.

* * * *The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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PROEM.

O' ANTIQUE fables ! beautiful and bright,
And joyous with the joyous youth of yore ;
O antique fables ! for a little light
Of that which shineth in you evermore,
To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,
And bathe our old world with a new surprise
Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

We stagger under the enormous weight
Of all the heavy ages piled on us,
With all their grievous wrongs inveterate,
And all their disenchantments dolorous,
And all the monstrous tasks they have bequeathed ;
And we are stifled with the airs they breathed,
And read in theirs our dooms calamitous.

Our world is all stript naked of their dreams ;
No deities in sky or sun or moon,
No nymphs in woods and hills and seas and streams ;
Mere earth and water, air and fire, their boon :
No God in all our universe we trace,
No Heaven in the infinitude of space,
No life beyond death—coming not too soon.

Our souls are stript of their illusions sweet;
 Our hopes at best in some far future years
 For others, not ourselves; whose bleeding feet
 Wander this rocky waste where broken spears
 And bleaching bones lie scattered on the sand;
 Who know *we* shall not reach the Promised Land,—
 Perhaps a mirage glistening through our tears.

And if there be this Promised Land indeed,
 Our children's children's children's heritage,
 Oh, what a prodigal waste of precious seed,
 Of myriad myriad lives from age to age,
 Of woes and agonies and blank despairs,
 Through countless cycles, that some fortunate heirs
 May enter, and conclude the pilgrimage!

But if it prove a mirage after all!
 Our last illusion leaves us wholly bare,
 To bruise against Fate's adamant wall
 Consumed or frozen in the pitiless air;
 In all our world, beneath, around, above,
 One only refuge, solace, triumph,—LOVE,
 Sole star of light in infinite black despair.

O antique fables! beautiful and bright,
 And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;
 O antique fables! for a little light
 Of that which shineth in you evermore,
 To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,
 And bathe our old world with a new surprise
 Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

JAMES THOMSON (B. V.).

A FEW WORDS ON THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

I HAVE been asked to write a short article on London Government and the London County Council, and am glad to do so—not from a polemical point of view, not in order to defend the Council from the severe criticism to which it has been subjected, nor to discuss questions on which I have differed from the majority of my colleagues; but rather, on the eve of the elections, to submit some points for the consideration of the ratepayers and of the candidates—especially, of course, of new candidates—and to suggest some changes of procedure which, within the present limits of the law, might now, I think, be effected with advantage.

The subject is, I fear, somewhat dry and technical, but no one will question its importance. The following statement of our balance-sheet for 1891-2 shows the magnitude of the figures.

1891-2.

Dr.	£	Cr.	£
Rate	1,971,000	Interest of debt	1,000,000
Exchequer Contribution		Repayment of debt	847,000
estimated at	503,000	Contribution to indoor	
Interest receivable	351,000	paupers	329,000
Rents	91,000	Lunatics	176,000
Fire Brigade	42,000	Industrial schools	27,000
Industrial Schools	12,000	Various grants formerly	
Fees	20,000	paid by Parliament	51,000
Amount from outside dis-		Main drainage	236,000
tricts in respect of debt	3,000	Fire Brigade	135,000
Sundries	16,000	Parks	71,000
Balance	225,000	Bridges, &c.	44,000
		Salaries	65,000
		Office expenditure	25,000
		Judicial expenditure	42,000
		Coroners' inquests	23,000
		Pensions	26,000
		Sundries	67,000
		Balance	70,000
	£3,234,000		£3,234,000

I may add that the large balance at the beginning of the year is mainly due to the fact that we received in 1890-91 a larger sum from Government than was calculated on.

We frequently hear complaints as regards the "enormous" rate and the "crushing" debt of London. From this point of view the following table, which has been prepared for me by Mr. Gomme, under the superintendence of Mr. Gunn, our controller, is, I think, of much interest. It is, however, difficult to obtain the figures in

an exactly comparable form, and they can only be taken as approximate. I have taken Manchester and Birmingham as types of English cities, Paris and Vienna, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. I omit Liverpool, because the finances of that city have been so greatly aided by the town dues. Mr. H. R. Grenfell tells me that Lord Palmerston once said to him that in the motto of Liverpool, "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit," the first word ought to be, not "Deus," but "Dues." The figures are as follows:—

	Annual Expenditure per head of Population.			● Amount of Debt per head of Population.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
London	2	7	9	9	3	8
Birmingham	2	16	5	10	1	8 ¹
Manchester	3	4	7	8	2	5 ¹
Vienna	3	2	10	7	11	9
Paris	5	4	7	32	5	3
Philadelphia	3	16	11	14	5	2
Boston	6	2	3	24	10	7
New York	6	3	4	16	13	3

As regards the American cities, in calculating the expenditure it has been assumed that the receipts and expenditure for gas and water equalled one another; and in the cases of Manchester and Birmingham, if the amounts raised for gas and water were included, we should have to add in each case something over £4,000,000. As regards the American cities, I have found it impossible to separate the debt incurred for water and gas.

These figures then are, I think, creditable to London. I do not say to the County Council; we have not been long enough in existence, but to the Corporation, to the Vestries, and the Metropolitan Board. They show, also, how much lighter our rate and debts are than those of some great cities, and demonstrate, I think, the wisdom of making prudent provision for the reduction of debt.

The difficulties, however, which the London County Council has to face, and the interest of the problem, do not, I need hardly say, depend on the magnitude of the figures, but on the peculiar conditions under which, in consequence of the provisions of the London Government Act, the government of London has to be conducted.

It has been said that the members of the House of Commons are six hundred and seventy kings. This is, of course, not so. They do not govern the Country, but the one hundred and thirty-nine members of the London County Council do govern London, so far, at least, as the functions entrusted to them are concerned; and there never yet has been any successful, I might indeed say any, case of a great executive administration carried on by so large a body.

Special circumstances in our case made the difficulty still greater. Our administrative work is in the first case considered by com-

(1) Omitting the sums spent on water and gas.

mittees, who report to the Council, and their recommendation only become effective when accepted and endorsed by the Council itself.

When the London County Council first met, out of one hundred and forty members over one hundred and thirty were entirely new to the work. We were, moreover, for the most part strangers to one another. Under these circumstances the construction of our committees was a matter of great difficulty. Of these there are nineteen, besides some of a temporary or special character. We decided, and indeed could hardly do otherwise, that every councillor should be put on at least one committee. This was inevitable at first, but the rule has been allowed to fall gradually into abeyance, and has now been rescinded. I hope it will not be revived. Just fancy the result if a similar course were adopted in Parliament! Either the army, navy, and other departments would be managed by committees, each consisting of some Conservatives, English Home Rulers, Irish Home Rulers, and Unionist Liberals in their respective proportions, or some departments would be entrusted to Conservatives, some to Home Rule Liberals, some to Liberal Unionists, some to English Home Rulers, some to Irish Home Rulers. It is obvious that such a system could not possibly work well, probably not at all. Now in the London County Council we have staunch Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists—men differing quite as much as the different sections in the House of Commons, men of great ability, and earnestly believing in the absolute truth of their own convictions—and nothing but great good temper and much mutual forbearance would have enabled us to get through our work at all. The position, as Lord Rosebery has truly said, is quite “anomalous.” We are an administrative body without executive. We work by means of some eighteen committees, without any link except the weekly meeting of the Council. It is clear that under these circumstances our work must always be liable to be faulty and inconsistent. Suppose Parliament were to administer the affairs of the Empire in the same way. Suppose that, instead of having some sixteen ministers at the head of departments, it had committees administering the War Office, the Admiralty, and so forth, and that each of them made a weekly report to the House of Commons, and received the House of Commons’ directions as to the work which was to be pursued. Suppose further that every act of a committee had to be confirmed by a resolution of the House of Commons before it could be carried into effect. I venture to say that such a scene of administrative chaos would never have been witnessed in the course of history.”

Moreover, it must be remembered that while in the House of Commons the estimates of each department are settled once for all, in the London County Council every separate item has to come before the Council; that while in our national affairs the appoint-

ments are made by the departments, in our London government they are decided—even down to the promotion or dismissal of a fireman, or the appointment of a door-keeper, every resolution to make a new path in one of the parks, to open a doorway on to a park, to put up a lodge or a shed, to renew turf, to purchase gravel or iron hurdles, every question of wages or hours of work—by the whole Council. So numerous are these details, which it would be impossible to enumerate here, that we have many more than a hundred resolutions to deal with at every weekly meeting of the Council. They come to us, no doubt, after having been carefully considered by the respective committees, and the Council wisely but seldom interferes with details. Still it is obvious that the system renders it very difficult to fix responsibility, and offers almost unlimited facilities for obstruction. I must confess that I have often had great misgivings whether under such a system it would be possible to get through the business at all. We were, however, most fortunate in having for our first year such a chairman as Lord Rosebery, who enjoyed not only the complete confidence of the majority, but the hearty respect and goodwill of the minority also, and whose firmness, kindness, and tact were recognised by all. I must also say for my colleagues, without any desire to flatter, that while eager and earnest to carry out their own views, they have been most anxious that the Council should be a success, and have in a remarkable degree prevented personal or party feelings from interfering with the business of London. The system itself is very objectionable, and might easily become impossible. No complete change, however, can be effected without a new Act of Parliament.

Some improvement might, however, be made by the Council under its present powers. It would, I think, be better if in future the chairmen of committees were elected by the Council, not, as at present, by the committee itself, and were entrusted with greater responsibility as to current business; that, subject to confirmation by the Council, the chairmen should select their own committee-men; and that the chairman of the Finance Committee should be, as it were, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The size of committees is another important question. Some—for instance, the Asylums and the Parks Committees—must be large, but most of them should be small. The rule that every Councillor should be on at least one committee led at first to our committees comprising generally from fifteen to twenty members, which, however, our experience has led us gradually to diminish, and the number might, I think, be reduced still further. The fluctuation of attendance on committees, inevitable under the present system, is a serious difficulty and disadvantage. As already mentioned, I should leave the selection of the committee very much to the chair-

man, subject, of course, to the approval of the Council. He would naturally consult the tastes of his colleagues, and every judicious chairman of a committee would certainly wish to have some representative, or representatives, of the minority of the Council on his committee, because their presence and support would greatly facilitate the passage of his reports. I think also that members of a committee, who find themselves often obliged to oppose recommendations of the committee on important points, would do well to resign and take up some other sphere of work.

The status of the Chairman is another question which deserves careful attention. At present he is in a very undefined and anomalous position. He is not exactly a speaker, nor is he a prime minister: as Lord Rosebery has said, "You may make him a speaker, a leader, or a minister, or something of all three, but it seems to me necessary that you should define how it is to be, otherwise you can hardly tell what sort of a man you wish to elect. For my part, my position has always reminded me rather of that of an elected judge in one of the new mining populations of the West. He has to be a rough-and-ready functionary, able and fitted to turn his hand to anything which is what is wanted at that period."

The present position of the Chairman is certainly one of much difficulty, and would indeed have been impossible but for the constant kindness and support which Lord Rosebery and I have received not only from the Council generally, but from each individual colleague, and which I most cordially and gratefully acknowledge. I doubt, however, whether the system would work well in continuance, and am disposed to think that the Chairman of the Council should act as Speaker, or rather perhaps as the Lord Chancellor does in the House of Lords; that the chairman of the General Purposes Committee should be, as it were, the Prime Minister of London, with the chairman of the Finance Committee as his Chancellor of the Exchequer, while the General Purposes Committee would occupy the position of the Cabinet in our constitution. The Local Government Act has arranged the government of London as if it were a town; I would rather assimilate it to that of the Country.

The next point to which I would direct attention is also one of great importance. The Local Government Act of 1888, sec. 80 (3 and 4), expressly provides that—"Any costs, debt or liability exceeding £50 shall not be incurred except upon a resolution of the Council passed on an estimate submitted by the Finance Committee. The notice of the meeting at which any resolution for the payment of a sum out of the County Fund (otherwise than for ordinary periodical payments), or any resolution for incurring any costs, debt or liability exceeding £50, will be proposed, shall state the amount of the said

sum, costs, debt or liability, and the purpose for which they are to be paid or incurred."

The clear intention of this seems to be that any proposal for expenditure over £50 should go to the Finance Committee before being submitted to the Council—that the Finance Committee should examine the expenditure of the Council, just as the Treasury does that of the Government. The Council, however, has held that the Act is complied with if a proposal which comes direct from a spending committee is agreed to, "subject to an estimate being presented by the Finance Committee." This does not, however, by any means, secure the check and control which is found so valuable in our National system of finance, and which, I believe, the Legislature intended to secure for our London expenditure. Lord Lingen has more than once expressed this opinion, and I cannot but agree with him that the plan pursued, though it may be legal, is not that contemplated by the Act. As a matter of fact the Finance Committee consider that after the resolution of the Council it would be useless for them to discuss the advisability of the expenditure, and they generally confine their attention to the mode in which the money should be raised. Every committee naturally attaches special importance to its own department, and it seems very desirable, as was, I think, obviously intended by Parliament, that they should submit their plans to the Finance Committee, who might thus exercise some control on the general expenditure of the Council.

One result of the present system has been that the course pursued has not been so consistent as could be wished and as would doubtless be the case if proposals for expenditure came before the Council with the approval both of the Finance Committee and of the department. For instance, the Council agreed to provide a suitable approach to the new high level bridge on the north side of the river, but when the corresponding resolution for the southern approach came up for consideration, an amendment was moved, and carried by a majority of nine—"That having regard to the present and exceptional position in which lessees and occupiers in the metropolis, who are under contracts entered into in and since 1853 for the payment of rates, will be placed by a charge or rate upon them for the next sixty years for repayment of capital sums raised for street improvements, and which capital sums were never intended to be covered by such covenants, this Council is of opinion that it is inequitable to increase the burden on such lessees by undertaking the proposed street improvement, and therefore declines for the present to undertake such improvement."

"I have never been able to understand why this consideration should be regarded as sufficient to prevent the Strand and Bermondsey improvements—practically, indeed, all improvements (with one exception) in the heart of London—and yet should be held to

have no application to expenditure for the Blackwall Tunnel, the purchase of open spaces, and other improvements in the outlying districts. Again, under the present system every recommendation comes before the Council as an isolated proposition, but there are limits to the income even of the richest municipality in the world; and in the affairs of London, even in the affairs of the nation, as in those of every private person, there are many items of expense—in themselves very desirable—which must be abandoned, or at any rate postponed, in consequence of other demands even more pressing.

To carry out the manifest intentions of the Act would no doubt impose some additional labour on the Finance Committee, but would, I believe, greatly conduce to consistency and economy in our expenditure.

One of the most difficult financial questions which we have had before us has been the fair incidence of taxation as between owners and occupiers. There is another cognate question which well deserves the attention of the Council. We have to consider not only the relative assessment of the various parishes to one another, but also that of the metropolis generally in relation to the whole country. Sir P. Edlin, the supreme metropolitan authority on these questions, has, in a recent judgment, told us that "it is an indisputable fact that, by the operation of the Valuation (Metropolis) Act, London has been assessed for house duty, &c., on a much higher basis than the country generally, and so has had to contribute disproportionately to Imperial taxation." This is a matter which, in the interests of London, requires to be carefully considered. Under existing circumstances London does not receive its fair share of the grants in aid of local taxation. If the house duty levied in the County of London were—as suggested by Mr. Goschen in 1871, and as would be fair—substituted for the share of the probate duty now allotted to London, it would make a difference in round figures of £200,000 a year, or nearly 1½d. in the pound.

Before quitting the subject of finance, I should wish to express a hope that our successors will firmly maintain the provisions for the repayment of debt. No doubt it is always tempting to diminish a sinking fund, but it is a temptation to be resisted. I concur with Lord Lingen and our Vice-Chairman in believing that we shall be wise in extending the present rule to new loans, and that the ratepayers will be rewarded for their self-restraint by raising the sums required on more favourable terms. If a contrary policy is adopted we shall have to pay a higher rate for the money we borrow, so that even to the present leaseholders the result would be a loss and not a gain.

The Council has to steer between those who wish us to do too little and those who urge us to undertake too much. Lord Wemyss has recently attacked the Council and told Londoners that "the London County Council was mainly established to keep our streets well

paved and clean, and our drains in proper working order," not knowing apparently that we had nothing to do with the paving and cleaning of streets, which rests with the Vestries and not with the Council.

On the other hand, the Committee of the London Liberal and Radical Union has recently issued a very interesting but somewhat startling programme. It is somewhat long, but so important that perhaps I may be permitted to quote it. It rests on the authority of that body, and is not in any way a manifesto of the Council, or even of the "progressive" members of our body, except, of course, so far as they may individually adopt it.

LONDON LIBERAL AND RADICAL UNION.

A Statement of a Progressive Policy for the London County Council may be divided into three sections:—

- (a) DEMANDS FOR NECESSARY POWERS.
- (b) DECLARATIONS OF MUNICIPAL POLICY.
- (c) DEFINITE PLEDGES OF JUSTICE, ECONOMY, AND UTILITY IN ADMINISTRATION.

The aim of the Progressive Party in London should continue to be, so to secure the administration of the limited powers of government which have been conceded to London as to give to every Londoner the best advantage possible out of the public services; to compel public attention to the unjust limitation of the powers of self-government in London, and to the unjust way in which the revenue is now raised; and to resist additions to the County Council rate wherever possible until Parliament has provided that the right people should bear it.

Their policy is at once a Ratepayer's policy, for it is directed entirely to relieve the occupiers of their unjust burden and to check its increase in the meantime; and a People's policy, for it is directed to making London a better place to live in for every section of its population.

Many of the succeeding paragraphs rather express what has been done and is being aimed at by the present London County Council than contain any new proposals; and the London Liberal and Radical Union desire to express their recognition of the great work which the London County Council has accomplished even within the limited powers already at its disposal.

(a.)—*The demands for necessary powers comprise the following:—*

1. That the Local Government Act, 1888, should be amended by conceding to London all the powers of municipal government now enjoyed by any of the cities of Great Britain.
2. That the London County Council should have full powers to hold inquiries and to promote Bills for all purposes of Water Supply, Gas Supply, Electric Lighting, Docks, Markets, Tramways, Subways, Burial Grounds, and for all purposes relating to the River Thames within its jurisdiction.
3. That the London County Council should have full powers to promote such Bills as may be necessary from time to time for the amendment of the Metropolis Management Act, the Metropolitan Police Acts, Buildings Acts, Rating and Assessment Acts, and generally as to metropolitan government and finance.
4. That the London County Council should obtain the control of the Police.
5. That all doubts and restrictions as to the Council's powers of purchasing and working tramways be cleared away.

6. That the London County Council should obtain a central control of assessment and valuation, a central registration office, a Labour Bureau, and a London Statistical Department (none of which yet exist).
7. That the London County Council, instead of the Police, should become the licensing authority for stage and hackney carriages, their conductors and drivers, hawkers and pedlars, and lodging-houses.
8. That a District Councils Bill should be passed (in accordance with the Report on District Councils accepted by the Council of this Union), and that it should provide that the London County Council shall have the necessary powers of central control.
9. That the London County Council should have power to take over the duties of the Burial Boards.
10. That the London County Council should have further control over London Charities.
11. That the London County Council should be authorised to keep a register of all owners, both freeholders and leaseholders, of land and buildings in the Metropolis, and that such owners be required to register therein.

(b.)—*The points of a progressive Municipal Policy include:—*

I.—THE CONTROL OF CERTAIN GREAT CORPORATE UNDERTAKINGS.

1. The municipalisation of the Water Supply: to be obtained by the creation of a Statutory Water Committee of the London County Council, elected yearly, with power either to introduce an alternative or additional supply or to take over the existing undertakings at a price corresponding to their depreciated utility.

The Council ought also to have the power to forbid the taking of water for London drinking purposes from tainted reaches of the Thames or Lea, to compel the restoration of proper compensation water to these rivers where (as with the Lea) there is not left sufficient flow to carry off the foul matter, and to veto the taking in any case of more than a reasonable proportion of the total flow of either river (as noted by the Royal Commission).

2. The control of the Gas Supply: to be obtained by the regulation of the quality and price of gas on a basis more efficient than the present system, and by the creation of a similar Statutory Committee with power either to provide a municipal supply or to take over the companies on terms fair to the ratepayers.
3. The control of the Markets: to be obtained by power to enact bye-laws to prevent such nuisances as constantly occur (e.g., at Covent Garden and Billingsgate), and to compel the existing markets (so long as they continue) to provide efficient accommodation, especially for food supply: and by full power to establish and carry on public markets in all parts of London without regard to existing monopolies: and to take over existing markets where thought necessary.
4. The control of the River and the Docks: to be obtained by bye-law powers controlling all matters of public concern, and by controlling or superseding to that extent the Thames Conservancy, with power to the County Council to create new docks or to take over existing ones: or to promote a Public Dock Board for these purposes.
5. The control of the Tramways: to be obtained by such bye-law regulations as exist in other cities (e.g. in Edinburgh), and by the abolition of the present limitations on the powers of purchase intended to be given by Parliament.

As soon as the London County Council can obtain possession of a workable line it should be worked upon the principles now in successful operation at Huddersfield.

6. The control of all the Open Spaces of London: by means of regulations

providing (e.g.) for their convenient use for purposes of public meeting, pending the transfer to the Council of the spaces now (nominally) vested in the Crown, including powers over London Graveyards.

In the case of those Parks and Open Spaces already vested in the Council, its policy should be, as now, to make them of the utmost use for the recreation of the people, by making all reasonable arrangements for sports, conveniences, and refreshments, and by providing music.

II. PRINCIPLES OF MUNICIPAL ACTION.

1. That the County Council should not only treat its own workers fairly, but should set a good example to other employers in respect of the hours of labour, rate of wages, and conditions of employment generally.
2. That the County Council should continue the policy it has already initiated, of arranging for its employes a normal eight hours' day and a six days' week, and trade union rate of wages.
3. That it should assist the public, so far as it can without excessive cost, to make more use of the existing possessions of London by pressing for increased facilities at cheap rates on all tramways, subways, and railways; by pressing for adequate facilities as to workmen's trains; by utilising and adding to the open spaces; and by assisting to regulate the present chaotic arrangements as to hospital, infirmary, dispensing, and other medical aid.
4. That it should defend the interests of the public by demanding in the Committees of Parliament a full equivalent for the public in return for monopoly concessions, e.g., where vacant spaces or open grounds are taken for new undertakings a proper equivalent in land should be dedicated to public uses.
5. That, while acting in harmony with all local bodies, it should watch the common interests of the whole community of the Metropolis, specially as to the housing of the people, the public health, and finance.
6. That the Council should make due provision for the erection and management of municipal common lodging-houses, together with power to make free night-shelters.
7. That the Council shall not have power to re-sell the freehold of any land which may come into its possession.
8. That it should uphold, as against the City, the necessity of one government for London, and demand that the County and City should be merged in one Municipality at the earliest practicable time.
9. That the Council should insist on the relief of the ratepayers :—
 - (a) by obtaining betterment contributions to improvement schemes.
 - (b) by charging a proper quota of the annual London Budget upon the owners of rental and ground values.
 - (c) by the creation of a municipal death duty.
 - (d) by the equalisation of all rates throughout London.
 - (e) by the division of rates between owner and occupier.
 - (f) by the appropriation to the proper public uses of the Metropolis of the funds of the City Companies and Charities.
 - (g) by the equitable rating of vacant land and the collection of a fair share of the rates from the owners of vacant houses.

(c).—*Definite pledges of justice, economy, and utility in administration.*

1. That the rule forbidding contracts to be given to any firm which does not pay the rate of wages and observe the conditions of labour which are accepted as fair in their trade, shall be strictly upheld.
2. That where recognised schedules of wages cannot be enforced, the Council shall, where possible, frame a schedule and annex it to its contracts.
3. That sub-contracting shall be rigorously suppressed.

4. That, so far as practicable, the Council shall employ its own workers direct.
5. That while paying sufficient remuneration to secure the best skill in the interests of London, the Council should jealously control the increase of large salaries.
6. That with a view to provide for the unemployed, the Council should distribute the work it would naturally undertake in such a way that it may come in, as far as possible, at times when the demand for labour is decreasing; and should use its influence and powers to induce other local authorities to adopt a like course.
7. That the Council should institute a better system of financial control over the spending Departments, in the interests of economy.
8. That the Council should publish an annual budget, and forbid (except under absolute necessity) all extra-ordinary estimates.
9. That until a more just arrangement can be made as to London rating, or until the principle of betterment can be enforced, the Council should decline to promote any costly schemes of Metropolitan improvement which it is possible to defer.
10. That the Council should continue to contribute a reasonable amount annually to the increase of open spaces and the better enjoyment of those which exist.
11. That the Council should use its powers to provide greater facilities for polling at elections.
12. That the Council should put in force the regulations for tenement houses, and should use its best endeavour to compel the enforcement of the Sanitary Law and the Factory and Workshop Acts.
13. That the Council should make and enforce bye-laws for the better protection of the public against nuisances.
14. That the Council should exercise a vigilant watchfulness in the interests of the public safety over theatres and places of entertainment and public meeting, over neglected property, and over new buildings.
15. That the Council should insist on an ample provision of light and air, and should discourage the overcrowding of the people in large blocks where proper conditions are not obtained.
16. That (while discouraging large and costly schemes on the basis of Cross's Act) the Council should vigorously enforce the Housing Acts against the owners of slum property.
17. That the County Council shall use its powers to provide proper dwellings, at rents sufficient to secure them from loss, in those parts of the Metropolis and suburbs where proper housing for the working population has been swept away or does not exist.
18. That, pending the construction of the Blackwall Tunnel, the Council shall increase the accommodation for transit by free ferry across the Thames below bridge.
19. That the Council should take steps to procure the removal of all gates and bars which obstruct the London streets.
20. That the Council should make further arrangements for the publication of its reports, statistics, &c., and for the regular gratuitous supply of all its publications to the Public Libraries of London.
21. That the Council should support such a reform of the law as will make clear the right of women to be County Councillors.
22. That the Council should support such a reform of the law as will provide for the payment of all members of the Council for their services.

These proposals involve an accession of labour and responsibility which would inevitably crush an already overburdened body. The Union, however, certainly did not intend, even if they had the power, to impose these new duties on the Council all at once. They

would probably, and might fairly, say that they were looking forward to what they would wish should be gradually effected. Even so I would repeat Lord Rosebery's wise warning, "Do not break the back of the Council";¹ and there was, I think, much force in Lord Monkswell's suggestion that the "programme dealt with too many subjects, and might probably lose them the next election. He did not think, to mention one thing, that the County Council should concern itself with burial boards." There are, however, other proposals in this important document which seem to me more questionable than the one selected by Lord Monkswell. I do not allude to the criticism that the programme seems to show somewhat scanty respect for legal rights, because I doubt not that the necessary condensation of a manifesto and the omission of qualifications gives an appearance of confiscation which was quite unintentional. I feel sure that there was no desire to rob those who have invested their savings in gas, water, tramways, or other similar undertakings, and that the framers of the manifesto merely meant that the ratepayers should not be called on to pay more than is just and reasonable, and should exercise such control as may ensure that the companies fulfil the obligations they have undertaken.

I have rather in my mind the general suggestion running through the document that the Council itself should undertake great business transactions. For instance, it is not only to work the gas and water supply; not only to purchase, but to work, the tramways; to supply and work municipal lodging-houses; to provide and manage workmen's dwellings; to establish and carry on public markets, without regard to existing monopolies; to take over the docks; and, so far as possible, to employ its own workers direct. In fact, the London County Council government of London would become entirely subordinate to the conduct of the most gigantic trading establishment which the world has ever seen. The County Council would become a joint-stock company, a sort of "London, Limited," with the ratepayers as shareholders.

Such a policy would, I feel sure, be very unwise, especially as we are also told that, while the hours of labour are to be shortened and liberal wages are to be paid to those who work with their muscles, with reference to intellectual work, on the contrary, "the Council shall jealously control the increase of large salaries." Duties are to be undertaken which will require and tax the best brains, but while manual labour is to be paid liberally, the remuneration of brain work, and brain work only, is to be "jealously watched." If, then, these suggestions formed any essential or necessary part of the "progressive" programme I would not allude to them. But that is not the

(1) It is to be hoped that the establishment of District Councils will relieve the Council to some extent; but I do not enter into this, not knowing the final intentions of the Government on the question.

case. Some of the most experienced leaders of the Liberal party have always opposed trading by Government. The London County Council has plenty to do without becoming a municipal Whiteley, or a gigantic monopolist. There is, moreover, under such a system, considerable risk of jobbery and corruption. The proper function of a Government is to govern, not to trade. It may be said that, holding these opinions, it is inconsistent in me to introduce a Bill one part of which would enable the Council to take over the London water supply. I have discussed this question elsewhere, and will here only say that I have done so under the belief that an additional supply will soon be necessary, and that it cannot be obtained in the Thames area. The Bill would enable the Council either to provide this supply under an arrangement with the water companies, or to buy them up. I prefer the former course, both because I believe it would be more economical, and because it would leave the hands and heads of the Council free for other work. At the same time, while economy is an advantage, water is a necessity.

As regards the housing of the working classes, the law now gives us great power in enforcing the closing of insanitary houses, and I believe the majority of the present Council prefers to deal with the question by enforcing the Act in this respect. No doubt we have undertaken one large scheme ourselves—namely, that of the Boundary Street area in Bethnal Green. But for this there were special reasons. It was, indeed, urged with much force by Mr. Watney, Mr. Hutton, and others, that the initial expense of merely purchasing and clearing the ground would be £300,000, or nearly £60 per head of the persons occupying the area, that it was unjust to the ratepayers generally to impose on them so heavy a burthen for the benefit of a few favoured persons, and that the course proposed offered a premium to owners to allow their houses to fall into a disgraceful condition. They argued that the proper course was to close the houses under the powers conferred upon us, thus throwing the expense on the owners. I believe that what mainly determined the Committee and the Council was the consideration that, while we could close individual houses at the expense of the owners, it was in this particular case very desirable, having reference to the general health of the district, to widen and rearrange the streets, which could only be done by us.

I may call attention to the fact that the amount spent under the Acts by our predecessors was £1,611,000, and the number of persons housed or to be housed for that great expenditure is only 30,500. There is no annual income, the £1,611,000 being the difference between the price paid for the property and that for which it was resold, so that it has been an absolute loss. Our Housing Committee also tell us that they have had under consideration no fewer than 270 other insanitary areas. These facts, I think, show the clear necessity

for most careful consideration and economy in dealing with this important question. The true policy of local authorities is to carry out the Acts enabling them to compel landlords to keep their houses in a proper condition, and when that is done we may trust, in this respect, as in the provision of bread or other necessities, to the natural laws of supply and demand.

I must not, however, extend this article unduly. There is only one other point to which I will allude. I hope it may soon be possible to secure a suitable site for Municipal Offices. Our Offices Committee has done everything which was possible to promote the convenience of the public and the comfort of our staff with the space at their disposal. The present arrangements are, however, very inconvenient. The Council Chamber itself is, indeed, quite sufficient for our simple wants, but our staff itself is scattered over six different buildings, several of them very ill-suited for the purpose. This is very unsatisfactory, and I am sure that if we had suitable Municipal Offices it would be much better, not only in the interest of efficiency, but of economy also.

The ratepayers of London have, next month, a duty to perform, second only in importance to that of a Parliamentary election. I sincerely hope that they will secure the best candidates and vote for the best men; that they will judge rather by what the candidates have done in the past than what they promise in the future. The election, we are told, is to be fought on party lines, but I hope those lines will not be drawn so tightly as to prevent a vote being given for a political opponent if he would make an able and prudent Councillor. I have great confidence in the judgment of my fellow-citizens, and will, in conclusion, quote the words addressed to the present Council by Lord Rosebery, in May, 1890. "Our history," he said to us, "has been a record of hard, honest work. You have had to learn your business and to do it. The quality of that work must be decided by its results, but of the quantity I can testify myself. I have watched you doing it during the short days of winter and the long summer afternoons, sometimes sick, baffled and depressed, weary of the eternal contrast between the evils to be overcome and the means of overcoming them. What has sustained you in this work has been neither fee nor fame nor praise: it has been the pure impulse of a clear duty and a high hope and a generous ideal. I trust that we shall always cherish that spirit among us, for without it our work would degenerate into a repulsive round of depressing detail; without it we might dwindle into mean corruption or petty intrigue; and without it the Council might never realize that high destiny which, as the greatest of municipalities, worked by the greatest of races, in the greatest of cities, if wisely guided and well served, it cannot fail to attain."

JOHN LUBBOCK.

SOME POSSIBILITIES OF ELECTRICITY.

WE know little as yet concerning the mighty agency we call electricity. "Substantialists" tell us it is a kind of matter. Others view it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, reject both these views. Professor Lodge considers it "a form, or rather a mode of, manifestation of the ether." Professor Nikola Tesla demurs to the view of Professor Lodge, but thinks that "nothing would seem to stand in the way of calling electricity ether associated with matter, or bound ether." High authorities cannot yet even agree whether we have one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty is to persevere in experiment and observation. If we never learn what electricity is; if, like life or like matter, it should always remain an unknown quantity, we shall assuredly discover more about its attributes and functions.

The light which the study of electricity throws upon a variety of chemical phenomena—witnessed alike in our little laboratories and in the vast laboratories of the earth and sun—cannot be overlooked. Without going into transcendental speculations as to the origin of all things, it may be mentioned that the theory which now meets with most favour as best representing the genesis of the chemical elements is, that at the time each element was differentiated from the all-pervading *protyle*, it took to itself definite quantities of electricity, and upon these quantities the atomicity of the element depends. Professor Oliver Lodge expresses this when he says, "Every monad atom has associated with it a certain definite quantity of electricity; every dyad has twice this quantity associated with it; every triad three times as much, and so on."¹ Helmholtz considers it to be probable that electricity is as atomic as matter, and that an electrical atom is as definite a quantity as a chemical atom. This, however, must not yet be regarded as a certainty, for it is possible that all the facts at present known may be explicable in another way. If an atom of matter is endowed with the property of taking to itself one, two, three, or more units of electricity, it does not follow that electricity is atomic. Imagine the atoms of matter to act like so many bottles, capable of holding one, two, three, or more pints. Imagine electricity to be like water in the ocean, which for the purposes of this argument may be considered inexhaustible and structureless. One of the atomic "bottle" elements dipped into the ocean would certainly take to itself one, two, three, or more pints

(1) "On Electrolysis," British Association Reports, 1885.

of water, but it would by no means follow that the ocean was atomic in that it was capable of being divided up into an infinite number of little parcels, each holding a pint or its multiple.

For this and other reasons I think we must accept the hypothesis of the atomic character of electricity as not yet definitely proved, although it is not improbable.

I have spoken of the "ether"—an impalpable, invisible entity, by which all space is supposed to be filled. By means of the ether theory we can explain electrical phenomena, as well as those appertaining to the phenomena of light.

Until quite recently we have been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations, from the extreme red of the solar spectrum on the one side to the ultra-violet on the other—say, from three ten-millionths of a millimetre to eight ten-millionths of a millimetre. Within this comparatively limited range of ethereal vibrations and the equally narrow range of sound-vibrations all our knowledge has been hitherto confined.

Whether vibrations of the ether, longer than those which affect us as light, may not be constantly at work around us, we have, until lately, never seriously enquired. But the researches of Lodge in England and of Hertz in Germany give us an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays, from wave-lengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here is unfolded to us a new and astonishing world—one which it is hard to conceive should contain no possibilities of transmitting and receiving intelligence.

Rays of light will not pierce through a wall, nor, as we know only too well, through a London fog. But the electrical vibrations of a yard or more in wave-length of which I have spoken will easily pierce such mediums, which to them will be transparent. Here, then, is revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. Granted a few reasonable postulates, the whole thing comes well within the realms of possible fulfilment. At the present time experimentalists are able to generate electrical waves of any desired wave-length from a few feet upwards, and to keep up a succession of such waves radiating into space in all directions. It is possible, too, with some of these rays, if not with all, to refract them through suitably-shaped bodies acting as lenses, and so direct a sheaf of rays in any given direction; enormous lens-shaped masses of pitch and similar bodies have been used for this purpose. Also an experimentalist at a distance can receive some, if not all, of these rays on a properly-constituted instrument, and by concerted signals messages in the Morse code can thus pass from one operator to another. What, therefore, remains to be discovered is—firstly, simpler and more certain means of generating electrical rays of any desired wave-length, from the

shortest, say of a few feet in length, which will easily pass through buildings and fogs, to those long waves whose lengths are measured by tens, hundreds, and thousands of miles; secondly, more delicate receivers which will respond to wave-lengths between certain defined limits and be silent to all others; thirdly, means of darting the sheaf of rays in any desired direction, whether by lenses or reflectors, by the help of which the sensitiveness of the receiver (apparently the most difficult of the problems to be solved) would not need to be so delicate as when the rays to be picked up are simply radiating into space in all directions, and fading away according to the law of inverse squares.

Any two friends living within the radius of sensibility of their receiving instruments, having first decided on their special wave-length and attuned their respective instruments to mutual receptivity, could thus communicate as long and as often as they pleased by timing the impulses to produce long and short intervals on the ordinary Morse code. At first sight an objection to this plan would be its want of secrecy. Assuming that the correspondents were a mile apart, the transmitter would send out the waves in all directions, filling a sphere a mile in radius, and it would therefore be possible for any one living within a mile of the sender to receive the communication. This could be got over in two ways. If the exact position of both sending and receiving instruments were accurately known, the rays could be concentrated with more or less exactness on the receiver. If, however, the sender and receiver were moving about, so that the lens device could not be adopted, the correspondents must attune their instruments to a definite wave-length, say, for example, fifty yards. I assume here that the progress of discovery would give instruments capable of adjustment by turning a screw or altering the length of a wire, so as to become receptive of wave-lengths of any preconceived length. Thus, when adjusted to fifty yards, the transmitter might emit, and the receiver respond to, rays varying between forty-five and fifty-five yards, and be silent to all others. Considering that there would be the whole range of waves to choose from, varying from a few feet to several thousand miles, there would be sufficient secrecy; for curiosity the most inveterate would rarely recoil from the task of passing in review all the millions of possible wave-lengths on the remote chance of ultimately hitting on the particular wave-length employed by his friends whose correspondence he wished to tap. By "coding" the message even this remote chance of surreptitious straying could be obviated.

This is no mere dream of a visionary philosopher. All the requisites needed to bring it within the grasp of daily life are well within the possibilities of discovery, and are so reasonable and so clearly in

the path of researches which are now being actively prosecuted in every capital of Europe that we may any day expect to hear that they have emerged from the realms of speculation into those of sober fact. Even now, indeed, telegraphing without wires is possible within a restricted radius of a few hundred yards, and some years ago I assisted at experiments where messages were transmitted from one part of a house to another without an intervening wire by almost the identical means here described.

The discovery of a receiver sensitive to one set of wave-lengths and silent to others is even now partially accomplished. The human eye is an instance supplied by nature of one which responds to the narrow range of electro-magnetic impulses between the three ten-millionths of a millimetre and the eight ten-millionths of a millimetre. It is not improbable that other sentient beings have organs of sense which do not respond to some or any of the rays to which our eyes are sensitive, but are able to appreciate other vibrations to which we are blind. Such beings would practically be living in a different world to our own. Imagine, for instance, what idea we should form of surrounding objects were we endowed with eyes not sensitive to the ordinary rays of light but sensitive to the vibrations concerned in electric and magnetic phenomena. Glass and crystal would be among the most opaque of bodies. Metals would be more or less transparent, and a telegraph wire through the air would look like a long narrow hole drilled through an impervious solid body. A dynamo in active work would resemble a conflagration, whilst a permanent magnet would realise the dream of mediæval mystics and become an everlasting lamp with no expenditure of energy or consumption of fuel.

In some parts of the human brain may lurk an organ capable of transmitting and receiving other electrical rays of wave-lengths hitherto undetected by instrumental means. These may be instrumental in transmitting thought from one brain to another. In such a way the recognised cases of thought transference, and the many instances of "coincidence" would be explicable. I will not speculate on the result were we eventually to catch and harness these "brain-waves."

Whatever be the length of the electric wave, the velocity with which it travels is constant, and is equal to the velocity of light, or about one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second. Professor Oliver Lodge, who has worked for some years on these subjects, gives¹ formulæ for calculating the frequency of vibration and the wave-length of the electrical rays given by the discharge of Leyden jars of different capacities. The bigger the jar and the greater the size of the circuit the longer will be the waves. Thus, a pint jar discharging through a two-yard circuit will give waves of a length

(1) *Modern Views of Electricity*, pp. 246-7.

of fifteen or twenty metres, and they will follow each other at the rate of ten millions a second. A jar the size of a thimble will give waves only about two or three feet long, and they will succeed one another at the rate of two hundred and fifty or three hundred millions a second. With every diminution in size of the apparatus the wave-lengths get shorter, and could we construct Leyden jars of molecular dimensions, Professor Lodge considers the rays might fall within the narrow limits of visibility. We do not know the intimate structure of a molecule sufficiently to understand how it could act as a Leyden jar; yet it is not improbable that the discontinuous phosphorescent light emitted from certain of the rare earths, when excited by a high tension current of electricity in a good vacuum, is really an artificial production of these electric waves, sufficiently short to affect our organs of vision. If such a light could be produced more easily and more regularly, it would be far more economical than light from a flame or from the arc or incandescent lamp, as very little of the energy is expended in the form of heat rays. Of such production of light Nature supplies us with examples in the glow-worm and the fire-flies, whose light, though sufficiently energetic to be seen at a considerable distance, is accompanied by no liberation of heat capable of detection by our most delicate instruments.

By means of currents alternating with very high frequency, Professor Nikola Tesla has succeeded in passing by induction, through the glass of a lamp, energy sufficient to keep a filament in a state of incandescence without the use of connecting wires. These lamps possess one interesting feature; they can be rendered at will more or less brilliant by simply altering the relative position of the outside and inside condenser coatings. If exhausted glass tubes are used as the source of light, very beautiful effects are produced. The electric generator is capable of exciting the tubes at a considerable distance, and the luminous effects are very striking. For instance, if a tube be taken in one hand, the observer being near the generator, it will be brilliantly lighted, and will remain so, no matter in what position it is held relatively to the observer's body. Even with tubes having no electrodes there is no difficulty in producing by this means sufficient light to read by, and the light will be considerably increased by the use of phosphorescent materials, such as yttria, uranium-glass, &c.

The ideal way of lighting a room would be by creating in it a powerful, rapidly-alternating electrostatic field, in which a vacuum tube could be moved and put anywhere, and lighted without being metallically connected with anything. Professor Tesla has obtained such a condition by suspending, some distance apart, two sheets of metal, each connected with one of the terminals of the induction

coil. If an exhausted tube is carried anywhere between these plates it remains always luminous. In such a room, in addition to the luminous phenomena mentioned, it is observed that any insulated conductor gives sparks when the hand or any other object is approached to it, and the sparks may often be powerful.

Alternating currents have at best a somewhat doubtful reputation; but it follows from Tesla's researches that, as the rapidity of the alternation increases, they become incomparably less dangerous. It further appears that a true flame can now be produced without chemical aid—a flame which yields light and heat without the consumption of material and without any chemical process. To this end we require improved methods for producing excessively frequent alternations and enormous potentials. The energy required is very small, and if light can be obtained as efficiently as, theoretically, it appears possible, the apparatus need have but a very small output. For the production of light at least, the heavy machinery at present in use would seem to be unnecessary. There being a strong probability that the illuminating methods of the future will involve the use of very high potentials, one of the problems in the near future will be to perfect a contrivance capable of converting the energy of heat into energy of the required form. The extent to which this new method of illumination may be practically available experiment alone can decide. In any case our insight into the possibilities of static electricity have been extended, and the ordinary electrostatic machine will cease to be regarded as a mere toy.

Another tempting field of research, scarcely yet attacked by pioneers, awaits exploration. I allude to the mutual action of electricity and life. No sound man of science endorses the assertion that "electricity is life;" nor can we ever venture to speak of life as one of the varieties or manifestations of energy. Nevertheless, electricity has an important influence upon vital phenomena, and is in turn set in action by the living being, animal or vegetable. We have electric fishes—one of them the prototype of the torpedo of modern warfare. There is the electric slug, which is reported to have been met with in gardens and roads about Hornsey Rise, and which, if touched, occasioned a momentary numbness of the finger-tip. There is also an electrical centipede. In the study of such facts and such relations the scientific electrician has before him an almost infinite field of inquiry.

If we take a bird's-eye view of the solid work that lies ahead, the first requisite is certainly a source of electricity cheaper and more universally applicable than the tedious conversion of chemical energy into heat, of heat again into mechanical power, and of such power into electric current. It is depressing to reflect that this roundabout process, with losses at every step, is still our best

means of obtaining a supply of electricity. Until this is accomplished, we are still haunted by the steam-engine with its clouds of smoke and its heaps of cinders and ashes. Water power to set dynamos in action is only available in exceptional cases, and very rarely indeed in our country. Whilst we are seeking for cheaper sources of electricity, no endeavour must be spared to tame the fierceness of those powerful alternating currents now so largely used. Too many clever electricians have shared the fate of Tullus Hostilius, who, according to the Roman myth, incurred the wrath of Jove for practising magical arts, and was struck dead with a thunderbolt. In modern language, he was simply working with a high tension current, and, inadvertently touching a live wire, got a fatal shock.

We know that the rays of the arc light, allowed to act judiciously on plants, may, to a more or less extent, compensate for lack of solar heat and light; but so long as electric energy is so costly, we cannot bring this interesting fact into industrial practice. In respect to vegetation, it is still uncertain whether electrical currents exercise any decided or uniform influence upon growing crops of grain or fruit; or whether such influence would be favourable or the reverse. Experiments tried by the late Sir W. Siemens lead to the opinion that electricity may induce earlier and better harvests; but much further study is here needed. Nor have we yet solved the equally important and closely connected question, whether we may by electrical action rout the parasitical insects and fungi which in some seasons rob us of no less than the tenth of our crops. A moderate estimate puts the mean loss in the home kingdoms at £12,000,000 per annum. In India and some of the colonies, a number of destroyers, which it is not my business to specify, are less easily contented. Like Falstaff, in the words of Dame Quickly, they seek to take, "not some, but all." The attacks of the phylloxera have cost our French neighbours more than did the Franco-Prussian war.

It has been found in not a few experiments that electric currents not only give increased vigour to the life of the higher plants, but tend to paralyse the baneful activity of parasites, animal and vegetable. Here, then, is unlimited scope for practical research, in which the electrical engineer must join forces with the farmer, the gardener, and the vegetable physiologist. We have definitely to decide whether, and under what circumstance, electricity is beneficial to our crops; and whether, and under what conditions, it is deadly to parasitic pests.

With regard to the possible applications of electricity to agriculture, I may mention that the total amount of *vis viva* which the sun pours out yearly upon every acre of the earth's surface, chiefly in the form of heat, is 800,000 horse-power.¹ Of this mighty

(1) *The Perplexed Farmer*, by George Ville. English Edition, by W. Crookes.

supply of energy a flourishing crop utilizes only 3,200 horse-power, so that the energy wasted per acre of land is 796,800 horse-power. We talk loudly of the importance of utilizing the refuse of our manufactures; but what is the value of alkali waste, of furnace slags, of coal tar, or of all of them together, compared to the loss of 796,800 horse-power per acre?

The application of electricity to sanitary improvements is another possibility, turning again mainly on a cheap supply of current. The electrical treatment and purification of sewage and industrial waste waters is a demonstrated reality which merely requires a reduction in the cost of the agent employed.

The sterilization, *i.e.*, the destruction of disease germs by electrical means, of the water supply of cities has been proposed and discussed. Theoretically, it is possible, but the practical difficulty of dealing with the vast volumes of water required for the daily consumption of London is prodigious. But, "a difficulty," said Lord Lyndhurst, "is a thing to be overcome." There is a still more important consideration; the living organisms in water are by no means all pathogenic—many are demonstratively harmless, and others are probably beneficial. Pasteur proposed to bring up young animals on sterilized food and drink with a view to determine whether their health and development would be affected for the better or for the worse. Decisive results are not yet forthcoming. Before the sterilization of our water sources can be prudently undertaken, this great question must be first decided by experimental biologists.

Another point at which the practical electrician should aim is nothing less than the control of the weather. We are told that these islands have no climate—merely samples—that an English summer consists of three fine days and a thunderstorm, and that the only fruit that ripens with us is a baked apple. There is more than a grain of truth in this sarcasm. The great evil of a thunderstorm in this country is not that the lightning may kill a man or a cow, or set barns or stacks on fire. The real calamity consists in the weather being upset. The storm is followed by a fall of temperature; and a fit of rain, clouds and wind, which rarely lasts less than a week, sadly interferes with the growth and ripening of grain and fruits. The question is, Cannot the accumulations of electric energy in the atmosphere be thwarted, dispersed, or turned to practical use? In like manner we may hope to abate the terrible fog nuisance, which is now in point of time no longer confined to the month of November, and by no means limits its attacks to London. It has been shown that during a genuine London fog the air is decidedly electro-positive. What the effect would be of neutralizing it would not be very difficult to show.

We hear of attempts at rain-making said to have been more or

less successful. Shall we ever be able, not to reduce our rainfall in quantity, but to concentrate it on a smaller number of days, so as to be freed from a perennial drizzle?

I shall, perhaps, be styled a dreamer, or something worse, if I remotely hint at still further amending the ways of Nature. We all know, too well, that cloudiness and rainfall occur chiefly by day, and clear skies at night. This is precisely the opposite distribution to that which our crops require. We need clear heavens by day, that the supply of sunshine may not be interfered with, and we want clouds at night to prevent the earth losing by radiation the heat which it has gained in the day. As we have just seen, Nature supplies energy amply sufficient. How is this enormous quantity of power to be made available? These are problems which may safely be left to the devices and the inspirations of our electrical engineers.

I have thus glanced at some of the intricate electrical problems to be solved—some of the enormous difficulties to be surmounted. Progress, a word now in the mouth of everyone, may—as Dean Swift observed—be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation are the wonders thereof!

WILLIAM CROOKES.

THE ROAD FROM MASHOONALAND.

THAT the country occupied by the Chartered Company has a possible future before it if it has an outlet, is a fact that its most vehement detractors cannot altogether deny. Gold is there; whether in large or small quantities, whether payable or unpayable, is a matter which can only be decided by years of careful prospecting and sinking of shafts, not by hasty scratching on the surface, or the verdict of so-called "experts" after a hurried visit; that gold was there is also certain from the vast acres of overturned alluvial soil and countless shafts sunk in remote antiquity. But to carry out what is necessary for this possible future development, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, resuscitation of this country, an easy access is indispensable.

Having entered the country by the weary waggon-road through Bechuanaland, and having left it by the now somewhat arduous Pungwe route, I can confidently affirm that this latter is the only possible one, and I now propose to describe it as it at present exists, feeling sure that in years to come, when the railway hurries the traveller up to Umtali, when the venomous *tsetse*-fly no longer destroys all transport animals, when lions cease to roar at night, and the game has retired to a respectful distance, a back glimpse at the early days of this route will be historically interesting.

Umtali is the natural land terminus of this route, as Beira is its legitimate port. Umtali, so called from a rivulet which flows below it, is now a scattered community of huts, shortly to be brought together in a "township" at a more favourable spot about five miles distant from the present site, which township the British South Africa Company hope to call Manica, and to make the capital of that portion of Manicaland which they so dexterously, to use an Africander term, "jumped" from the Portuguese. Of all their camps Umtali is the most favourably situated, enjoying delicious air, an immunity from swamps and fevers, lovely views, and many flowers. On the ridge, where the camp huts now stand exposed to the violent and prevailing blasts of the south-east winds, which descend in furious gusts from the surrounding mountains, stand also the guns taken from the Portuguese, nine in all, and presenting a formidable enough appearance, until you learn that they are useless at present, as the pins were abstracted before capture. Far away on the hill slopes are the huts of the original settlers; the bishop's palace, likewise a daub hut standing in the midst of a goodly mission farm. The hospital, with the sisters' huts, crowns another eminence, and the newly-made fort crowns the highest point, from which glorious views can be obtained over the sea of

Manica mountains, the rich red soil and green vegetation, a pleasant change to the eye after the everlasting grey granite *koppies* of Mashoonaland and its uniform vegetation.

Of ancient Portuguese remains there are several in the neighbourhood of the Umtali forts, where centuries ago the pioneers held their own for awhile against native aggression: to-day, if you dine at the officers' mess at Umtali, you find evidences of Portugal of another nature. You sit on Portuguese chairs and feed off Portuguese plates obtained from the loot of the store at Massi Kessi; and when the governor of that district came to pay an amicable visit to the governor of Umtali, there was nothing to seat him on save his own chairs, nothing to feed him on save his own plates, and nothing to give him to eat save his own tinned meats. But Portuguese politeness rose to the occasion, and no remarks were made.

Crossing a stream below the fort you find yourself amidst a collection of circular daub huts and stores, on either side of what a facetious butcher, who deals largely in tough old transport oxen, has termed in his advertisement "Main Street." Here you may pay enormous prices for the barest necessities of life, and you may drink at old Angus's bar a glass of whiskey for the price at which you could get a bottle in England. Scotch is the prevailing accent here, and I think the greatest gainers out of Mashoonaland, in this the first year of its existence, are those canny traders who have loaded waggons with jams and drink, and sold them at fabulous prices to hungry troopers and thirsty prospectors. Old Angus is a typical specimen of this class, a sandy-haired little Scotchman, well up in colonial ways, who keeps two huts, in one of which eating, drinking, and gossip are always to be found; whilst the other is divided into three bare cells, and is called an hotel.

Such is the first Umtali, primitive and fascinating in its rawness. Even now many of the huts will be abandoned to the rats and the rain, while the foundations of a future Umtali of doubtful expansion have been laid five miles away.

Our journey from Umtali to Beira was one which required much forethought. Firstly, we had much luggage, which we did not wish to leave behind or bury on the way, as others had been obliged to do; secondly, my wife did not feel inclined to do the one hundred and eighty miles on foot, through heat and swamp, in tropical Africa; and thirdly, the Kaffir bearers were scarce, and especially—at that season of the year, when their fields wanted ploughing—apt to run away at awkward moments. So the services of the homely ass were brought into requisition. The ass would die of the fly-bite, every one told us, but not until it had deposited us safely in Beira. Consequently eleven asses were procured, and considered in the light of the railway tickets of the future, to be used and thrown away. It seemed horribly cruel, I

must admit, to condemn eleven asses to a lingering death ; but then, what are animals made for but to lay down their lives to satisfy the appetites of man ? and no society for the prevention of cruelty to animals as yet exists in Mashoonaland.

A cart was constructed on two firm wheels, and was the wonder of its day. Eight donkeys were harnessed thereto, with gear made out of every imaginable scrap of material. Three donkeys trotted gaily by its side, to be brought into requisition in case of sore backs and other disasters ; and one wet evening we despatched our hopeful cart with our blessing on its road to the coast. It would take three or four days getting by the waggon-road to Massi Kessi, whilst we could cross the mountains in one. So next morning, we on foot and the lady on horseback started by the mountain road for Massi Kessi, and got there as evening was coming on. A good walk in any of the mountainous districts of the British Isles would have been just the same. A drenching mist obscured every vision, the paths were slippery and uneven ; occasionally a glimpse at a stream with bananas waving in the mist, or at a Kaffir kraal, would dispel the homelike illusion and bring us back to Africa again. Towards evening the aggravating mist cleared away, and gave us a splendid panorama of the surrounding mountains as we approached Massi Kessi, and entered the splendid valley of the river Revwe. Here we walked for miles over ground which had been worked for alluvial gold in the olden days, the soil being honeycombed with deep holes, and presenting the appearance of a ploughed field with circular furrows.

Certainly the Portuguese, or rather the Mozambique Company are to be congratulated on the possession of such a paradise as this Revwe valley—fertile in soil, rich in water, glorious in its views over forest-clad mountains ; and it is not to be wondered at that they keenly resented the temporary appropriation of it. Massi Kessi and its neighbourhood are rich in reminiscences of the Portuguese past ; the new fort where the new company has its store was built out of the remains of an old Portuguese fort, around which you may still pick up fragments of Nankin porcelain, relics of those days, now long since gone by, when the Portuguese of Africa, India, and the Persian Gulf lived in the lap of luxury, and fed off porcelain brought by their trading ships from China. Higher up in the mountain valleys are forts and roads constructed during this occupation of the country. Portuguese historians, De Barros, Dos Santos, and others, tell us of those days when, at Luanze, Bucutia, and Massapa, the Portuguese traders had factories, missions, churches, and traded for gold with the natives ; as in the Persian Gulf, as in Goa and elsewhere, the Portuguese influence vanished in East Africa after her union with Spain and the consequent drafting-off of her soldiers to the wars in Flanders ; barely a phantom of her former power remained to her in the province of Mozambique. A few futile

expeditions under Barreto, Fernandez and others, were destroyed either by the natives or by fever. But the final blow to the Portuguese colony at Massi Kessi came in 1832, when one of the many hordes of Zulus invaded the Mozambique territories under a chief Carongwe. The natives brought their cattle to be protected by the governor of Massi Kessi which the Zulus at once demanded, but the governor refused to give them up and a desperate siege ensued, and when lead failed for bullets they actually used balls made out of gold nuggets, but the water supply failed and resistance was impossible, the governor, garrison, priests, and merchants were all massacred. After this the inland country was practically abandoned to the savages. Old treaties existed but were not renewed; lethargy seemed to have taken entire possession of the few remaining Portuguese who were left here, a lethargy from which they were rudely awakened by the advent of the Chartered Company. What better argument do we want for the re-occupation of this country by a more enterprising race than these forts abandoned and in ruins, and the treaties with savage chiefs long since neglected—consigned to the national archives?

The tradition of good living is still maintained by the Portuguese officials at Massi Kessi. Never saw I a greater contrast in seventeen miles than that afforded by the fare provided at the British camp at Umtali, and that placed before us by the kind Portuguese commandant at Massi Kessi, where we had six courses of meat and excellent wines, and other unwonted luxuries. They have farms for vegetables and many a head of cattle around; they have their natives under complete control, and make them work; they build large roomy huts, but the commandant's apologies because we had to sit on wooden boxes, not on chairs, made us blush, for we knew that the said chairs were there once, but now were gracing the British mess-room at Umtali.

When speaking of roughing it in the interior, the want of food and the necessities of life, Commandant Béthencourt was slightly sarcastic. "What strange people you English are to undergo such hardships," he said. "We Portuguese might, perhaps, do so for our country, but for a Company—never!"

Now we started in good earnest for the coast, refreshed by our three days' rest at Massi Kessi under the hospitable roof of the Portuguese; our cart had arrived, and our eleven donkeys and men looked fit, despite the evil road they had had to traverse.

Two roads from here were open to us to Beira—one by the Pungwe, the other by the Buzi river. We hesitated somewhat in our choice, as the latter, we were told, was less swampy, and the fertile district of Umtali would have interested us—for they grow there the best tobacco in these parts, and the prospects for agricultural purposes, they told us, are brilliant; but as the season was growing late, and the rains might come on any day, we decided on taking

the quicker and more frequented route. Moreover, we were anxious to witness for ourselves the result of the calamities which had befallen Messrs. Heany and Johnson on their pioneer route, and to form our own opinion as to the possibility of using it in the future.

Our first halt was at the Mineni river, a tributary of the Revwe, after an easy journey, broken only by the upsetting of our cart when we least expected it, an accident which occurred for the first and only time. The Mineni is a rapid stream, flanked by rich tropical vegetation, with graceful bamboos and lovely ferns overhanging the water; it supplied a deficiency we had long felt in Mashoonaland scenery, namely, water in conjunction with mountains and rich vegetation. The greens are peculiarly vivid here, and the red young leaves of some of the trees give the appearance of autumnal tints, and form a feature peculiar to African landscape. In its rocky bed we dared to bathe without fear of crocodiles, an ever present terror to those who venture into the sluggish sandy pools of Eastern Africa; not that one ever does come across any authentic stories of a death from a crocodile, but the dread is sufficient to spoil the bath.

Messrs. Heany and Johnson undoubtedly did good work in preparing their road, and we probably are the only people who are devoutly thankful to them for it, for ours is the only wheeled vehicle which has traversed it in its entirety since the single pioneer coach went up to Umtali, after infinite difficulty and weeks of disaster, with such sorry tales of fever, fly, and swamp, that no waggons have since ventured to repeat the experiment. The trees which they had cut down, and the culverts which they had made over the *dongas*, assisted us materially, and we stepped along our road right merrily.

The further we went the more reason we had to be thankful for our frail cart and homely asses. Others we passed in dire distress, whose bearers had deserted them and who could not replace them: we overtook one party holding solemn conclave as to what they should throw away, what they should bury, and what they could possibly manage to take with them. Boxes, containing liquor, clothes, and other commodities which can be dispensed with are frequently found on the road, telling their tale of desertion by bearers, and the acute misery of their former owners.

He who first started the evil plan of paying these dark bearers in advance ought for ever to be held up to public obloquy. The Kaffir doubtless, has been often cheated by the white man, for many unscrupulous individuals have traversed this road from Umtali to Beira, and the negro was wise in his generation when he insisted on prepayment before undertaking the journey; but now he has too dangerous an opportunity for retaliation, of which he takes frequent advantage, and many are the cases of desertion at awkward points. A white man, stricken with fever, had to pay his bearers over and over again

before he could persuade them to go on; the sisters on their way to Umtali were deserted at Chimoia; and at the season of the year when the fields are to be ploughed, the Kaffirs develop a still greater tendency to this unscrupulous behaviour.

The Portuguese manage their affairs far better than we do; troops of so-called convicts are shipped from their West African provinces to those on the east coast, and *vice versa*, so that in both places they have ready-made slaves to carry their baggage and their *mashiks*, or travelling hammocks. The word of the Portuguese is law with their black subjects, whereas the unfortunate Englishman has to pay 25 shillings or £2 for a bearer, who will carry sixty pounds, but will desert when the fancy takes him. Furthermore, the Englishman dare not treat his nigger as he deserves; if he did, he would be had up at once before the Portuguese magistrates, and be sure to get the worst of it. Before the Pungwe route can be made available, even for the lightest traffic, this order of things must cease. The native bearer is undoubtedly a fine specimen of humanity. He will carry on his head weights of surprising size, which it requires two men to lift up to its exalted position; he runs along at a rapid pace, and does his twenty-five to thirty miles a day with infinite ease; and if the desertion and payment question were settled, there would not be so many thousands of pounds' worth of valuable stuff spoiling at Beira, and much wanted at Umtali. Each chief ought to be compelled to supply a fixed number of bearers at a fixed tariff, and cases of desertion should be severely punished. But the way to bring this about is not clear as yet, for the Portuguese do not wish it, and to the British mind this form of compulsory labour might savour too much of slavery.

With our cart we did eighteen and twenty miles a day; quite far enough for the pedestrian in this warm climate. The first hour's walk, from 6 to 7 A.M., was always delicious, before the full power of the sun was felt; the rest of the day was atrociously hot, especially when our road led us through steaming tropical forests and rank vegetation. Luckily for us, at this season of the year the long grass in the open *velde* was all burnt, and the stifling experience of walking through eight or ten feet of grass and getting no view whatsoever was spared us.

The provision of shade for our midday halts was always precarious. African trees have the reputation of giving as little shade as possible, and this we found to be invariably the case. Luckily, water is everywhere abundant, and we could assuage our thirst with copious cups of tea.

The native kraals on this road are highly uninteresting; the inhabitants are wanting altogether in the artistic tendencies displayed in Mashoonaland, which shows itself in carved knives, snuff-boxes, and weapons. A chief named Bandula occupies a commanding position on a high range which we passed on our left, at the foot of

which flows a stream, called the Lopazi, which delighted us with its views over the Inyangombwe mountains, and offended us with its swampy banks, where the frogs croaked with voices not unlike those of our rooks in tone and in loudness.

Chimoia's kraal is a sort of half-way halt, where all waggons are now left before entering the much dreaded "fly belt," and here my wife reluctantly abandoned her horse, and transferred herself and her saddle to the back of one of the three loose asses which accompanied our cart. Most people have two or three asses in their train, for fear of being utterly helpless in case of the desertion of their blacks, and all are prepared for the ultimate demise of the animals, either by the violence of some lion or the bite of the fly. One ass at Chimoia's distinguished itself by seizing its master's sugar-bag, and consuming it and its contents with all the greater avidity when the master and his stick turned up. All laughed, but those who had experienced the calamity of being without sugar in this land felt deep compassion for the victim.

Chimoia's is a scattered kraal, poor and destitute, consisting of clusters of round huts with low eaves, and doors through which one has to crawl on hands and knees. We could get no meal there, as every one had told us we should, and when we talked over our supplies, the faces of our men grew long and anxious. Indeed, if it had not been for the kindness of other white men whom we met on our way down, famine would have been added to our other discomforts; but good fellowship and spontaneous liberality are the characteristics of all those Englishmen who have been up country, and at one time or another have known what it is to be without food. At Chimoia's kraal ends the pleasant traffic in beads and cloth, which for months past had kept our money in our pockets; here a rupee is asked for every commodity, and some day surprising hoards of these coins will be found in the Kaffir kraals near the coast: for they never spend them, neither do they wear them as ornaments, and it is a marvel to every one what they do with them. The vegetation is very fine around Chimoia's, and the land appears wonderfully fertile. On the top of a strangely serrated ridge of mountains behind the village is a deserted Portuguese fort, and a flagstaff without an ensign.

Beyond Chimoia's the streams grow more sluggish, and emit more fetid odours, suggestive of fevers. Ragged-leaved bananas, bamboos, and tree-ferns luxuriate in all these streams, which work their way in deep channels, or *dongas*, across the level country. The fall is scarcely perceptible, and the long flat belt which girdles Africa is entered, the much-dreaded low *veldt* teeming with swamps, game, and *tsetse* fly. At one time you are walking through a forest of bamboos which make graceful arches overhead with their long canes, and recall pictures of Japan; at another time you go through palm forests, and then comes a stretch of burning open country; and at

night, we heard the lions roar for the first time. We lighted huge camp-fires and trembled for the safety of our eleven donkeys, a species of animal for which lions are supposed to have a particular predilection.

Mandigo's kraal is twenty-four miles from Chimoia's, and to us was equally uninteresting and equally unproductive of the much-needed supplies. Some say the fly only begins here; certainly we saw none ourselves till after Mandigo's, and from there to Sarmento we saw plenty of it. The *tsetse*-fly is grey, about the size of an ordinary horse-fly, with crossed wings. Our donkeys, poor things, got many bites, and we felt grieved at their prospective deaths. We provided them with the only remedy of which we could hear, namely, a handful of salt every night, but how this is supposed to act in counteracting the bite of the fly I am at a loss to imagine.

Ample evidence of the deadliness of this venomous insect is seen on the roadside. Dozens of waggons lie rotting in the *veldt*, bearing melancholy testimony to the failure of Messrs. Heany and Johnson's pioneer scheme. Everywhere lie the bleaching bones of the oxen which dragged the waggons; and at Mandigo's is an empty hut filled to overflowing with the skins of these animals, awaiting the further development of the Pungwe traffic, to be converted into ropes, or *reims*, as they are usually termed in South Africa. Fully £2,000 worth of waggons, we calculated, we passed along during one day's march, lying on the *veldt*, ghost-like, as after a battle. Then there are scotch carts of more or less value, and a handsome Cape cart, which Mr. Rhodes had to abandon on his way up to Mashoonaland, and which contains in the box-seat an unused bottle, calling itself "anti-fly mixture," an ironical comment on the situation; and at Sarmento itself, a Portuguese settlement on the banks of the Pungwe, two handsome coaches, made expressly in New Hampshire, America, for the occasion, lie deserted near the Portuguese huts. They are richly painted with arabesques and pictures on the panels; "Pungwe route to Mashoonaland" is written thereon in letters of gold. The comfortable cushions inside are being moth-eaten, and the approaching rains will complete the ruin of these handsome but ill-fated vehicles. Meanwhile the Portuguese stand by and laugh at the discomfiture of their British rivals in the thirst for gold. Even the signboard, with "To Mashoonaland" inscribed on it, is in its place; and all this elaborate preparation for the pioneer route has been rendered abortive by that venomous little insect, the *tsetse*-fly.

The river Pungwe is imposing at Sarmento, its bed being nearly two hundred yards across, and the view of the reaches up and down from the hut where the Portuguese governor has his meals *à la fresco* is fairly striking; but the Pungwe is imposing nowhere

else, where we saw it, being a filthy, muddy stream, flowing between mangrove swamps, relieved occasionally by a tall palm and villages on piles; the surroundings are perfectly flat, and its repulsive waters were, until lately, plied only by the tree canoes, the "dug-outs" of the natives. Crocodile and hippopotami revel in its muddy waters, and on its banks game is abundant enough to satisfy the most ardent sportsman. ; Deer of every conceivable species are still to be seen quietly grazing within shot of the road; buffaloes, zebras, lions, hyenas, wild pigs, nay, even the elephant, may be found in this corner of the world. Disappointed as the sportsman may have been with the results of his exploits in Mashoonaland and the high *veldt*, he will be amply rewarded for the fatigues of his journey to Beira, by finding himself in a country which would appear to produce all the kinds of game that came to Adam for their names. One herd of zebra, numbering about fifty, stood staring at us so long, at a distance of not more than a hundred yards, that we were able to photograph them twice. The flesh of the zebra is eatable, and we, with our limited larder, greatly enjoyed a zebra steak when one was shot. A little further on a *gnu*, or blue *hartebeest*, as the Dutchmen call it, stood and contemplated us with almost as much curiosity as we manifested at seeing him so near our path. But for my part, no amount of game or quaint tropical sights would compensate for the agonies of the walk from Sarmento to Mapanda's, across the shadeless burning plain, beneath a torrid, scorching sun. Now and again we got shelter from the burning rays beneath the wild date-palms, a very pleasing feature in the landscape, with their green feather-like leaves and bright orange stalks, covered with similarly-coloured fruit, contrasting well with the fan-palms and other trees with strange foliage. When ripe the fruit becomes dark brown, like the cultivated date; and though we ate quantities, we did not get very considerable satisfaction from the consumption. Then a few delightful moments of repose would be passed by a sluggish stream, almost hidden by its rich jungle of shade; but on these last days of our long tramp we did not care to delay, but pushed on eagerly to reach the corrugated iron palaces of Mapanda, where we should find the river and the steamer.

Mapanda's is, indeed, a sorry place, with not a tree to give one shade, and only a store or two, built of that unsightly corrugated iron so much beloved by the early colonists of South Africa, and a few daub huts. It is a paradise only for those who arrive weary and worn from the interior, and for the sportsman, as it affords him a *pied-à-terre* in the very midst of the land where "the deer and the antelope roam." It enjoys, however, certain advantages on which it justly prides itself. Firstly, it is the only spot for miles around which is not under water when the floods are out: for the banks of the Pungwe are fairly high here. Secondly, the river is navigable up to here for small steamers, even

in the driest season, and, uninviting though it is at present, Mapanda may have a future before it.

We had three days to wait at Mapanda's before the little steamer, *Agnes*, would come up to take us away, and these three days were not without their excitements.

Three lions penetrated one night into the heart of the camp, and partially consumed three donkeys—not ours, we were thankful to say, but those of a wicked Polish Jew, who had given infinite trouble to the English there, by inducing an innocent Briton to be arrested by the Portuguese, on a charge of theft; on which account he (the Jew) was well ducked in the Pungwe, and no one was sorry when the discriminating lions chose his donkeys for their meal; nay, many expressed a hope that the owner himself had formed part of the banquet. The next night the three lions, which had been lurking during the day in the jungle by the river, came to visit us again, with a view to demolishing what they and the vultures had left of the Hebrew's donkeys; one of the three visitors was shot, but he got away, and we heard no more of them.

Opposite the British colony at Mapanda is a large island forty miles long by twenty at its widest; this island is formed by the Pungwe and a branch of the same known by the Kaffir name of Dingwe-Dingwe. The island is perfectly flat, covered here and there with low brushwood and long grass; it abounds in game, and on it the chief Mapanda has his kraal, having removed thither when the English came to settle at his old one on the banks of the river. One day we devoted to visiting this kraal, performing part of the journey in a native canoe which we borrowed. It was merely the hollow stem of a large tree, which oscillated so much under our inexperienced hands that we momentarily expected it to upset and hand us over to the crocodiles; so we effected a hasty landing in the swampy jungle and proceeded on foot.

Mapanda's own village consists of only eight bamboo huts, built close to a tall palm-tree; and in the centre of the huts is a raised platform, on which the grass-woven granaries of the community are kept. Beneath, in the shade, lay idle naked inhabitants, and from the platform were hung the grass petticoats and jangling beads which they use in their dances. I entered one of the huts on all fours for inspection, and as I was engaged in so doing a terrified woman inside tore down the frail wall and made a hurried exit at the other side. I am told by those outside that the effect was most ludicrous. No wonder these dusky beauties are somewhat afraid of the white man, as hitherto they have dealt only with the Portuguese, who pride themselves on amalgamating well with the natives. In choosing a wife the Portuguese is not at all particular as to colour, nor is he a monogamist, as he would have to be in his far-off country. This we discovered for ourselves at Neves

Ferreira, the Portuguese settlement on the Pungwe, about six miles below Mapanda's, where, beneath tall bananas and refreshing shade, the authorities of that nation pass a life of Oriental luxury, which somewhat scandalizes the strait-laced Briton.

There are several little kraals on the island belonging to the sons and relatives of Mapanda, all built on the same lines, and in visiting them we made ourselves insufferably thirsty, so that a good drink of Kaffir beer, or, as the Portuguese call it, "millet wine," was highly acceptable. It is much more potent than the beer they make up country, and if it were not for the husks therein, and the general idea of fermented porridge it gives, one might fancy it champagne. Here, too, they make palm-wine, tapping all the neighbouring palm-trees for the sap, which is highly intoxicating, and of by no means a disagreeable flavour.

The voyage from Mapanda's to the sea at Beira would be indescribably monotonous were it not for a few interesting features afforded by the stream itself. The tide here comes up with a remarkably strong bore or wall-like wave. We heard it murmuring in the distance like the sighing of a rising wind; as it approached us the roar grew very loud, and finally the wave floated our stranded steamer almost in an instant.

Sand-banks are the bane of the navigator of this stream; on his last voyage our captain had been detained for three days on a sand-bank, and we passed a Portuguese gun-boat which looked as if it would remain fixed till the end of time. Our fate was a mild one: we were only imbedded for a few hours, until the bore came up. The sand-banks are constantly shifting, and the captain never knows where they may next appear; consequently slow speed and constant soundings are the only safeguards. Crocodiles innumerable bask on these banks, and in the stream itself hippopotami raise their black heads and stare at the strange animal which has appeared among them and will shortly cause the extermination of their species in the Pungwe.

Beira itself is the Portuguese word for the edge of anything, and displays a horrible conglomeration of corrugated-iron domiciles on a bare shadeless sandspit at the mouth of the Pungwe. There is no drinkable water to be got within three miles of the place, and we paid half-a-crown a bucket for a very questionable quality of the precious fluid. No one washes himself or his clothes in anything but the sea during the dry season. On the last day of our stay at Beira the heavens were opened and rain fell in torrents. Never was rain more welcome; pot, pan, and bucket were placed in every direction, and the extortionate water vendors had to retire from the field.

When the eye does not rest on sea or sand it wanders from Beira over miles of flat mangrove swamps; the heat was scorching; when you walked you sank ankle deep in sand at each step; of all places

Beira is the most horrible. When a Portuguese merchant goes to his office he is borne by four tottering negroes in his *mashili*; the Englishman walks and does most of his own work for himself, for the very good reason that he can get nobody to do it for him. This labour question is one of vital importance in Beira, and if ever it is to be a port of note the present order of things must be altered.

Yet, in spite of the fever, the heat, and the sand, Beira is bound to go ahead, as nature has provided it with an excellent harbour, a rarity on the east coast of Africa. This is the only harbour for the proposed railway to the interior, which is to have its terminus on the opposite side of the harbour to Beira, nearer to the mouth of the Buzi, and will run along the flats between that river and the Pungwe. Until the line is made, I think few of those who have come down this road will care to return and face the discomforts of another foot-journey through the fly-country and the swamps. Perhaps it will be two years before this line is completed, and it must be done by the co-operation of the two interested companies, the British South Africa and the Mozambique. Between Massi Kessi and Umtali it will cost a considerable amount of capital if the hills are to be tunneled. On the flats the swamps will cause difficulties; fevers will play havoc with the labourers, and the rivers and the *dongas* will have to be bridged.

When the railway is completed, then let people start for Mashoonaland. Now it is far too soon, and, to my mind, the British South Africa Company have committed the gross mistake of inviting pioneers and colonists to go and partake of an Eldorado which is not ready for them, and the true merits of which are not yet ascertained. Much disappointment, many deaths, and grievous heartburnings have been the result, and instead of forwarding their scheme the Company are doing their best to render it a failure.

J. THEODORE BENT.

SOME AUSTRALIAN MEN OF MARK.

THE only names of Australians which are at all familiar to the general run of Englishmen are those of cricketers, rowers, and prize-fighters. If the individualities of merely the Australian public men who, like many of these others, have been in England, were but half as familiar as those of (say) Spofforth, Beach, or Slavin, Imperial Federationists would not be agitating so helplessly in the dark for such hopeless impracticabilities as they are, and there would be a much more appreciable chance than there is of England and Australia getting to understand one another before they are separated *à perpétuité*. Let me not seem to depreciate the athletes. Quite unconsciously, of course, these men of brawn have done more to impress on the race, in its different world-scattered habitats, the fact of its solidarity than all the purposeless rhodomontade that has been, and is being, written and spoken by the amateur and professional agitators on this already tiresome topic. A few Englishmen talking nonsense about England to Australians, a few Anglo-Australians talking nonsense about Australia to Englishmen, have now become something very like an organized chorus of self-advertising social cliques, while timid and narrow-minded political leaders in both countries, aware that all this clamour amounts to nothing, are waiting to see if anything verifiably genuine can yet proceed from it before declaring themselves. Alas, it is not in this way that communities far-removed and strange to one another, by reason of in many ways very dissimilar natural and social conditions, escape radical misapprehensions, overcome innate prejudices, learn to understand and trust each other's efforts and aspirations. Were I writing here my impressions as to the wicket-keeping of Blackham, or the bowling of Ferris, the rowing of Searle or Beach, the boxing and fighting capacity of Jackson or Slavin, I should know that I was writing for a public certainly interested, and not by any means unintelligent, and my criticism would feel at once a continual stimulus and a continual check. And this not merely because a certain section of the public, which we might call the sporting public, has at some time or other actually watched the performances of Slavin and Jackson, Beach and Searle, Ferris and Blackham, but because the whole of it has read a great deal and talked a great deal more, about these individuals and their fellows here and in Australia; so that, even were I to go on and discuss the style and capabilities of Australian cricketers, rowers, or prize-fighters, who have never been in England, I should still be sure of

at least keen attention, and a certain amount of discrimination. But, when I set about trying to say a few words concerning what seem to me to be really men of mark in the public life of Australia, I know it is different. Firstly, not a single name I can mention will be familiar. The one name that can lay even the faintest claims to such a qualified notoriety is that of Sir Henry Parkes, a man whose day is obviously past; and a little while ago, in a weekly paper of standing which piques itself on its well-informed gravity, he was spoken of as Sir Joseph Parkes, while in a lighter illustrated periodical we meet him as Sir Henry Parker! Few Englishmen care to know about these things; fewer still know. The comment on Australian public affairs, given by our newspapers, always excepting in the matter of sport, is inept. If anything like it were proffered concerning France or Germany, Russia or Italy, the United or even the Balkan States, it would provoke ridicule. All that is heard is the empty verbiage of the Imperial Federationist agitators, amateur and professional, grinding the axes of their petty personal fads and ambitions, worse than the poets who maddened Juvenal by their recitations in the Roman mid-August.

If hot fits and cold fits of pessimism and optimism, the result of severe indigestions consequent on swallowing huge quantities of unreliable information, are to form the permanent conditions of the English attitude towards Australia, then the odds are exceedingly heavy that savage misunderstandings will arise between the two communities. Englishmen seem to tolerate nothing further from Australia than the tale which flatters their own foolish national vanity, and still more foolish national prejudices, and this tale the well-to-do Anglo-Australians of England and Australia are ready enough, for sufficiently obvious reasons, to tell them, and to abuse with all the heartiness in the world those who tell any other tale. To these people the necessity of keeping up the illusions which produce the hot fits, the accesses of enthusiasm for Australian "loyalty" and Australian "prosperity," seem imperative. Just as the Anglo-Australian of Melbourne rushes with the English "new chum" whom he has generously engaged to "show round," and proudly points out to him the second-rate imitations of the second-rate results of English contemporary civilization as being the final fruits of Antipodean effort, so the Anglo-Australian of London insists everywhere that *Oceania* is a historical record, or that the climate of Melbourne is delectable, or that colonial loans are "as safe as the Bank," or that Sir Henry Parkes is "the Gladstone of the Antipodes." It is part of what the poor fellow takes to be the Australian national stock in trade, without which attention cannot be won, let alone riveted. And meantime, what are in reality the characteristics of the place and people—what has to be reckoned with

in all serious relations with them—what, in a word, is the true motive-power of the budding national life—this, which it is of considerable importance for at least the public men of England to know and appreciate, is hidden away under indistinguishable piles of false comparisons and false representations. When the other day Lord Carrington made a speech, which voiced the opinion of nine Australians out of ten concerning the efficacy (or inefficacy) of Downing Street as the recognised official channel of intercommunication between England and Australia, the English press, even to the one newspaper which every day placards its sympathetic attention to the affairs of "Greater Britain," took upon itself to rebuke him. It made no difference that, as the one markedly popular Australian governor since Sir Hercules Robinson, he had had first-rate opportunities for knowing what he was talking about. What he had said ran counter to the currently-received attitude, and that sufficed for his condemnation. When in a few days it was discovered that a case could be made out for this condemnation by the speeches of some antiquated Victorian politicians, with what jubilation was it done! Also with what a supreme ignorance of the circumstances, significance, and importance under which that supposed condemnation took place! Few Englishmen care to know about these things; fewer still know.

It cannot, then, be helped if, in one's sketches of some Australian notabilities, one rouses to fury the whole cry of the Anglo-Australians. The choice of several of these personages will be impugned; the effort to portray them frankly and unaffectedly will be impugned still more. Hotel bars and theatres never seemed to me of much interest in the Australian sea-coast cities. Senile sheep millionaires, who had realised their fortunes in days utterly unlike the present, and were spending the proceeds of them in the agonizing effort to storm the gates of London "society," may have been Australian men of mark once, but they are so no longer. When a butcher in a little Queensland seaport carries through his claims, after a struggle as severe as protracted, to the lion's share of the richest gold-mine in the world, enters, an untried man, into a powerful ministry, shows himself the worthy antagonist of the strongest politician in Australia, expels that politician from the leadership of the party which he had created—grasps the Treasury, and is only hurled from office by an unscrupulous coalition (and all this done in the most characteristically simple Australian temper and style)—then we have a millionaire who is certainly a man of mark, and, utterly unknown though he is—one could almost say outside Queensland—he is surely worthy some attention. The really interesting people are those who are influential, or will be influential, or ought to be influential. Those who have been so; but

are so no longer, and are never likely to be so again, are on a lower plane. This is, at any rate, the principle acted upon here, and if I begin with a concession to my good Anglo-Australian friends, it is only because, memorial of the past though I take him to be, Sir Henry Parkes has still influence in New South Wales, and perhaps even in the other colonies—and then, you know, he is the only Australian name which is in any way familiar to the general run of Englishmen. Moreover, it is freely to be admitted that he is, now that old Sir John Robertson has been gathered to his fathers, the unique epitome of two generations of the political life of the mother colony, and this former phase of things, though it is passing rapidly away, should also be understood by Englishmen.

Well, imagine the man as he is in his place in Parliament. Large and gross in build, with a great mass of white hair running all over his head and face, he rises full of a self-conscious pomposity, and startles one's ears with a piping treble. The inane and tedious vulgarity of the rhetoric—the appalling aspirates dropped and added in every sentence—the hideous grammatical and prosodial blunders, seem the fitting expression of an egotism as empty as it is oppressive. How astonishing that even in what, until quite recently, was the most lethargic and corrupt of the colonies, such a person could ever attain to political influence! But Sir Henry Parkes requires care in the studying, and even then the part he has played, and is still playing, is not comprehensible without some historical knowledge of the conditions, past and present, of the stage, the actors, and the audience. Watch and listen to him when the wheels of debate begin to glow. Of late he has too often been feeble and languid, sitting huddled up with weary blinking eyelids, the not unpathetic image of a big, sick anthropomorphoid ape, well stricken in years. But that has only made the occasional exhibitions of his "old form" the more striking. Attacked (and no politician in Australia has been habitually attacked with such virulent personal animus as he), he is a new man. See him now up on his feet, with all his hair, beard, and features working with pugnacity. The rhetoric is as vulgar as ever, but no one could call it tedious or inane. At his best he has few equals, fewer superiors in Australia for impassioned grasp of his subject, especially when it is on those broader lines where the average rank and file of these provincial politicians are always weakest. In this mood he shows that he is the born fighter all over, and he shows also that it is with brains he backs up a reckless audacity. No one could have fallen lower as a living political force than he has done—swamped with the scandal of his bank uptcies—utterly forsaken and alone. Yet he defiantly raised himself from the blackest depth of this, five or six years ago, old man as he was—formed first a little parliamentary clique, then an organised minority, fighting and intriguing fero-

ciously, until the rapid turn of the tide carried him again into power with an overwhelming majority. Then once more, of course, came the inevitable tale of all his personal perversities, culminating, "after a drawn battle at the polls, that should have been a second victory, in an effort at mutiny in his own camp. But skilful architect of his own ruin as he ever was, reflection soon taught all intending successors to his place that he was the even more skilful architect of the ruin of others, and his savage threat of pulling their house about their ears cowed the party into a last acceptance of his leadership.

In his youth Sir Henry Parkes had been a Chartist in England. His early manhood found him a counter-jumper in a Sydney toy-shop, eager to show his parts by impassioned and turbid "spouting" against "the pure merinos"—the squattocracy and officialism of the hour. These were the days of "free labour"—the convict transportation system which was turning the large landlords into aristocrat slave-owners after the pattern of the American South, and the young demagogue did good service for the New South Wales democracy under the fiery self-righteous guidance of Dr. Lang, the Scotch dominie to whom Australia owes the basis of her local self-governments. It took years for this Aristophanic Cleon to grasp the Parliament of his colony in his coarse and violent hands—to persuade it that his high-flown bombast was the only true model for your local politician who desired to succeed, and that the deadliest method of attack was a virulent, brutal, and personal invective. In all this he was indeed a past master, and when once his dominancy of the House was secured, no self-respecting (one might almost say no respectable) man dared to affront him for years. The terrible defects of his qualities ruined him, of course, in the process of time, so soon as his triumph reached the pitch of virtual dictatorship (1878-1883), and his fall was in its way even more ruinous than that of Mr. Gladstone in 1874, or Lord Beaconsfield in 1880. But he had done his work. He had given the tone to parliamentary life, and, if he could only persist, cool and intelligent observers saw that he would have yet another chance. Viewed from the purely intellectual point of view (the only one that permits of anything like sympathy for him), his career must be highly praised. What superb courage he has shown, courage backed, under all storm and stress of combat and defeat, by a genuine mental capacity! An absolute adventurer, a thorough-going soldier of fortune, backed by neither capital nor caucus, and with immense forces arrayed against him, his own insuppressible peculiarities the most immense of all, he has survived a Moscow and eluded a Waterloo. The stage is small: the audience tenth-rate, and the mumming necessarily of the same class, but that must not blind us to the power of the principal performer on his own lines. After

all, everybody loves an adventurer—whether he be a Jack Shephard or a Warren Hastings, a Turpin or a Napoleon, and the bushranger variety of the type has never wanted for admirers. This Ned Kelly of colonial politics, this unregenerate Gladstone of New South Wales (for he has known how to combine something of the two), may yet jockey himself into a local immortality, as the father of Australian Federation, and die in the odour of political sanctity, remembered only for his participation in a result which he spent his best years and efforts in fractionally postponing.

But he must be quick, for the New Australian Politician is upon him, and that practical and work-a-day individual has but a scanty sympathy and a scantier reverence for the prodigal public purveyor of nothing much more than “words, words, words.” A new parliamentary epoch has come into existence, largely as a reaction against the old one, which, in expiring, has afforded Sir Henry his last success.

The choice of the men of mark among the exemplars of this latest type, the clearly dominant political type of the immediate Australian future, is a veritable *embarras de richesse*. “The magic hand of chance,” based on such uncounted casualties as private means, local opportunity, nay, even physique, will decide the survival of the few from among many who, from the point of view of mere “fitness,” are all more or less equal. The idea of leaders who are primarily delegates, and only secondarily (if at all) candidates for a “career,” is just as much a common Australian national trait as the belief in the general advantages of trade-unionism. The upper class shares it impartially with the lower. Thus the duration of parliaments grows shorter and shorter. Four years is on the eve of passing into three, and the agitation for annual dissolutions is within sight, and is only likely to be abrogated by the adoption of the principle of the referendum. There are, then, three or four men in the political life of each of the four principal colonies who could be taken as possible or probable influences; but I shall fix on the only one of them in whom the general characteristics of the class are sublimated by the notable idiosyncrasies of the individual.

No politician is so secure of a future, and a great future. Even the shrewd, antique sagacity of Mr. Service, the “safest” of all his tribe, indulged in high-pitched eulogy of Sir Samuel Griffith. Thus he spoke at the first Federal Council: “I think,” he said, “the minds of all the members of the Council, and the minds of all the colonies in the Federation will turn with one accord to the central figure.” It is as the central figure in reality, as opposed to Sir Henry Parkes, the central figure in appearance, at the recent Confederation Convention at Sydney, that Englishmen ought to regard Sir Samuel Griffith. The very drafting of the Bill is his, and the

spirit of it is more nearly his than that of any other single person, or any group of persons.

What manner of man is this? For, whether for good or evil, he has already established his hold on the general consciousness of his countrymen, and in all human probability he will yet live to sway it this way or that.

A glance at him in his place in Parliament reveals at once the by no means insignificant fact that he stands for a specimen of the Australian gentleman. This is a quite different thing from the English gentleman, just as Sydney Grammar School and University (where he was educated) are quite different places from Rugby (say) and Oxford. By birth he comes from the English, or, rather, Welsh lower middle-class, his father being an aggressive, fanatical, little dissenting minister—the ordinary religious log-roller. Sir Samuel's speech quickly bewrays another fertile fact concerning himself. He is a lawyer, or let me say that he is an Australian barrister, for that also means something. The touch of Puritan self-righteousness, heightened by the touch of educated and social superiority—it is these which give the tone of personality to the icy clearness of an essentially intellectual nature. He is, by general admission, the first legal counsel, especially as a prosecutor, in Australia. No other man has dared to submit the intricacies of law, pure and undefiled, to the understandings of average colonial juries and average members of Assembly. He has dared to do so repeatedly, and has many times achieved his daring. Nothing but years of cruel over-work in a cruel climate, both in the House and at the Bar, have succeeded in robbing him of his calm self-satisfaction, and struck out of him some sparks of human passion. Pure to the pitch of pedantry in his use of political patronage (still a very distinct form of public bribery, especially in Queensland), his supercilious suspicion of the motives of every one, supporters and opponents alike, has prevented him from making (I had almost said) a single friend. Terribly wanting in frankness and generosity, the larger view of men and things alike escapes him. This man, who may some day be the political dictator of Australia, as he has been of Queensland, can be spitefully malignant to those who have sharply attacked him. The divided sovereignty of his instincts, inherited and acquired, makes him—him the worshipper of textual logic—perverse and inconsistent. Power is his only lust. It seems to require the effort to win or retain the supremacy over his fellows to make him thrill and glow, and even then the heat of him is white, not red. He has naturally the parochial timidity of the scion of the lower English middle-class, the hapless race of petty Dissenting shopkeepers, always ready to be scared at big stakes and extended issues; and his profession has added the meti-

culous timidity of the genuine lawyer. Both have combined to make him voracious in matters of detail, and no minister has such a reputation for remorselessly controlling his department down to its pettiest items of expenditure or discipline. At the same time, his cultivated intellect struggles vainly to grasp situations where only instinctive emotionalism is of any use, because it is the only quality in play in those who are creating these situations. All this, taken together, has resulted in his becoming (in theory at least) the most flagrant of Opportunists; and this cautious, cold-blooded lawyer stands committed to the most incommensurable schemes of what, even in Australia, is called out-and-out Socialism! No responsible political leader in the world has announced a programme within sight of that which he flung to the Labour Party in the hour of his savage struggle to retain a second lease of dictatorial power in 1888. It would more than satisfy even Mr. Cunninghame Graham, the irreconcilable foe of Tory and Liberal, Radical and Old Trade Unionist alike. Well, it has (so far, at least) all led to nothing. Driven by the irresistible trend of things into a coalition with Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith, he has had to sanction, as Premier of their Ministry, the severe measures which broke up the great Shearers' Strike in Queensland. The approaching general elections will show us the comment of the local Labour Party. Mr. Duncan Gillies, who supplies a Victorian specimen of the same essential type, has been saved by his very limitations from such astonishing aberrations. I have not occasion here to re-do in his case his special variants on their common characteristics, or to point out why for years past, and (it may be) for years to come, Victoria has been, and will be, the happy hunting-ground of the merest administrative mediocrity; but the irony of temperament surely never had a better subject for contrast and illustration than in the two men. Young educated Australia believes in Sir Samuel Griffith because it knows him to be an educated Australian gentleman; that is to say, an open-minded secular individual, dressing neatly, speaking correctly, moderately plebeian at heart, and attached to his country. The respectable and religious section see in his parentage a guarantee of his being at heart benignly disposed, and listen to him quoting from Scripture as he defends the local C. D. Act without impugning his sincerity or alluding to the pretty notorious fact of his religious indifferentism. The workmen, the argumentative Socialistic Australian city workmen, are agog at his extreme utterances, and they have more than once dragged him in his carriage through the Brisbane streets in a storm of cheers, a singular spectacle for gods and men. Every one believes in his political purity and disinterestedness, and almost as firmly as he does himself. What will a nature of his intense and indecisive complexity make of a momentous opportunity if it is

offered to him? If I were an Australian who loved my country, I should tremble at the thought.

One other political type demands its place imperatively—the one type really great and inspiring in public life—the man of force and enthusiasm—the man of genius. I seem to myself to have expressed my conviction concerning the more or less immediate future of Australia when I agreed to see in Sir Samuel Griffith the probable “central figure” of it. Yes, that future appears to me to be a fairly peaceful form of national progress. But who knows? Australia may yet leap into genuine national being, full-armed like Athene. Will she, too, like her elder sister of America, require her baptism to be one of fire and blood, either a 1776 or an 1863? If this be so, then everything will be changed. The *tribunus plebis* will be “the central figure,” and in whom could Australia find such a presentation of it as in her one strong politician—her one potential, if not actual, statesman?

Let us view Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith in his place in Parliament as we have viewed the others. Large and gross in build, he has the big, heavy set face of what the *fin de siècle* Parisians have learned to call the “struggle-for-lifeur.” The nose like the beak of the bird of prey, the large, firm mouth and square chin, the strong, clamped jaw, the marked outlines of which not even the too abundant flesh and fat can hide—not one of the true characteristics is wanting. He sits, ordinarily, with the stolid impassivity of an Indian idol cut in bronze, strong, stolid, heavy, and puissant; nothing betraying the activity which can galvanize his awkward bulk but the glancing, penetrative eyes. He is, so far as manner goes, one of the worst average debaters in any Assembly. He hesitates, and even stutters, coughing and *er-ing* in his pursuit of the exact business word he wants. What he says is always well worth listening to, but he usually says it detestably. His dress is careless, and even a little slovenly. He is no master of detail. As a capitalist and ubiquitous speculator, he endures a business *corvée* almost as severe as Sir Samuel Griffith at the Bar, and this, added to the rigours of the tropic summer, has done him even more cruel physical wrong. But he grasps all he touches with big and powerful fingers—absolutely in earnest about every essential, absolutely indifferent about every trifle. The largeness of the temper of the man is a perfect delight. It permeates all he thinks, says and does. His estimates of his bitterest enemies are tolerant and generous, not merely before the footlights, but in the friendliest privacy. He feels he is big and strong enough to do justice to every one. He is the only public man in Australia whom, by any stretch of the term, one could call great. From his very first entry into the politics of his colony, he brought large and fecund ideas before the people. Australia, as a veritable nationality,

self-satisfying through a protective tariff against the world, dominant through a Monroe doctrine of the Pacific—a transcontinental railway that should by now have run the iron girdle from Perth through Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney, to Brisbane, and from thence to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and brought Australia face to face with China, India, and Africa—such were his public schemes ten and twenty years ago, as to-day. His annexation of New Guinea was disallowed by England. For years he was the sole protectionist member north of the Murray, his colony trusting itself just as implicitly to his word then, that he would not tamper with Free Trade, as it did in 1888, when he said he would accept the extermination of the coolies from the tropical north as final, “until the country chose to come to its senses.” It is in the hours of passionate debate or turbulent public gathering that this clumsy and uneloquent orator should be seen by those who would comprehend something of the vehement enthusiasm of his followers. Then the torrent of his fiery words is overwhelming. The splendid consistency of his political career—the absolute trust of everyone, friend or foe, in his word when once given—his simplicity and directness in all his dealings, passing into a warm-hearted kindness towards all those who are drawn, often despite themselves, by the strong magnetism of his bluff and genial sincerity—these are some of the elements from which he has created a unique position. Yes, he alone of his fellows has something of the element of the miraculous in him. Call it, if you please, as his opponents do, the instinct of the gambler—the insensate cry of “Double or quits!” Yet it is just the possession or the non-possession of this quality that lifts the first-rate man in all places and in all times, right up above his second-rate companion. Cæsar had it; Napoleon had it; and they knew what it was to risk all, and win by risking. Hannibal had it not; Robert Lee had it not; and therefore they never quite risked all, and therefore we can never tell if they might not have won all. I call this element the miraculous, because it enables one man to succeed where a thousand otherwise his equals would never face failure. Rarely in the public life of any community is there more than one individual in any degree the possessor of it, to whom is given the supreme chance of the momentous opportunity. Australia has two such men. What will local politics, business complications, and the savagery of the climate do with this one, before even the larger stage of national life, to which his steady gaze looked first, and ever unflinchingly, is cleared for the lifting of the curtain?

There are several other politicians of whom I should like to treat, because there is a type of man which, without very much original force in itself, without one spark of greatness or genius, is capable of the most important results. Thoroughly master of itself, fearless,

industrious, able, it may develop by the stimulus of favourable circumstances to an astonishing height. And in Australia this type is becoming almost national. Queensland has perhaps just at present as many remarkable political possibilities as all the other colonies put together; but there is rapidly coming to the front in New South Wales a higher average of administrative integrity and competency, and Victoria only requires an end of the political stagnation caused by the everlasting rule of an effete coalition caucus, to do the same. Macrossan, the leader of the North Queensland planters, had a personality as fascinating as it was picturesque. The new Irishman, the Irish American, the Celt of abrupt transitions from sombre silence to a vehemence that is demoniac—a sort of plebeian cousin of Parnell—a desperate intriguer and fighter—the conspirator who by the most unscrupulous and audacious plots on record in colonial wrathful politics, for a few moments grasped the helm, in defiance of the whole democracy—then, struck down by a combination apparently as audacious and unscrupulous, died suddenly, prematurely, having extorted terms of something like victory for his cause. What a charming and characteristic sketch of the excited politics of a small colonial community could be given in the history of his last few years! Mr. Pattison, the Mount Morgan millionaire, who stepped from behind his butcher's block into power and place, fulfilling admirably his position as Treasurer of Queensland after a political apprenticeship of a few months—I have already mentioned him. Mr. Morehead, with his humorous energy, as much the born leader of colonial squatters as Lord Salisbury of English landlords: Mr. Groom, the eternal apostle of shopkeeping democratic respectability, despite the most untoward early accidents—all these are Queenslanders. We come, in Mr. Bruce Smith, to the more sober and solid class of the latest political phase in New South Wales—Mr. Bruce Smith, of the family of the one powerful native steamship line, the perfect mouthpiece of Australian capitalism, undeniably democratic, but resolute for “law and order” and the privilege of his class. And one is driven to at least mention Mr. Dibbs, the man whose childish vanity and senile incompetence have made his leadership of the New South Wales Protectionist Party the perpetual experience for them all of the proverbial ditch, and who now once more succeeds to a lease of impotent rule. Then there is Mr. Alfred Deakin, the Victorian native of ability, tempered by the Anglomania of the rich Melbournians to schemes of Imperial Federation, but at heart undecided, waiting his hour and chance. Sir Graham Berry, the little ex-grocer and violent cart-spouter, the demagogic firebrand extinguished under piles of loaves and fishes, now quite unperturbed and rather sick of it all, but still fitfully restive to the spur of local ambition. Mr. Service, the

canny, senile Scotchman, listened to with respect as a preacher of monetary moderation, but more and more disregarded by a community which will bear neither whip nor rein on the financial road to embarrassment. These are a few names gathered almost at hazard from among the captains of the political army of only the three eastern colonies. But it is not in these, or their fellows, that the future is to be found, or anything like it. Young Australia holds the future, and these lesser lights of the transition period from Anglo-Australia to Australia will have little chance to shine through the coming years except in so far as they can adapt themselves to the new conditions. Meantime Young Australia has not yet found its voice, and who shall prophesy the words which it presently shall utter, not to say the deeds which it presently shall do?

In literature, science, and art, the men of mark do not exist. One poet of mark, Adam Lindsay Gordon—one writer of delightful prose, Marcus Clarke—formed but the brilliant dawn of a cloudy, colourless day. Mail steamer and cable have brought England too close. Her popular literature has swamped all native originality, and exotic and specialized culture is not yet possible in a community vulgarized throughout by the headlong race for wealth. A crowd of minor poets, minor story-tellers, minor critics, is the raw material from which something good and characteristic may yet proceed. One or two of the younger poets have perhaps struck a truer note (such are Mr. Thomas Heney and Mr. Sydney Jephcott), but they are oppressed by the local reputations, which are wonderfully swollen by colonial ignorance and vanity, and only afford bad models and inferior poetic personalities. Writers like Harpur or Kendall in no wise count, even in Australia, except *faute de mieux*. A few snatches of high verse by Mr. Brunton Stephens, a few samples of quaint and delicate humour—smothered in a clattering surge of popular “jingle”—these are the sole contemporary contributions to serious literature.

The truth is obvious. Only two forms of the national life are yet strong enough and have sufficient volume to produce men of mark, and these two forms are politics and trade, and in politics is included journalism. Unfortunately I do not know the commercial life of the leading colonies intimately, and the transactions of the colonial capitalists do not strike me as containing the personal element to the point of the picturesque. There are no Australian Vanderbilts and Goulds yet. Each colony has its one port—Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide—where its own trade is transacted with a local isolation that is astonishing. When Federation brings a uniform Australian tariff all this will be changed. Meantime the sheep millionaires are not very interesting

personages, and though some of them own immense properties, properties of millions of acres, and shear annually several hundreds of thousands of sheep, their personal effect on the national life is but beginning to be felt. The terrible struggle of the Big Strike has created an epoch. In five years the chief and most aggressive Australian capitalists will be as interesting as they are important. Meantime I am brought back to the journalists.

And yet the first and most typical example I should take is, after all, in reality not nearly so much a journalist as a capitalist, and this marks absolutely the present state of transition in these things. The one Australian journalist of genius, Mr. Archibald, of the *Sydney Bulletin*, I have already spoken of at certain length in this magazine, and ready as I should be to attempt to give a portrait sketch of what has long seemed to me the most fascinating personality in Australia (I do not say the most powerful or original), that would be to tax its readers with a too fresh repetition. The next journalist I should have chosen, Mr. Ward, who "made" the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, and was till quite recently the strongest personal force as an editor in Australia, is also unfortunately debarred me. He is no longer in the country. The same exclusion would press on Mr. Kinnaird Rose, editor of the *Brisbane Courier*, from whom, under ordinarily favourable circumstances, there was a good deal to expect. One is left with nothing but the newspaper proprietors—men who have in almost every case (Mr. Archibald is the shining exception) more and more gravitated from the literary to the business side of journalism. It is a coincidence, pointing back significantly to the "old colonial days" and the state of affairs then, that no less than three of the chief of these were originally "comps," two of them in the very newspaper offices which they subsequently owned and managed, and the third in other offices. John Fairfax, the recent owner of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the richest newspaper in the colonies, was a "comp." Mr. David Syme, the present owner of the *Age*, the next richest and far away the most powerful newspaper, originally not only wrote the "copy" of his first broadsheet but "set up" the major portion of it. Mr. Buzacott, the principal owner of the *Brisbane Courier*, still the one morning daily of Queensland, recalls similar experiences in the provincial press.

I could wish for no better subjects, subjects more important and instructive for English readers, than the informing spirits of the *Age*, the *Bulletin*, and the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*. Two of these are, and the third was until quite recently, the most characteristic and powerful expressions of the place and the people—of the sentiment which will have to be reckoned with in all serious relations with them—of what is the true motive-power of the budding national life. Newspapers like the *Melbourne Argus* and the *Sydney Morn-*

ing Herald are all very well in their way. They have a somewhat higher literary standard perhaps than their rivals; their sense, such as it is, of culture and the aching need for culture in the community, is a factor I for one should never depreciate or under-rate. But their political influence is insignificant. They are mere mouth-pieces of the antique Anglo-Australia, the *Argus* stupidly and fanatically so, the *Herald* cautiously and calmly, and their editors, able, intelligent and even liberal-minded men though they may be, have not enough free play to become personal influences.

In all these cases, however, one's right to attempt to portray individuals in the style I have qualified as the frank and unaffected, seems to me to be rather dubious. The outer life of such men is obviously very much on the debatable land between publicity and privacy. Public life is public life, and a man who enters upon it counts, or ought to count, the cost. His personal peculiarities, his mannerisms, his voice, action, dress, are all, up to a given point, fair game to the contemporary artist of manners. But the man of business, the merchant or manager in his office, the editor in his *sanctum*, the author in his home, the labour-organizer with his committee, surely these have the right, if they desire it, of personal privacy. Let me in the partial vagueness and anonymity of the last two of my sketches, where I shall deliberately modify certain details, do my best to respect that right, and, if my friends shall think I have in any way overstepped the limits of discretion, let me plead the importance of the attempt to give Englishmen some real idea of the "form and pressure" of two practical personifications of not the least noteworthy of Australian men of mark, of the controlling spirits, to wit, of (say) one branch of the most powerful labour organization in the world and of (say) the average influential Australian newspaper.

Three men of genius in public affairs stand in the forefront of things in Australia, and two of them are titularly journalists. In one of these, whom I have just mentioned, his genius has gone out in his newspaper; in the other it has gone out chiefly in his power as a labour leader. It is of the latter that I am speaking now, and if the very name I give is a false one, this is because I have not, as I conceive, the right to give the true one. Not long ago English papers reprinted accounts of a *revolution manquée* in an Australian colony. There were romantic pictures of organized bodies of rebels, armed and backed by a commissariat, marching on the capital, to seize the government, proclaim a republic, and initiate the rule of undiluted State Socialism. All this centred round a personage who was never named, but of whose identity no one in any way informed on the inner affairs of the local labour organization could have any doubt. Sudden and heavy rains "saved the colony," it appears, from an attempt that would have out-Eurekad the Eureka stockade

by its comprehensive audacity. I do not credit the *revolution manquée*, but this mysterious "No. 1" in it, whom I shall call Laurie, is certainly one of the most remarkable men alive in Australia just at present.

It is the story of the New Irishman, the Irish-American again, although the strain of an English west-country peasant-mother has added many complicating clauses. The truly formative force of the man's character, however, is simply that extraordinary and uneliminatable influence which Americans call "the West." A Western journalist of a decade past, tried in the furnace of its ferocious courage, its unscrupulous egotism—silent and sudden—insane in passion and pride, this was the young Laurie, the product of years of desperate and ubiquitous work all over the West. Short, thick-set, sturdy, pale and lean, the face clean-shaved save for the moustache, with the brow broad, round, and high, the eyes blue and set, the jaws straight and strong, what more was there in him than the brutal, young, modern barbarian with brains? There was this: an intellectualized hatred of wealth and rank, as the great dispossessor and oppressor of the toiling and suffering millions, that was allied to a pity and love for these, his fallen brothers and sisters, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, speaking his dialect and thinking his thoughts, that was only less intense.

There were, of course, plenty of the grosser personal elements in these purer and more abstract impulses; but these others were to become more and more the dominant ones. Domestic chance brought this man to the land of the labour lotus-eaters when the lotus crop was just beginning to fail. Advancing step by step, both as a journalist and as a propagandiser among the more intelligent local leaders, he was the first to moot the idea of a Labour Party in Parliament, as the only adequate preface to State Socialism. Without organization and on the eve of general elections, the overpowering motive-force of which was reaction (a local counterpart of England in 1874), he alone animated the fierce attempt of the nascent Labour Party to at least drive out of political life the band of Whigs who had ruined the present progressive administration, turning it into a public fraud, and now threatened to coerce the vacillating Liberal Premier from his committal of himself to a thoroughly advanced platform. Out of five or six labour candidates only one was returned; but the Whigs, as a section, disappeared altogether. Wherever a Whig ran, a labour candidate ran against him, and the split in the Liberal vote proved fatal. The bitterness of the contest was extreme, and its final result was a notorious prosecution of the labour organ, a newly-established weekly, for criminal libel by one of the Whig leaders. He won damages for £50, and nearly £300 poured in from the unions, waked

to new political hopes and desires, to defray the expenses of the trial. All the Australian Labour Party movement springs from this first struggle, just as the big strike "down south" was provoked by the next idea on which Laurie seized—the federation of the labour of the coastal cities and of the bush. The absolute belief in his ideas and schemes, no less than in his supreme trustworthiness, his magnetic persuasion of all who came into contact with him, his personal modesty, patience, practicality, and resolute anonymity, yet his well-tried audacity and fearlessness—all these were on the high-road to form a more or less fanatical cult of him among the captains of what was now the largest, best-trained, most intelligent, and most enthusiastic body of trade unionists in Australia. The outer history of these events, and of those which followed, up to the stupid extension of the Big Strike to the outlying colonies, which were in no wise concerned in it, has been told elsewhere in this magazine. Laurie, I am sure, never was foolish enough not to condemn the second and more savage local strike that ensued, as he did the first one, and the *revolution manquée* seems to me an absurdity. Once into the final struggle, however, which was brought on largely by the over-exaltation of the rank and file, wildly confident in their new and organised discipline, it is most likely that he played out the game to the last card. The newspapers clamoured for his arrest. His lieutenants were seized, tried and condemned to prison for riot, and even treasonable conspiracy, while he calmly walked the streets, and waited for the new developments. Nearly four years ago, on the eve of the general election of which I have spoken, the strongest party leader in Australia said to me, *à propos* of his rival's bid for the support of the new so-called "Labour Party," "It does not seem to me worth my while to bid for them. I don't believe they can return a single member." I answered: "No, perhaps not. But in four years' time they will be a power, and in eight they will dominate Parliament." This he doubted, and a few months will decide the first part of my prophecy. He doubted, also, my estimate of Laurie, as well he might. For the difference between his and mine was ludicrous. To him this journalist who had attacked him so persistently and so ferociously as a would-be Jay Gould of Australia, a colossal public exploiter, seemed but an ephemeral incarnation of impotent malignancy. The process of years and events must have changed all that, but my estimate would still strike the powerful and experienced party leader as wildly extravagant. For in sheer brain power, in the magic force of personality, which implies the gift of moulding masses of others to certain ends, in strenuous grasp on the animating ideas which act as the infallible guides of tangled action, in courage utterly reckless or utterly cautious as occasion may demand, in every quality (in a word) which would give the Parnell-

like chief of a solid Australian Labour Party a preponderating influence on the national destiny, I saw Laurie a proficient. Add to this an immense power of patience, a faith unshakable in its limited scope, and a sombre belief in violence the moment (but not the moment before) the hour of potential victory has struck, and you have "the most dangerous man in Australia" passably complete. What will such a man make of a great opportunity if it is offered to him? If I were an Australian who loved my country, I should tremble at the thought.

My last sketch is in the more pleasant hues of ordinary experience. Here is our Australian Greeley. In person we have the medium-sized, thick-set, middle-aged colonial man of business. No one feature is remarkable; all are broad, coarse and strong. Brown thin hair, moustache, and beard; full, pallid, but sensual lips; eyes of mixed colour, blue predominating, energetic and direct. Aggressive, good-humoured, but at the price of directing and controlling every practical detail; educated up to the average standard and not an inch over; despising intellect and culture as associated with inevitable business weaknesses; thoroughly indifferent to religion, but, if pressed, showing the genuine secular dislike and contempt of "parsons" which lies hid in nine Australians out of ten; democratic, in the sense of admitting no superiors but a vast host of inferiors—such is the man who "manages" the most perfect daily expression of the vast bulk of the people in the one really settled and organized colony of Australia. He knew Adam Lindsay Gordon, and has absolutely nothing to tell you concerning him, but that he rode savagely. Marcus Clarke's name recalls merely the fact of his journalistic Bohemianisms. "He was the plague of my life for so many years." No suspicion whatever that this is the one Australian prose writer who counts. "We have half a dozen men on the paper who can write stories as well as Clarke could." It is astonishing! One recalls Clarke's definition of the future Australian type as "a tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, excelling in swimming and horsemanship. His religion will be a form of Presbyterianism, his national policy a democracy tempered by the rate of exchange." The religion is a touch still to be added; but the conquest of Victoria by the churches is already a possibility, a conquest which, like that of the American West, can only be bought at the price of an utter loss of all spirituality; and, if it happens, then beyond a doubt this man's newspaper will be seen also among the prophets, the new secular Saul, the gigantic herd "boss" who went out after some of his uncle's asses and found the kingdom of heaven. But meantime, although the dominant Melbourne clique supports the sects, it is doubtful how much of the dominancy is based on the prevalent political stagnation,

which tolerates a good deal of pulpit and platform noise in consideration of actual domestic legislature in behalf of the democracy. The sects are kept out of the public schools, and though they have made the greatest efforts to get the monopoly of the secondary education, and have succeeded to an extent unknown in any other colony, this is only half the battle in a community where "one man" has but "one vote," and a heavy percentage like to record their vote. At any rate, on this point also our friend can (and does) still follow out his instincts, and more or less defy the "parsons."

It is, then, as the average colonial capitalist, or rather, to use a more accurate term, the average man of business, the immediate predecessor of Marcus Clarke's perfected type, that we are to see the controlling spirit of the average influential colonial newspaper. It is very much the same state of affairs as was to be found in the United States in the forties and fifties. Yet these editing managers, or managing editors, whichever they should be called, have surely somewhere in them some other mental or emotional force than mere desire for wealth and power. Instinct and an utter want of scruple may lead them to pander to any hot fit or cold fit of the democracy, and their inconsistencies and tergiversations will be as sudden and shameless as those of the public of whose pleasure they are made, and whose displeasure they dare not face, but surely some genuine and disinterested sentiment of patriotism and social belief, of personal pride and purity, exists in them? It does. Australia is more and more justified of all her children. Our friend goes to England to purchase the best—the very best—appliances for his newspaper, and you shall hear him say that Melbourne need not, on the whole, fear comparison as a city with any city in the world—and the same, of course, is to be said for the people as for the place. Good man, what is the Louvre or the Uffizi to him? He remembers the local public picture galleries—not so big, perhaps, but the pictures quite as good, and many of them better. (For, between you and me, your "Old Masters" are—just rubbish.) Nay, he will tell you, with the bland confidence of the conscious connoisseur, that Parisian cooking is much over-rated, and that he will give you a dinner at three or four local hotels quite as good as the Café Anglais or the Maison Dorée. And so it veritably seems to him. He takes his Australia very seriously. There is no doubt about it. And, at the hour of impact with those who do not, he rings true. Absolutely Australian also are his social beliefs. Give us trade-unions and the eight-hours day. We don't want our workmen to be "crawlers." Combination and organization are their "right," &c., &c. The personal pride and purity are also indisputable, though they are often "perfect Antipodean" in their expression. But it is really

an important fact that legitimate profits have indeed allowed most of the large newspapers to remain politically unhampered. Party leaders have no "organs" as they have in England, though the general support of this party or that is, of course, unescapable, but independence is jealously maintained in the right of a criticism distinctly "free and easy" in its character. All this he will tell you with the most animated frankness, ending up with: "And we don't let our theatrical critics go into the theatres on the never-never" ("paper" is the English slang equivalent); "we pay for their places, *and then they can say just what they think about things!*"

Such is the presiding influence of the average influential Australian newspaper—this is his fashion as he lived (and lives), and most assuredly he will have to be reckoned with. For he sums up the outward and visible shape, if not the inward and spiritual grace, of the Australian civilisation in its most striking and dominant aspects, more nearly than any single person can. Of all the types I have taken, he is far away the most typical—the tall, coarse, strong-jawed, greedy, pushing, talented man, with his secularised religion and his commercialized democracy. That is the "civilised Australian." If England can strike a bargain with him, Imperial Federation may, despite everything, yet become a fact; but there will never be the chance of such another "confidence trick" as she played over the Naval Defence Bill. Let her rest assured of that. "Old lamps for new" is a form of swindle that cannot be perpetrated twice—even on colonists, the most "loyal" and "prosperous."

FRANCIS ADAMS.

MADAME BODICHON: A REMINISCENCE.

THERE was one person, perhaps only one, privileged to invite herself to the two o'clock luncheon of George Eliot and George Lewes. This gifted friend and neighbour, Madame Bodichon, recounted to me how once she rang the gate-bell of the Priory a few minutes too soon, to be admitted, of course—the Grace and Amelia of those days understood their duty as gate-keepers—but on crossing the threshold, out rushed her hostess, pale, trembling, her locks disordered—veritable Sibyl, disturbed in the fine frenzy of inspiration.

“Oh, Barbara! Barbara!” she cried, extremely agitated, “what have you done?”

The ever-welcome guest had interrupted her friend in a scene of *Romola*. • •

“I felt ready to cry like a naughty child,” said the narrator, “but from the opposite door rushed Mr. Lewes, who in the kindest manner put things right.”

A greater contrast than that presented by these close friends of almost a lifetime could hardly be found. The author of *Adam Bede*, sublime in her ugliness, angular, her large sallow features lighted up by those sad, intermittently flashing eyes, ever peering, as it seemed, into the unknown and unknowable, her domesticities and humanities painfully strained, her very laugh having a lurking dreariness behind it, her black dress in harmony with the sombre, Rembrandt-like picture. The foundress of Girton College, still in middle-life fresh as a rose, her blue, frank eyes beaming with “the wild joy of living,” her magnificent complexion and masses of wonderful golden hair set off by draperies bright as those worn by Mr. Morris’ happy folk in *Nowhere*, her tremendous animal spirits caught by everyone near except George Eliot, to her, Marian ever. “Madame Bodichon’s portrait is in every picture gallery of Europe,” said one who had known her from childhood. She might, indeed, have sat for the Titian in our own National Gallery, or the hardly less sumptuous and lovely Bordone in the Louvre.

In spite of these differences of look, temperament, and character, never were two women knitted by closer ties. In Madame Bodichon’s library was a first copy of *Adam Bede*, in which the author had written, a short time after its appearance, “To her who first recognised me in this work.” And who can say? It is quite possible, that, but for Barbara Leigh Smith, afterwards Madame Bodichon, *Adam Bede* would never have been written.

The actors in the little scene I am about to relate have now passed

away. There can be no motive for withholding an incident which, indeed, I was never bidden to keep secret.

The acquaintance of the pair had ripened into friendship whilst Mary Ann Evans was unknown to fame, and before she had taken the perilous leap, in other words, thrown down her gauntlet to the world. On the brink of that decision, when womanly pride and love were battling for mastery, when the great novelist to be, trembled before the shadow hanging over what seemed otherwise a perfect life, the lovers and Barbara Leigh Smith spent a day together in the country. As she thus stood at the parting of the way, Mary Ann Evans unbosomed herself to her friend, even asked counsel.

"What right had I to advise?" Madame Bodichon afterwards said to the present writer. "I told her that her own heart alone must decide, and that, no matter what happened, I would stand by her while I lived."

We all know the share that George Henry Lewes had in the career of the novelist. But what if, at this juncture, his influence had been wholly withdrawn? What if, like her own Dorothea, she had married a Mr. Casaubon? Perhaps it was the conviction that she had been the silent, the unconscious umpire of their destinies, that knit the pair so closely to their staunch, beautiful, magnanimous friend. Their affection for her and joy in her, were delightful to witness. Her presence had ever power to brighten them as a sunbeam. Madame Bodichon's attitude in this matter affords a key to her character. For her, the individual was everything; conventionalities, public opinion, the homage or approval of the world, of no account. It was this intense respect for humanity in the concrete, this profound sense of justice, this power of rising above prejudice, sentiment and common-place, that made her life so salutary and stimulating. The foundress of Girton College, the originator of the movement which led to the passing of the Married Women's Property Act, the re-planter of vast tracts of Algeria by means of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, has won for herself an incontestable place in contemporary history. As an educationalist, social reformer and philanthropist, she is hardly likely to be forgotten by future biographers. But there were eminent men and women among her friends to whom she was something else; who loved and admired her as the artist only. Frequenters of exhibitions five-and-twenty years ago will hardly have forgotten the brilliant water-colour sketches dashed off in North Africa, Spain, South America, and elsewhere, bearing the signature B.L.S.B. Critics, among these Mr. Ruskin, were not slow to recognise the originality, imaginativeness, and poetic feeling displayed in every one. It was universally admitted that only persistent study and uncompromising devotion were necessary to develop really rare gifts, and secure for their possessor a foremost position

among living artists. Dearly as she loved art, delightful as would have been to her the recognised position of an artist, she decided to give up her life to what she considered higher objects.

Perhaps it was in the society of men like her friend the eminent painter, Daubigny, that the happiest hours of a happy life were spent. To Madame Bodichon, George Henry Lewes and George Eliot were kindred spirits; for the author of *Romola* she entertained a feeling akin to reverence. But how different even dinner-table talk with these two to the joyous, light-hearted camaraderie of fellow artists! The contrast came out strikingly during the winter of 1870-71, when I was privileged to spend some time with all three under my friend's roof. She had hired a large, handsome, high-church rectory in the neighbourhood of Ryde, and here Mr. and Mrs. Lewes spent Christmas. Certainly he was captivatingly genial and clever, pranksome also as a monkey, yet one could but feel that over his companion there hung a perpetual shadow—by no means the shadow of personal remorse; none who knew her could for a moment suppose that it had anything to do with her defiance of conventional standards. Her brooding, deep-seated melancholy had not only one poor life, but all humanity, the life of humanity, for its cause. On her shoulders seemed to rest the spiritual burdens of the world. There were, of course, gay, mirthful intervals. The vicar's study had been assigned to Mr. Lewes for his use. When we sat down on Christmas Day—as we supposed, to our Christmas turkey—there was a momentary consternation, followed by uncontrollable, hearty laughter. Mr. Lewes had discovered in the study a scourge, used, I presume, by the vicar for purposes of self-flagellation, and this scourge was served up instead of the turkey.

What a change when they had gone and Daubigny came! The great landscape-painter was in grievous anxiety, not only for his country, but for the lives of those nearest to him. The weather was arctic. Sketching out of doors was a matter of bodily hardship. French gaiety, genial companionship, and artistic enthusiasm overcame all obstacles. In the exhilarating society of his hostess, a Frenchwoman by marriage and at heart, Daubigny could shake off the gloom of that awful period.

"Ah, Madame Bodichon, you always inspire me!" he said again and again, the scenery of the Isle of Wight, however, not delighting him nearly so much as the fishmarket of Hastings. Later on we accompanied him thither, and he settled down in the little inn over against the lifeboat-house.

Before a stone of Ginton College was laid Madame Bodichon had achieved good work. It is mainly owing to her exertions that working women can call their earnings their own, and also obtain

divorce from a brutal husband. She wrote, as she spoke, admirable English. Her *Brief Summary of the Laws of England affecting Women*, and other pamphlets, are models of their kind; lucid, dispassionate, unanswerable. For years she devoted alike time, money, and talents to a cause of which she lived to witness the triumph.

Another cause taken up by her no less warmly triumphed in her lifetime also. In 1866-67 we had traversed the fever-stricken plains of Oran together, journeying to Algiers by way of Spain. "The fever, the fever," I wrote at the time; "every one was falling ill, was ill, or had been ill of the fever. We were particularly warned from exposing ourselves to the smell of freshly turned soil. The earth emitted a kind of poison, and there is no remedy for the evil but draining and planting." From the same spot, Le Sig, Oran, I wrote, "We returned to the auberge to see a pitiful sight. It was a little Arab child of fourteen months sick of the fever; he was riding on the shoulder of his grandfather, or, perhaps, great-grandfather, a patriarchal-looking old man with silky-white hair and beard. I don't think I ever saw anything more touching than his care of the little suffering thing. Its poor little face was perfectly livid, its eyes leaden, its limbs shrunken. What could we do for it?"

Quinine was a palliative, and we bestowed all that we had with us, but the true philanthropist, the "moral inventor," to use the phrase of Mr. Cotter Morrison, possesses, above all things, a vivid imagination. Madame Bodichon said little, but no doubt had in her mind some such picture as that of Faust:—

"A swamp below the mountain stretches wide,
Poisoning all husbandry. To draw away
The deadly damp, that were the highest gain,
I open place for millions here to dwell
Busy and free, if not secure from ill."

The dream, if, indeed, dream it were, has been fulfilled. Since that picturesque, but painful journey the physical and climatic conditions of hundreds of thousands of acres in French Africa have been transformed by means of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, and among the first and most zealous planters were Madame Bodichon and her husband. The dense masses of bluish-green forest that have sprung up in the interval are not, perhaps, conducive to the beauty of Algerian scenery. They have rendered vast tracts healthful and fertile. Such changes are not effected without outlay. Madame Bodichon was not a rich woman, but could always find money for the causes she had at heart. Large sums were spent by her upon convoys of seed ordered direct from Melbourne, and her whole-hearted action stimulated others.

Her pen, indeed, first drew attention in England to the marvel-

lously febrifugal qualities of the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, or blue gum-tree. She had hastily put down a few facts and conclusions on paper, which she read to George Henry Lewes in 1868. He touched up the manuscript, and carried it off straight to the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which paper it appeared next day, entitled "Australian Forests and Algerian Deserts."

It was in 1866 that the scheme of a university for women was matured by Madame Bodichon and Miss Emily Davies at the country house of the former. The pair discussed the matter morning, noon, and night, and the result of their confabulations was the experiment of Hitchin, a house temporarily opened for the accommodation of a few students later. I well remember the enthusiasm with which my friend carried me off to see the college of her dreams in embryo. As we lunched with the half-dozen busy, animated girls—a little family party—I recalled a passage in Miss Emily Davies' book on the *Higher Education of Women*. In dwelling on the dead alive monotony of so many girls' lives, she mentions that terrible infliction of being invited out "to spend a long day." Those merry students, most of whom afterwards devoted themselves to teaching, would at least never again be invited out to "spend a long day." Hitchin had made their time of more value. Who, at that moment, could foresee the magnificent building to arise within a decade just outside Cambridge? Educationalists of all shades of opinion rallied round the co-foundresses of Girton, but without the self-sacrifices of these two, the scheme might have fallen through. Madame Bodichon contributed a thousand pounds towards the initiatory outlay, and Miss Emily Davies for several years charged herself with the onerous duties of mistress.

Madame Bodichon threw heart and soul, not only into the organisation and development of her college, but into the individual lives of the students—one and all were her children, her friends. With other educationalists, perhaps, she over-rated the value of mere mental training; in her generous ardour she was too apt to regard examinations and certificates as talismanic. In early life, with so many others, she had suffered at the hands of incompetent governesses. We need hardly wonder that the altered standard of women's education should appear to her in the light of a moral and spiritual revolution. A Girton student, in her eyes, ever had a shining nimbus round her head—was no mere woman.

Laws are not changed, wildernesses not made to blossom like the rose, colleges not founded, without wear and tear of muscle and brain. At fifty years of age Madame Bodichon's health, never robust, completely broke down. But not one stroke of paralysis after another could check the enthusiasm of that richly endowed nature, or chill the warmth of that large heart. "It is a benediction to see

you!" had been Browning's greeting one day years before. It was a benediction to see her still, enfeebled, unable any longer to exert herself mentally or bodily, yet, to the very last, living not in her own sick room, but in the large life of others—the future of humanity. An evolutionist, saner intelligence never existed. She had long since discarded dogma and theologies of human invention. Theosophy, Spiritism, psychical research—so called—and similar aberrations, were equally repugnant to her. She calmly accepted existence as it is, finding consolation for personal ills and bereavements in human progress.

In 1857 Barbara Leigh Smith had married Dr. Eugène Bodichon, of Algiers, a man of no mean attainments and in fullest sympathy with his wife's aims. One of the little knot known as the Republicans of '30, amongst these being his friends Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, Dr. Bodichon rendered good service to the cause of colonisation and democracy. Strange as it may appear, after nearly twenty years of conquest, slavery existed in full force throughout Algeria. Rulers and legislators had apparently forgotten the famous declaration of the Rights of Man abolishing slavery in France. When, in 1848, Dr. Bodichon was named corresponding member of the Provisional Government, he immediately recommended the liberation of slaves in French Africa, a measure as promptly put into force. There can be little doubt that with Rochefort he helped to destroy the Napoleonic prestige. His analysis of the character of the first Napoleon was not allowed to appear in France under the Second Empire; the types of the work¹ were broken up and the author's movements strictly watched. Carlyle read and re-read this monograph. The volume containing it lay for several days near his bed, and he owed to a friend that up to that time he had entertained a different idea of the modern Cæsar. Long before the introduction of the *Eucalyptus Globulus* into Algeria, Dr. Bodichon had insisted on the necessity of replanting the colony, in many regions denuded by Arab incendiaries, in others rendered pestilential by miasma. His works on the country, especially from the ethnological point of view, are cited by Réclus and Henri Martin.

Madame Bodichon was not without one weakness of magnanimous natures. She was apt, especially of late years, to endow others with her own noble qualities, to bestow her confidence and affection upon those utterly unworthy of either. From littleness, self-seeking, worldliness, she was herself absolutely free. No woman ever possessed in larger degree the manly attribute of moral courage.

She died in June last, bequeathing £10,000 to her College of Girton and £1,000 to Bedford Square College.

M. BEGHAM-EDWARDS.

(1) *De l'Humanité*. The monograph alluded to is included in a popular selection of Dr. Bodichon's works, *Œuvres Diverses*, Leroux, Paris, 1886. 1fr. 50c.

THE STAGE AND LITERATURE.

IN the few months that have elapsed since the American Copyright Act enabled our playwrights to print their plays without forfeiting their stage-right in the United States, there has been a great deal of animated discussion as to the possibility and desirability of a literary drama. The polemist whose method is to attribute to their opponents propositions of plain idiocy, and then gravely to refute them, have been enjoying what, in their scorn of all that is "literary," they would doubtless describe as "a high old time." They have assumed that those of us who were eager for a revival of the fashion of publishing and reading plays, cherished some superstitious belief in the magic power of the printing-press to transmute rubbish into literature; and this utterly gratuitous assumption they have triumphantly confuted, by pointing out that the two or three plays which have been published under the new condition of things, are something less than masterpieces. Of course no one in his senses ever pretended that the mechanical act of printing could convert folly into wisdom, or puerility into wit. What we argued was that the power to publish plays was an indispensable condition-precedent of a literary drama, and that until that power was secured us it was useless to expect playwrights to put serious thought and delicate workmanship into plays condemned in advance to an ephemeral existence in a set of "greasy prompt-books." This modest proposition I take to be irrefutable; it is not refuted, at any rate, by the observation that though the Copyright Act has been a whole six months in force, we still await a great dramatic literature. But behind the disputants who attack their own shadows, come others who hold that literature and the stage are incompatible, antagonistic, thatactable plays ought not to be, or even cannot be, readable as well, and that in looking for a literary drama we are setting forth on the quest of a contradiction in terms, as who should say a two-footed quadruped or an opaque transparency. This is a rational proposition in the sense of presenting no inherent absurdity. Literature and the drama might conceivably have been mutually exclusive, just as sugar might conceivably have been insoluble in water. The only weak point of the theory is that everyday observation confutes it a thousandfold. But here I am plainly falling into the afore-mentioned vice of controverting an assertion so flagrantly idiotic that no one can ever have intended to assert it. The theorists who maintain that "literature is the bane of the drama," and so forth, must attach some private interpretation to the terms they use.

They must have some peculiar understanding or misunderstanding of literature, some restricted conception of drama. The definition of terms is the end, and ought to be the beginning, of argument. It would, of course, be easy to define literature as "undramatic writing," and drama as "the representation of life by means of unliterary dialogue"; and that is practically the procedure of the theorists I refer to. Now I submit that these are arbitrary and extremely inconvenient definitions, and that not only the best usage, but every consideration of common expediency, encourages us to interpret the terms in a more liberal sense. The first step, then, towards a rational understanding on the matter must be an inquiry into what we mean, or ought to mean, by "literature" in relation to drama. In the present paper, I propose to attempt this inquiry.

First let me show what radically divergent expressions may be used on what ought to be a very simple matter, by men of cognate, if not equal, intelligence, who look at it from the same point of view. Of the two following utterances, Mr. Pinero's is the later in point of time, but there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Jones's words were present to his mind as he spoke, or that the trenchancy of his contradiction was deliberate.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES
(in his Preface to *Saints and Sinners*).

"I am concerned to establish the general rule that the intellectual and art values of any drama, its permanent influence and renown, are in exact proportion to its literary qualities. Shakespeare and Sheridan are popular playwrights to-day strictly on account of the enduring literary qualities of their work. They have admirable stagecraft as well, but this alone would not have rescued them from oblivion."

MR. A. W. PINERO
(in an interview in the *Pictorial World*,
October 31st, 1891).

"It may shock you to hear it, but I am convinced that Sheridan and Shakespeare live on the stage, not by reason of literature, in the accepted sense of polished prose-writing or poetry, but on account of their character-development and dramatic construction."

Now, it is scarcely conceivable that Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones can in fact differ so diametrically as their words would lead us to suppose. Let us see if we cannot find some indication that, like the knights with the gold and silver shields, they are talking about different things. Mr. Jones does not (in the passage quoted) give any indication of what he means by "literary qualities," except in opposing them to "stagecraft"; while Mr. Pinero opposes "literature in the sense of polished prose-writing or poetry" to "character development and dramatic construction." We may safely assume that Mr. Jones's "stagecraft" is equivalent to Mr. Pinero's "dramatic construction," and that here we have a genuine divergence of opinion—Mr. Jones making light of that skilful story-telling, that adroit gradation of interest, which Mr. Pinero regards as essential. A

little consideration, I think, will convince us that in regarding deft construction as desirable, but not essential, Mr. Jones holds the right end of the stick. If there is one play of Shakespeare more thoroughly alive than another, it is *As You Like It*, which Mr. Pinero will surely not claim as a masterpiece of construction. It is not constructed at all, but huddled together. Not to speak of *Henry VIII.*, which has but a factitious vitality on the modern stage, can we call *Richard III.* a well-made play? Is *Hamlet* itself a model of ordered workmanship? Philosophical interludes apart, the action moves smoothly enough up to the end of the third act, but the fourth is, technically, a flagrant blunder. The play, in short, was not built to plan and scale, but "grewed"; and it is not a whit the less living on that account. The construction of the *School for Scandal*, again—is it so good as all that? The Screen Scene is certainly incomparable, built by a master hand; but otherwise, the play gives us a foretaste of the leisurely, go-as-you-please technique which is held to be an audacious invention of the naturalistic school in France. Observe that in this discussion I have used the term "dramatic construction" rather than "stagecraft." Stagecraft, in the largest sense of the word, these plays must certainly exemplify, simply because they have pleased, and continue to please on the stage. What they prove, I think, is that continuity of action, dexterous dovetailing, and all that we technically understand by construction, is no indispensable part of stagecraft—that quite other qualities may buoy a play up through the centuries.

We must now ask: what are these other qualities? "Literary qualities" replies Mr. Jones; while Mr. Pinero (his "dramatic construction" being by our argument cancelled) is left with the explanation "not polished prose-writing or poetry, but character-development." If we examine these phrases, I think we shall find in them the basis of conciliation for which we are seeking. We cannot doubt that Mr. Jones tacitly includes "character development," and gives it a foremost place, among his "literary qualities"; nor can we suppose that Mr. Pinero holds "polished prose-writing or poetry" to be positively harmful so long as it remains subservient to "character development." Earlier in the same interview, he says, "Believe me, the worst friends of the dramatist are those who worry him into striving to write 'literature' . . . They frighten playwrights . . . into writing passages of rhetoric instead of natural dialogue which would tend to develop character . . . Where are all the literary plays of the Kemble period, with their rhetorical fineries? Dead as door-nails, all of them." Truly, because bad writing is bad writing, whether on the stage or off, and Maturin, Shiel, Sheridan Knowles, and their turgid tribe, though they provided the rhetorical actors of the day with good openings for the

display of virtuosity, were essentially a feeble folk of no literary or intellectual standing. Because the bombast of a sorry rhetorician is soon forgotten, does it follow that the golden accents of a great poet are of no effect in securing him immortality, even on the stage? To the latter question we must return anon; it is enough for the present that we should eliminate from the discussion one perpetually recurring misconception, and declare once for all that when we say "literature" we do not mean "fustian." The pseudo-Shakesperian "literary dramatist" we have always with us. His latest, direst avatar is Mr. A. C. Calmour; and nothing shows so clearly the atrophy of the literary sense in our managers, actors, and critics, as the fact that the works of this Poet have met with some acceptance at more than one leading theatre.

Our two theorists, then, may be taken as agreeing that character-development is the chief end of the serious drama, and differing as to the relative importance of plot and diction in subserving that end. Even Mr. Pinero does not insist that the drama must be ill-written, so long as mere language knows its place and keeps to it. With him, graces of expression are permissive, with Mr. Jones obligatory; that is (in theory) the difference between them. But now comes Mr. H. D. Traill with a remarkable contribution to the debate. Approaching the question from the literary, not the theatrical, side, he avers that what is good on the stage cannot possibly be good in the study, and that "he who says 'literary drama,' says 'picture statue,' says 'flat relief,' says 'miniature fresco.'" Mr. Traill, in a word, makes absolute Mr. Pinero's decree *nisi*; or rather he declares that literature and the drama cannot be divorced, since they were never really wedded, but only stood in barren juxtaposition. Of course this contention is a mere amiable *jeu d'esprit* on Mr. Traill's part. He has observed that the performance of some of our dramatists falls short of their ambition (or of the hopes cherished by their admiring critics), and he is desirous, in pointing this out, to soothe their wounded feelings by a consolatory paradox. Where they have failed, he says, no one has ever succeeded, and no one can possibly succeed; and he brings to the support of this thesis an ingenuity worthy of the author of *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon*, even going the length of pretending a quaintly exaggerated critical obtuseness. A man of Mr. Traill's proved ability can afford to indulge, with kindly intent, in these playful vagaries of dialectic. He can affect stupidity with no fear of being taken at his word, by readers of understanding. The pity of it is that the playwrights for whom his argument has naturally the greatest interest, are the very people who are most likely to misunderstand, and take it seriously. I may perhaps be excused, therefore, for entering into

the spirit of the joke, and treating Mr. Traill's annihilation of the literary drama of all time as gravely as though he really meant it.

Excepting only the Attic tragedy, Mr. Traill affirms "of every other form of drama," that "though some of them may, and do, contain great literature, they are, to the extent to which they are literary, undramatic, and to the extent to which they are dramatic, unliterary." Here is a very explicit proposition; but before we can accept or reject it, we must discover what Mr. Traill means by the terms "literary" and "dramatic." Now I venture to suggest that he uses both terms in a too restricted sense, understanding by "literature" mere ornaments of expression, by "drama," mere story-telling in action. Not otherwise might one argue that, because Yorkshire and Perthshire are not conterminous, England and Scotland cannot combine to form Great Britain. Nothing is literature for Mr. Traill that does not possess absolute and inherent verbal beauty, nothing is drama that does not positively advance the action, or realistically illustrate character in strict relation to the action. He treats literature, like a French symbolist, as verbal art for verbal art's sake, and drama, like an adept of the Scribe-Sarcey school, as mere stage story-telling, with such incidental illustrations of character as can be worked in without impeding the all-important development of the plot. He in the first place tacitly denies the name of literature to language which possesses dramatic appropriateness without inherent beauty, and then he tacitly assumes that inherent beauty and dramatic appropriateness can never be found in conjunction. By means of a few such convenient exclusions and assumptions, I would undertake to prove that light and heat are incongruous and mutually exclusive ideas—that nothing which illuminates can warm, and nothing which warms can illuminate.

Shakespeare is, of course, the lion in Mr. Traill's path. If he can prove that the more literary is Shakespeare's writing the less is it dramatic—that, in his case, the greater the poet the lesser the playwright—all the other so-called literary dramatists may with ease be disposed of. And first he goes to work historically. Assuming that Shakespeare is the most literary of dramatists, he sets forth to prove that he is one of the least successful on the stage. Heroically hopeless task! Mr. Traill knows as well as I do that Shakespeare, the incomparable, inexhaustible creator of sheer verbal beauty, was in his own time, and has ever been (except for a decade or two immediately after the Restoration) by far the most popular of acted playwrights, and that not in England alone, but throughout the Teutonic world. Mr. Traill makes much of the fact that only eight out of his thirty-six plays—i.e. 25 per cent.—can be said to live on the stage. These figures he arrives at by excluding *The Taming of the Shrew*

and *The Winter's Tale*, both of which have been exceedingly popular within the past two or three years. But, accepting his figures, and not dwelling on the fact that in Germany, where the conditions of theatrical life are healthier than here, some two dozen of his plays may be said to live on the stage, I would ask him what other dramatist that ever existed has produced so many as eight plays that have lived on the stage for three centuries? In another sixty or seventy years Molière, no doubt, will be in the same position. Some eight or ten of his plays will have lived at the Théâtre-Français as long as Shakespeare's eight or ten have lived on the London stage, to say nothing of the rest of the world. But this in no way helps Mr. Traill's argument, unless he is prepared to prove that Molière's plays are not literature. And even that would not be sufficient. To give any force to his reasoning from history, he would have to oppose to Shakespeare some playwright whose freedom from baneful literary ballast had enabled a much larger proportion of his works than 25 per cent. to float for three centuries down the stream of time. This idea seems, at the last moment, to have occurred to Mr. Traill, for he remarks: "Compare such a record as Shakespeare's with that of, say, the late Mr. Dion Boucicault!" Really, Mr. Traill, this is carrying the joke too far! Boucicault, in his hey-day, never was so successful as Shakespeare. At least 75 per cent. of his productions were either failures from the outset or forgotten the moment their first run was over, whereas at least 75 per cent. of Shakespeare's works were the most popular plays of his own day. And as for living three centuries, not 25 per cent., no, nor 5 per cent., of Boucicault's works have survived three decades. It may safely be prophesied that they will all be as dead as Abel before this century is out. Could any parallel be more destructive to Mr. Traill's own case! And let him look to France for another example. Eugène Scribe was, in his way, a playwright of undoubted genius, and he applied his genius in exact accordance with Mr. Traill's ideal—that is to say, he gave his whole thought to the purely dramatic side of his work, and scorned to be literary. He ought, then, to be the most popular playwright of all time; but, alas for Mr. Traill's theory! he outlived his immortality, and to-day, thirty years after his death, he is less popular in his own Paris than the "drunken savage," the "literary" bungler, Shakespeare.

In sum, it could almost certainly be proved, were it worth the labour, that, taking all the world over, there have been ten performances of Shakespeare for every one performance of any other individual dramatist. In the English and German-speaking world, at any rate, some such proportion would most unquestionably be found to hold good. But Shakespeare, by Mr. Traill's own admission, was

the most "literary" of dramatists. Does it not almost seem as though, in the long run, popularity went in the direct, not in the inverse, ratio of literary merit?

Having applied the popularity-test, with what success the reader can now judge for himself, Mr. Traill proceeds to apply the test of right reason, and to show that Shakespeare's attempt to blend literature with drama conflicts with the eternal fitness of things. He takes *Macbeth*, criticizes it from the point of view of the modern stage-manager, with his blue pencil, and then assures us that the modern stage-manager is right and Shakespeare wrong. To return for a moment to the popularity-test, we may be sure that if Mr. Traill's stage-manager had had his way with the tragedy before its first production, it would have fretted its hour on the seventeenth-century stage and then been heard no more. But the popularity-test, I readily admit, proves very little. If Mr. Traill can show that the verbal poetry of *Macbeth* is undramatic, in the sense of being out of character, incongruous, an irrelevant excrescence, why then he has proved that part of his case, and we can only deplore the bad taste of the thousand audiences whom, during the past three centuries, the tragedy has held spell-bound. It is not quite clear, to begin with, whether our critic should be understood as rejecting, in block, the whole convention of the Elizabethan drama—blank verse, elaborately figurative diction, and the almost total neglect of local and historical colour. Of course, if Mr. Traill goes the whole realistic hog, and rejects all drama that does not at least try to reproduce life exactly as it is, or may have been, then argument is plainly at an end. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Traill intends any such extravagance; but if not, why should he take the trouble to assure us that "a barbarous Scotch chieftain of the eleventh century" would not have talked as *Macbeth* does? Certainly not; who ever supposed he would? Not Shakespeare for one. Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is not "a barbarous Scotch chieftain of the eleventh century," and there is not the smallest reason why he should talk like one. He is not of an age but of all time. He is the ideal victim of "fate and metaphysical aid." His nature is of imagination all compact; that is why he yields to the promptings of the Weird Sisters, what he deems to be his destiny standing before him so vividly that he *must* realize it; and that is why he expresses himself with a wealth and beauty of imagery unsurpassed by any other character in Shakespeare. Those immortally pathetic wailings of his better self which Mr. Traill pretends to find "monumentally inappropriate," are in fact of the very essence of his character. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting for the thousandth time a few of the lines in which, as it seems to me, the perfection of

verbal beauty is combined with the perfection of dramatic fitness :—

“Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.”

Or again :—

“I have lived long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.”

I am far from contending that Shakespeare was never carried away by the “conceited” literary habit of his age into over-luxuriant imagery and rhetorical rhodomontade. The metaphors on sleep which Mr. Traill quotes are questionable as literature and questionable as drama. But if the passage ran thus :—

“Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more !*
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
Still it cried *Sleep no more !* to all the house :
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !”

Could anything be at once more beautiful and more dramatic as an ideal expression of the terrors besetting a man of overstrung imagination who has been lured to crime in his better self's despite ? “But,” says Mr. Traill, “that is not what Shakespeare wrote.” No ; but the fact that a few questionable metaphors chance to detract from the perfection of an otherwise nobly dramatic passage, does not prove that great poetry and true drama are for ever incompatible and antagonistic.

It would be easy and delightful, but entirely superfluous, to fill page after page with passages, scenes, whole acts from Shakespeare in which incomparable beauty of expression coexists with the subtlest, the most inspired dramatic fitness. But it is granting Mr. Traill too much to seem to allow that formal beauty of diction is an indispensable element in dramatic literature. It happens that the convention under which he wrote enabled Shakespeare very frequently to clothe his drama in the loveliest singing-ropes ; but even in Shakespeare there are passages which almost break through that convention and anticipate the strenuous sobriety of the modern realistic manner. Take, for instance, the third and fourth acts of

Othello, the scenes in which "Iago retiarus" casts his net over his victim.

Here there are a few passages of extreme verbal beauty, such as Iago's—

"But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er

Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves,"

the lines beginning, "Not poppy nor mandragora," and Othello's "Farewell the tranquil mind!", which, admitting the rhetorical convention, are surely no less great as drama than as poetry. But comparatively few strokes of the blue pencil would remove from these scenes all the speeches which have any particular beauty apart from their dramatic context; and if this were done, I venture to say that the scenes would still remain supreme in literature, in virtue of their sheer supremacy as drama. In them the art of dialogue finds its consummation. Think of the feat the poet performs! He makes Iago, with the aid of the most trumpery material evidences, so subtly work upon Othello's mind as to hurl him, in half an hour's talk, from the summit of faith into the abyss of distrust, and to persuade us, the onlookers, for the time at any rate, that his fall is inevitable. Every moment we see the poison percolating a little further, staining a wider area in its victim's imagination. At every speech a new parcel of spiritual tissue is attacked, infected. No word but seems a living organism—in Iago's case we might almost say a bacillus—no phrase but evidences the deepest spiritual insight, along with the nicest technical skill in conveying to reader or audience the fine translation of thought and feeling. Assuredly this is drama in its highest expression; and if it be not literature, what is? Of course, if it amuses Mr. Traill to do so, he can frame a definition of literature which shall exclude the third and fourth acts of *Othello*, all but the more ornate passages; but it is one thing to frame a definition, and another thing to induce the common-sense of the world to accept it. About the time when we define rivers so as to exclude the Mississippi, and mountains so as to exclude the Matterhorn, we may expect to find *Othello*, by common consent, defined out of literature and *Macbeth* defined out of drama. Then, and not till then.

Mr. Traill must forgive me for treating his *jeu d'esprit* so seriously. I beg him to believe that I quite appreciate the humour of it. But I fear the admirable solemnity of his countenance might mystify a certain number of playwrights and critics who are predisposed (on purely personal grounds) to find literature and the drama incompatible. That is why I have been so brutal as to puncture his pretty dialectical soap-bubble. It would have been a thousand pities if the coming Shakespeare, confronted on the threshold of his career by Mr. Traill's sportive dichotomy, had mistaken jest for earnest and

conceived himself fated to crush either his theatrical or his literary aspirations, saying with Othello—

“And, by Traill’s proof, there is no more but this—
Away at once with plays or literature!”

Where, then, has this analysis landed us? Why, in the assurance that, under the rhetorical convention, the most exquisite verbal felicity—the distinction of style which has ever been recognised as the very essence of literature—is compatible with the highest truth and potency of dramatic effect. But the rhetorical convention, one readily admits, is dead. It found its apotheosis for us in Shakespeare, for the French in—shall we say, Racine? or Hugo?—for the Germans in Schiller. Great poets may yet do great things in blank verse or Alexandrines; but a suppler medium is needed to show the age and body of our complex time his form and pressure. Other conventions there have been and are, which introduce the literary element, in clearly recognisable forms, into drama. For instance, there is the convention of wit, which reigns in our English comedy. As Shakespeare presented life steeped in poetry, so Congreve and Sheridan present it impregnated with wit; and in what age has wit not been recognised as a form, and a high form, of literary excellence? Critics there may be who altogether reject the convention of wit, as Mr. Traill seems disposed to reject the convention of rhetoric; who maintain that people no more talk in epigrams than in blank verse, and that the stern veracity of the ideal drama must not thus be overlaid with literary ornament. To such a contention one can only oppose the plea that the sources of intellectual pleasure in this life are not so numerous that we can afford to sacrifice any of them to a tyrannous fetish of definition. If *The Way of the World* and *The School for Scandal* delight us in the study and on the stage,¹ we may surely recognise in them high literary and dramatic excellence, without prejudice to our appreciation of other forms of art. Again, there is the convention of fantasy, more fruitful than that of wit, which it to some extent includes. What delights do we not owe to it, from *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* to *The Mikado* and *Dandy Dick*, from *Les Précieuses Ridicules* to *La Cagnotte* and *La Grande Duchesse*. Life is presented, with no attempt at verisimilitude, on one or other of the innumerable planes, so to speak, of fantastic distortion, some very near reality, others indefinitely remote. Exaggeration and caricature, the supernatural, the grotesque, the topsy-turvy, satire and paradox, poetry and tomfoolery, all find their place under this convention, its most common manifestations, of course, being farce and extravaganza. And here even Mr. Traill will scarcely deny that literature has an indefeasible right

(1) The Restoration Comedy is banished from the modern stage neither by its literary merits nor its dramatic defects, but simply by its grossness.

of entrance. The *Birds* of Aristophanes, Shakespeare's *Tempest*, Molière's *Don Juan*, Sheridan's *Critic*, the humorous masterpieces of Labiche and Meilhac and Halévy—if these are not at once drama and literature, then words have no meaning and linguistic chaos has come again. Of course there is room under this convention for an infinitude of trivial and vulgar and inept writing, utterly unworthy, both in matter and form, of the name of literature; and much of this inferior work finds acceptance on the stage. My argument is not that the areas of the literary drama and of the successful stage-drama are, or ought to be, co-extensive, but merely that they neither are nor ought to be mutually exclusive. Many plays which possess no scintilla of literary merit succeed, and have a right to succeed, as vehicles for acting. This no one dreams of disputing; to deny the existence, or contest the right to exist, of the non-literary drama, would be just as futile as to deny the existence of the literary drama. Just as futile—no whit more so.

Hitherto our inquiry has been the plainest of plain sailing. We have dealt in what ought to be, but for controversial paradox-mongering, the veriest truisms. We have found that in all forms of drama which are based on convention, which represent life in a medium of rhetoric, or wit, or fantasy, there is ample room for graces of style—for colour of vocabulary, for point and polish and balance of phrase, for “the right word in the right place”—in short, for all that is universally recognised as literary excellence. The real difficulty arises when we approach that form of drama in which convention is, so far as possible, eschewed, in which the playwright seeks to reproduce life exactly as it is, or, more correctly speaking, to affect his audience with the illusion of reality. The dilemma is a very obvious one: in real life we do not talk literature, therefore we must either falsify the language of real life or forswear all effort after literary form. But a moment's thought will convince us that even here the difficulty is merely verbal. As a matter of fact we do not, and cannot, eschew convention—we must, whether we like it or not, falsify the language of real life. It may be merely by compression; but what is literature if not the art of compressing our every-day parlance? Let us take an example or two: and first from one English play of recent years in which, if in no other, poignant drama most indubitably goes hand-in-hand with consummate literary form. In quoting Dorothy Musgrave's soliloquy in the first act of *Beau Austin* I may seem to make an unhappy choice in this sense, that soliloquy as a whole marks a relapse towards the rhetorical convention. That is true; but I brave the inconsistency, because it seems to me that this particular soliloquy presents the very thoughts that must have passed through Dorothy's mind with perfect fidelity, perfect simplicity, and yet with the most delightful beauty of phrase:—

"Poor John Fenwick! Has he come back with the old story: with what might have been, perhaps, had we stayed by Edenside? Eden? Yes, my Eden, from which I fell. Oh, my old north country, my old river—the river of my innocence, the old country of my hopes—how could I endure to look on you now? and how to meet John?—John, with the old love on his lips, the old, honest, innocent, faithful heart! There was a Dorothy once who was not unfit to ride with him, her heart as light as his, her life as clear as the bright rivers we forded; he called her his Diana, he crowned her so with rowan. Where is that Dorothy now? that Diana? she that was everything to John? For oh, I did him good; I know I did him good; I will still believe I did him good: I made him honest, and kind, and a true man; alas, and could not guide myself! And now, how will he despise me? For he shall know; if I die, he shall know all; I could not live, and not be true with him."

Here are the thoughts of real life in the language of real life; there is no parade of imagery, no rhetoric, no rhodomontade; but somehow, by that miracle which we call art, a thing of pure beauty has come into existence. Take, again, one or two speeches from the great scene between Dorothy and the Beau. Here the phrases are a little mannered, for the personages belong to a somewhat formal age. No doubt, too, in real life, such a scene would not have moved in such a well-ordered rhythm; some compression has certainly been exercised; but we must also remember that even in real life two people of culture and ability, accustomed to self-expression, will sometimes, under the stress of emotion, conduct a scene of this nature with a very tolerable approach to dramatic terseness and logic.

AUSTIN. . . . Dorothy, at your feet, in remorse, in respect, in love—oh, such love as I have never felt, such love as I derided—I implore, I conjure you to be mine!

DOROTHY. Too late! too late.

AUSTIN. No, no, not too late; not too late for penitence, not too late for love.

DOROTHY. Which do you propose? that I should abuse your compassion, or reward your treachery? George Austin, I have been your mistress, and I will never be your wife.

AUSTIN. Child, dear child, I have not told you all: there is worse still; your brother knows; the boy as good as told me. Dorothy, this is scandal at the door—oh, let that move you: for that, if not for my sake, for that, if not for love, trust me, trust me again.

DOROTHY. I am so much the more your victim: that is all, and shall that change my heart? The sin must have its wages. This, too, was done long ago, when you stooped to lie to me. The shame is still mine, the fault still yours.

AUSTIN. Child, child, you kill me: you will not understand. Can you not see? the lad will force me to a duel.

DOROTHY. And you will kill him? Shame after shame, threat upon threat. Marry me, or you are dishonoured; marry me, or your brother dies: and this is man's honour! But my honour and my pride are different. I will encounter all misfortune sooner than degrade myself by an unfaithful marriage. How should I kneel before the altar, and vow to reverence as my husband you, you who deceived me as my lover?

What is there in this that departs from the absolute truth of the

situation, that George Austin and Dorothy Musgrave might not, would not have said? Not a syllable, not an accent, nothing. It is real to the ear, convincing to the intelligence; but it is the work of two master-craftsmen in words, it is beautiful, it is literature.

Next I turn to Dumas' *Francillon*, and quote the tirade of Stanislas de Grandredon from the third act. Dumas, it is true, is apt to fall back upon the convention of wit, and embroider his dialogue extravagantly with comparisons, antitheses, and phrases of effect. In his all-pervading *raisonneur*, too, he reverts to a still earlier convention—that of the chorus in the Greek tragedy. But in many passages he succeeds in giving literary form to good French conversation (which is often very good indeed) with the very smallest sacrifice of verisimilitude; and no one who has heard Lebargy, at the Français, languidly enacting the following jeremiad between two puffs of his cigarette will doubt that this is a case in point:—

LUCIEN. . . Tu ne trouves pas l'histoire des plus comiques?

STANISLAS. Quelle histoire? la tienne?

LUCIEN. Non, celle de Rosalie.

STANISLAS. Tout ce qu'il y a de plus comique. Toi aussi, tu es comique! moi aussi, je suis comique! Nous sommes tous comiques. Mais le diable m'emporte! Je sais comment ça finira d'être aussi comique que nous le sommes: Par moi, je ne suis plus sûr, depuis quelque temps, que la terre ne tourne pas à l'envers et que nous n'avons pas tous les pieds en l'air et la tête en bas. Il y a des moments, quand je reviens du cercle, la nuit surtout, où je me demande d'abord pourquoi j'y suis allé, et ensuite pourquoi j'en reviens, pourquoi au lieu d'entrer chez moi, dans ma polucho bleue et mes faux objets d'art, je ne vais pas jusqu'au pont faire un plongeon dans la Seine. C'est là que j'aurais la tête en bas et les pieds en l'air; mais au moins ce serait pour la dernière fois. Cela vaudrait toujours mieux que d'épouser comme toi une honnête fille, pour la trahir et l'amener au désespoir ou à l'avilissement, ou de ne pas avoir d'autre idéal dans la vie, comme Carillac, que d'apporter à une coquine, sur un plat d'or, sa fortune, son honneur et son nom. Peut-être faut-il l'envier? Il croit encore à quelque chose. Il croit qu'elle se repent et il croit qu'il aime. Peut-être finirai-je plus mal que lui. Rions donc, mon vieux. Hélas! nous ne pourrions bientôt plus rire, et nous ne saurons pas pleurer. Triste! triste!

So soon as we have an English playwright who possesses the literary vigour and technical skill of Dumas, or Meilhac, or Becque, we shall cease to dispute as to the possibility of a literary drama. At present (though the literary workmanship of Mr. Pinero, especially in his farces, is far from despicable) we are very much in the position of the fox without a tail; with this difference, however, that, despairing of getting our neighbours to cut off their tails, we go about to persuade ourselves that these appendages, and the one we ourselves formerly possessed, are nothing but illusions.

To complete this inquiry, even in outline, one ought to examine the dialogue of Ibsen and the other Scandinavian realists, in which, as some of us think, a great literary effect is attained by the sedulous dissimulation of literary form. Indeed my remarks on the third

and fourth acts of *Othello* were designed as a sort of introduction to this branch of my argument. But I have already outrun my limit of space, and cannot possibly embark on so difficult a discussion. Let me merely state my belief, then, that in such a play as *Hedda Gabler* Ibsen has achieved with unexampled completeness the fusion of character, action, and dialogue into an indissoluble whole, and that the comparative infrequency of mere beauty of phrase is amply compensated by the intensity, or rather the multiplicity, of meaning contained in every line. The simplest sentence proves, on examination, to be cut in many facets, and to fulfil a complex function in the economy of the whole. One speech will often presuppose more thought and ingenuity, and carry with it a larger character-revelation than a whole scene in a lesser dramatist; while the surface aspect of the dialogue is from first to last that of every-day conversation. It is imprudent, no doubt, to advance so extreme an opinion, unsupported by argument, in connection with a subject so inflammatory as Ibsen; but to have made no mention of him would have been to leave the present discussion glaringly incomplete.

I regret the more my inability to carry out in detail this portion of my design, because in doing so I hoped to correct a certain lack of proportion in the foregoing argument. The reader has no doubt observed that I have treated "literature" too much as a matter of mere verbal grace, as though no play could be "literary" which did not possess the same qualities of style which go to make a fine essay or a noble poem. Now, though I believe and have tried to show that such qualities are not incompatible with great drama—that they are to be found, indeed, in all plays which have outlived their first ephemeral popularity—yet I fully admit that a play is not to be judged by detached phrases or passages any more than a house can be appraised on the evidence of a single brick. The ultimate criterion of merit in a play, as in any other piece of literature—forgive me if, at the eleventh hour, I venture to beg the question—lies in the amount and quality of sheer brain-power informing the whole organism. It is perfectly certain that a play which is dramatically bad can never be converted into enduring literature by more fine writing; and it very seldom occurs that a play which is, in any high sense, dramatically good, falls beneath the level of literature from defect of style. In the vast majority of cases, where the "total cerebration" is high, it is pretty evenly distributed over all the component parts of the structure—over plot, character, and dialogue. In simpler terms, it will generally be found that a good play is well written and a bad play ill written. This may seem like a truism, (or even an "identical proposition"); but it is a truism, as this whole discussion shows, too often disregarded, if not disbelieved.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

PIERRE LOTI.

I.

THE first fact to strike one in relation to M. Loti is the suddenness of his success. Totally unknown one day, on the next he had brought out a romance and was famous. True, his reputation was not "consecrated" till later, when, after several further works including that undoubted masterpiece, *Mon Frère Yves*, he was made the subject of one of the tremendously authoritative articles by M. F. Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which suggest the idea of a bull-dog worrying a bone. M. Brunetière, however, did not worry M. Loti; strange to say, he wrote of him with rather favourable appreciation. Possibly he foresaw that in 1891 M. Loti would be named a member of the French Academy, and, as everybody knows, in the eyes of the *Revue* French Academicians can do no wrong. It was kind of M. Brunetière to praise M. Loti even a little gingerly, as he did, but doubtless M. Loti deemed it kinder still of the French and subsequently the European reading public to welcome him with open arms from his very *début*, entering into no subtle distinctions as to whether or not he is too much of an "artist" to be a genius, but simply acclaiming him as one of the most charming and admirable writers of this or any time. Such a triumph as M. Loti's must, one imagines, be all the more delightful for its spontaneity. How rare that, at the first attempt, an author should give all but his full measure, and rarer yet that his readers should recognise and acknowledge him at once for what he is! No other French writer of the day can claim to have "arrived" so quickly: certainly not M. Zola, with his years of tentative toil, and his agreement originally passed with the publisher Charpentier to furnish two volumes per annum for the magnificent remuneration of five hundred francs a month; nor M. Daudet, with his youth passed in writing unessential little verses and charming, but equally little, tales; nor M. de Maupassant, with the wageless seven years of his apprenticeship, under the great mentor Flaubert to the art of manufacturing *nouvelles* flawless in construction and unsurpassable in phrase; nor M. Bourget, with nose to the grindstone as a *répétiteur* or "visiting tutor" for years ere Mme. Edmond Adam did herself the honour of bringing him to the fore with his earlier critiques and novels in the *Nouvelle Revue*; nor even the very latest inheritor of Parisian literary fame, M. Maurice Barrès, who long struggled obscurely towards the light through the columns of third-rate journals and the pages of "independent" and "decadent" Reviews.

There are always reasons for any and every literary success. The reasons for M. Loti's success are, to my way of thinking, twofold: consisting in first, the unprofessional nature of his writings, and secondly, the exotic spirit that so abundantly informs them.

Pierre Loti's "non-professionalism" was a particular point in his favour. For a good many years past in France it has been felt more or less distinctly that fiction, in the hands of certain artificers, was assuming the character of a mechanical product. So much of art was there in these latter-day *chefs-d'œuvre*, that hardly any room remained for such matters as life, heart, or soul. George Sand, Dumas *père*, and Balzac were comparatively inartistic; but they were also pre-eminently intuitive and inspired. That MM. Flaubert, De Goncourt, Daudet, Zola wrote and composed with much more of science and skill than did their mighty predecessors was apparent to the dullest apprehension. Impossible, on the other hand, not to perceive that beneath the new literature's admirably planed and polished and most curiously inlaid and ornamented surface there lurked a dissatisfying void. Would no modern writer arise who, whilst possessing at least a tincture of the Flaubert-Goncourt art, should yet treat fiction less as a means of displaying his cunning of hand than of expressing his own state and tendencies of soul—if soul indeed he possessed? Hereupon emerged M. Loti—and the anxious problem was solved. With his instinctive delicacy and deftness of handling and touch he more than satisfied the demands of even the greatest sticklers for "l'écriture"; it being, nevertheless, clearly evident that art *per se* was less a primary than a subsidiary consideration in the case of this young naval officer who is engaged from one year's end to another in circumnavigating the globe, and remains consequently quite foreign to the idle, morbid over-refinement and to the spirit of petty personal rivalry and spite emanating so contagiously from the coteries. It is not probable that the public went into the question with anything like this degree of minuteness. But they were conscious, at all events, of a novel state of mind and feeling on the part of the new author; and this in itself was enough to make Pierre Loti welcome.

Then the exotic, outlandish element in Loti acted certainly as a more powerful charm on French readers than it would have done with any others. It came, in the French literature of the day, not only as a rarity but as a relief: a relief from the extremity of Gallicism—nay, Parisianism—which marks nearly all that has been written in France during the past twenty or thirty years. The curse of France for centuries has been centralisation. Judged from a certain point of view, the capital has been the cancer which has eaten into the nation's heart. In literature, as in so many other things French, the effects of this deplorable ultra-focussing tendency have been clearly visible. Writers of talent and sometimes indeed

genius have compelled their whole powers to the study of the metropolis solely, and, within that metropolis, they have sought out mainly the spots of most consummate disease and decay. No doubt they deemed, with Balzac, that "Peut-être les sentiments deux ne sont-ils pas littéraires." Voltaire, Diderot, Chénier, Châteaubriand were cosmopolitan rather than exclusively French. So, likewise, Stendhal and (perhaps) Lamartine. But shortly after these began the despotism of centralisation, which modern facilities of communication first rendered possible. Balzac. . . but here one pauses. Concerning so Protean, Promethean a genius, is it possible, in fairness, to formulate petty reservations? Balzac was—Balzac, namely, everything, whether in germ, in suggestion, or in expression. As he makes his own revellers say of Victor Hugo, in *La Peau de Chagrin*: "C'est un grand homme, et n'en parlons plus." Of Victor Hugo, we, here, may say at least thus much, notwithstanding the injunctions of the other Titan, his rival for literary glory: no cosmopolitan was Hugo, amidst the Spanish, Italian, Oriental trappings employed to deck so many of his conceptions. Not a line of his but was written with one eye fixed on the Boulevard, and the other on the Corps Législatif. Mainly to Paris, too—as represented by its *salons*—was the appeal made by Alfred de Musset. The intensity of the spirit of nationalism in Flaubert, the Goncourts, and Daudet was no less self-evident than is the fact that for M. Zola the world begins and ends in Paris, at his bookseller's. M. de Maupassant, again, is—or was—not unlike M. Jules Lemaître, who has described himself with what some well-wisher instantly proceeded to style "a proud humility," but which I would call, if I dared, by a much less complimentary name, as a "paysan autochtone." And even M. Bourget's cosmopolitanism seems to me unessential, a grace of education which has not profoundly affected the character of his work. Thus for hard upon two generations, it has been Paris, Paris only, Paris ever, throughout a long series of enormously able, intensely elaborated literary works. The very atmosphere of French letters had become thick and slab with Paris, and it was high time that some one should throw wide a casement, letting into all this stew and closeness, as of a long-shut over-heated room, the breath and murmurs of the outside world. Pierre Loti has been that some one. Small wonder, therefore, that the wizard should have worked such enchantment with a single wave of his wand!

II.

Full of all passion, all beauty, all charm; full also of grief, bewilderment and pain, is the strange, wild, various land whereunto the magician transports us. Most potent, most peculiar the spells he weaves. We are in the East, upon the banks of the Bosphorus:

through the devious crowded streets of Constantinople we wander, or else plunge deep into the multiple sights and sounds of the dim bazaars. Far out upon the waters thick with barques, we stand gazing, at the hour when the sun sinks forlorn amidst farewell crimson splendours—the sun of Baudelaire's divine *Harmonie du Soir* :—

“ Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige . . . ”

until darkness, studded with stars, begins to ascend the skies. By degrees a sense of weirdness, of mystery, arises, and at once oppresses and excites us. Passing presently, when night has fallen, through the burial-ground choked up with nameless tombs, a penetrating chill will creep upon us—an apprehension, thrilling in its acuteness, of the ceaseless, unrestrainable flux of things, the littleness of life and sombre greatness of death. Meanwhile, in her chamber hung with draperies, the Turkish maid Aziyadé awaits the Frank, her lover. The scene changes. We are on an island in Polynesia with Rarahu among the groves of palms. The air is fervid and fragrant; nature all round us breathes a startling, savage charm. “In the spell of Tahiti there is something of the weird sadness which hangs over all these Oceanic isles—their isolation in the vast, far-off Pacific—the sea-wind—the moan of the breakers—the density of shade—the hoarse, melancholy voices of the islanders, who wander, singing, amid the trunks of the cocoa-palms, which are so amazingly tall, and white, and slender.” And Rarahu, “the little arum-flower,” her dusky visage crowned with black silken tresses, and illumined by the bright softness of the great eyes—those eyes, set so near together beneath the brow, that “when she was laughing and gay, they gave her face the mischievous shyness of a marmoset's”: Rarahu, “scarcely responsible for the aberrations of her strangely ardent and vehement nature,” poor descendant of a doomed, dwindling race, who, when she loved, loved too well! “All that the purest and most heartbroken affection, the most boundless devotion can suggest to the soul of a passionate little creature of fifteen, she poured forth in her Maori tongue, with wild extravagance and the strangest imagery.” Poor Rarahu! Her fate, like that of most things delicate and lovely, is to be broken, to decline and die :—

“ Alas! alas! the little arum flower was once so pretty!
Alas! alas! now it is faded. . . . ”

Again the scene changes, shifting to Africa, to Bled-el-Ateuch, the “land of thirst.” That private of the *Spahis*, in his Turkish cap with drooping tassel, and his crimson cloak with ample folds, is Jean Peyral, simple as a boy, though stalwart as a man. In the distant mountain village in France, the honest old mother and the faithful sweetheart have year after year been looking, sorely anxious,

for the young *spahi's* return. But the black spell of Africa has fallen upon him, and he lingers in Bled-el-Ateuch. After long but useless struggles he now lives solely for the negress Fatou-gaye. She twined her thin arms about him, and the flitting bats at eventide were witnesses to their first embrace of love. Down, down Jean sank in a pool of dark oblivion. Pretty she was, with her bead-like eyes, her enigmatic smile, and head completely shaven but for those five little twisted locks. Pretty and, though black, yet human. And he was melancholy and alone. A dreary land, too, this of the "Ateuch" or "great thirst." On the forlorn coast where Jean first landed is heard eternally "la plainte des brisants d'Afrique." Farther inwards are the villages, the "stations," with their uncouth houses and huts. And all round these and beyond, the great, hot, white, lonely, mournful plains, where only dead herbage bespeckles the soil, with here and there the meagreness of a palm, or else one of those "colossal baobab-trees, which are like the mastodons of the vegetable kingdom, whose naked branches are inhabited by families of vultures, lizards, and bats." The slightest details of the slightest things are strange—the ants are white, the birds pink, the lizards blue. In the tepid waters of the streams, beneath the shade of extraordinary growths, the great grey alligators doze and dream, their jaws opening and shutting as though in their slumbers they imagined they were seizing a prey; while crabs, with their single ivory-white claw, move restlessly and viciously to and fro. At night-time "the dog-star rises, the moon is in the zenith, the silence so deep that a listener is touched with dread. On the pink sands the tall euphorbias show bluish beneath the gleams of the moon; the shadows they cast are short and hard, and the outline of even the smallest objects is reflected with a kind of glacial sharpness. It is a scene fraught with lifelessness and mystery." Sometimes, too, through the darkness, will be heard the shouts of the savages at their lust-dance, too hideous to be described: "To a crazy rhythm, to notes such as might be struck by a madman, they all yell together, as they leap high into the air: '*Anamalis fobil! faramata hi!*'" . . . Yet another savage song is Jean the *spahi* destined to hear in these burning wastes—the song of death, which to him means deliverance from degradation and Fatou-gaye; the song of the final delirium, as, alone and helpless amid the brush of the parched plain, he lies, his chest tortured with a great wound, and before his glazing eyes the semblance, and within his throbbing ear something similar to the sound, of a string of black men mystically circling, and at intervals calling: "*Djean! Djean! come and join us in our round*"; the vast round, never-ending, which nothing human may avoid. Meanwhile, the mother and the sweetheart on the Vosgesian slope still wait and weep as the weeks and months roll by, with no news from the absent truant son. The great black land has devoured him. They

will see their Jean no more.—Again Africa, but now, Morocco, at the heart of the most intensely Mahommedan of empires. Here the winding-sheet of Islam covers all. The very sounds of the Arabian bagpipe, as they shrill upon the ear at Tangiers, from beneath the balcony of the banal modern hotel, seem as it were a hymn in celebration of the spirit of remote antiquity brooding everywhere but on the merest fringes of this land. Farther inwards, an April green is upon the hills and fields. In all the broad, undulating distance, nothing human to be seen save occasionally some shepherd, a little motionless heap of grey garments—his sheep or cattle, mere dots, wide-scattered. At the different towns upon the way, gorgeous cavalcades in honour of these Europeans on their mission to the town of Fez. Fez itself, ancient legendary stronghold of Mahommedanism on African soil. Its great white buildings, so closely pent within its narrow, ill-kept streets, are crumbling away from day to day like the Empire which Fez represents. The hawk-like Sultan, half-warrior, half-sage, and all fanatic, appears a figure from some by-gone age as he advances, with cumbrous barbaric pomp and state of attendants and officials, into the middle of the vast court-yard of his palace, so vast that the monarch in the centre looks scarcely bigger than a fly upon the expanse of a pane. And now the return to and arrival at the modernized capital upon the coast. Heavy-featured English girls in straw hats and brown leather shoes; German waiters in the principal hotels; gas, and, in a word, the thing which we call “civilization.” Cannot one comprehend and almost share the sentiments thus expressed by the explorer:—“*Personnellement j'avoue que j'aimerais mieux être le très saint calife que de présider la plus parlementaire, la plus lettrée, la plus industrielle des républiques?*”—Now, the coast of north-eastern China. Thick-ribbed ice far out into the bay; black heavy clouds overspreading the fierce sky, and upon all things a spell of deep, dead silence, as though Nature, in dreary muteness, were awaiting the return of Chaos and Universal Night. . . . The travellers disembark, and are whirled inland by a native conveyance which groans and quivers as it rolls. Mile after mile through the bitter air, upon the hardness of the frozen soil, amid scenes so swiftly shifting, and so peculiar and unwonted, that the brain is scarcely able to control the impressions made each moment upon the nerves by the bewildered senses, and the entire being seems as it were to mingle with and be lost in the succession of surrounding sights and sounds: “Our mind seems to be merged in the clouds of dust and in the driver's *ta! ta! ta!*; it seems to pass into the jangling of the bells, the bumping of the waggon, the creaking of the wheels in every rut, the howls of the wind which is blowing with fury.” Tartars stare stolidly out of their small sidelong eyes. The little rough-coated native horses squeal and prance. Now is caught up, and

left rapidly behind, a string of patient, plodding camels, with the severe, stupid, resigned expression of their profile. Far off upon the widespread plain, scores and scores of minute canals lie glittering, like so many steel needles tossed down from heaven by a giant's hand. . . . And now houses, full of a babel of strange sounds from metallic Mongolian throats, as, alighting, the travellers fight their way towards a room. . . . And now, again, great towns, with the infinitude of their outlandish characteristics.—The next change is to Japan: "Nagasaki, as yet unseen, lies at the extremity of this long and curious bay. All around us was admirably green. The strong sea-breeze had suddenly fallen, and was succeeded by a perfect calm; the atmosphere, now very warm, was laden with the perfume of flowers. In the valley resounded the ceaseless whirr of the cicalas, answering each other from one shore to another; the mountains re-echoed with innumerable sounds; the whole country seemed to vibrate like crystal. On our way we passed among myriads of Japanese junks gliding softly, wafted by imperceptible breezes, on the unruffled water; their motion could scarcely be heard, and their white sails, stretched out on yards, fell languidly in a thousand horizontal folds like window-blinds, their strangely contorted poops, rising castlewise in the air, reminding one of the towering ships of the Middle Ages. In the midst of the intense greenery of this wall of mountains, they stood out with a snowy whiteness." Japan, the land of temples, of dwarf trees, of orchards that are oceans of bloom; the land of houses with white paper panels, big mountains, and little *mousmés* like "Madame Chrysanthème"; *mousmés* with droll little manners, but apparently not cumbered with anything in the nature of a soul. Passionless indeed and pallid, is Chrysanthème by the side of her sisters in "exotism" Aziyadé, Fatou-gaye and Rarahu.

To many other parts of the globe does our wizard convoke us. To the Montenegrin mountains with Pasquale Ivanovitch the shepherdess, grey-eyed and yellow-haired. To Herzegovina, where a river, the Trebinitza ("old Styx must have looked like it") flows over a stony bed amid the unbounded expanse of an entirely stony plain. "As though there were a curse upon it, nothing will grow upon its banks." To Algiers, where the "three ladies of the Kasbah," painted, perfumed, and peering after night-fall with an occasional subdued hiss through the grating in the big door of their gloomy dwelling in that uphill street of the "old town," lead their life of dead torpor by day and, during nocturnal hour, of secret mercenary sin. To the sand-wastes of the East African shore, where the cruel, crafty Somalis wander seeking whom they may devour. To Tonquin, where Frenchmen fight, and fall, and if captured, are put lingeringly to death. . . . Within no spot of ground does the spell work more strongly than within the magician's own native land: his Brittany, home of sailors, of fishermen, and of their parents, sweethearts, children and wives:

of Yves, of Yann, of Sylvestre, of Marie, she who loved and suffered and yet was happy at last, of Marguerite or "Gaud," whose young life so soon was crushed by grief; Brittany, melancholy primitive land of an ancient race, an ancient speech, an ardent faith, granite land opposing the barrier of its projecting coast against the assaults and perennial encroachments of the sea. At times so furious, that sea, at times again so gentle—does it not seem, on the calm summer evenings when it rests from its winter's rages, as though it were crooning a kind of dirge?

"Où sont-ils, les marins perdus dans les nuits noires ?
O flots, que vous savez de lugubres histoires,
Flots profonds redoutés des mères à genoux !
Vous vous les racontez en montant les marées,
Et c'est ce qui vous fait ces voix si désolées.
Que vous avez le soir, quand vous venez vers nous."

III.

Upon inquiring more closely into M. Loti's methods and results, at once it becomes apparent that the great characteristics of his manner are simplicity of tone and directness of address. Hereby he gains a happy fluidity and ease, contrasting strongly with the fatiguing strenuousness and hardness of certain other French stylists of the day, who display perhaps as great mechanical dexterity as he but are so far from possessing his grace and delicate charm. Latterly a young Parisian author (why not name him?—M. Barrès), for whose critical faculties I entertain much respect, in my hearing qualified Loti as being *violemment sensuel*. This as an explanation of Loti's art may appear at first sight rather questionable. A moment's thought, however, will show the judgment involved in the words I have quoted to be correct. It is just this intensity of M. Loti's sensuous, physical impressions (and how fortunate for him and us that circumstances should have placed him among precisely the conditions of environment and experience best calculated to excite such impressions to the utmost!) which, quite simply and naturally, finds its expression in words and phrases of a corresponding intensity. Given certain states of vision and feeling, and what logically follows is—*Aziyadé, Le Mariage de Loti, Le Roman d'un Spahi, Mon Frère Yves, Madame Chrysanthème, and Pêcheur d'Islande*. "Simply and naturally," however, are not perhaps the justest terms to be used in this connection. Art is never simple, never natural, but always difficult and complex. It must appear natural and simple, or it remains imperfect; and even the earliest writers knew that the "art of concealing art" is last and most arduous of all. The tendency towards art — perhaps even artifice — is very

strong with M. Loti. But at bottom what is this tendency, save the desire for the most exact attainable expression of one's thought or feeling? The efforts of those who cultivate their art as a means and not an end must prove fertile in the long run; and thus it is that M. Pierre Loti has progressed within not many years from the comparative smallness of a production like *Aziyadé* to the breadth and largeness of *Pêcheur d'Islande*—from a statuette, albeit of silver, to a statue.

It is true that in great degree M. Loti found his art ready fashioned to his hand. During the past fifty years in France the protracted endeavours of a series of marvellous stylists—Hugo, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Gautier, Baudelaire, Daudet even—have had the effect of transforming the French tongue from one of the poorest into one of the richest instruments of expression; one of the hardest and stiffest, into one of the subtlest and most supple. The meagre, rigid forms of "classicism" have been superseded by the vivid, rapid turns, the spontaneous, evocatory indications, the active limber nakedness as it were, characterising French style as the best artists write it to-day. All the reader was M. Loti to resort to this novel medium, that it really is the medium in which he thinks and feels. His emotion (and Loti is all emotion) is either, so to speak, in spurts, that "write themselves" almost of their own accord in those little, vibrant, condensed, elliptical phrases, or else is in shades so exquisite, so delicate, that but for the acutely sensitive selection of adjective and of verb, they could not possibly be "fixed"—as photographers express it. Here a haphazard handful of detached sentences from the bulk of Loti's works may be strung together as going some way in exemplification of the points we are discussing. The privilege of giving these passages in their original French I claim as mine for the time being; further on, by way of compensation, a few longer excerpts will be proffered, done into English and inevitably damaged in the doing. The whole will, I trust, form a combination sufficiently representative of what someone has termed M. Loti's stock-in-trade of "philosophic tirades, lyrical effusions, scepticism, despair, descriptions, costumes, cries of rage and sobs of amorous delight."

. . . The melancholy of the exiled *spahi* in Senegambia, indicated—so subtly!—by this quivering simplicity of phrase:—

"Le soleil couché, la nuit tomba, et ses idées s'en allèrent tout d fait au triste."

The rustic pathos of the mother's letter to her soldier son:—

"Ton père dit qu'il en a vu de rudes pour les jeunes gens qui ne sont pas bien raisonnables, par rapport à des camarades qui les entraînent à la boisson et à de méchantes femmes qui se tiennent là exprès pour les faire tomber dans le mal."

The mingled feeling and music of this small phrase, soft and gentle as a maiden's kiss :—

"Les colibris chantaient de leur toute petite voix douce, pareille à la voix d'hirondelles qui jasseraient en sourdine."

Then the graceful humour and kindness of the allusions to animals, the smallest and frailest among which are most interesting, apparently, in the eyes of the author :—

"Une tortue, drôle à force d'être petite, un atôme de tortue."

"Le perroquet d'Yves,—son perroquet était un hibou. Il y a de bizarres destinées sur la terre, ainsi celle de ce hibou faisant le tour du monde en haut d'un mât. Quel sort inattendu !"

Now, these effects of "cosmic" desolation :—

"Des conceptions ténébreuses, pleines de mystère, comme des traces d'une existence antérieure à celle de ce monde."

"Tout est fondu, le ciel et les eaux, dans des profondeurs cosmiques, vagues, infinies."

"Mais c'était une lumière pâle, pâle, qui ne ressemblait à rien ; elle traînait sur les choses comme des reflets de soleil mort."

This little sheaf of reflections, pessimistic, philosophical, and moral, of a kind frequent enough in the works of Pierre Loti :—

"Il y a en nous un tas d'individus différents, sans compter les animaux."

"A l'état sauvage, la beauté physique est incompatible avec la laideur morale."

"Parce que nous avons rendu par une forme concise quelque chose d'inintelligible, le comprenons-nous mieux pour ça ?"

Here, a passage in Loti's peculiar vein of satire ; not much more than a half-dozen words, and yet how vivid the effect :—

"Des femmes avec beaucoup de fleurs fausses sur des têtes communes."

Now, one of Loti's many seascapes :—

"La grande houle, presque éternelle dans ces régions, était molle, et s'en allait en mourant. C'étaient de longues montagnes d'eau, aux formes douces et arrondies, pareilles à des ondulations lourdes de mercure, ou à des coulées de métal qui se refroidissent."

Then, for their synthetic force, these touches :—

"Au moral comme au physique, grand, fort et beau, avec quelques irrégularités de détails."

"Nous étions des enfants alors—aujourd'hui des hommes faits—demain... la vieillesse—après-demain, mourir."

"Des mendiants qui avaient des cheveux gris sur des têtes vides n'ayant jamais rien contenu."

A corpse, decaying at the bottom of the sea :—

"Il va passer dans les plantes de pierre qui n'ont pas de couleur, dans les bêtes lentes qui sont sans forme et sans yeux."

Again, the deep, pathetic humanity of this. The old peasant-woman has received official notification of the death in far-off lands of the grandson she so cherished, and, as she hastens homeward along the stony, interminable road—

“Elle s'efforçait de ne pas trop bien comprendre.”

In their hut two solitary women, one old, the other young, but both humble, unhappy and poor, sit at their scanty evening meal:—

“Elles soupaient sur une table presque informe à force d'être usée, mais encore épaisse comme le tronc d'un gros chêne. Et le grillon ne manquait jamais de leur recommencer sa petite musique à son d'argent.”

A woman's despair, thus simply denoted:—

“Alors la chaumière lui sembla plus désolée, la misère plus dure, le monde plus vide—et elle baissa la tête avec une envie de mourir.”

The mysterious charm of female lips:—

“Elle a ces lèvres aux contours fins et fermes, aux coins très profonds, qui sont souvent toute la beauté attirante et mortelle d'un visage de femme.”

In concluding my citations, let me give the following translated passages—how shorn, alas! of their original grace of tone and harmony of rhythm. First, Yves and his certificate-book:—

“Here are the early years when he earned fifteen francs a month, and kept ten to give to his mother; years which he passed with the wind blowing full on his chest, living half-naked in the tops of those mighty oscillating stems which serve as masts, wandering without a care in his mind over the ever-changing waste of waters; then come restless years, when the passions of youth dawn and assume tangible form in the inexperienced mind, becoming realised by-and-by in brutish boozings or in dreams of touching purity, according to the character of the places to which the wind wafts him, or that of the woman upon whom he happens to light, terrible awakenings of the heart and senses, great outbursts, followed by a return to the ascetic life of the ocean, immured in a floating cloister: all these things lie indicated beneath the numbers, names, and dates, which are accumulating, year by year, on a poor sailor's certificate-book. These yellow leaves contain a strange poem of adventures and sufferings.”

And from *Pêcheur d'Islande*, Gaud watching, as it melts gradually into the horizon, the barque that bears away from her Yann, her husband, whom she is never to see again:—

“As the *Léopoldine* receded beyond the line of vision, Gaud, as if drawn by a magnet, followed the pathway all along the cliffs till where she had to stop, because the land came to an end; she then sat down at the foot of a tall cross, which rises amidst the gorse and stones. As it was rather an elevated spot, the sea, as seen from there, appeared to be rimmed, as in a bowl, and the *Léopoldine*, now a mere dot, appeared sailing up the incline of that immense circle. The water rose in great, slow undulations; but over the great space where Yann still was, all seemed calm.

“Gaud still gazed at the ship, trying to fix its image well in her brain, so

that she might recognise it again from afar, when she should return to the same place to watch for its home-coming."

IV.

It will, I trust, have sufficiently appeared that, adroit and cunning craftsman though M. Pierre Loti be, yet his genius has its source in the regions of soul rather than of mere art. Clearly, the gift of universal sympathy, that divine gift alone constituting the true poet, is Pierre Loti's. For him all nature, inanimate as well as human, lives, and feels, and suffers. And not solely because he is an exquisite and consummate artist in words may portions at least of what he has written be expected to endure.

Were it a question of naming Loti's masterpiece, probably the choice of the majority of readers would fall on *Pêcheur d'Islande*. Some may—and do—prefer the subtler and more singular and artificial charm of the smaller books, such as *Le Roman d'un Spahi* and *Le Mariage de Loti*; others there are whom the picturesqueness of *Mon Frère Yves* more particularly attracts; but none, I should imagine, can fail to recognise that in the larger breadth of its proportions, greater depth and sanity of its tone, and superior simplicity of its treatment, *Pêcheur d'Islande*, among the little group of Pierre Loti's works, stands alone. The others may be regarded as dainty, delicious aquarelles or pastels; this is a canvas, swept over with bolder brush. There is a touch of the epic spirit in *Pêcheur d'Islande*, and, indeed, the book itself might almost be termed an epic—the Epic of the Sea. Surely no one has depicted, or rather personified, the ocean's hundred moods of storm and calm with so masterly, so magical a hand. We seem to live with the great, weird, cosmic life of the billows as they heave and roar beneath the lashing of the wind; or as they melt away in long undulations at the numbing touch of northern mists; or again, as they sink quietly into a million minute ripples, touched with gold by the tropical sun. At every chapter in *Pêcheur d'Islande* the Ocean sings, as it were, a varying chorus to the drama of human passions and woes.

A great writer M. Loti is not; an admirable writer he certainly is. His merits, of course, are not without their corresponding defects. Too often, the tremulous refinement of his sensibilities degenerates into a species of hysteria; the delicate tenderness of his emotion becomes sometimes lachrymose, the troubled ardour of his passion verges dangerously upon disease. These inevitable and, it might almost be said, necessary lower elements of M. Pierre Loti's genius one can clearly enough discern; but one is not careful to enlarge upon the theme.

EDWARD DEILLE.

THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.

THE Government are under the necessity of introducing an Irish Education Bill almost at the very opening of the forthcoming session. This necessity arises out of the fact that Ireland's share in the Budget surplus was not allocated last session, and must be disposed of before the close of the financial year. Moreover, a bill to make education free, and render it compulsory, was one of Mr. Balfour's announcements—a promise which, perhaps, the right honourable gentleman may not be indisposed to regard now as, at least, somewhat hasty and premature. The Irish education question is not one upon which any Government cares to legislate from sheer love of the thing. It sets everybody by the ears. It has wrecked more than one ministry, and the temptation to let it alone has, in recent years, been almost irresistible. Mr. Balfour, like some adventurous knight, apparently sees his way where so many of his predecessors have stumbled and fallen. At the very close of the session of 1888—I think it was on the third reading of the Appropriation Bill—the right honourable gentleman made a speech which raised hopes of the establishment of a great teaching university for Irish Catholics. The speech was as able as it was inopportune. The time chosen for its delivery—a time when nearly every Irish member had left London—was unfortunate. And, although I have no reason to believe that Mr. Balfour has changed his mind on the question, he is apparently content to leave the solution of such a thorny and difficult problem to his successors.

The speech to which I have referred aroused much feeling and strong comment not alone in Ireland. In England and in Scotland there were vehement protests—protests which, apparently, caused Mr. Balfour to repent of his rashness. At all events, little has been heard of the project, unless, indeed, from Archbishop Walsh and other Roman Catholic dignitaries in Ireland. But what Mr. Balfour's speech proved beyond a peradventure was that he had ranged himself on the side of the denominationalists. This is the fact I desire to emphasize here. It is the key to the whole situation I am about to describe. It explains all his action last session on the Training Colleges Bill—a measure which circumstances compelled him to withdraw after an unseemly wrangle with the Ulster unionist members. And it forces those of us who stand by the old principle of "combined secular and separate religious instruction" in the primary schools under the National Board, to watch closely every step he takes in educational matters. The necessity for this watchfulness is

increased by the fact that the Conservative party, as a whole, have been denominationalists in principle, and have always been supposed to be more in touch with the claims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy than their political opponents. What these claims are, no time need be wasted in explaining. They simply mean the "Catholic atmosphere" everywhere in the school, and the supremacy of the Church over everything educational. So far as university education is concerned, the Catholic grievance is too plain to be ignored. So long as the atmosphere is what it is in the University of Dublin and in Trinity College—i.e., so long as there is a Protestant chapel and service, a Protestant divinity school, and a teaching staff almost entirely Protestant, it is impossible to say that Catholics ought to be content. Nor can it be fairly urged that the Royal University—a mere examining board—adequately supplies the place of a teaching university. I say the grievance here is undoubted. It ought to be dealt with in a liberal and fair spirit. On this branch of the question I go quite as far as Mr. Balfour went in his speech in 1888. My objection to that speech was not on the merits. I objected to it because of the time at which it was delivered—because it looked as if made to order, and as if it were part and parcel of a compact or a bargain made behind the backs of those members who had left London for the session, and who were entirely unaware that such a pronouncement was in the air. But whilst cordially admitting the case for university education, I utterly deny that Irish Roman Catholics have any grievance in connection with the primary schools. Nay—I go further, and assert that the concession of their claims would create a most serious grievance for Protestants in outlying districts of the south and west of Ireland. Indeed the concessions already made by the National Board of Education have gone a long way to break down the principle upon which the National system of education was first instituted in 1831. The fundamental principle of the system outlined in Mr. Stanley's famous letter to the Duke of Leinster was one of "combined secular and moral, and separate religious instruction." This was then held to be the only possible system of education for the country.

As things stand at present, there are two classes of National schools—viz., vested schools, built partly by aid from the National Board; and non-vested schools, which are local or private property. On the 31st December, 1890, there were something over 8,000 schools on what is called the operation list. Of these, 3,139 were vested, and 5,545 were non-vested schools. In the former, to use Sir Patrick Keenan's language,¹ "such pastors or other persons as shall be approved of by the parents or guardians of the children respectively

(1) Sir Patrick Keenan, Resident Commissioner of National Education, Social Science Congress address, 1891.

shall have access to them in the school-room for the purpose of giving them religious instruction there, at times convenient for that purpose—that is, at times so appointed as not to interfere unduly with the other arrangements of the school.” In the latter, *i.e.*, in the non-vested school, “it is for the patrons or local managers to determine whether any, and, if any, what religious instruction shall be given in the school-room; but if they do not permit it to be given in the school-room, the children whose parents or guardians so desire must be allowed to absent themselves from the school at reasonable times for the purpose of receiving such instruction elsewhere.” The essential points of the system are, first, that religious instruction may be arranged for and given; and second, that it shall be forced upon no child whose parents or guardians may object. To secure these two ends, abundant precautions are taken under the rules of the Board. Indeed, no one ever hears of a charge of proselytism in connection with the National schools. Whatever these institutions are, and whatever they may become, this is not a charge that can be successfully brought against them. It is sometimes said, however, that the system is mixed in name only, and that for all practical purposes it is already denominational. I do not challenge the influences working for this end. The Roman Catholic hierarchy have long and openly sought to mould the system in this direction. The Protestant Episcopal Church never took kindly to the National system, and, since they reluctantly adopted it, have given a great impetus to the denominational principle. But, notwithstanding these two influences, there were on the 31st of December, 1890, 3,866 mixed schools, where Roman Catholic and Protestant children sat side by side and received the same secular instruction. Two thousand six hundred and fifty-five of these mixed schools were under Roman Catholic teachers; 1,155 were taught by Protestants; and 56 had Roman Catholic and Protestant teachers conjointly. In these mixed schools there were 331,406 Roman Catholics and 136,574 Protestants: the percentage being 70·8 of Roman Catholics, and 29·2 of Protestants. In a country like Ireland where party feeling runs so high, and where men are said to hate each other for the love of God, one would have thought that a system such as this, which brings the children together at the most impressionable period of life, would have been the object of the statesman’s fostering care. We shall shortly see how they have encouraged it. In the remainder of the schools, 4,394 in number, the attendance was exclusively denominational, the children being either wholly Roman Catholic or wholly Protestant. But it cannot be denied, that the tendency is all in this direction, as the following table shows:—

THE PERCENTAGE OF SCHOOLS EXHIBITING A MIXED ATTENDANCE OF ROMAN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT PUPILS FOR EACH YEAR FROM 1881 TO 1890.

	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.	1890.
Ulster . .	75.0	73.7	73.3	72.1	70.0	67.5	65.7	64.5	63.6	62.8
Munster .	39.7	37.7	37.4	36.7	36.3	36.3	35.3	34.4	33.3	32.9
Leinster .	46.7	47.1	47.8	44.8	46.9	44.6	45.9	45.7	44.4	43.2
Connaught	43.7	42.5	42.0	40.9	38.4	39.2	38.4	37.0	36.6	36.4
Total .	55.1	54.0	53.8	52.4	51.5	50.2	49.4	48.4	47.5	46.7

This tendency has been enormously strengthened by a recent decision of the Board to make capitation grants to schools with a minimum attendance of fifteen pupils. The result has been that in towns where a flourishing National school was in existence, attended by all classes and creeds, and supporting capable teachers, the clergy—Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal—have set up denominational establishments for which they have received grants under the new rule. The central school has in consequence been depleted and starved, whilst the branch establishments, founded on denominationalism, are too small to secure really competent teachers. In this way denominationalism is deteriorating education—the substance is being sacrificed for a miserable whim of Irish Clericalism. And on this foundation, which the Protestant Episcopalians have been good enough to aid them in laying, the Roman Catholic bishops are now founding their main claim. Pointing to these 4,000 and odd schools purely denominational in attendance, they triumphantly ask, Why should not the Catholic or the Protestant atmosphere prevail in these establishments? Why, indeed? I do not base my reply on the issue fought out on the continent of Europe and in the United States. Everywhere the Church of Rome has endeavoured to capture the school. Everywhere free and civilized communities have resisted her demands and scorned her claims. France has travelled far, indeed, and has actually banned and outlawed the cleric in State education.¹ In America the issue is a living one, and is actually being fought out at the present time in every state of the Union. I do not take my stand, however, on these significant facts. These 4,000 schools are denominational in attendance. This is true. But the system under which these schools exist is a mixed one; and if any Protestant child entered one of these schools where the attendance is purely Catholic, on any day, it would run not the slightest risk; whereas, if the Roman Catholic bishops have their way, it will be impossible for many

(1) For an admirable sketch of the French system see Professor Teegan's recent work published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Protestant children in remote districts to receive any education unless they receive it along with that "Catholic atmosphere" which, at least, the State has no right to force upon them. This is the central fact of the situation. Is the State to teach religion in the primary schools? Is it to force upon children in the south and west of Ireland, where their numbers do not warrant the establishing of a Protestant school, a system of education dangerous to their faith? I hold this is not the business of the State. The life of a Protestant in these regions has not been a very happy one of late years. They have had to endure much. In many cases they have dared nobly. Amid a system of all-pervading terrorism and dishonesty they have not feared to be honest and to avow their loyalty. The Government owe these people something more than an announcement that, if their children are to be educated in future, they must imbibe the Roman Catholic religion with their education. And if Mr. Balfour or Mr. Jackson propose to say this or anything like it, their Bill will probably have a stormy passage through the House of Commons.

Along with many others, I strongly suspect that something of the kind is contemplated; and, should our suspicions be verified, not all our admiration for Mr. Balfour as a statesman—and it is great; not all our gratitude to him for what he has done in Ireland—and it is widely and sincerely felt—will prevent us from offering to such plans the most strenuous resistance. Mr. Gladstone had as strong claims upon many of us as ever Mr. Balfour had. When he made his great and ignoble surrender to Mr. Parnell, Ulster Liberals, who had hailed him as a second Moses, and who still cherish feelings of gratitude to him for his great services, sorrowfully but resolutely turned away from him and his policy. Should Mr. Balfour contemplate a surrender on education to Irish Clericalism, he may be prepared for precisely the same action.

The Government Education Bill must be introduced before the close of the financial year, i.e. before the end of March. By means of the £200,000 due to Ireland as her share of the Budget surplus he hopes to make education free. This sum will be more than sufficient to replace the school fees, subscriptions, and local contributions from the rates. The value of these combined sources of income to the teachers will be seen from the following table taken from the Report of the Commissioners for the year 1890.

TABLE SHOWING THE AMOUNT OF SCHOOL-FEES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS, INCLUDING (EXCEPT FOR THE YEARS 1885—1890) THE VALUE OF FREE RESIDENCES AND THE AMOUNT OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS FROM LOCAL RATES RECEIVED FROM TEACHERS EACH YEAR FROM 1875 TO 1890.

Year.	School-fees and Subscriptions.			Contributions from Local Rates.			Total.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1875 . .	84,860	4	9	27,918	6	10	112,778	11	7
1876 . .	107,685	12	5	30,499	19	6	138,185	11	11
1877 . .	119,377	6	3	21,687	18	10	141,065	5	1
1878 . .	125,420	2	0	16,791	0	11	142,211	2	11
1879 . .	126,257	11	7	12,804	13	6	139,062	5	1
1880 . .	131,816	12	6	8,324	6	7	140,140	19	1
1881 . .	132,403	17	8	9,840	3	1	142,244	0	9
1882 . .	134,386	2	1	11,906	7	1	146,292	9	2
1883 . .	137,283	13	9	14,403	15	2	151,687	8	11
1884 . .	145,401	9	10	11,956	18	6	157,358	8	4
1885 . .	145,082	17	7	14,433	11	7	159,516	9	2
1886 . .	147,172	16	6	16,689	9	6	163,862	6	0
1887 . .	150,473	5	0	15,897	13	7	166,370	18	7
1888 . .	149,145	10	6	17,683	19	7	166,829	10	1
1889 . .	150,216	5	4	27,134	16	8	177,351	2	0
1890 . .	144,271	10	10	24,559	16	10	168,831	7	8

But, apart from the principle of free education, there is the question of how the money is to be allocated. Is it to be by capitation grant, as in England, or is it to be by addition to the class salaries of the teachers? If Mr. Balfour should choose to follow the English precedent, he will probably satisfy Archbishop Walsh and his friends; but he will do a gross injustice to the Protestants of Ireland, especially to the Presbyterians, whose fees are much higher than those of the Roman Catholics. There will be a sharp struggle over this point, and it is the more certain because there is a sense in which the whole question of compulsion hangs upon it. It is quite clear that the Roman Catholic bishops do not take kindly to compulsion in educational matters. They loathe the very idea of School Boards. But from the guarded way in which they speak I am led to the conclusion that they will accept the principle of compulsion on certain terms. Here, then, is the point of danger to the national system of education. Mr. Balfour is bent upon making education compulsory. The bishops see their chance. They know that in the first place the law of compulsion will be to a large extent a sham, and in the second that it will, over a great portion of the country, prove to be unworkable. But probably they will be content to let Mr. Balfour have his way, as I have said, on terms. Bishop O'Dwyer, indeed, with a candour which is like a refreshing breeze on a sultry day, after the wily diplomacy of Archbishop Walsh, tells us that compulsion without the denominational system will be impossible. The bishop does not like the principle. He thinks it a disgrace that it should be deemed necessary. But—and here, as I

have said, the danger lies—if we must have it, there must be concessions to the Catholic claims. I am summarising the bishop's argument at Limerick, not quoting his words. How is Mr. Balfour going to escape from the difficulty? My belief is that he must either surrender to the bishops or he must give up compulsion. There is, indeed, a way out—a mere temporary expedient, it is true—but still a way of escape. The right honourable gentleman may tell his episcopal friends that with every desire to help them he cannot quite go their length. He may, however, help them in another direction. He may propose to make his trial of compulsion in a tentative form. By distributing the £200,000 in the form of a capitation grant, and confining the principle of compulsion to the larger towns, he may conciliate his ever watchful friends. They will probably, under these circumstances, insist upon the admission of the Christian Brothers' schools to the advantages of the Board, and, this being conceded, with many explanations, they will then be able to appropriate most of the £200,000 for purely denominational and in the main conventual and monastic schools. They will, no doubt, make a fine show of resistance. Mr. Sexton may safely be trusted in this department. The country schoolmasters, Roman Catholic and Protestant alike, will also make a loud noise. But although most of them are electors, they can hardly quarrel with the ecclesiastical authorities, and so the thing may succeed. There is only one lion in the path. The House of Commons may have much to say to such a delightful arrangement. And for anything upon which any considerable number of honourable gentlemen have *much* to say next session, the chances are not favourable. I think I can speak for most of the Ulster members. We shall know how to treat proposals of such a kind, and it is well that Mr. Balfour should realise this in time.

But, independent of this point altogether, there are two questions of urgent importance. The first is as to the position of the Model Schools; the second is as to improved methods of education under the new conditions.

By a section of the press, and in parliamentary speeches, attacks have from time to time been made on the Model Schools, which, until quite recently, no one seems to have taken the trouble to answer. These attacks have been collected and formulated in speeches lately made by Archbishop Walsh. The charges brought against these institutions may be arranged under two heads—inefficiency and expense. The foundation for these charges is the report of what is called the Powis Commission, which sat in the years 1868-70. But this verdict, delivered on insufficient evidence, twenty-three years ago, and dissented from by Sir Robert Kane, a Liberal Roman Catholic, and by the Rev. Dr. Wilson and James Gibson, Q.C., the two Presbyterian representatives on the Commis-

sion, is hardly of value now. These schools are annually examined by the Head and District Inspectors of the Board of Education, and, as year follows year, the testimony is uniform—that they are the most efficient elementary schools in the country. As to expense, it is undoubtedly true that, regarded as mere elementary schools, they would deserve to be called expensive. But when their essential character as training schools is taken into account, and after the deductions have been made for the teachers produced by them, they will be found to be not more expensive than the best ordinary National schools.

It is only in Ulster that the Model Schools have received a fair trial. They have not received this in all cases even there. In the other provinces, with the exception of, perhaps, the cities of Dublin and Cork, the opposition of the Roman Catholic bishops has been successful in marring their usefulness to a very serious extent. There are in Ulster fourteen Model Schools. In these schools, in the year 1889-90 there were ninety-two male and twenty-eight female pupil teachers. These pupil teachers must not be confounded with the pupil teachers of English public schools. The age of the Model School pupil teacher ranges from sixteen to twenty years. The English pupil teacher, usually about thirteen years of age, corresponds more nearly to the Irish monitor. The Irish pupil teacher in the Model School is required to pass an entrance examination. They usually remain two years in the school. They teach during the day, and receive instruction from the head master and his assistants in the morning and evening, the course of instruction being similar to that taught in the State training college at Marlborough Street. The officers of the National Board have borne explicit and candid testimony to the good work done by the Model Schools in the training of teachers.

The late Resident Commissioner, Sir Alexander Macdonell, made the following statement in a paper printed by order of the House of Commons in 1867 :—"There is no portion of the National system so cordially and so universally approved of by Protestants as are the Model Schools. The Protestants now see that without these Model Schools it would be impossible for the future teacher of the ordinary National schools to be trained from early boyhood for their calling ; that without these schools no perfect model could be exhibited throughout Ireland of the best methods of popular education." Mr. Patterson, Head Inspector, says :—"The pupil teachers and monitors trained in these institutions have all turned out well." Mr. Alexander, District Inspector, says :—"On the question of the worth of the Model Schools in training teachers, I can speak with no uncertain sound. Some of the best organised and best taught schools in the district are in charge of ex-pupil teachers, and they in turn train monitors with entire success. Had the Model Schools been left free

and unfettered to fulfil the mission for which they were designed, I am convinced that the present condition of national education would have been much more satisfactory."

The entire cost of the Ulster Model Schools for the year 1889-90 was £16,706 0s. 4d. This sum includes the school fees paid by the pupils. One-third of those fees are claimed by the Treasury as an "extra receipt." This third in the Ulster Schools amounts to £922 19s. 5d. If this sum is deducted, the cost of these fourteen schools in Ulster will be £15,783 0s. 11d. The cost to the State of a student in one of the denominational training colleges in Dublin is £50 per annum for males, and £35 for females. In the year already referred to there were 92 male and 28 female pupil teachers in the Ulster Model Schools. The male pupil teachers are boarded, lodged, and educated at the public expense. The females receive an allowance in lieu of board. Setting aside the same sum for training each of these as in the denominational training colleges, the amount due to the Model Schools would be £5,680. Deduct this sum from the money expended on the schools and the net cost of the Ulster Model Schools stands at £10,103 0s. 11d. If this sum is divided by 4,100, the aggregate average attendance of pupils at these schools in 1889, it will be found that the average cost per pupil was £2 8s. 2d. Judged by any reasonable test, the charges against these schools cannot stand. The average cost per pupil in the London Board schools for the same year was £2 19s. 8½d. The average cost in the Edinburgh Board schools was about the same amount. And, even in Ireland, the cost of schools not to be mentioned with the Model Schools in point of efficiency, was greater, as the following shows:—

Rosetta National School, Belfast, costs £3 0s. 3d. per pupil in average attendance.

Fisherwick Place National School, Belfast, costs £3 1s. 7d. per pupil in average attendance.

Sullivan Male National School, Holywood, costs £3 9s. 1d. per pupil in average attendance.

Hardwicke Street National School, Dublin, costs £3 1s. 10d. per pupil in average attendance.

Carmichael National School, Cork, costs £4 0s. 2d. per pupil in average attendance.

The real defence, however, of these schools is that they are the High Schools of the poor and lower middle classes. They impart a superior education to those who cannot afford to pay the fees of more expensive establishments. They do what Mr. Mundella wished to be done in England. They supply a cheap and accessible intermediate school, where a first-class education is given at a nominal cost.

But these splendid schools have had a hard battle to fight in the past. Denounced and banned by the Roman Catholic Church, they have gallantly held their own. In Ulster they are highly valued,

and any attempt to give way to the bishop's demands there would arouse a feeling which no Government could stand against. But, even in other parts of the country, they have more than held their own. Right under the shadow of the Pro-Cathedral in Marlborough Street there is one of those schools, with a roll total of 2,648 children, of whom 1,780 are Roman Catholics. In Cork there were on the roll in 1890, 796 children, of whom 344 were Roman Catholics; and, in Dunmanway, a small town in county Cork, out of an attendance of 313, 206 were the children of Roman Catholics.¹ In other places in the south and west, notably at Wexford, Parsonstown, Galway, Kilkenny, and Sligo, the Roman Catholic bishops have been able effectually to boycott these schools. And, quite recently, in a speech delivered by Archbishop Walsh, at King's Inn Street, Dublin, he boldly contrasted the convent and monastery schools with the Model Schools, and maintained the superiority of the former over the latter. His Grace said :—

"The case is a plain one. In 1885, the first of the six years for which I have the return, the percentage of pupils who passed at the Results Examinations in the Model Schools is given as 88·7. In that year the corresponding percentage for the Convent and Monastic Schools was 88·9. In the next year 1886, the Model Schools' percentage was 90; that year the Convent and Monastic Schools' was 90·1. In the next year, 1887, the Model Schools' percentage was 89·9; the percentage of the Convent and Monastic Schools was 89·4. In that first period of three years then, so far from there being any striking preponderance of results in favour of the Model Schools, the issue of the unequal race lay doubtful and still remained to be decided. This then brings us to the last period of three years—1888-89-90; in every one of these years the Model Schools have to take second place. In 1888 the percentage was 89·4 against 89·6. In 1889 the Model School percentage was 88·1 and ours was 89·5. In 1890 the percentages were 88·4 against 89·2."

Of course, a statement like this required a very receptive and non-critical audience, and the Archbishop had it. But had any unbeliever been present, had the unrepentant Member of Parliament who was so heartily denounced been one of the select company present, he might have asked whether it was possible to compare things that had hardly anything in common? Archbishop Walsh compared the Model and the convent schools as if they were similar institutions. But was his Grace entitled to do so? Is a pass in the Model Schools precisely the same thing as a pass in the conventual establishments? Here are some figures taken from Appendix N of the Report on National Education for 1890, which I commend, not to Archbishop Walsh, for he knew all about them, but to those who may have read his speech and wondered.

(1) Since writing this article I have been informed on excellent authority that the female department of the Dunmanway Model School has been all but destroyed by the opening of a convent school. The convent school, in every sense inferior, is paid by capitation grant from the Board. This exactly illustrates the position, *i.e.*, a Board founded to carry out and administer a mixed system, endows what must be a denominational school at the expense of a highly successful establishment founded on the mixed basis.

The following figures show the number of pupils examined, and the number who passed at the Results Examinations :—

GRADES.	Number Examined.	Number Passed.	Percentage Passed.
Infants . . .	845	832	98·4
First Class . . .	617	554	89·8
Second Class . . .	317	726	88·8
Third Class . . .	824	85·6	85·6
Fourth Class . . .	880	85·8	85·8
Fifth Class . . .	1,636	87·4	87·4
Sixth Class . . .	996	86·3	86·3
Total . . .	7,251	6,448	88·4

Percentage of pupils examined in each class to the total number examined in all the classes :—

Percentage in Infants' Grade . . .	11·6
„ Class I.	8·4
„ Class II.	11·2
„ Class III.	13·2
„ Class IV.	14·0
„ Class V.	25·7
„ Class VI.	15·9
Total	100·0

These are the figures for the Model Schools. Here are those for the convent and monastery schools.

The following figures show the number of pupils examined, and the number who passed at the Results Examinations :—

GRADES.	Number Examined.	Number Passed.	Percentage Passed.
Infants . . .	19,940	19,241	96·4
First Class . . .	9,349	8,455	90·4
Second Class . . .	8,457	7,398	87·4
Third Class . . .	7,128	5,985	83·9
Fourth Class . . .	5,777	4,626	80·0
Fifth Class . . .	7,523	6,385	84·8
Sixth Class . . .	3,937	3,373	85·6
Total . . .	62,111	55,463	89·2

Percentage of pupils examined in each class to the total number examined in all the classes :—

Percentage in Infants' Grade . . .	32·1
„ Class I.	15·1
„ Class II.	13·6
„ Class III.	11·5
„ Class IV.	9·3
„ Class V.	12·1
„ Class VI.	6·3
Total	100·0

Now, in view of these figures, I ask, with all respect to the Archbishop, Is a pass in a convent or monastery school the same thing as a pass in a Model School? The Archbishop may refer me to the report of the Commissioners. Very good. And what do we find? We find, to begin with, one fact which annihilates the whole of his Grace's contention. In the convent and monastery schools the attendance of infants is 32 per cent. of the total, and that of infants and very young children, *i.e.*, those of the first class, is 47 per cent. of the entire attendance. In the Model Schools the infants only count for 11 per cent., and infants and very young children combined only amount to 19 per cent. Here, then, we start with this fact, that out of every 100 children examined in the convent schools 47 are infants and very young children, the proportion of the same class in the Model Schools being 19 per cent. Even an enthusiast for the convent schools will admit that figures such as these alter the significance of the Archbishop's statistics. But when the matter is probed further, things become worse for the denominationalists. In the "General Abstract of Answering" given in the Appendices to the Fifty-Seventh Report of the Education Board, the infants are altogether excluded. The Commissioners expressly exclude the battalions by means of which Archbishop Walsh makes up his percentages. And, when the infants disappear, where is Archbishop Walsh? Here are some figures which completely dispose of the contention as to the superiority of the convent and monastery schools:—

	Model Schools. Percentage of Passes.	Convent Schools. Percentage of Passes.
<i>Reading</i>	97.3	96.6
<i>Writing</i>	97.5	97.7
<i>Arithmetic</i>	89.6	87.6
<i>Spelling</i>	89.1	84.1
<i>Grammar</i>	75.2	72.9
<i>Geography</i>	80.8	76.9
<i>Agriculture</i>	71.5	52.7
<i>Book-keeping</i>	61.7	71.7
<i>Needlework</i>	95.2	94.8

These are official figures; they require no comment. Archbishop Walsh has done me the honour to devote three speeches to the examination of an address on the Education Question which I lately delivered to my constituents at Moy. His Grace—he may take my word for it—absolutely wasted an undue number of adjectives in these speeches. One of his charges was that I exhibited profound ignorance of the question under discussion. I do not throw back the charge. His Grace is not ignorant. To a controversialist who uses figures as they were used at King's Inn Street, "ignorance" is not the proper word to apply. But, after all Archbishop Walsh's performances with the figures of the subject, the question still remains—What will Mr. Balfour do with these Model Schools? I admit that in some places, where the episcopal boycotting has been successful,

the expense connected with them is unjustifiable. But these cases are not very numerous. Perhaps Mr. Balfour would show the highest wisdom if he simply let these schools alone.

Finally, as to the improvement in education. The State has a right, in view of the increased aid about to be granted, to demand this. And, if anything is to be done, the work of reform ought to begin at Marlborough Street. Little will be possible so long as the National Board is continued in its present state. It is a veritable old-world institution. Board and officials alike have got into a rut out of which Parliament alone can drive them. They are, in the main, an absurd collection—out of date, uninteresting, and, in many instances, entirely unsuitable. But these gentlemen, charged with the administration of a mixed system, are too busy watching the currents of ecclesiasticism and of denominationalism to attend to anything else. How to conciliate the various Churches is their main business; the interests of education are a secondary consideration. The Government can, and ought, to insist upon improved methods of education, in view of the increased State aid about to be given. And in one direction is this especially necessary—that of domestic economy. The ignorance of Irish girls is something appalling. Go to any part of the country, and you will scarcely find a domestic servant who can knit a stocking or sew a garment. As to cooking, they are wholly ignorant of even the rudiments of this accomplishment. In the towns the results are lamentable. There the labouring classes are ill-fed, no matter what wages they earn; their homes are wretched; they live on white bread, tea, and porter. And this is largely due to the ignorance of the women. We have had this system of national education for sixty years, and the result is the existence of more illiterate voters in a single Irish county than in the whole of Scotland. The Government ought, therefore, to insist upon increased efficiency in the schools; and they ought, also, at once to provide for the opening of cookery kitchens in the larger towns for the training of the poor. A beginning has been made in this direction at Marlborough Street. The female students in training there can and do learn cookery. But in the country districts this knowledge is not so requisite. There potatoes and milk are still the staple articles of food. But in the towns it is entirely different, and the Board of National Education ought to be shaken out of its sloth, and made to do for Ireland what South Kensington is doing for England.

Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Balfour would do well next session to simply allocate the grant and free education, leaving the vexed question of compulsion alone. The bishops, as I have pointed out, are not ready for the change on its merits, and the path of concession to their claims is a crooked and dangerous way. Mr. Jackson may well curse his fate. Just immediately preceding a General Election no nastier question could have been raised.

T. W. RUSSELL.

THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE.

EVER and anon, when the skeleton in the cupboard of some unhappy family is exposed to the general view, or the linen of some prominent household is washed in public, our present marriage-system is drawn into question and criticised with passionate acrimony and bias. Several cases of the kind, which need not be more particularly referred to, have once again directed the attention of the community to the question. And it has been discussed on both sides of the Atlantic in more outspoken terms than would have been tolerated in former times. Unfortunately, the arguments both for and against the present system have been overloaded and weakened by disputations concerning the meaning of certain passages in ancient writings, and other irrelevant inquiries of a purely historic interest. Moreover, the two distinct issues involved have been invariably confounded, and it has been freely assumed on both sides that whatever marriage-system is in itself desirable should be maintained by the forcible intervention of the State. I propose to inquire whether the State should interfere in this matter at all, and, if so, how far.

Certain extreme advocates of a *laissez-faire* policy have put forward the doctrine that the enforcement of contract will safeguard all that is required in the existing system of sexual relations. But at this point, as we see from a discussion in the October number of *Free Life* (Mr. Auberon Herbert's organ of Individualism), a split takes place in the let-be camp. "As regards marriage, then," says Mr. Herbert, "we cannot rightly do anything, not even lift a straw, to restrain divorce or to perpetuate marriage between two persons. If you believe in liberty, you will believe that to pick marriage out for any special protection is not to uphold it or to honour it, but to enfeeble it and drag it in the mud." Mr. O'Brien, on the other hand, holds that the present marriage-system ought to be jealously preserved by the State, and in support of this contention he devotes two long articles (September and October) to a vindication of monogamy, whereby the real issue is completely evaded.

Let us examine Mr. Herbert's position. Can the existing system, or any other system of marriage, be based on the enforcement of contract? Perhaps it may be provisionally assumed that the fulfilment of contract should be enforced; for even the anarchist admits that upon the keeping of promises modern society rests; and whether the community sanction certain kinds of promise, or leave the sanction to some form of voluntary association, matters little to

the present argument. A contract is merely a promise guaranteed, or at least sanctioned in some way by the community. It is idle to talk of contracts not recognised by the State. Non-sanctioned promises, whether one-sided or mutual, are not contracts at all—the essence of a contract being the State sanction. When, therefore, we are told that the State is bound in justice to enforce the marriage contract, we are confronted with the prior question, Is such an agreement as marriage implies one which the State ought to be party to? An agreement in restraint of trade, a bet, a bargain to sell oneself into slavery, a promise to pay a prostitute a sum of money for an immoral consideration—all such promises and many more fail to obtain State recognition, and cannot properly be called contracts at all. We are thus brought round to the fundamental question, which is, not whether the State should enforce the marriage contract, but, Ought there to be a marriage contract? Ought the State to be party to any agreement concerning sexual arrangements? And, if so, to what agreement?

I do not know whether Mr. Herbert would call upon the State (or whatever organization may exist for the enforcement of promise-fulfilment) to compel the payment of a racing bet, or of a surgeon's fee for performing an improper operation. But if not, he is hardly justified in saying, as he does, "We can enforce any payment agreed upon in case of divorce, but we cannot rightly do anything to restrain divorce or to perpetuate marriage between two persons." Surely we have here a begging of the whole question of permanent marriage, instead of proof of its claim to exclusive State recognition. Again, Mr. O'Brien says, "All that the law can do is to make those who break the contract bear the losses resulting from such breaking." What contract? The sole question at issue is whether such promise should be a contract. Would Mr. O'Brien enforce a one-day marriage agreement? We cannot get to the bottom of this matter until we have clearly defined both contract and marriage; and the above utterances seem to involve hazy definitions of both conceptions.

Let us re-state the problem. We all agree that certain kinds of promises ought to be sanctioned. We all agree that, at present, that function appertains to the State. Promises so sanctioned we call contracts. What kinds of promises ought the State to raise to the level of contracts? And more particularly, is there any promise relating to sexual connection which ought to be raised to the level of a contract—that is to say, State-sanctioned? If so, what is it? And why should not other promises relating to the same matter receive similar treatment? These are the questions with which we have to deal.

One word *en passant* as to the mode in which Mr. Herbert would enforce a permanent marriage agreement. When we say that it is

the duty of the State to enforce the fulfilment of all contracts, because contracts are those promises which, when expressed in the required form, the State has undertaken to back, the statement needs qualifying. For it is obvious that if a man has promised to jump over the moon, the State is powerless to compel him to do so. There are other courses open. It can punish him for non-fulfilment; or it can compel him to pay the promisee an equivalent in money. And this equivalent may be one of two things: it may take the form of damages previously agreed upon by the parties, or it may take the form of fair compensation for the promisee's disappointed expectation. Lawyers have long ago found out what Mr. Herbert overlooks—namely, that to enforce the payment of stipulated damages is practically the same thing as to enforce specific performance. To take his own illustration—a man pledges himself to work seven years for another: "I am not willing," Mr. Herbert says, "to enforce that contract and make him do such work; but if he pledge himself to pay a certain sum of money should he fail in doing such work, I am willing to enforce that penalty." It is clear that the stipulated damages have only to be fixed high enough—say at a million pounds—and the enforcement of the penalty is tantamount to the performance of the work. The courts, therefore, in such cases, will not enforce either specific performance or the payment of the forfeit agreed on, but only damages *quantum valeat*. In other words, the court will assess the damage after the event, and the agreement come to by the parties before the event will be invalidated. This being the law and also common-sense, let us see what bearing it has on the marriage question.

In the first place we must find some basis upon which to assess damages in case of the breach of agreements of this nature. Mr. O'Brien quotes with approval the following passage from another writer:—"When a prepossessing woman marries young on the terms of a life-partnership, and is put away at the age of fifty, and the partnership dissolved against her will, her capital, so to speak, having in the meantime been exhausted for the good of the firm, it seems but just that, as her youth and beauty cannot be returned to her, some compensation should be made for the breach of contract." It may seem so; but "things are not what they seem." On what basis is the compensation to be based? Assuming that other things are equal, that both contributed an equal sum to the common treasury, that both put their youth and beauty into the concern, and that these also were equal, that the partners drew equal shares of profit in the shape of happiness, and in such case I confess I fail to see any ground for a claim to compensation. How the State is to value the faded beauty of an elderly lady I do not know. Reversing the position, if it is the man who is put away at the age of fifty, is he

to have a claim for strength "exhausted for the good of the firm"? Besides, so far as I can learn, Mr. O'Brien allows this claim only in the case of an agreement for life. He would not recognize an agreement to marry for a term of years—say for ninety-nine years. I really feel compelled to ask Mr. Herbert and Mr. O'Brien a few simple but not very pleasant questions. Would they enforce a prostitute's claim to a sum agreed upon? Would they enforce a properly-drawn agreement between a man and a woman to live together for a couple of months at the seaside, the man to pay all the expenses? Would they put the State's endorsement on a marriage agreement for one year, provision being made for the child, if any? Would they allow a promise to marry, if sufficiently established, to be a ground of action, as it now is? And would they enforce performance of such a promise in the case of a married man? That is to say, would they not only tolerate bigamy, but also enforce it, in case the second woman could prove the promise? Would they repeal all law punishing seduction, by making proof of consent a sufficient justification—and at all ages? Unless these and a hundred similar questions can be answered with a plain Yes or No, it seems to me that the position taken up by these writers will have to be abandoned. If any one is bold enough to declare himself in favour of enforcing all agreements of the kind, where the evidence is sufficient, he will have a difficulty in drawing a line between acts which even the most advanced thinkers would distinguish as moral and immoral.

There is, I submit, another weak point in the position taken up in *Free Life*; not only does contract cover a great deal too much ground, but it also covers a great deal too little. Broken promises are not the only weapons wherewith to hurt people. We shall never solve the marriage problem by regarding it as a department of the law of contract. Even the State dimly perceives this. The absurd and illogical action for breach of promise to marry (breach of promise to promise) is really nothing more than a tortuous way of compensating a woman for injury to her feelings; just as the barbarous claim for loss of service in seduction cases is merely a straining of the law to give a parent compensation, not for loss of service, but for injured feelings. Law apart, people who injure others deserve to be punished, and are punished, by individuals. There seems to be a sliding-scale of severity, and different persons inflict different penalties. But on certain matters there appears to be a pretty general consensus. A married man who flirts unduly with a young girl, without stating his position, deserves to be reproved; one who gives her highly-seasoned literature to read deserves to be cut or shunned; one who persuades her to accompany him without the knowledge of her parents to a low place of enter-

tainment deserves to be horsewhipped; one who commits a rape deserves to be shot; and so forth. A heartless woman-flirt, perhaps, deserves also to be punished as the Roman law permitted the forcible violation of a prostitute. It would be impossible to bring some of these cases under the law of contract, and for all of them it would be a useless task.

What shall we do, then? Shall we follow Mr. O'Brien, who ostentatiously flings away his Individualist shield, and appeals for aid to Socialism? Shall we follow Mr. Auberon Herbert, who would enforce the fulfilment of all promises relating to sexual matters, or, what comes to the same thing, the payment of the stipulated damages? Or shall we follow those writers who affirm that the sexual arrangements of two persons in no way concern outsiders, and decline to recognise any such promises as binding contracts? It is hardly necessary to observe that at present we are in the clutches of Mr. O'Brien and those who think with him. The State arbitrarily recognises some engagements of the kind, without assigning any reasons, and declines to recognise others which, to most minds, seem to be entitled to equal consideration. It sanctions what may be coarsely termed a lease for life, but will not sanction a lease for a term of years. And it will not permit the parties themselves to dissolve partnership unless they comply with certain arbitrary and, it must be added, very revolting conditions. In the eyes of unprejudiced persons unaccustomed to existing social arrangements, a marriage-system would hardly be regarded as immaculate which requires lifelong partnerships to be entered into without experience, and, as it were, in the dark; which, in case of disappointment, enjoins on the parties what Godwin denounced as a life of unchastity—the procreation of children in the absence of love; which winks at the out-and-out sale of a girl's person into life-bondage for hard cash; which unequalizes the male and female children's inheritance on the ground that women are a marketable commodity, and may expect to be "kept" by their husbands; which enforces the barbaric restitution of conjugal rights; which sanctions the rape of a married woman; which refuses a woman divorce on the ground of her husband's adultery; which offers the youth of the country the choice between an irrevocable bond and prostitution; which calls into being a standing army of public women; and which, in consequence, hands down from generation to generation distempers which would die out in a decade under a system of orderly freedom.

"True," replies the defender of the present artificial system, "but what are we to put in its place? Our marriage laws and customs may not be perfect—nothing is perfect under the sun—but surely they are better than the free-love or promiscuity which their

abolition would make room for?" Here, again, we have a begging of the whole question. Would the removal of restraints be followed by a *régime* of promiscuity, or anything like it? Not at all. To affirm this is to despair of the race; it is to deny the very tendency towards monogamy which is so marked a feature in the history of civilization. It is to affirm that the law is warring against nature; that in the absence of external coercion the observed tendency towards monogamy would be reversed. This feeble argument on behalf of despotism has snapped short off on every occasion on which it has been put to the test. It is on all-fours with the defence of the old usury laws, with the defence of State-enforced religion, with the defence of the old sumptuary laws, and with hundreds of other State measures of past and present times forbidding the people to rush on to their own destruction. People do not rush on to their own destruction, even when not dragooned by superior persons. On the whole, under the beneficent rule of natural selection, they make towards salvation. This is, doubtless, surprising to those who hold that we are all born in sin, and steadily treading the downward path; but it is, nevertheless, an observed fact. And upon those who urge that it would be otherwise in this matter of sexual relations the burden of proof must rest.

Let us endeavour to forecast what would happen in the absence of any marriage law, whatever among people in an advanced state of civilization. Their habits, inclinations, and inherited moral instincts would remain unaffected. They would not suddenly become transformed into a herd of swine. Love, not being a thing to be ashamed of or secretly indulged, a well-disposed girl would under a free system, just as she now does, confide in her parents. The mother, father, or guardian would, just as is now done, make the usual inquiries, and, if satisfied, consent to the betrothal—call it marriage or by any other name. The absurd agreement to agree, promise to promise, now called an engagement, would probably disappear, and with it the even more anomalous action for breach of promise. The agreement would take the form of a public notification; that is to say, it would be registered. And provision would be made therein for possible issue, in the form of a settlement by the husband on the child, if any, contingent on the wife's fidelity till its birth. This would practically amount to a one-year marriage. In the great majority of cases the contract would, of course, be renewed. To deny this is again to deny the truth of the monogamic tendency, which is a libel on civilized humanity. And it would soon be seen that, in order to save time and trouble in marrying again and again, the original contract should hold good until dissolved by the wish of either party, in the same formal and public manner as that in which it came into existence, namely, registration. The effect of dissolu-

tion would not be to relieve either party immediately. The husband's liability for the children of the marriage would continue for the space, say, of one year, contingent as before on the wife's fidelity. And the wife would be unable to marry again during that period without forfeiting the settlement on the child's behalf. And what would be the effect upon third persons? Adultery would become so rare and so contemptible (being wholly uncalled for) that the adulterer would be socially ostracised. It could be prompted only by the meanest and most sordid motives, or else result from an uncontrollable passion disgraceful alike to both parties. At the same time the law would take no notice of the act, except in so far as it affected the evidence of paternity. The settlement made by the husband would be cancelled, and the responsibility for the maintenance of the child would fall back on the mother; just as it now does when no father can be indicated. In short the law would pay no heed to claims based on injury to the feelings. But cases of violation of the contract would be so rare as hardly to require separate consideration. In that minority of cases in which the union was dissolved by the wish of one of the parties, it would be done in the proper and lawful manner. And the obligation would continue for a period of one year after registration of divorce, or such shorter period as fulfilled the terms of the contract. For instance, if a child should be born the day after registration of divorce, the settlement would be good, and both parties would be at once free to marry again. A woman in the position described in the hypothetical case cited by Mr. O'Brien, could have no claim either legal or moral to compensation. After years of marriage, during which her youth and beauty "have been exhausted for the good of the firm," she is deserted by her husband. Now, it must be admitted that either the union (so long as it lasted) was a love-match, or it was not. If it was, then the bill is paid. If, on the other hand, it was not, then it must be classed with what are now called immoral contracts. Unchastity, as one of our leading writers has said, is union without love. Morally, therefore, it is entitled to no compensation. I am not saying dogmatically that the State should refuse, as it now does, to recognise immoral contracts. By some, it may be argued that if a woman chooses to let her body out for hire, by the day or for life, she ought to be entitled to recover in a court of law; just as she could if she let out her horse or her sewing-machine. All I say is that the public conscience is opposed to the sanctioning of such agreements, except in the case of a lease for life. And it would still be opposed to it in the absence of the existing legal system.

It is unnecessary to go any deeper into group-motives. They are quite independent of the legal system in vogue. We may take it

for granted that the public conscience will not permit of infanticide, or of certain surgical operations; and we may attribute the fact to the increasing sense of the sanctity of human life, or to any other cause. Anarchy or Archy, the community will in all probability hold the mother responsible for the support of her child in the absence of any evidence of paternity, just as it now does. And what is more it will hold her responsible in the absence of any express admission of paternity by the putative father, and a definite settlement by him on the child of the union.

This, then, is the proper limit of State action in the matter. It is not necessary to go with those who cry, "Make a clean sweep of the whole affair: the sexual union of two persons in nowise concerns others." For several considerations point the other way. In the first place, in a moral age, love is not a thing to be ashamed of; indeed, successful love is universally regarded as a subject of legitimate pride. Secondly, it saves heart-burnings to know beforehand that a particular woman is appropriated, so to speak, and not properly open to attentions. Thirdly, public notification explains situations which might otherwise appear compromising. Fourthly, and chiefly, it makes the community a witness as to paternity, as the ceremony of adoption did in some places in the days before marriage. A man and a woman usually unite for one or other or both of two purposes, namely, the pleasures of love and the procreation of children. It is certain that as to the second of these purposes, the community is interested. The increase of population is a subject of general concern, even though the loves of citizens may be a matter of complete indifference. Hence the community will continue to sanction contracts providing for the support of children even when it has ceased to sanction agreements in which the attractions of one party are thrown into the scale against the wealth of the other. "But," says Mr. O'Brien, "your free system makes no provision for the woman." True, and why should it? The results of the union are equally beneficial to both—on the average. "Not at all," he rejoins, "the woman undergoes all the pains of child-bearing for the joint good; towards this the man contributes nothing." Here I join issue. In all healthy natural processes of life there is a nett gain of happiness. On the average, the pleasures outweigh the pains. On the average, life is worth living—a nett gain. On the average, the pleasures of love are an equal gain to both. And the pleasures of maternity outweigh the pains of child-bearing. I speak of those parental joys which the man cannot share or even conceive. "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." And the joy increases and outweighs the anguish a thousandfold. When, therefore, it is con-

tended that the joys of marriage are not equal for the two sexes, it is because the pains of labour are set off against the pleasures of love, and the ecstasy of maternity overlooked altogether. Mothers do not make use of this argument. Only those women who know nothing of the blessings of maternity speak of the pains of child-bearing in exaggerated language as an unmitigated evil cruelly handicapping one sex. Medical men are all agreed that as a rule women of mature age are unhealthy unless they have become mothers; and the best authorities are of opinion that in order to ensure perfect health every woman should give birth to two children. Complete life is the fulfilment of all the natural functions. And the flimsy theory that to enable a woman to attain to the complete life is to put oneself in the position of her debtor, requires an amount of sophistical underpinning which would tax the resources of a Mahatma.

"But," retorts the defender of despotism, "though you may have shown that the happiness of the two partners is equal, yet you must admit that the woman, being, to start with, a weaker creature, cannot bear children and attend to them during infancy, and at the same time earn her own bread on equal terms with the man." I do admit it; it is clear that the drain of vital energy implied by maternity must needs detract from the total individual vitality. I go further; I admit that two and two make four. And what is more (though this is rank heresy in the eyes of the Superior Person), I believe that my fellow-men have recognised the same recondite facts. I suppose the foundation-stone of despotism, autocratic or socialistic, is, and ever has been, the firm faith of the Superior Person in the crass stupidity and incorrigible criminality of other people. Recognising, as I have said, all plain facts, what is more natural than that a man should help to support the wife of his bosom and mother of his children? Love, honour, and justice all pull in the same direction. It is also an observed fact throughout the greater part of animal nature—the Superior Person might advantageously study the habits even of the little birds in the trees. And yet we are solemnly told that, but for the strong arm of the law—the artful machinations of the Superior Person himself—all these potent promptings of nature would be as cobwebs. I repeat that in the absence of all artificial law on the subject, the unequal division of labour between men and women would continue, and in all probability increase. Wives tend to do less and less work. In the well-to-do ranks of life the women of to-day rarely do any bread-winning work at all. But the tendency can be based upon a much wider induction. Any one who compares the physical strength and intelligence of a horse and a mare, or of a lion and a lioness, will admit that the difference in favour of the male is very slight compared with the difference between a man and a

woman. He will also observe that a savage woman, not only does more hard work, but is more capable of doing it than a civilised woman. This is attributable to the fact that, in spite of the keen struggle for existence, woman, instead of becoming more capable of self-support, is actually becoming less so, by reason of the willingness of the man to work for her. That State-coercion is needed to back up one of the strongest impulses of humanity is too monstrous a contention to warrant further consideration.

It is further alleged that to break up the system of lifelong marriages is to run counter to the monogamic tendency. But who wants to break it up? The tendency of civilization towards monogamy is admitted; and what is more, it can be shown that the artificial restraints imposed by the law tend the other way. It is said that there would be a large number of one-year marriages dissolved at the end of the year. Possibly; but how many one-day marriages are there now? And how many mal-unions would be obviated? All those unions which ought by nature to be permanent would become permanent; and those which did not become permanent are precisely those which ought not to be permanent. To deny this is again to deny the monogamic tendency, and not to affirm it. And to dispute this tendency is to knock away the sole support of a marriage-system of any kind.

But a free system, it is said, would lead to early marriages. True again; but what is there to set off against the possible risk of over-population? To begin with, a death-blow would be struck at prostitution; and in the second place, many persons, having at the normal age tasted the joys, &c., of matrimony, and experienced the burden of family cares, would probably be content in future, or at all events for long periods, to sit in the cool shades of single blessedness. Again, how sweet are the grapes that are out of reach! The thirstiest man is he who has no wine-cellar. The obstacles cast in the way of the natural satisfaction of the instincts only intensify the passions, and often divert them into morbid channels. And this suggests the answer to those who say that it is not a question of choice between early marriages and prostitution; that there is a third course—celibacy. Are then the evils of enforced celibacy—of ungratified impulses—to count for nothing? Is it really good for man to be alone all through the period of adolescence up to the age of twenty-five or thirty? or for woman either? Is the effect on the race good? To what is due the mass of morbid and stimulating pabulum flung to our youth of both sexes in the shape of sensational novels, obscene pictures, dubious dramas, low music-hall performances, suggestive ballets, and meretricious entertainments of all sorts, with which London and Paris are deluged? Is it due to over-indulgence of the normal appetites, or to over-restraint? Away with

cant; let us have the truth! I answer unhesitatingly, to over-restraint. Who are the customers of the purveyors of this garbage? Unfledged city clerks, servant girls, army loafers, disguised curates, people too poor to marry, any but happily married men and women. Let Mr. O'Brien point out any haunts in Constantinople to vie with the social cesspools of Paris and London. Crush Krakatoa, Mr. O'Brien—stamp out Vesuvius; and then, perhaps, we will entrust you with the task of stifling the natural instincts and impulses of healthy men and women. Attempt it you can; but at what a cost! Consumption and hysteria on the one hand, debauchery and disease on the other. Do the fertilising streams from the hills strike you as excessive?—then dam them if you dare. By Jupiter Pluvius, they will have their revenge, and the floods you yourself have created, will sweep you and your barriers into the sea.

It remains to consider three fairly formidable objections to a free marriage system. 1. Married women's property would become a tangled skein. 2. The effect on the bringing up of the children of a divorced woman would be disastrous, and all the more so if she married again. 3. The danger of over-population would be considerably increased. Let us examine these objections in their order.

It will be generally admitted that the present dependent condition of married women as to their proprietary rights is a survival of the patriarchal system, under which the wives and children of a man were his own property. The system unquestionably worked well at one time, but, even in its present modified form, it appears to be somewhat out of date. It seems to lag behind the sentiments of the age. Marriage should in no way affect a woman's control of her private property; at least, there seems to be no valid reason why it should. It will be said that creditors of the common household (shopkeepers and the like) would have a difficulty in knowing to whom to look; and that the absolute mutual trust implied by love would enable married couples to cheat third persons. But there is an old saying, "Father and son can cheat the devil." And yet father and son are not compelled to enter into partnership. Of course, there is much truth in the saying, but the remedy is obvious. The presumption should be reversed, that is all. When a husband wishes, for convenience' sake, to become responsible for his wife's debts let him publicly notify the fact; and until this is done let shopkeepers beware. Or if a husband and wife wish to be jointly and severally liable let them say so; it is an easy matter. As it is to-day it is no uncommon thing to see a notice in the papers that Mr. X. will no longer hold himself responsible for Mrs. X's debts. Besides, shopkeepers seem to have no difficulty in dealing with bejewelled ladies who cannot find their marriage lines. The truth is Married Women's Property Acts may be passed one after the other,

but until woman has the full control of her belongings both before and after marriage, her name will still be Hagar.

An incidental, but very considerable, advantage of this reform is that marrying for money would cease to be the paying game it now is. The spendthrift in search of an heiress would disappear from the scene; or, at the worst, he would find himself outside the door with his debts on his hands after a very short spell of probation. And the extinction of fortune-hunters—the eradication of this fatal incitement to unchaste unions—would mightily strengthen natural selection, and so improve the race. When a *blasé* old scarecrow marries a fresh young girl of eighteen summers one can hardly blame him; perhaps he still believes in his own powers of fascination quite apart from his twenty thousand a year. And one can hardly blame the girl, who is quite possibly the daughter of a country parson with a dozen children and one hundred pounds a year. Who, then, is to blame? Why, the State, which sanctions an immoral bargain, every whit as bad *in se* as a bargain between a wayfarer and a prostitute; and in one respect worse, inasmuch as it is opposed to that policy of the law which will not in other matters enforce specific performance of a perpetual contract. Barbarities such as these—far worse than suttee—could not exist under a free system. So rank a weed can flourish only in the soil of despotism.

Let us now turn to the effect of the system on the bringing up of the children of the divorced woman. Either she would marry again or she would not. In the latter event they would be in the position of a widow's children. In the former event they would be in the position of children with a stepfather. Both positions are unfortunate, but not so deplorable that the whole foundations of society need be dislocated in order to evade them. The children would, as at present, be provided for by the settlement and by the mother herself, and sometimes also by the stepfather. I have seen three families all brought up in the same household with complete impartiality—the children of the wife by her first husband, the children of the husband by his first wife, and the children of the present union. Again, it must be borne in mind, if the separation is due to the woman's love of change for its own sake, that not only are the most erotic women the least possessed of any natural love for children, as Mr. O'Brien admits, but also they are the least likely to have any. If, on the other hand, the separation is due to the man's unfitness for the monogamic state, we have only to ask what would have been the condition of affairs if the union had been forcibly maintained. It is a misfortune to be fatherless, but it is a far greater misfortune to be brought up by parents who lead a cat-and-dog life. Even freedom cannot eliminate all the ills that flesh is heir to; it can at

best diminish their number, and minimize the effects of the remainder.

Lastly comes the threadbare over-population question. I am not prepared to admit that, under a free system, in spite of early marriages, a larger number of children would necessarily be born. That they would be stronger, healthier, and more beautiful there can be little doubt. Natural selection would effect that. But would they be more numerous? It is a trite saying, and true withal, that youth marries in haste and repents at leisure. It is not to be expected that mere boys of nineteen and twenty should foresee and appreciate the full weight of family cares. They learn it to their cost by bitter experience. It is then too late to do more than repent. And what medicine is now prescribed for them by the orthodox economists? Is there not something revoltingly cynical in the advice usually tendered to the young married workman, whose work is hard, whose pleasures are few, and whose wages are at subsistence-level? "Prudence, my good fellow, self-control," cry Mill and his followers; "you cannot afford a large family." And then come the neo-Malthusians with their nostrums. Surely the obvious course, after a term of unwise matrimony, would be a term of celibacy with patience. Impecunious bachelors of the upper class remain unmarried. The last thing they dream of is to marry an equally impecunious girl, and then exercise self-restraint. But, to follow the career of the young workman. If he cared for his young wife and child, as most of them do (till the burden is too grievous to be borne), he would set to work with a will and a purpose to build up a home. It might be years before he was in a position to marry her again; but Jacob toiled fourteen years for Rachel, and a nineteenth-century Englishman is not less steadfast and persevering, where the reward is love. Anyhow, during all that time he would be free to work and to move about in search of work, instead of being compelled to go on adding to the population and to his own burdens, as practically he now is. To those who object that his freed wife would take up with a new husband, I reply, You are as ignorant of woman as you are of man. There are households, it is true, where love flies out of the window as poverty creeps in at the door; but it is not of such that a race is built worthy of monogamy, and steadily tending towards it. Mutual respect and trust and hopeful encouragement would take the place of recrimination and remorse. Re-unions, like any other object of a noble ambition, would be deemed worth not only fighting for and labouring for, but waiting for.

Finally, even granting that there might be more children, still they would be better provided for. The bulk of them would no longer be a proletariat of paupers, the outcome of a contract per-

petuated by coercion. There is no stimulus to industry like the sight of children's faces. And when the habits, customs, and laws of a country are such that children are born in proportion to the means of support provided for them, we may possibly have an increased population, but we shall have a more equal distribution of wealth. And I do not hesitate to say that, under such conditions, an increase would be a blessing rather than a curse. Only to a free people is there any hopeful significance in the words, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." Who but a devil with his tongue in his cheek would pronounce such a blessing on the England of to-day?

In conclusion, I do not pretend to have touched upon all the difficulties of this highly complex problem. The questions with which I have dealt doubtless require further elucidation. But I trust I have said enough to show that the burden of proof rests on those who support the present coercive and restrictive system. I frankly admit that to those who hold certain prevalent cosmic theories many of my arguments cannot appeal. But "to the solid ground of nature trusts the mind which builds for aye"; and from those who accept this method I claim an answer, more especially from that increasing body of thinkers who have given in a general adhesion to the grand doctrine of political liberty—that every citizen should be allowed the fullest and widest possible freedom in all things, so long as he or she does not infringe on the equal freedom of fellow-citizens.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE.

A REPLY.

IN replying to Mr. Donisthorpe's suggestions for the Future of Marriage, and his strictures upon it as an institution, it seems to me unnecessary to follow him into sundry bye-lanes where he has wandered, as being somewhat apart from the argument, which really amounts to this: Is there any serious reason for altering the present law? Why was this law established? And: Has it fulfilled its purpose during the centuries of its continual observance up to the present time?

In order to answer these questions, I should like to begin by enumerating the various admissions made by Mr. Donisthorpe in favour of marriage as at present understood, and which go against his proposal to institute temporary leases in its place.

He admits, firstly: "Even anarchists agree that upon the keeping of promises modern society rests." He might have omitted the word "modern," because, where force is the only argument, society may be said to exist at all.

Any marriage is, as every one knows, a promise of love, fidelity, and obedience on the one hand, and of love, fidelity, and protection on the other; a promise made by two persons of fit age to judge for themselves, and, with most very young persons, under the advice of their parents, in cases where advice will be taken at all. It is a promise solemnly ratified after a term of probation (which Mr. Donisthorpe seems to hope will be done away with), publicly made so that any sufficient hindrance may come to light, and carried out with the full consent of both parties. What can show a fairer prospect than such a bond as this?

Unfortunately, we are all mortal, and many of us will, no doubt, go so far as to confess ourselves sinners—in the Litany. It therefore not infrequently happens that a union which should proceed from one of the highest and least selfish motives of which human beings are capable—pure love, returned in kind and in degree—is often entered into from mercenary reasons, alike on the man's as on the woman's side; or from the simple admiration of a pretty face, an occasion of stumbling less likely to beset a woman. Such marriages are doomed from their commencement to disaster, unless one or other of the parties should have so strong a nature as to rise superior to almost impossible conditions of existence. All this is not the fault of marriage itself; the promise was not sincerely made at first; it was lightly held and ill-kept in the sequel. It seems to accuse human nature and not the marriage bond.

Mr. Donisthorpe, further on, makes another and most important admission, viz., "That the tendency towards monogamy is a marked feature in the history of civilization," and I wish to call attention to the fact that he uses the word "civilization," no doubt advisedly, in preference to the "world." He likewise says that this tendency is in accordance with the laws of Nature. All this is full of comfort to those whose opinions he is attacking, for where, then, is the hardship of which he complains? and why, if no real hardship exists, should laws be repealed which are at present the only protection women and children have, and without which society would fall into a state of confusion almost impossible to realise? At one point he agrees that a married woman is often unable to earn her own living; at another he compares her with the female of the brute creation, much to her physical disadvantage, and he gives as a reason for the physical deterioration of women that men are so ready and anxious to work for them. I seem to see a faint and far-off smile on the pale lips of thousands of my sex in sweating dens, in factories, in schools, in post-offices, where men, no doubt entirely to save them labour for which they are unfitted, would like to be hard at work themselves.

It is quite true in the letter, but quite false in the spirit, to say that women of the upper classes do not work. They do not perhaps lift heavy weights, or actually labour with their hands, but there is much for any woman who is the mother of a family, and at the head of a large house, to do, which must be seen to, unless ruin is to overtake the establishment; and, if she does her duty, her time will be fully occupied. Such a position is a career in itself, and excludes the possibility of any other constant employment. There must always be a head as well as hands, and this holds true of a man's house as much as of his office.

It is certain that the well-being of the home depends even more on the wife than on the husband, hence laws which seem to press more heavily on her than on the man. Let the head of the house do the part for which Nature has fitted him; let the woman equally do hers, and there will be no more scandalous divorce-cases. No laws that can be made, however, can prevent disagreements from arising between persons who live together, were it but for a year, for no legislation can enter a man's home and compel him to keep his temper or a woman to stop nagging, if that is their favourite mode of passing the time.

Most people have told me that the first year of their married life was by far the least happy. They did not know each other's dispositions; they were perhaps jealous, uneasy, prone to take offence; each had virtues of which the other did not dream, and neither had as yet learnt to tolerate the other's faults. But just as life may be beginning to run smoothly, these two people, according to Mr. Donisthorpe, are to part, perhaps, in a fit of temper, and to begin

the same weary task again with some one else. Few of the better sort of women would undertake it. The treadmill would be far preferable.

One great incentive to marriage Mr. Donisthorpe has omitted to notice, the desire we all have for sympathy and companionship, or, in better words than I can find, "The mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other in prosperity and adversity." This is not to be had in constant change. Nor, I imagine, is it to be found where the interests which should be mutual, are easily to be separated. Affection grows only in certitude of possession; interests become mutual in proportion as they are indissoluble; if you would have the flowers you must have, also, the conditions under which alone they can exist and grow to fragrance.

Can any one be found seriously to maintain, as Mr. Donisthorpe seems to do, that what a woman brings into married life is not to some extent perishable? Is she to give her youth, her beauty, her devotion to a man who can, and possibly may, cast her off at any moment when perhaps sickness has enfeebled her, for a younger and more fascinating successor? Or is she to desert her husband because he has become poor or an invalid? Would this be for the public good? Can any one say that a man and a woman at fifty are on equal terms? The woman, at that age, has certainly lost her power of attraction, although plain living and high thinking may have spiritualized her beauty without robbing her of it altogether. A woman is never on equal terms with a man, even when she is young and handsome, because what is held to be a rare and valuable gift in her is less prized in him. And in what does a woman's beauty consist? Is it not in true proportion, health, youth, and activity? But a man's chief value does not lie in his youth, and is indeed seldom developed till middle age is passed. Therefore, under such a lease as Mr. Donisthorpe proposes the man might rob a woman of her best while giving of his worst. But the deepest reason against such an easily dissoluble union is that in it but few women would or could give of their best. It is a truism to assert that selfishness is fostered where the ties of affection are loosened.

It is idle to say that a man owes a woman no debt; the world's experience, from the time when men forcibly carried off women until with more advancing civilisation, they honestly purchased them for so many cows, proves the contrary. The feeling is not dead yet, for I myself know a case in a remote country village where a farmer bought his carter's wife for two hundred pounds. None of the three saw any harm in the transaction, and the woman lived happily in her new home, where she had been led by her first husband with a rope round her neck, according to traditional custom.

The effect of the civil and religious marriage laws for centuries has been slowly to raise women from a condition of servitude; and

it is well known, that where woman's position is highest within her natural sphere of action, there you will find the highest civilisation. It is generally admitted that a man inherits his brains from his mother, and the daughter her figure and disposition. You cannot expect a race to produce able men or beautiful women where the position of the mother is insecure and in so far debased. Mr. Donisthorpe's *régime*, far from preventing women from selling themselves, would, on the contrary, compel them to sell themselves to the highest bidder, while the race of match-making mothers and stern fathers, far from becoming extinct, would drive very much harder bargains than they now do in view of the fact that their daughters might shortly be back upon their hands.

The great enemy of marriage is not its irrevocable character, but the increasing luxury and idleness of the present day which pervades all classes, from the highest to the lowest. Why is a woman to be too great a lady to attend to the smallest domestic detail? It is her business, her daily bread, so to speak, as a man's work lies elsewhere, and she ought to pride herself on its punctual performance. Why is she not to be educated for the profession of a wife by being taught practical cooking, dress-making, and housekeeping? By all these things she enhances her own value and need not lose a single attraction. Such a wife, far from being an expense and a drag, is a positive economy to a man working his way up in life.

Mr. Donisthorpe has not entered upon the religious aspect of marriage, and therefore it is superfluous to allude to that view of a question which he has not raised; but although in the beginning of his paper he says that the arguments, both for and against, have been weakened by disputations concerning the meaning of ancient writings and other irrelevant enquiries of a purely historic interest, he proceeds further on to quote from these said "ancient writings," in order to prove that the joys of a mother far outweigh her pains. That may be so, and, as matters stand, probably is so, or the race would become slowly extinct; but how about the joys of a mother who knows that before she is a few weeks older she may be separated from her newly-born child—her first child, remember? For is she to take it with her to the house of her next husband, and bring it up, perhaps, to hate its father, and in a way of which he might thoroughly disapprove, while all the time he is compelled to provide for it, and by law obliged to leave it a certain proportion of his property? Yet this would happen under Mr. Donisthorpe's plan. In either case a gross injustice must be committed, and a cruel hardship inflicted on one or other parent.

Certainly the State might adopt a gigantic system of nurseries and schools for all alike, instead of only the poorer classes. The heir to a dukedom and the scavenger's eldest might be both brought up together by the "Parish," with a result which would not, per-

haps, fit each admirably for his future state in life. This would, no doubt, obviate the tendency which father and mother would have to tear their child in two between them, but would it be satisfactory? What woman who respected herself would care to marry under the circumstances? You might as well offer to tear her heart out piecemeal with red hot pincers.

Consider another point: How would social life be possible in a community if there were no security in the home and no continuity in the education of the children? They would grow up a race of hard-hearted little monsters, old before their years, or else the victims of every fresh fad of a new step-parent, and on whom no softening influence had ever been brought to bear. Then, indeed, we should see careers of crime before which our present records would shrink into insignificance; then, too, a heartless and beautiful woman would rejoice, for she could command a long lease and extort heavy terms. Why should she not? She would owe nothing either to her husband or to society, and as religion would naturally enjoin old-fashioned marriage—nothing to God as well. There would be no difference between her and the most degraded of her sex, except in degree. Why should we not apply Mr. Donisthorpe's principles to other social laws? Life then would become a sort of gigantic confidence trick, in which the weakest would be fleeced and receive no pity, while the strongest would flourish like a green bay-tree on the proceeds of his "smartness."

Where would be confidence? All that you told your temporary associate would be poured into the ear of your successor, and by him or her given to the public. Where would be custom, companionship, or reliance?—all qualities, far stronger than passion, which grow out of and outlast the first warmth of passionate attachment.

Let us turn for a moment to the effect which married life has upon suicide—perhaps as good a test as any of its practical utility. According to statistics compiled by Dr. W. Richardson, it would seem that married persons commit fewest suicides, the single next, and the widowed most. If any evidence can be more triumphantly in favour of marriage than the first of these statements, it is the last: and as it has also been ascertained that the married live appreciably longer than the single, there not only cannot be any great hardship in the existing state of affairs, but it must even be positively beneficial. As regards the necessity or desirability of early marriage, it may be remembered that the Zulu warriors were not allowed to marry till they reached the age of thirty. This did not make them less formidable foes to deal with.

While Mr. Donisthorpe asks—"Why should a woman be provided for?"—he yet admits that love, honour, and justice all pull in that direction, and that she is not capable of such severe and continued labour as a man. That being, therefore, a question he has answered

entirely to the satisfaction of the advocates of marriage, I need not proceed to notice it. To suppose that, were there no law for the protection of what we are all agreed, it would appear, is a creature less able to fend for itself than man, men would fulfil every duty from a high sense of honour and from the natural instinct of protection, which Mr. Donisthorpe admits they ought to have towards our sex, is to conclude that this instinct is more powerful than the strongest impulse in nature—maternal affection; for laws are still enforced punishing women as well as men for hideous cruelty to their children.

The Superior Person, so stigmatised and held up to ridicule by Mr. Donisthorpe, is yet a fellow-creature. With all his foibles it is hard that he should be branded as the author of Socialistic and Democratic Despotism—if that exists in England, which one has yet to learn. It is harder still that those whom the Superior Person by his very nature would class as his inferiors, should put sentiments into his mouth of absolute absurdity.

Not even the Superior Person would venture to assert that all people are incorrigibly stupid and criminal. But he would gently murmur in well-chosen language, such as I can only indicate but cannot hope to imitate, that the weakest link in the chain is the test of its strength, and that not all men can claim to live on the high-level assumed for them by Mr. Donisthorpe. There are thieves, there are forgers, there are even, in a crescendo scale, autocratic despots; there are, in short, selfish men and heartless women. No law has altered or can alter the fact. All that law can do is to say, "If you follow your bent you shall suffer so much that it will not be worth your while to do this thing; if you injure your neighbour you must be taught to know better by means of punishment."

Mr. Donisthorpe goes on to enumerate, as an argument against marriage, the various blots on civilisation which disgrace all large cities. He cites them in support of his views, and then goes on unconsciously to defend what he has attacked by saying that happily married men and women are not the customers who keep up the demand for such horrors. It seems as if the real argument underlying the whole of his theory might be stated in a few short words: Make marriage more easy and less expensive. There lies the true gist of the matter. The great curse of modern society is to be found in luxury, idleness, and extravagance; in this, women are undoubtedly the chief sinners. Among the poorer classes, their dress, as compared with that of the women of foreign nations, is outrageously above their means, and revoltingly unpleasing as well. This, and the waste of good food, simply thrown away from sheer ignorance and carelessness, positively horrifies anyone acquainted with the thrifty habits and suitable clothing of, let us say, French and Italian peasants. English people are notorious abroad for their extravagance, and are

deservedly taken advantage of in consequence. Let us only compare the habits of the French and English middle class—the neatness, the thrift, the aptitude for accounts of the woman, her position in the household—and we shall judge how that nation, which, justly or unjustly, is supposed to hold the marriage vows least sacred, has practically shown its respect for the institution.

The connection between marriage and money, which Mr. Donisthorpe derides, is surely natural enough, and would of necessity exist under his or any other thinkable system. The money which the woman brings into the common fund as a general rule goes partly to the support of the house, partly to her own private expenses. This is only fair and right; no law could alter it for the better. Private contracts, marriage settlements, arrange these things, and, unless in exceptional cases of rapacity on the one hand or weakness on the other, very justly so. That the man should bring nothing is usually regarded as an unnatural circumstance attending marriage, and one not altogether to his credit. Not so in the case of the woman, who may have been earning her bread up to the time of her marriage, and who must afterwards look after the house and nurse the children. She cannot be a bread-winner; but the man's profession is in no wise interfered with by marriage. A woman may bring money and a man brains—or the woman beauty and devotion, and the man either the means of subsistence or the power of earning it. All these are natural and possible combinations, but for a man to take everything that the weaker creature can give him, and cry at the end of a year or two, "We are quits, since you loved me!" is a position which happily few men will be found to adopt or defend.

Mr. Donisthorpe's system would have for its probable effect, firstly, the immediate emigration of all the better sort of women to a country where they would not be treated like cattle; secondly, the entire loss of the moral influence of both parents over the rising generation; and thirdly, the rapid deterioration of the race, from the fact that it descended only from the least desirable mothers. The question of marriage is not really one for argument. It has been tried, and by practical experience found to be the most perfect means of dealing with imperfect human nature. Such faults as it has are ours; its virtues are its own. It raises us, unless we degrade it.

Let me now try to sketch as shortly as I can three households in three different ranks of life under Mr. Donisthorpe's scheme of marriage leases. A young farm labourer meets a girl of eighteen, in service in a large house, where with only ordinary good behaviour and attention to orders, she may hope to rise to a lucrative situation. They decide to marry. He is earning fourteen shillings a week, out of which he pays one and sixpence for his cottage and sixpence to

his "club." They live together for three years and two children are born to them. The man's employer dies, or discharges in the winter a certain number of hands, a very common practice. Our young workman says to his wife: "You can go. I have nothing, and so can give you nothing. You may go into service again and either support your children or they will starve. I shall enlist." He is not heard of again. Everyone who is at all familiar with the lives of farm labourers must have seen, over and over again, the havoc that is made in a very short time with the health and good looks of their wives, for reasons almost too obvious to enumerate. Privation, hard work, want of rest when rest is absolutely required, these are reasons enough, but whatever the causes, the effects are the same, and a woman in this class is almost always literally knocked to pieces—like a young horse in a London omnibus—within a very few years. The woman of whom I have been speaking is no exception to the general rule; but she meets with another man who wants some one "to do for him," as it is called. The wife is in this class a valuable property; she is an unpaid servant, in addition to being a wife and, perhaps, a mother. She naturally makes the best of a bad business and marries the second man. Her only chance of keeping herself and children from the workhouse is to bear whatever her second husband chooses to inflict upon her. I leave the instance to my reader's imagination, only remarking on the extraordinary number of cases of shameful ill-treatment of step-children prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Would these be diminished by Mr. Donisthorpe's remedy; and will the first husband be likely to return when he has saved sufficient money? I think not; he will start afresh with some one else. Suppose, on the other hand, that our young couple, who began by being honestly in love with each other, are asked to live apart. Which alternative will they prefer, a struggle made bravely in the comfort of each other's society, or enforced separation during the best years of their life, after having once been together? There can be no doubt as to their answer, and it would not be what Mr. Donisthorpe supposes. It would be far easier for them not to marry at all until they had enough to justify them in doing so. How often do we hear in that rank of life where divorce is a luxury not to be obtained under about £7 10s., a heavy sum to the working classes, of rough justice administered by a man, who murders his wife, with the rival he hates, in the most inexpensive and expeditious way? He might not be willing to let the woman go so easily as Mr. Donisthorpe imagines, or she might lose her temper and betake herself to bad language and vitriol, when he turned her out of doors and introduced a new wife.

Take another case: Mr. A. is a rising barrister. He marries a charming girl, with whom he is deeply in love. They vow, as

people will, never to part—never to change. They give little dinners modestly and neatly served, mostly for the purpose of propitiating people who can be of use to him in his profession. The picture is not highly coloured. They ask, on one occasion, that wealthy solicitor with whom Mr. A. is anxious to stand well. All with an eye to her husband's advancement, she lays herself out to be particularly agreeable to him. She succeeds only too well. In return he invites them to his country house during the autumn vacation. Now it happens that he has recently lost his wife, who was certainly getting rather *passée*, under the following circumstances. As a very young man he had been extremely handsome, but practically penniless. A lady much above him in birth and in worldly riches had fallen in love with his good looks and married him in spite of her family, who pronounced him an adventurer. Her influence and wealth soon placed him as partner in that well-known firm in which he was before only a clerk. He made money and became, alas! as years went on, rather cooler to the lady. That headstrong character which had made her marry him at first in defiance of everyone now impelled her, in a fit of causeless jealousy, to leave him, carrying her young children with her. It is only just to say that the rupture would not have come from him, but having taken place, he did not, as she hoped, urge her to return, but began to think of pretty Mrs. A. ("married to that prig"), and to consider whether he might not allow himself a younger and better tempered wife. His first overtures are indignantly repelled by Mrs. A., but by degrees the poison enters her mind. Their present poverty, want of prospects, the continual struggle to make both ends meet, contrast painfully with the pretty villa where they had been invited. At last the wealthy solicitor writes and makes her a formal offer. What will be the outcome of the business? How can there be a day's peace or freedom from care and jealousy when any man or woman can with propriety offer to marry your wife or your husband under your eyes, when warning can be given to you as if you were a servant? How do you think Mr. A. would like to hear of his little girl, just beginning to trot about, transferring all her childish love and pretty endearments to the man who has robbed him of everything? And yet you could not take the child from its mother; while worldly people would say Mrs. A. had done quite the right thing for herself, and country air would do wonders for the little one, which had grown pale and peaky in her London home. "Mr. A. couldn't hope," they would say, "that so charming a woman would waste her life in that poky street—the only wonder was she stayed so long."

Let me, in conclusion, take a third case. The Duke of Beaurepas had originally married under the old *régime*, before the new law had revolutionized society. After violent opposition, the retrospective clauses which the bill contained had been expunged and he,

had therefore only become a widower in the old-fashioned way—by the death of the Duchess. He had three good-looking daughters, to whom he promised what all his friends called (for so rich a man) the miserable pittance of fifty thousand pounds. The eldest, in her second season, made a great impression on the heart of the son and heir of a rich manufacturer. Now the latter was in himself a frugal man. He had made by sheer hard work every penny of his enormous fortune, and, although he was ready to spend his money, he generally took care to see that he got his money's worth. The marriage settlements were, roughly speaking, as follows:—twelve thousand a year guaranteed for three years, to keep up the young couple's establishment, fifteen thousand pounds down for the education of the heir, if any, till he attained the age of twenty-one. The duke mounted his high horse, and, being father and mother both to his daughters, did his very best to obtain more satisfactory terms. The manufacturer stood his ground. He put down twelve thousand pounds, multiplied it by three, plus fifteen thousand at compound interest, and placed the total in a column, over which he had written Dr. Under Cr., further to the right on the same page, he could only enter: one son. It did not balance, and could not be made to. He thought it dear, but on the whole worth the money. The duke gave in, the young couple were married, but at the end of the three years the manufacturer did not feel inclined to renew his guarantee. The duke, meanwhile, looked about for a wife for himself who would help him with his younger daughters, whose coming out he anticipated with absolute dread. Many good dinners and an easy life, combined with an hereditary tendency, had produced in him a gouty constitution. It was pretty generally known that, although really the best man alive, when he had a fit of the gout he was apt to make things exceedingly unpleasant for his wife and his valet. The late duchess had accustomed him to be adored, and had never contradicted him. His daughters, during the interregnum since their mother's death, had got, perhaps, a little out of hand. Somehow the duke found a difficulty in persuading a young and pretty girl in his own rank of life to marry him. The elderly ladies, recommended by the family, had, strange to say, no attraction for him. They left him cold, though other people cried, "How suitable!"

At last he met a pretty woman, not too young nor yet too old. She was very nice in her manner to him, and was fresh out of a four-years' marriage contract to a man he knew slightly, who gave her a good character, putting forward as a reason for their separation the sudden fall in South African securities, which obliged him to reduce his establishment. The duke married this lady by public agreement, and therefore had no occasion to inquire what her religion was. It turned out, in course of time, that she was a Plymouth Sister, and a

most excellent woman, but what she thought to be her duty compelled her to do so many disagreeable things to the rest of the household that every servant left. The duke, who was devoted to her, had submitted to many restrictions; but when his cook, who had served him only too well for many years, resigned his place, he began to think it a little hard. The "Sister" who succeeded was a poor substitute for the French *chef*. At last the duchess thought she would convert certain members of the theatrical profession then performing in the neighbouring town. One of them, a clever man and a rising actor, expressed his conviction that, as his wife, she might do far more to spread her principles than in her present position. The duchess felt it to be her duty to comply with his request, and, having informed her husband of her intention, married the actor. I need only say of her that, far from converting him, she eventually came round to his way of thinking. The duke bore her loss wonderfully. His *chef* returned; so he had his consolation. Their little son went with his mother, and took to the stage like a duck to water. When, through the death of his elder brother, he, in time, succeeded to the family honours, he was certainly, in appearance and education, very unlike any of his predecessors. His father had married several times, and on each occasion had thought it the part of a gentleman not to let a lady who had occupied the post of Duchess of Beaurepas go away unprovided for. At his death there was little left for his two unmarried daughters, and no ready money for his heir.

I think it will be admitted that these three cases, taken at hazard are not caricatures, but represent what, with human nature as it is, and is likely to remain, would be almost sure to happen. Imagine the position of a woman in her own house—the conduct of the servants towards an unwelcome intruder—the cabals against her—the children, perhaps, by former wives. What vistas of unpleasantness and confusion worse confounded it would lead to! In short, three things would be absent from the marriage lease, which have helped to make the present institution what it is.

Firstly. Community of interest, than which no stronger bond can exist.

Secondly. Confidence in the future; and,

Thirdly. The common affection and care for the children—a feeling which has smoothed many a rough path and brightened many a dark hour.

I purposely avoid entering on the religious aspect of marriage, Mr. Donisthorpe having abstained from attacking it on that side; but, taking his own admissions and what we know of human nature, his system would dispiritualize the central institution of civilized society, and reduce women to a level on which even the Superior Person whom Mr. Donisthorpe detests, would hardly care to place a criminal.

SUSAN H. MALMESBURY.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. SCHILIZZI was to be met at Charing Cross by her mother-in-law—a lady whose instincts always distrusted beauty, and who, strong in the virtue that comes of having never possessed it, felt herself bound, whenever circumstances permitted, to act towards her daughter-in-law the part of a guardian angel. Her zeal, indeed, was much in excess of that which a well-worn simile ascribes to the angels of tradition; and instead of contenting herself with keeping her charge under her wing, she endeavoured to hold her in the grip of her guardian clutches. Grenville gathered this and more from what Mrs. Schilizzi told him. He accordingly parted from her at Dover, taking the train to Victoria, and engaging not to call on her till she wrote to him to give him instructions. Reaching London at six, sleeping for an hour or two, or trying to sleep, he found himself by twelve washed and brushed and dressed, and so far as externals went, ready to face the world; but the day that lay before him seemed blanker than the sands of the Sahara. He could hardly realize what time of the year it was, or which of its social stages he might expect London to be. Had the season begun? Was it the Easter or the Whitsuntide holidays? What acquaintances should he find present or absent? These questions presented themselves, not because he wished for society, but for a reason precisely opposite. The social world, the world of dinners and parties, had become a thing which it was weariness even to think of. Could he have so arranged it, he would willingly have seen no one till the hour came when he should again see Mrs. Schilizzi. That, however, at the earliest, would not be till to-morrow; and meanwhile he had business matters to attend to, all of them fraught with pain, doubt, and embarrassment. He looked at the wall above his sideboard. His favourite painting was gone from it. He looked at a photograph of his home. His home was about to go. Some dusty cards of invitation were still sticking in his looking-glass. One of them bore the name of the wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He remembered the party it referred to—his last before leaving England—small and brilliant; no common political gathering; and he thought of how he should soon return to the same house, not to fulfil but destroy the hopes that were then formed of him. His lawyer and the Chancellor—here were two people, whom he ought to see at once, and for seeing whom he ought to prepare himself; and more formidable still, he would have to communicate with Lord Solway. But to none of these tasks, or the preparation for them, did he feel in any way equal. His mind shrank from them with an aversion at once weary and irritable, and wandered away to a certain suburban villa, till an impatient longing to reach it—a longing which he knew to be futile—threatened to incapacitate him for any other exertion. Presently, however, this weak and subdued condition aroused his own

contempt; and by a strong effort of will he pulled together his faculties, and forced them to their distasteful duties.

First of all he began to write to the Chancellor, hardly knowing, when he took the pen in his hand, what he was going to say, or what position he should assume. But thoughts, however scattered, are things which, in many cases, need only a severe enough summons to gather them together in an instant. Some men often wait idly for their thoughts to inspire their will; whereas what they really need is, that their will should compel their thoughts. Grenville found out this; and presently, to his own surprise, a letter was written which exactly suited the situation. With every phrase of regret that could flatter the person he was addressing, he stated that private matters, which did not admit of explanation, would prevent his going, at the time arranged, to Constantinople, and indeed had rendered his whole plans so uncertain, that he must renounce all claim to the privilege of serving the Government. There was another distinguished candidate for the post he had thus renounced; and he concluded his letter by saying that his worst regrets were tempered by the knowledge that his loss could be so well supplied. This letter he at once despatched by messenger; and he then drove off to consult with his man of business. To renounce his career he found had been fairly easy. It was not so easy to write the irrevocable line, which would cut off from him for ever the old home of his fathers, haunted with memories of his childhood and dreams of future children. He contented himself, therefore, with learning the terms of the offer made, ascertaining afresh the present condition of the property, and saying (though his mind was really made up already) that he should have to consider for a day or two before he came to a decision. "And yet," he said to himself, as he left his lawyer's door, "why do I hesitate? A home—a home for my children! I forget myself. A man situated as I am, has no need of a home; or, rather, for him a home must be for ever impossible. I must now write to Lord Solway and explain to him that I never shall have one."

This last was the hardest task of any; but again by force of will he compelled his thoughts to his service, and he cut an easy way through difficulties he had fancied insuperable. He apologized for not having written earlier, to describe the upshot of his meeting with Lady Evelyn at Vicenza. He then explained that, far from having been able to propose to her, he had come to feel doubtful as to whether she even valued his company, and that before he could assure himself as to how matters really stood, her aunt's illness had for the time stopped everything. Here he suddenly paused, wondering how he should proceed. His letter thus far had the merit of being perfectly true; but as to his political career, how could he be equally candid? He could not palm off on Lord Solway a reference to "private matters," and tell him that a career in which he had taken such a fatherly interest was about to be abandoned for indefinite and mysterious reasons. "And yet," thought Grenville, "what is there I can say?" He detested falsehood; and it was impossible to even hint at the truth. At last he wrote as follows: "With regard to my appointment at Constantinople there is still much to be settled; and it is partly on account of that that

I now have returned to London. My confidence alike in your kindness and your profound knowledge of the world, enables me to say to you what another might misinterpret as ungrateful; and this is, that all these affairs of mine, which you have so generously tried to forward, are now in a condition to prosper best by being left to slowly settle themselves, unquestioned and unnoticed. In saying this," Grenville added, after a moment's hesitation, "I need hardly ask you to forgive me."

This letter he sent by post, feeling no special desire to expedite its arrival; but when, having gone out for an hour or two, he came back to his room, he found an answer awaiting him, sent by hand, in the shape of an urgent invitation to dinner for the same night. He despatched an acceptance. hateful as the thought of society was to him, the leaden intolerable time that lay like a scorching desert between him and the earliest post by which he could hear from Mrs. Schilizzi, was worse even than society, and society would assist in abridging it. Whilst he was dressing a large envelope was presented to him, from which he extracted a card for yet another entertainment—a concert in Downing Street, at the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The moment he entered Lord Solway's drawing-room, he saw that the party was one of the distinguished kind. There was no Royalty present; but the first person he recognised was a celebrated dowager, whose diamonds were generally a sign that a king or a prince was in the neighbourhood. There was more than one blue riband; and but one unmarried woman—the daughter of a widowed diplomat. Lord Solway shuffled up to Grenville, greeting him with a benignant smile, which however benignant to friends seemed to hint that it could be saturnine to enemies.

"You wrote me," he said with a sort of hollow chuckle, "a very nice sensible letter. It contained one thing only for which you ought to apologize."

"What was that?" asked Grenville.

"Your apology," said Lord Solway. "Come—I must take you to the young lady—I don't know if you know her—whom you are to make happy this evening. Lady——" he said, pausing before a magnificently dressed widow of sixty, "this is a young man dying to make your acquaintance. He's come all the way from Vienna to take you in to dinner."

"How silly he is," said the lady, who blushed and bridled till one of her chins overlapped her emerald necklace. "I've known Mr. Grenville for years; and I saw him at Vienna a month since."

She was indeed one of the luncheon party which Grenville had encountered at the Embassy; and, however absent or dejected he might be at heart, she left him at dinner no time to betray himself. Gossip and scandal, balls, liaisons and marriages, came from her lips sparkling like a succession of pearls: and she never had showed to greater advantage her talent for two things, which are not perhaps as different as might be thought from the names she gave them—picking people to pieces, and putting two and two together. Want of charity, however has this advantage over charity, that it sometimes fails at last; and it did so on this occasion. Lady—— found towards the middle of dinner that the characters of all her acquaintance had

died a painless death at her hands; so she left them in Grenville's memory, where she knew they would come to life again, and turning to her other neighbour, a widowed duke of seventy, renewed, with a well-preserved archness for which she happened to be celebrated, an attack on his ducal heart, which practice enabled him to resist. In spite of himself, Grenville was becoming amused. On the other side of him was the one unmarried young lady, with the eyes of five-and-twenty, and the happy *aplomb* of forty. Grenville knew her by sight, but he had never made her acquaintance; and he was pleasantly flattered, when she, the moment his widow had discarded him, met his eyes with a smile, and quickly began a conversation. She seemed quite aware that he had just come from Vienna, and treated his appointment at Constantinople as a matter of public news. She was acquainted with both cities, and talked about both pleasantly, giving her social judgments neatly, like the strokes of an artist's pencil, never laughing at any one, not even the widow near them, but letting it be seen constantly that she could laugh if she chose; and all through this, by some subtle elusive means, not designedly, but as if by a natural instinct, she contrived to make Grenville conscious of two flattering facts—that she felt he was an interesting man, and that she knew he was a distinguished one. The anxiety and the longing for the absent, which was really occupying his mind, began to be overlaid and hidden by a little superficial pleasure, and after a time he felt himself taking note that the speaker's lips were pretty, and that her right cheek had a dimple. But the moment this crossed his mind, with a sudden and painful vividness, another image—other lips and cheeks—hovered before him like an image painted on the air. The first thing that reminded him of the charm of woman's beauty repelled him from the women present, glorifying the woman absent; and, completely for a second or two losing command of his thoughts, he actually found himself murmuring the words, "Irma! Irma!" He turned to his neighbour. She was looking at him. There was no help for it—he lied. "I'm right again now," he said. "I just had a twinge of neuralgia."

After dinner he fell an easier prey to a flattery, merely social, which he received from the elderly great ladies; and one of them who discovered that he had been asked to the concert in Downing Street offered to take him in her carriage with her. He went. There were many hours that still required killing. Before going to bed he wished to be absolutely tired, or he would not, he knew, get a single hour's repose. The concert tired him more than the dinner party. Several women, charming, young, and beautiful, showed themselves delighted to see him, and counted on his returning the feeling. The feeling was not at his command, but the manner and look proper to it, from mere force of habit, came to his aid and produced themselves; and any one watching him would have thought on two or three occasions that he had fallen a happy victim to the eyes that were then detaining him. Several observers indeed did think so; but no observer could have known that at the very moment when appearances seemed most to warrant such conclusions the name of an absent woman was still secretly on his lips; and that the touch of a hand not hers on his arm, as he went to supper, sent through his nerves a shudder as if it had been some pollution.

The following morning, when his letters were brought to his bedside, it was some moments before he dared to look at them, he was so perversely fearful of finding that there was none from her. However, there was one. It asked him to come and see her at twelve. "I have told my mother-in-law," it continued, "that you know Lichtenbourg and the neighbourhood; she is not surprised therefore at my wanting to make some inquiries of you."

In one way this delighted him. He would be with her sooner than he expected. He had, however, the preceding night promised his host to call at twelve in Downing Street; and there was some awkwardness in postponing so important an engagement. Postpone it he did, however, despatching a messenger with a letter, full of excuses which were not perhaps very accurate. But the messenger had hardly been gone for half an hour when a telegram reached him from her, begging him to come at four. Here was a double annoyance—first the dreary interval thus suddenly thrust between him and the time for meeting her; and then a confused sense of that strange feminine selfishness which will allow a woman sometimes to disregard in a man's life every claim or interest not immediately connected with herself. For a moment there blew through his mind a little East wind of reproaches against her; but this went by, and without losing a moment, he hurried off to Downing Street, reaching it before his messenger. He was naturally before his time; and passed, as he knew he should have to do, a good half hour of waiting, which his thoughts made anxious and miserable. He tried to arrange precisely what he should say at the forthcoming interview; but every moment his considerations were interrupted by thoughts of her without whom he could hardly breathe. He tried to sit still, and amuse himself with a few blue-books; but a physical weight seemed to be lying on his chest and smothering him; and his nerves constrained him to keep moving about restlessly. He could think of only one thing which would have given him immediate comfort; and that would have been to tear to pieces two huge blue-books about the indigo trade, which he had twice taken up, and which nauseated him with their intolerable pages. But he stoically resisted this temptation of the devil; and a secretary at last appeared, and invited him to the sanctum of the minister. The result of the interview was more satisfactory than he had hoped. It settled nothing, and therefore was quickly over; and he went away with the news that, owing to certain recent events, it would be quite possible, if he wished it, to give him another two months before entering on his post or resigning it.

The clock was striking four when he found himself on the heights of Hampstead; and after much inquiry of the way, and numbers of misdirections, his cab stopped at the gate of a semi-detached brick villa, separated from the road by a walk and a few flower-beds. As he rang the bell, a presentiment he was unable to conquer filled his mind, that she would not be true to her appointment; and he had prepared his mind for the bitterness of learning that this was so. The door was opened by a man-servant, who looked like a dissenting minister; and when Grenville learnt from him that she actually was at home, the evangel that came from such a mouth, seemed almost incredible. He was shown into a drawing-room on the

ground-floor, where French-polish breathed from mahogany furniture, and antimacassars had settled themselves like a flock of sea-gulls. There were some large but not beautiful pieces of Oriental china; some huge looking-glasses, hideous in florid frames; there was *The Lady of the Lake* in a varnished tartan binding; some calf-bound volumes of a ponderous quarto Bible; and on the chimney-piece, as Grenville at last discovered, some beautiful Greek vases, with figures of the Amazons on them, of Zeus and of Pallas Athemé; but these, as it seemed from British ideas of decorum, had been draped in veils of opaque spotted muslin. This discovery saved him from the paroxysms of some moments of impatience; and he was still beguiled by a sense of unexpected amusement when the opening door startled him, and Mrs. Schilizzi entered. He had been secretly annoyed here, even more than he had been at Vienna, by being forced to connect her with surroundings so alien to himself; but the moment she now appeared, the effect of circumstances was reversed. Her dress, her look, her movement, seemed by contrast with the room to possess an added charm and refinement, giving her the aspect of an apparition: and her nearness to what was vulgar and tasteless showed him how completely she was detached from it.

Her eyes were soft with a glad ethereal welcome; on her lips was an eager smile; but as he approached her, she gave him her hand in greeting, with a curious coldness which effectually kept him at a distance; and with a quick, peremptory frown, "Don't come near me," she said. "You must sit there quite away from me."

In act he was completely obedient, but his mind was up in arms and rebellious; and though he still smiled as he spoke, and responded sufficiently to what she said to him, he felt his manner assuming a certain chill formality, which meant, "If you are distant, I can be distant too." As for her, had his judgment been only calm enough, he would have recognised in the tones of her voice, and in the way her eyes followed him, everything that she had left unexpressed in her greeting. He would have recognised it also in something else, which did as a fact merely annoy him farther; and this was the sort of subject to which she managed to confine the conversation. She began talking about the vases. That was pleasant enough, and he really enjoyed a short laugh on the matter. Then she went on, "I don't know what you will think of Mrs. Grudden."

"Who is Mrs. Grudden?" he asked.

"Oh," she replied, "my mother-in-law! She married again after Paul's father died. She, you know, was English—as English as any one could be. She was born at Olapham, and belonged to some religious sect there; and this room represents her idea of the beauty of respectable holiness. Everything is an expensive protest against beauty of any other kind. She and Paul's father quarrelled like cat and dog; but, as soon as he died, she began to speak of him as a saint, and she kept those vases there as 'a souvenir of my dear first husband,' though I fancy she enjoys their petticoats partly as a slap at his memory. He brought them from Athens, and they really are very fine. Mr. Grudden, who died of a sore throat which he caught at a meeting for the suppression of dancing on the stage, was at first anxious to have them broken to pieces; but my mother-in-law, who resents

all suggestions on principle, has often told me how indignant she was at this one; and then when Mr. Grudden timidly ventured on another, which was that they should be sent as a present to the British Museum, 'Mr. Grudden,' she said, 'I know my own business best. Were they sent to the Museum, their indecorum would be exposed to the public. Here, modestly covered, they at all events can do no mischief; and I can avoid affronting my dear first husband's memory, without feeling that I have any sin on my conscience.'"

In the way all this was said there was no trace of unkindness. There seemed to be in her nature a sort of gentleness which left her blows their precision but checked their force just as they were in the act of striking. Under other circumstances all this would have given him pleasure; but now, in his present situation, half separated from her, seeing her only in this breathless interval, he was longing to breathe to her some words of devotion and to receive from her the comfort of some answer; and her wasting this brief opportunity in gossip about Greek vases and a mother-in-law, began to fill him presently with a bitter sense that he was being trifled with. He tried once or twice to force her to speak more seriously, but each time she reverted to topics that were more or less trivial; and at last, stung with her treatment, and hardly reflecting on what he did, he arose abruptly, and said to her, "I have bored you enough. I must be going."

"Must you?" she said, startled, and looking as if she understood nothing of his mood. "What time is it? It is late. Perhaps you had better go, then."

He had not expected to be taken at his word like this. He stared at her incredulously for a second or two, and then, in a voice which she hardly recognised as his own, "When shall I see you again?" he said. "I will never come again, if you don't wish me to. I will never trouble you more."

"Bobby!" she exclaimed, "what can you be talking of? How silly you are! You had, indeed, better go now, unless you wish to see Mrs. Grudden." For the first time, as she looked at him, it struck her that there was pain in his expression. She came close to him, and taking him by both hands, with distress in her own eyes, she said to him, "What is it, dear?"

"I feel," he said, "that you have hardly let me speak to you, and now you turn me away, as if I were some chance visitor, and you will not even trouble yourself to tell me when, if ever, I am to see you again."

"Don't," she said, "don't remain any longer so near me. I feel as if all these mahogany chairs had eyes. You can see me to-morrow, I think. I have to go to my lawyer's, and you might take me afterwards to some place where we can have luncheon. I will let you know to-night. Please don't be angry with me, but go."

Half soothed by her parting words and manner, and yet still embittered by the unnatural constraint of the interview, he went out into the maze of suburban roads, and heavy with a sense of desolation began to walk towards London. But a week ago—only a week ago—they were in that enchanted world of forest and lake and solitude, and now, he reflected, how great and how desolating was the difference.

The following day the promised letter arrived, and, having repaired at the

hour named in it to the street where her lawyer lived, he waited for half-an-hour, and she at last came out to him. There was a well-known hotel in the neighbourhood, and they lunched together in the coffee-room. Confidential conversation was, under the circumstances, impossible; but there was something in her manner which spoke to him of her affection as plainly as words could have done, and perhaps more plainly than was prudent. But after luncheon she was obliged to meet her mother-in-law, and they parted without the solace of one single natural moment.

In the next few days they met in the same way. Sometimes she was tender with him, as she had been on this occasion: and not she, but circumstances, were the only objects of his resentment. But once or twice she seemed ill-tempered and absent; her business seemed so to preoccupy her as almost to put him out of her thoughts; and once, when he slightly reproved her for not noticing some personal question, she turned on him, saying, "What is it you ask me? Do you think I came here for the purpose of talking to you?"

That evening he wrote this in his diary: "We have two consciences—a moral one and an intellectual one; and most men, who have not silenced both, are not only accustomed at times to examine their condition, but from time to time see it in different lights. Both morally and intellectually, in a way I could never have anticipated, I have seen my conduct and my choice in life justified. That is to say, I have seen this at times. But putting the moral question quite aside, and regarding it as settled, my intellectual conscience at moments exhibits me to myself as a fool. Here am I, deliberately—not in an impulsive moment—but deliberately, and with a careful and painful choice of means, preparing to divest myself of everything which the ordinary judgment would pronounce to be best worth living for. I am casting into the fire all that ambition craves for. The home of my family I am going to sell; and all chances of a home in another sense I am voluntarily thrusting away from me. And for what? This very morning, before I met her, I was with my own man of business, again going over the details of the proposed sale of my property: and when I met her, for whose sake I am doing this—good God! how does she receive me? I should have felt less pain had she stuck a dagger into me. No—no. It is not the pain I wince at, but the thought that her nature makes it possible for her to inflict it. And yet, all the same, I can plead for and make out a case for her; and then—here is the distracting part of the matter—the moment I have done this I refute all my own pleadings, and represent her to myself as everything that —. No, I won't think of it. But apart from this, how wretched my position seems. Three-quarters of an hour out of the twenty-four is all I now see of her; and these few minutes are snatched with difficulty, and preceded by hours of anxiety, as if all time was on the rack. And yet—and yet—if you are not the most contemptible of women—Irma, Irma, I should like to be saying this to you—if, in short, you are worth anything, to me you are worth everything."

"Two days later he met her in a happier way, and so soon as the conditions were changed she changed also. She became like her former self. She wrote to him: "Call for me here at two, and we will go to my own

house. I have several things to attend to ; and I should like you to see the place."

This invitation to Grenville was like summer returned in winter. It is true that when she met him in Mrs. Grudden's drawing-room she still treated him with a certain superficial coldness, but it was a coldness which her eyes belied.

"We will walk," she said. "It is the other side of the Heath. Come: I am quite ready. Let us be out of this dreadful room. As I told you the other day, my mother-in-law and all Paul's family seem to be staring at me out of these mahogany chairs." They were soon outside, and escaping from the region of streets, had taken a path over the broken and furze-grown heath ; and now, as they seemed to be more securely alone together, her own natural manner, which Grenville had almost forgotten, came back to her.

"Indeed," he said, "do you know how I feel now? I feel as if you had been dead and had suddenly come to life again."

"Indeed," she replied, "I have been living under conditions that well might kill me." Her look and manner both showed that she understood him ; but they left him sore with a sense that her sympathy was inadequate to his pain. "There," she said presently, "there is our house beyond those pine trees."

It was a large stuccoed villa in a garden full of foliage, with a gleaming conservatory on one side, and stables and out-buildings on the other. The drive and the flower-beds were kept with exquisite neatness ; some Guernsey cows were grazing in a quiet paddock ; the stone steps that led to the glazed doors of the entrance, were as white as a clean table-cloth. Everything presented the aggressive and painful neatness of a man who can feel himself a gentleman only when his clothes are new. Indoors Grenville received the same impression. The floors were scrupulously polished ; the walls smelt of paint and gilding : but at the same time he was astonished by the quality of the objects that surrounded him. There was in the hall a magnificent Italian coffer, and a huge picture, which purported to be a Rubens, and which, if not an original, was at all events a splendid copy. There were fine Florentine chairs, and a large Venetian mirror ; and doors on one side opened into the conservatory, which was green with tropical vegetation. The reception rooms were just what the hall might have led one to expect. The ceilings were gaudy with Parisian clouds and cupids ; there was abundance of modern furniture, which had been bought at an exhibition ; some Sèvres and Chelsea china ; some marketable modern pictures ; and placed about under glass cases, some cameos, some crystal goblets, and other objects similar. Though nothing individually was first-rate, nothing was bad : but the effect of the whole was frightful. It represented a life altogether a variance with whatever beauty the individual things possessed. Grenville tried to keep this impression to himself, and merely said to Mrs. Schilizzi, "What a fine collection you have here !"

"Paul," she replied, "says there is not a thing that would not fetch now at Christie's fifteen per cent. more than the price he paid for it. Come—I will show you his room."

This was full of floridly-carved walnut furniture, much resembling that in the apartment at Vienna. It was all, as cabinet-makers say, *en suite*, and the walls were adorned with pictures of race-horses and ballet-girls, and some shelves designed for books, but used for boxes of cigars. On the thick hearthrug was an electro-plated spittoon. All bore the same relation to the houses to which Grenville was accustomed as a school-boy's nonsense verses might bear to a passage from Virgil—composed of the same materials, but differing in having no meaning. At last, however, a door was opened, through which he passed into a wholly different atmosphere. Here was a room, chill indeed with the tidiness that comes of being not occupied, but full of all the signs of delicate and refined life. The chairs were covered with old-fashioned flowered chintz; there were books in profusion, bound, not expensively, but with all the careful taste of one who evidently loved them. Over the chimney-piece were a few Chelsea figures; and on each side of the mirror were some cases of old miniatures.

"I have told the housekeeper," she said, "to let us have tea here. We can be quiet here for a little; and, dear friend, for a little I can be myself again. How horrid and how strange you must have thought me, these last five days. Bobby," she went on, "this room means to me an entire lifetime. It echoes with painful memories—with my first acquaintance with pain. And yet, compared with the other rooms in this house, I look back on it as a haven of rest—as a place where my heart ceased aching."

He began to look at her books, at her pieces of china, and her miniatures. She went round the room with him, standing by him and explaining everything. He saw the volumes she had valued most when a child, with the blots and pictures she had made on margins and title-pages. She pointed out to him her mother's miniature and her father's; and all the affection and purity which had brooded over her childhood, seemed to spread its wings over both of them, and fold them in a common shelter. "Irma," he said "where shall I see you to-morrow?"

"By the way," she answered, "I wanted to talk to you about that. To-morrow I am quite free. Mrs. Grudden is going into the country; but the day after I am doing the same thing myself. That day is Saturday; and I must stay away till Tuesday." An exclamation of displeasure involuntarily escaped from Grenville. "Don't be angry," she said. "Why should you be so hasty? You can come with me if you like. That was what I was wishing to tell you. I am going to a little seaside place in Suffolk, to be for a day or two with a child of one of my sisters." Grenville's expression underwent an immediate change. This news, indeed, was beyond all his hopes.

"Of course I will come," he said. "But about to-morrow—listen. I have seen *your* home to-day. Will you come with me and see mine to-morrow? I am going to visit it, perhaps for the last time. It is," he went on, "only thirty miles from London." And he mentioned the railway by which to reach it, and also a convenient train. At first the expedition struck her as impossible. The fear of her mother-in-law seemed to paralyse her powers of movement; but the longing to come with him, growing as she thought

over the project, presently showed her the means of absents herself without offence.

At the appointed hour they met at Waterloo Bridge, and an hour's rapid travelling brought them to a Hampshire station, situated in a region of fir-woods and wild commons. The dusty road, along which they were soon driving, was bordered with trees which made a flickering shade. Yellow gorse glittered; red-roofed cottages sunned themselves; and the signs of old-world inns swung by the broad footpath. The whole landscape was full of that singular primitiveness that is to be found in so many places that are almost within sight of London; and Mrs. Schilizzi was at once surprised and delighted at it. At length they reached a wide undulating heath, tufted with gorse and heather, and surrounded by belts of woodland, where white glimpses of several important houses showed in the distance, sheltered in the haze of trees. In the middle of this heath, at the beginning of an abrupt ascent, Grenville stopped the driver, and proposed to his companion that they should walk. He took her by a footpath up the slope through the gorse-bushes; and the moment she reached the summit she stopped short with an exclamation. For there, on a slope beyond, backed by blue fir-woods, and fronted by grass and fern, a forest of twisted chimney-stacks rose from a dim red pile, whose magnitude was at once apparent from the number of its mullioned windows. Curious turrets in the garden, steps and balustrades, were visible. An avenue of elms climbed the slope to the house; and hardly a furlong off were the lodge gates giving access to it. "And is that your home?" exclaimed Mrs. Schilizzi. "How beautiful!" The words were ordinary enough; but there was a sort of sob in her utterance of them, full of thoughts and feelings which she was unable to speak. "And am I depriving you of this?" Such was its general meaning. Grenville knew that it was so, but affected to be otherwise occupied; and when he spoke he forced his tone to be cheerful. "Do you see this?" he said, as he pulled a parcel from his pocket.

"Yes," she replied. "What is it?"

And as she looked and spoke, he saw that a tear fell from her cheek upon her glove. He showed her with a laugh, a false beard and whiskers.

"I don't," he said, "want to be recognised—in case there should be anyone to recognise me. I want to go as a stranger, and I have an order to view, which will admit us. Look—are the things on properly? I wore them at some private theatricals; and my oldest friends said that they would never have recognised me. Tell me—do you think you would?"

She assured him his disguise was sufficient, and not altogether unbecoming; and they went together up the avenue. It was evident that the place received a certain amount of attention: but signs of neglect and dilapidation might be nevertheless traced everywhere. There was a sheet of water covered with green weed; there were fences ill-mended; and clumps of trees and shrubs killing each other for want of pruning. At last came the iron gates, just outside the house. Half their scroll work was eaten away by rust. They passed through these into a great gravelled enclosure, and made their way towards the lofty windowed walls, which the down-drawn blinds covered with blots of whiteness.

"My tenants," said Grenville, "I know are away now. I shall pass for a stranger—for an intending purchaser. I couldn't have borne to be seen in my true character. Everything here has for me some memory—every door—every window—even that old kennel there."

An echoing peal of the bell had meanwhile summoned a servant; and in the course of a few minutes they were making their tour of the house. On the principal floor, reached by a wide oak staircase, was a magnificent suite of rooms, hung with tapestry, and leading into a long gallery, full of old chests, and spinning-wheels, and the boots and breast-plates of cavaliers. To Mrs. Schilizzi the whole place was a revelation; and her breathless appreciation of it beguiled Grenville of his melancholy.

"We never," he said in French to her, "used to live in these rooms. We could hardly afford even to have them dusted. Our quarters," he continued, when they descended to the floor below, "our quarters were here, looking out on the garden." And the servant, as he spoke, admitted them to a good-sized drawing-room, hung with portraits, and surrounded with old gilt tables. On one of these portraits Grenville fixed his eyes; and then said hastily to the servant, "Pray open the dining-room—and the library, too, and the boudoir. I know the house—I shall have to see all of them."

The man went; and as soon as they were left alone, "Irma," said Grenville, "that picture is my mother. That is my little sister. Do you see this marble table, with a pack of cards inlaid in it? My mother was sitting by it, her head resting on her hand, the only time I ever said an unkind word to her. I was only fifteen then. I remember to this day the line of pain that quivered at the corners of her closed mouth. Everything speaks to me here. Don't think me a fool. I hope that man's not coming. I shall be too blind to see him."

His head was turned from her. He looked as if he were staring at the wall; but a moment later he turned to her, first biting his lip, then forcing a laugh; and there was nothing left in his eyes betraying a want of fortitude. Afterwards they went into the garden, and then through portions of the park. He pointed out to her the bark of a youngish beech-tree, on which some letters were cut, distorted by the rind's growth. They were still legible; and they spelt, "Robert Grenville."

"Come," at last he said to her, "come—we have seen all. When my mother and my sister died, I was fonder of this place than of anything."

"And now," she said, "for the sake of a worthless woman, you are going to rob yourself of all that was most dear to you."

"No," he replied, "a woman has revealed to me something that is dearer."

At a convenient spot he freed himself of his slight disguise. They rejoined their carriage, and the train was hurrying them soon to London. Her manner to him now had a tenderness he had never known in it before. Her being before had seemed to cement itself to his. It seemed to him now to be compassionately brooding over it. Poetry and prose came into strange contact. The sight of the signs and advertisements along the line, which showed them they were nearing London, suddenly roused her after a long silence.

"You," she whispered to him, "who are sacrificing so much for me, if I had courage, I should say to you, Do not complete the sacrifice. But I can't. I can only say, let me do my all to repay you for it. I never knew till to-day how much you really cared for me. It has been a day of happiness, and also a day of trouble."

"Trouble is to love," he replied, "what the night is to a star."

"Vauxhall!" shouted a voice outside. "Tickets ready—all tickets!"

They both laughed at the interruption, and their parting at the terminus had peace in it.

Next day they again shared a journey, moving away from London to the quiet of the Suffolk shores. The melancholy of yesterday, the anxieties and jarring incidents of the days preceding, gave to them now a feeling of exultation, as if they were escaping from some house of bondage; and as for the sacrifice which had so lately saddened both of them, he had forgotten he had to make, she, that she had to accept it.

The watering-place they were bound for was little more than a fishing-village, with some villas, an hotel, and a terrace of lodging-houses annexed to it; and though in its season Cockneys swarmed like flies in it, now it was full of its own local silence. Two mazy cabs, however, were waiting patiently at the station, whose drivers appeared even more surprised than pleased when two well-dressed strangers appeared and engaged both of them. Mrs. Schilizzi was to stay in lodgings that had been engaged by her sister. Grenville had, by telegraph, ordered rooms in the hotel. The two abodes were not very far apart. They both looked on a wind-swept down or common, fringing which was the beach and the shining sea. On this common they had arranged to meet in an hour; and Grenville saw at a glance that there would be no chance of their missing each other. They met. After the jars and noises of London, and the painful and precarious meetings which, straining the nerves of each and trying the tempers, still left smarting traces of the pain that had been thus inflicted, the intense peacefulness which now surrounded them lay on their ears like velvet, and found its way into their souls. The only sounds heard were intermittent and isolated—the occasional rattle of some solitary cart or van, or of one little yellow omnibus with the packages of some commercial traveller, the voices of a child or two playing, or of one man calling to another by name, or the fall of the waves which, long and slow and shining, curved into foam and fall on the shingle not far away. She took his arm, confidently, with a frank temerity, and they went towards the beach, over the thin pale-coloured grass, crunching with their feet as they did so many a drifted shell. Scents of the sea moved and floated in the air, and their hearts were filled to overflowing with a deep tumultuous tranquillity. They sat on the shore; played with the pebbles and threw them; and watched the dove-coloured clouds change their shapes on the horizon, and catch the gleams of sunset.

"To-morrow," she said to him, "we will manage to dine together. This evening at six I must have tea with my little niece. You can come meanwhile, and take me out again afterwards."

At a little distance was an old wooden pier, dilapidated, and looking like

the ribs of some wrecked vessel. An hour or two later they walked to it, when it looked black in the moonlight, and they sat together almost silent on one of its crazy benches. The tide was full. There was a hush on the breathless waters: and the heart of each had the hush and fulness of the tide. At last, however, Grenville roused himself, and instead of fragmentary whispers, began to speak with a distinct and deliberate utterance, which might to a passing listener have sounded entirely commonplace, but to her was far more convincing than the customary murmurs of sentiment.

"Irma," he said, "I wish, not for the sake of vanity, that you would think over certain merits, which I may venture to think myself possessed of. I am a good man of business. Were there any occasion for my doing so, I could go this moment into many a City office, and amend the details of many a financial scheme. I have a keen sense of humour, and a certain amount of cynicism. I think also I am a seasoned man of the world; and no one has known better than I how to value the world's advantages; and I am certainly not mad. But my love of you—I am not in the least exaggerating—has acted like an alchemist, suddenly transmuting life for me, and turning my estimate of things entirely topsy-turvy. What I would utter to you if I could in all the language of poetry, I repeat, I endorse, in bald matter-of-fact prose, and in cold blood I affix my signature to it. Nero wished that the people had only one throat, that he might cut it. All the things I care for, have only one pair of eyes; and they are close to me—close to me; I see them shining now. Irma," he continued, his voice growing gradually lower, "my heart is like a cathedral, where a lamp is always burning in your honour, and where sometimes in honour of you there is nothing but solemn silence, and sometimes the murmur of some new act of devotion. Do my words reach you, so as to make you feel their force! Or are they like a jet of water, which breaks into faint spray, before it strikes the object it is aimed at? If this is so, you must come nearer and meet it."

"Don't," she exclaimed. "Don't. Your words not only strike, but penetrate: and my heart is so full of what they mean, and so jealous of losing it—that—what shall I say? Bobby, I can hardly bear it. I am rather sad to-night. I will tell you why to-morrow."

To-morrow came; but the promise was not at once fulfilled. In the morning she was sad no longer. She was buoyed up on the tide of a triumphant happiness against which she could not struggle; and the horizon of the day before her was like that of a summer sea, which met heaven, and hid all the world beyond. Some hours she devoted to her little niece, doing for her all that could be done by the kindest mother; but every minute not thus occupied, she was with Grenville, full of a simple-hearted happiness which trouble dared not sully. But towards the evening her sadness returned again. They were sitting on the beach, watching some distant sails. Suddenly she said to him, "To-day you've been very good to me. You've not been angry with me because I've given so many hours to my niece; and yet I am sure it tried you. But you knew it was my duty; and you never once looked cross at me. I am so touched, dear, by all these little forbearances. And yet—oh Bobby, Bobby, there is some-

thing I want to say to you. I wanted to say it last night, only I hardly knew how; and all to-day I've not wanted to say it at all."

"What is it?" he asked. She hesitated and blushed. She began to speak, and then stopped herself. What was in her mind Grenville could not conjecture; but one thing came clearer to his view than ever it had done before—the fact that for him she was guilelessly and defencelessly truthful. There was something almost painful in the degree to which this touched him—in the new and sudden call which it made on his care and tenderness. "What is it?" he asked again. "Tell me. I shall understand, whatever it is."

"Yes," she said; "I indeed believe you will. You understand me too well; and it—you are too good to me: I think I can tell you now. You see, Bobby, my loving you—you see sometimes it's mere happiness, just as it's been to-day; and then at other times it overwhelms me and lifts me like a religion. It was like that last night, and it is so again now. And this is what I feel—if we weren't in a public place, I should like as I told you to hide my eyes on your shoulder. I feel that the higher and purer my love gets, it raises some standard in me by which I condemn myself—or at any rate, it makes doubts trouble me, which in more careless moods I can answer. Don't be angry with me. I blame myself, not you."

"I myself," he said, "am not free from trouble. When I put before myself our position in general terms, often and often I condemn it; but when I think of it as it really is, and when I think of you as a part of it, let me say what I may to myself, it is redeemed, and my blame falls powerless on it. But oh, Irma, I ought to say this to you: If you don't agree with me naturally, I don't want—how difficult it is to say some things—I don't want to cajole you with what your conscience may resent as sophisms."

"Dear," she said, "I did not mean to distress you. I believe at heart I feel exactly as you do; but my doubts will come at times, and I like to tell you everything. But this evening, Bobby, they have come, not, I think, on their own account, but merely because my spirits are getting a little low again. I have a sort of presentiment that something bad will happen to-morrow; and even if it doesn't, to-morrow is our last day here. The day after I shall have finished my business; and then I shall have to leave you and hurry back to my children. To leave you—that will be sad enough; but not even for your sake would I stay away from my children. Perhaps if they were here I should have none of these morbid fancies."

"Irma!" said Grenville, "what have you just been saying? Do you suppose that when you go I shall not go also? As long as your welfare will not suffer by it, and as long as you will allow me, I mean never to leave you. And as to your children—I should hardly believe I had any place in your heart, if that place in some ways were not subordinate to theirs."

When they parted that evening, "Please," she said, "don't fret about me. Your goodness, though it sometimes troubles me, always drives away each cloud of trouble it raises." That night she wrote: "What a strange

thing is the conscience ! It often seems to me like the ghost of Hamlet's father, its voice coming now from one place, now from another quite opposite, as if it were urging on me two different sets of arguments. What a lot of books—scientific books—I have read about it, long before I thought that, for my own peace of mind, I should ever have to consider how far they were true. I believe, however, that I am really learning one thing, which I had often heard before but never realised ; and that is not what conscience is, but what a woman is. A woman can appreciate reasoning as well as a man can ; but it is not by reasoning that she sees her own way in perplexity. I can reason, and say that I am breaking some ties which, if everybody broke, all society would be ruined. But then, again, comes an answer, I learnt from *him* ; that if everybody loved as we loved, all society would be elevated. I constantly tax myself with making Paul miserable. But then again comes the answer, that this misery is merely imaginary, that it is merely the creation of some conventional formula, for I am merely giving to another what is nothing but dross to him. So, too, I can apply to myself all these names, which are the first stones cast by self-constituted accusers. But against names like these I hardly care to defend myself ; I know them to be so inapplicable that they hardly cause me uneasiness. All they do is to turn me away from argument, and drive me back to my own consciousness of myself, which, in spite of every argument, remains still the same, like a flame inside a lantern which no wind can agitate ; and then I know that my heart is not impure, and that the hunger of my soul is not to be faithless but to be faithful ; that in spite of all the little selfishnesses that sully one's daily life, I long to consecrate my whole being to *him*. Even as I write now, some voice of the spirit fills me. That would sound nonsense to many people ; but to me it is full of meaning. Words—words ! where are you ? Come to me, help me. If a rose has blossomed, I can see it. If an aloe has blossomed, I can see it. I can see that under his influence I myself have blossomed. It's a fact. Why should I vex myself by insisting on it any farther ? As for arguments, they must play at see-saw if they will. They will sometimes make me feel that there is nothing to be said for us ; sometimes that there is nothing to be said against us. But whatever is proved, oh, you who have chosen me, and whom I have chosen, I know that I love you ; and when I trust to my consciousness and my instincts, I feel that loving you was the first right thing I ever did, and that all hope and all elevation is contained in it."

Nor next day was her state of mind changed. The thought that this peaceful interval would so soon come to an end did, indeed, sadden both of them ; but it was a sadness brooding over peace, like clouds over a quiet sea. The midday post, however, brought her a letter from London, bearing many stamps on it, and darkened with re-directions. "It is something from Paul !" she exclaimed. Her cheeks flushed as she read it. "His work at Smyrna is nearly done," she said presently, "and—what is this ? There are some new waterworks at Bucharest, for which the firm has a contract. He will be going there in three weeks. He supposes that I and the children are in Vienna or with the Princess ; and as soon as he is able to do so, he will come to us."

She dropped the letter on her lap, and looked at Grenville silently. "Of course," she said at last, "it must have happened sooner or later; but sometimes; Bobby, sometimes one forgets things."

"If you," he replied, "are as serious as I am, we both of us have to face a difficult and painful situation. I have known this all along; still, when a thing comes close, of course at first one shudders at it; but even if our path grows stony, do not the less lean on me."

As he spoke her smile again came back to her, but she only acknowledged his words by her sudden look of happiness. He felt that this gave him a new insight into her character. He felt that many things in her behaviour, many little cases of what seemed neglect and carelessness, were due not to any want of recognition on her part, but to foregone conclusions that he would take her recognition for granted. And so through all that day, though a certain sadness filled it, a happiness reigned which the sadness only deepened. They arranged to dine late, so as to catch the last glow of the evening; and again they sat on the shore together, playing with the pebbles and the sea-weed, and watching the waves fall. Everything on which their eyes rested was steeped in a pathetic beauty, which did not come from the sunset, though that indeed was beautiful, but which comes at any hour to things seen for the last time. She had been repeating some random fragments of poetry. Once or twice she had quoted a line wrong, and he had laughed at her. Some sorts of ridicule are more tender than a caress. For one verse especially he insisted on finding fault with her. It was an English verse of eight syllables, and ought to have run thus:—

"See, on the shore the waters fall."

She, however, turned waters into "waves," and he tried to convince her how halting she made the metre. Presently a thought struck him.

"See, on the shore, the waves fall!"

he repeated. "Do you know in itself that metre is pretty? I can't tell why, but my thoughts at this moment are in tune with it. Irma, be quiet a moment, and I will set them to the music of your mistake." He borrowed a pencil of her, and the back of an envelope; and now murmuring to himself, and now writing, he was occupied whilst she watched him. "Listen to this," he said at last. She leaned her hand on his shoulder, and watched his hasty scribbles as he read:—

"See, in the west the day falls;
Low on the sands the waves sound;
Slow on the down the lean sails
Of the mill drift round.

"See, in the west is one star!
See, a day we have found fair
Is leavin'; the things that still are
For the things that once were.

"Hold me fast by your true hand
Turn away from the changed sea.
Our day forsakes the forlorn land,
Never forsake me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"I AM alone. I now have time for reflection, undisturbed by those anxieties which, when she was at Hampstead, almost every day and hour were the blot-like shadows of my hopes. I shall follow her soon; but she has been obliged to rejoin her children; and I must remain here in London for yet another week or so, in order to complete the sale of my property. As for that, the bitterness of death is past. Not yet legally, but still so far as I am concerned finally, the matter is settled. My family is come to an end. It has no home, and no future. My own feeling at present, is much like that of a man who has just lost his teeth, and whose mouth is strange to him; or who has just lost a limb, and still feels it aching. If Lady Ashford could read this diary, which was begun at her suggestion, what a triumph it would be to her! And yet, once or twice, though I hardly like to admit it, this doubt has come to me. I have asked myself whether one morning, I shall not wake up, and find that all this conduct of mine, has been that of a drunken man who has half undressed himself in the street; and has made himself for ever a laughing-stock to himself and his friends also. Yes—I have asked myself this: but the same answer is always—always—reiterated—that I am not like such a drunken man, but that I see clearly; and that the treasure which I thus deliberately choose, is for me as a human soul, worth more than anything which I give up for it.

"Indeed I am so far from being mad or drunk, that I have not even lost my ordinary prudence. For the one relation who depends on me, I have taken care that all provision shall be made. As for myself, I shall when she dies, be rather better off than I have been: and I shall for the present be a little, but not much poorer. I shall make up for that by leaving these rooms next autumn, and taking some that are cheaper. Six weeks ago, my prospects were somewhat different. I had then before me visions of big houses, and servants, and all the life that goes with them. Yes—yes—I know quite well what I am losing. No miser, unwillingly counting over his coins as he pays them, knows better.

"As I think all this over, I sometimes fancy that I am listening to two inward disputants arguing, and I smile as I listen, because I know which will win. One attacks me as depraved, wicked, and foolish: the other defends me, taking up every point, curiously, coolly and fairly, and disposes of it. The attacking party—the counsel for the prosecution, is extremely furious and voluble; and there are two qualities in his rhetoric that at first intimidated me. He laid down all his propositions as if no one could question them, and they were all of them propositions I had certainly heard before. He said, 'You are ruining the happiness of a home; you are betraying a friend; you are wronging a man who has trusted you, and who has never injured you.' And he went on in this way till he was out of breath. Then the other began, taking every point in order. 'Ruining the happiness of a home!' he exclaimed. 'What does that mean? The home in question had none of that happiness which the conduct now in question could ruin. Weak indeed must be the case of a prosecution, when one of

its most formidable argument rests upon something which is, in this case, a mere conventional fiction—some Richard Roe, or some John Doe of morality. If the happiness of a home has been here affected in any way, it has been rather repaired than ruined. Betraying a friend,' the counsel for the defence continues. 'Here is another fiction—not a fiction in some cases, but a fiction here; and yet always assumed conventionally, whether true or not.' And then the counsel, turning to the jury, which is myself, says, 'The arguments we have just been listening to, pretend to be those of the conscience. They illustrate a fact I have very often suspected, namely, that much which passes for conscience, or a man's own inmost voice, is not what it seems to be. It is not what he says about himself—he who knows all the circumstances; but what he thinks other people would say—people who could know only a part of them, and that part the least important. It is not the voice of your own judgment for yourself, but your hypothetical anticipation of how other people would misjudge you.' In many cases I am convinced that this is absolutely true. The counsel for the prosecution is furious. He drops the tone of argument, adopts that of a sermon, and quotes various phrases which either have no meaning, or derive it from an assumption that the text of the New Testament is inspired. Instantly the other one interrupts him. 'Stop,' he says, 'for a moment. Recollect yourself, and be consistent. What is your attitude towards dogmatic Christianity? Do you believe that directly or indirectly the words of the New Testament come from some miraculous source? Will you stake your spiritual existence on the truth of the Nicene Creed, of the doctrine of verbal inspiration, of the infallible and supernatural authority of patristic and other traditions? Not you. Rightly or wrongly you assent to the scientific methods of the age; and none of these doctrines for you are more than facts of history. How do you dare then—is this your spiritual honesty—to bully me with texts and opinions, whose authority you yourself deny? The fear which you seek to raise in me, and which if you could raise it you would attribute to conscience, would indeed be fear exactly as described by Solomon—it would be a *betrayal of the succours that reason offereth*.' At this point, matters take a new turn. The prosecutor shifts his ground, and goes back to reason. 'Suppose,' he says, 'I admit your arguments to be right in your own case, that your own personal conscience has not full grounds for condemning you, yet what would be the result were this to be admitted generally? Everyone would apply this admission to himself, to justify any caprice however depraved or wanton. He could persuade himself that it applied to his circumstances just as well as to yours.' 'My friend,' the other answers, 'all that you say sounds admirable, till you come to examine the sense of it. The sense of what you just have urged, if it has any sense is this:—that we must submit to a verdict of conscience in cases where we knew it to be wrong, for fear that others should not submit to it in cases where it would be right.'

"And so they go on—these arguing voices within me: and I listen to them with an interest in their general bearing which sometimes makes me forget that they have any reference to myself. And then when I remember that they have, and it all again becomes personal, I am tempted to ask

myself whether my real conscience must not be dead in me, whether I have not lost my perception of right and wrong, of depravity and elevation, if I allow myself to remain doubtful in so grave a matter. I put the question to myself with complete fairness, and out of the depths of my conscience or consciousness comes always the same answer. There is a passion that degrades, and there is a passion that raises. Mine is the passion that raises. How do I know this? By its fruits I know it. And what are its fruits? It has given to fidelity a meaning I never before conceived. It has made fidelity a part not only of every action, but of every thought. It has nerved me not only for great sacrifices, which once made are made, for ever, but for all those self-restraints and self-denials, for which occasion is always arising, and in which the larger sacrifices are repeated daily. It has shown me that the truest pleasures of life are the simplest. It has given wings to the flesh, which have fanned themselves into the world of the spirit. It has touched corruption, and corruption has put on incorruption. If anyone would understand natural religion, let him understand a natural love like mine. This is that hidden well to which all the pleasures and virtues and faiths and aspirations, repairing, in their golden urns draw light. It contains everything that can make us value life, and regret yet be resigned to death."

So wrote Grenville on the day of Mrs. Schilizzi's departure. That evening he went out to a party, not that he was inclined for society, but that he feared the weight of solitude. When he returned to his rooms he turned again to his diary, and, with trouble marked on his forehead, he proceeded to write thus:—

"On many occasions, but more especially when I have been a passenger in some great ocean steamer, and have watched the beauty of its lines as it cut the waves, and the ceaseless sliding flash of its huge machinery, the measured reeling of those towers of steel, the cylinders, the rise and fall of the burnished piston-rods, the sway of the returning cranks—rising and falling, turning and returning, all fulfilling faithfully their appointed courses, I have been lost in wonder at the perfect skill of man. And then—I have thought of man as we all know him, imperfect; and again and again I have said this to myself—What men make is so much better than what they do, what they do is so much worse than what they are. To-night I have felt this bitterly as regards myself. In these pages, but an hour or two ago, I talked of my fidelity, which went through all my acts and thoughts. And now to-night—what wayward devil was in me?—miserable as I was, smarting as I was with the sense of *her* absence, I have allowed myself to take some sort of alien pleasure in the eyes of other women. Each time it was for a moment only. It was a poor little starved emotion, which I stamped upon every moment it showed itself. And yet, if she knew of this I should be ashamed. And mentally, amongst all those people, I kept saying to her, 'Irma, forgive me; I am yours, and yours only.' I won't write more about these misdeeds. Never till now would they have seemed to me misdeeds at all. What to you, Irma, seems an infidelity I should have looked on as fidelity to any other woman. This occurs to me. Suppose in this diary I were to be absolutely unreserved, telling all my minutest faults, even

to those of each thwarted impulse, not only would another reading it think me worse than I am, but I should probably myself think so. We should both of us probably think that I was vain-glorious in describing my virtues, and the more candid I was in confessing my sins that the more remained behind, being too shameful for confession. If one man, or only a few men are candid in this way, they are certain to be misjudged thus. They will seem to be worse than others, only because they are more honest. And yet if only a few men would with absolute truth give us some record of the workings of their consciences, what advances in knowledge might be made.

"Irma—you will never see this. These words will never reach you: but before I go to bed let me solemnly swear this to you—that if you could see the whole of my heart and soul, these sins which, small as they are, I repent so bitterly, would not destroy your faith in me, or make you think me less wholly yours. All my life turns to you. All my life depends on you."

Mrs. Schilizzi's plans were to go at once to the Princess and bring the children back again to the hotel in the forest; and there, as soon as he could do so, Grenville was to rejoin her. It would be a day or two, therefore, before he could count on hearing from her, although even on the second, though he knew she would be spending it in the train, he fondly hoped that she might manage to dispatch a line to him. He knew that under the same circumstances he would do so to her. But no line came. The disappointment could not be said to have taken away the sunlight from him, but for all that it did take away the sunshine. He went mechanically about his melancholy legal business. He dined out as if he had been dining in a dream, and he knew no happiness till weary he went to bed, hoping that sleep would hurry him to a letter from her next morning. There was one. It was written hastily; most of it was mere fragmentary news, but there was a phrase or two, and a sentence that breathed affection, filling him with a sense of it like a box of spikenard broken. That day was a happy one, except for one discovery which it brought to him—that his business would keep him in London for ten days instead of for a week; but this was again counterbalanced by his news from Mrs. Schilizzi. Her husband, she had just heard in Vienna, would be later in returning than he anticipated; so they would at all events have some time in which to set their house in order.

That day was a happy one, but the next was a total blank. There was not so much as a line from her. Then came a weary third. Again there was no letter. He had written every day, pouring out to her every thought of his heart. He had hardly been able to bring himself to close his envelopes, and cease sending his voice to her. Like Dante's souls in purgatory, up till now he had been "condemned in the flame," but this third day's silence was more than his nerve could bear. No one watching him, no one talking to him, as he went through his business, and dined out, would have guessed from his acuteness in the one case and his flow of conversation in the other that a tooth sharper than the serpent's was gnawing him under his shirt and waistcoat. A week went by before he had heart to continue his diary, and when he did so his record of that week was as follows:—

"Of all physical maladies perhaps the most acute is sea-sickness, and yet none receives so little pity. With regard to the pains of the soul, the heart,

the spirit—the devil knows what to call it—I am beginning to see that the same thing holds good. Some of the most pitiable are those that would be least pitied. I think this week I have been almost mad sometimes, and even now my temper gets into my pen, and I talk of the devil before I know what I am doing. I am a fool—a fool; and yet I am not a coward, for to all the world I have shown an unruffled front. But—fool I must be; for what is the cause of my wretchedness? Merely that a woman in ten days has written only three times to me, and one of these times only three careless lines. What a trifling calamity that sounds to one who reads of it! but to me who feel it—what has it meant to me? Here is a woman for whose sake I am renouncing everything. I am remaining in London for no other reason than to complete the death of my ambition, and the act that will make me homeless. And through every hour of the day her image has haunted me. Every thought I have thought I have mentally brought to her, as some Catholic votarist lays flowers upon an altar. The one occupation that has brought me any real comfort has been to write to her. All my hours of exertion have been like steps to that hour which was dedicated to this writing. And each day all my hopes naturally were to hear from her. I have been accustomed to reason with myself from my own experience, and knowing how to write to her is for me a daily necessity; how every day I am straitened till this is accomplished, I cannot but conclude that unless her affection were decreasing, to write to me would be an equal necessity for her.

“Two of her letters have been almost worse than none—evidences of carelessness far more than of care. I was patient at first, though disappointed: but at last the gathering pain burst out in my mind like a fountain of bitter water. Much as I long to be honest, I cannot for very shame's sake, commit to paper all the things I have said about her; and I cannot, for another reason—because no words could express it—commit to paper the misery in which I said them. But the kind of judgment which in these moods I must have passed upon her, I can describe in general terms. Just as her connection with myself has been ennobled and sanctified in my eyes, by my believing it, as I have done, to be the result of a selfless passion, so the moment I was tempted to consider that passion a mere passion, not even strong enough to have the semblance of unselfishness, her conduct and character have entirely changed their aspect. My devotion to her has turned into a sort of surprised contempt, to be equalled only by my own contempt for myself.

“Stay, stay.—It will be perhaps as well if I do actually record one or two specimens of my accusations against her. I have said ‘Here am I, who am giving up all my life to her: and she will not sacrifice for me even five minutes out of the day.’ I have said also ‘And does she call it a sacrifice to write to me? If she does, by feeling so, she shows the sacrifice worthless.’ Again I have imagined myself saying this to her. ‘The things you value in life, you value in this order—first, your children, then your clothes, then your comfort—and after your comfort, you have fancied you valued me.’

“And day by day, whilst she was forcing me to think like this of her, I

was completing for her sake the surrender of all my worldly prospects. Had I been forced to be solitary, I think I should have gone mad. I have been constantly mixing in society by way of a counter-irritant; and the kindness I have met in the world has seemed such a strange thing to me, when compared with her cruelty, for whom I am giving the world up. A few nights ago, at a concert, whom should I meet but Lady Evelyn Standish. Was she different, or was I different, from what I or she was at Vicenza? It seemed to me that there was a deeper welcome in her eyes. She took evident pleasure in being with me. She contrived to dismiss civilly everyone who attempted to interrupt us; and I remained at her side, talking to her all the evening. And I thought, 'I am giving you up for that hard, thankless, woman!' And yet, all that evening, not for a single moment did I let voice or look convey any thought or feeling, which was more than a friend might have conveyed, or by which that hard, thankless woman would have been wronged.

"Were my mood as I write this, the mood I have been just describing, I should never have had the heart to make so miserable a confession. But I have as yet told only half my story. I have said that I—I myself—have been accusing her. It was not I, but some pack of rebellious voices in me—wolves of the spirit, which in lacerating her, lacerated me first. As for me—as for my real self—I was ashamed that the purlieus of my mind should harbour such beasts of prey: and day by day I fought with them, hounding them down, and striking them into silence. How quickly they sprang up again! Again, I struck them down.

"I strengthened myself for this struggle in three days—first, by thinking how unworthy it was of me, as a man, to allow myself to be so savagely disturbed by anything; secondly by thinking how, even were the worst I could impute to her true, there was still in her goodness and tenderness, as to which I could not have been deceived, and how, if she needed forgiveness, I should find peace in forgiving her; and lastly, by making myself the advocate of her cause, and seeing how much might be said that would altogether justify her. I urged on my own attention how far harder, for many reasons, it probably was for her to write, than for me. I argued that the shortness of her letters might be a sign of trust in me, rather than of indifference; showing her to believe that even in a few hasty words, I should see the affection whose existence she never dreamed of my doubting. I said to myself again, that under certain circumstances, an affection sure of itself, and sure of the desired return, felt the need of writing less than an affection less deep and trusting: and I also reminded myself of a fact of my own experience—that once or twice, though all day I had been writing letters to her mentally, the actual composition of one had been an effort even to myself.

"In this way I have reduced my mind to order, though I am still smarting after the conflict. Irma, I feel that I owe you so much more than a man owes a woman, under other and more fortunate conditions. I want to subdue pride, and selfishness, and evil temper. I want to offer to you all this self-conquest, though you never know what it has cost me, or reward me by any recognition of it. And yet how easily you might—how

easily make it, would you only treat me with a kindness which surely would cost you nothing. Of these three last letters you have written me, the last has been really kind, short as it was. Your image which had almost vanished from me, or become distorted, came close to me and was clear again. The strife in my heart was hushed. The bitter waters became sweet."

A little later he added this. "Even if at times I pass out of her mind, and she is not conscious that she feels I am of much value to her, it does not follow that she really is shallow and inconstant. What seems indifference is often merely security; just as rich men often proclaim themselves, and think themselves indifferent to their riches, and yet if asked to part with them, would not yield up a penny; and if robbed of them would be miserable. As such men love their riches, so I will believe that she loves me. I am coming to see that men may control their judgments; that judgments which are false are being perpetually suggested to us; and that sometimes we can hold to the true only by an act of will, which enables us to stop our ears to the words of the false witness within us."

Next day, he continued. "At last—at last, I am happier. I have heard again from her—it is true a few lines only; but still they showed that she cannot be really changed. She is at Lichtenbourg with her children and the Princess. There have been, she says, no more cases of scarlatina. The place is pronounced safe; and she has told the Princess that I shall be there shortly. My work in London is at last over. The fatal papers will be sent to me at Lichtenbourg for my signature; and at last I am free. I leave England to-morrow."

CHAPTER XVIII.

As Grenville returned to Lichtenbourg, he could not help contrasting his journey from it, in Mrs. Schilizzi's company, with his present journey, in the company of nothing but his thoughts. It is true he was now hopeful, but his life was hope tempered with anxiety; whereas on that former occasion, though trouble was confronting both of them, they had hardly had more than a slight foretaste of those minute estrangements which, without killing their affection, had since then inflicted on it the shocks of repeated deaths. He hardly knew then the look of her face in anger. Now he had eaten of the tree of knowledge, and he knew. At Vienna, however, where he was obliged to pass the night, he was greeted at his hotel by a letter from her, telling him how she longed for his arrival. The phraseology, it is true, struck him as a little conventional; but he remembered that she had to be prudent, and he was satisfied. The following day, as he sat in the dusty railway-carriage, the thought of her welcome in the evening shone through his mind like sunlight; the nearer he got to her, the more did his doubts evaporate; and nothing disturbed him till, reaching a certain junction, he found that his train had just missed its connection, and that he would be three hours late in reaching his destination. This *contretemps*, however annoying in itself, constituted, at all events, a valuable counter-

irritant, which precluded the recrudescence of any sentimental sorrows; and when at last the later train, by which he was to proceed, arrived, Fate had arranged for him another and more agreeable distraction.

"I was still chafing inwardly," he thus wrote in his diary, "when Fritz, who had tried vainly to find an empty compartment for me, ushered me into one which had but a single occupant. This was a man who, despite the warmth of the weather, had with him, though not on him, a magnificent rug of sables. The rug was what first struck me; but only a moment later I saw some more magnificence in the shape of a gorgeous dressing-bag. The possessor of all these splendours was himself oddly in keeping with them. In point of age he seemed a well-preserved seventy. His grizzled hair was curly; his grizzled moustaches waxed; one ungloved hand showed a number of turquoise rings; and there gleamed in his eyes, and lurked in his many wrinkles, a seasoned charity towards misconduct, which evidently began at home. It was necessary for me to exchange one or two remarks with him, in connection with the moving of some packages; and I saw at once that I was talking to a polished man of the world. I suppose his perception paid me a similar compliment; for, presently producing a cigarette-case that was gilt and jewelled, and sparkled most aggressively with the balls of a monstrous coronet, he offered me a cigarette, which the moment I had taken a puff at it, I found to be more delicate than anything I before had tasted. Nothing fomented confidence so much as fine tobacco. This, my companion told me, came from Egypt, where he gave me to understand he had means of securing what was choicest. I myself have been once or twice in Cairo, and I mentioned the names of several people connected with it. They were people of high position—travellers, financiers, diplomats, fashionable visitors, and friends of the late Khedive. The stranger knew all of them by name, and most of them personally. He had begun talking in French. His French was perfect; but he presently saw I was an Englishman, and began talking English. His English was equally good, except perhaps for the accent. I discovered that he knew London. He had been there for six weeks once. His acquaintance had not been large, but it seemed to have consisted exclusively of royal personages, of diplomats, and some of the ultra-fashionable stars of society. Presently the name cropped up of our own ambassador at Vienna. My companion knew him intimately. I said that he was a friend of my own. My companion, whose keen eyes had caught my name on a luggage label, at once assumed a smile of mixed surprise and gratification, and flattered my sense of importance by asking me if I were myself. I told him I was. 'And you know,' he asked, 'Lady Ashford?' On my saying I did, he went on, 'She is coming to stay with me. I have an old castle not very far from Lichtenbourg.' A sudden light broke on me. This must be the Pasha or the devil. Perhaps he was both; he at any rate proved to be the former. I told him I had visited his castle, and that I was now going to Lichtenbourg. He begged me before I left to come for a few days and stay with him. I said, if I could I would. He little knew how unlikely I was to do so.

"When we reached our station, I was annoyed to find that this late

train was met by no conveyance from Lichtenbourg. There was one carriage only—a large break, with some coronets on it, whose balls looked like rows of brass-headed nails, and with four milk-white horses. The Pasha, discovering my plight, offered to take me with him, and send me over to Lichtenbourg the following morning; adding, what proved to be quite true, that there was rain in the clouds, and that I had better make sure of shelter. I thanked him, but declined his offer. Irma I knew would even now be waiting for me, and all my heart was famished for the sight of her. I told Fritz to go to a neighbouring posting-house and secure anything on wheels—if even an open cart—which would bring my luggage, and that I would walk on before him. I had a small bag containing a change of clothing, which I slung over my back, and prepared to set out on my pilgrimage. At this moment some drops began to fall, the air grew rapidly colder, and mixed with the rain came hail. For a moment I doubted whether I would go in this coming downpour. But my doubts were only momentary; and to the dismay of Fritz I went. I was soon drenched. The rain blinded me, the hail stung me. In half an hour the roads were turning into quagmires, and darkness was coming before its time. I thought I should never arrive. I began to grow bewildered, and once or twice I thought I had lost my way. But at last arrive I did. I hurried through the clipped alleys; I reached the well-known hotel. It was ten o'clock. I pushed the doors open roughly, and showed myself blinking in the hall, an object so strange and weather-beaten, that a waiter and a man from the bureau hurried out, ready to eject me. At last I was recognised; and though they probably thought me mad, they showed me to the room I had ordered, where I hastily changed my things, and then demanded to be shown to the salon of Mrs. Schilizzi and the Princess. I entered. Irma was sitting at the table listlessly, not expecting me, and not looking up at first. When she did look up, a cry of delight broke from her. It seemed to me that I had not seen her for years; her voice at first sounded strange. So did her face too. I seemed to have lost the clue to it. For a moment or two we were embarrassed; and then—we looked at each other, and were reunited. Yes—yes: but what happened then? She took my hand and held it. I did not think that that would be all. Some other seal of welcome, some other touch with healing in it—she saw that I expected this; but all in a second, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, a frown appeared on her forehead, and she almost pushed me from her. 'How can you be so silly,' she exclaimed, in a stinging emphatic whisper. 'My aunt's in the next room. Have you absolutely no consideration for me?' I felt that this was unjust. Her conduct at this moment was far more likely to reach the ears of the Princess than the gift of a noiseless moment, which would have satisfied me. 'You know,' she went on, still chilling me by her accent, 'You know that I am glad to see you. But it would have been far better had you managed to come earlier, or else had put off calling on us till some time to-morrow morning.' At this moment the door of the neighbouring room opened, and in bustled the Princess, her face wrinkled with smiles. She asked me how it was I had managed to come so late. I told her about the trains. I told her also

that I had walked. 'Walked!' she exclaimed; 'and in this rain; and all these long nine miles!' I said I had told her niece that I hoped to join them at dinner, and so was determined to reach them in time to excuse myself that night for my absence. As I said this, I was aware that Irma started; and I felt that her eyes were fixed on me with a new expression. I met them in one rapid look, and they were full of a repenting tenderness. And now, too, her voice came musical to my ears with solicitude, as she exclaimed to her aunt, 'And most likely he's had no dinner. Do let us ring, and see if we can't get him something here.'

"The Princess assented. She also was full of kindness; but just at this juncture Fritz appeared at the door, announcing not only that he had arrived and the luggage, but also that a supper for me was ready in my own room. Till a moment ago I had no knowledge that I was hungry. But the change in Irma's manner, I suppose by restoring peace to me, left me free to listen to the cries of appetite. I was more than hungry. I was faint indeed; and, confessing as much, I left them, receiving as I went from Irma's hand and eyes an assurance whose charm made every nerve cease aching. Weary as I am with my walk, and disposed to sleep as I am by the supper which I have just mentioned, I have written all this before going to bed, inspired by that happiness which her last look conveyed to me. Irma, so long as you are true to me, I can bear anything; and I can see ahead of us many things that must be borne. Let us try together so to bear all, that what is ignoble in many cases may not be so in ours. Irma, during the days which we still have to ourselves, never quarrel with me—never move aside from me. Watch with me. Is there in the heart of things any reason why I should not say, *Pray with me*? I shall see you, I shall be with you, to-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and many to-morrows afterwards, uninterrupted. Be to me what you always have been!"

This parting prayer, though it never reached the person to whom it was addressed, was, during the next few days, at all events, partially though not entirely, answered by her. She never quarrelled with Grenville. The daggers which he discovered she could use were all hid in their sheaths; but the old frankness of her intercourse with him was, except on rare occasions, troubled by a certain nervousness, which was not far from irritability, and often only escaped it by taking the form of pre-occupation. The proximate cause of this was evidently the presence of the Princess, from whose company they could only escape for limited and precarious intervals. People who judge of the lives of others from a distance are accustomed to quote the proverb—"Where there's a will there's a way"; and to affirm that if somebody had but really wished it, he or she could, of course, have done so-and-so. Such critics of conduct entirely fail to realise how strong are the fetters, fine and invisible though they may be, which the most trivial of social circumstances can sometimes weave around us; and Grenville and Mrs. Schilizzi constantly found now that a tête-à-tête was as wholly beyond their reach as if for the time being there were a whole ocean between them. He, however, could not get rid of the feeling that the difficulties which beset them were sometimes unnecessarily increased by a perverse timidity

on her part, the suspicion of which pained and troubled him. Still, in spite of all this, hardly a day passed on which they did not secure at least an hour together—either in the sitting-room, when the Princess was enjoying her siesta, or else where some seat in the gardens lurked amongst sequestered leafage.

During these interviews the last thing with which he could tax her was hardness, but at moments he was conscious on her part of a certain gentle shrinking from him, and her eyes appealed to him as if full of some unuttered truth which, it seemed, she longed to tell him, pleading with him for encouragement to do so. As for him, he vacillated between two moods—a mood of dumb compassion in which passion was absorbed and lurked, and which brought him close to her by a road untried hitherto; and a mood of rebellious sadness caused by the unfortunate contrast between her old remembered frankness and their struggles and dim estrangement.

At last she began to give him some clue to her feelings. They were seated, as they often were, in the gardens. "Bobby," she began. He looked at her. Her eyes had tears in them. She glanced round her hastily to see that there was no one near, and took his hand, as if she were clinging to his sympathy. "Bobby," she began again, and her voice was oddly tremulous, "I wonder what you would do supposing that this happened—supposing that some day you were to discover I had become very good. Would you cease to care for me? Would you go quite away from me?"

His only answer was "No."

"I expect you would," she said. "Not at first, perhaps; but later. It would necessarily make some difference."

"Will you be patient," he said, "and let me answer you slowly; and if you find me hesitating in my phrases, believe me that the reason is this—I am not trying to hide my thoughts, but to find them. Yes," he resumed, after a pause, "you are right. It would make a difference. It wouldn't destroy my affection for you; but I think that for that very reason it would separate us. Irma—what I am saying might, to a gross mind, seem to bear quite a base and selfish sense; but the gross mind would quite misapprehend me. How shall I pick my words? Listen—let me put it like this. We are accustomed to speak of ourselves as souls and bodies; and when affection is slight and passion strong, we are for practical purposes thus divisible, and we can, if we will it, sacrifice either element to the other. But when affection is not slight, but fills and absorbs the soul, the soul then fills and absorbs the body; and the body is to this transfigured affection what the brain is to the intellect. Low and high, good and bad—you cannot cut up a unity into such divisions as these. Some people may say that it is nobler to think than to eat; but without doing the one, we never shall do the other."

She watched him as he spoke, considering every word, far out of reach of the hiss of any impure propriety, her heart not insulting her cheeks with the indecency of a blush. She was face to face with the eternal mysteries of existence—not a body, not a ghost, but a woman; and the eyes with which she watched him were, in the words of Byron, "All youth, but with an aspect beyond time." He saw that she expected him to continue. "I

think," he said, "thus far I know my meaning clearly; but when I come to the practical application of it, I am doubtful. I should incline to say that I couldn't part from you by halves, and yet again by no arguments of mine would I try to sway your conscience against your will. I could bear, Irma, any change in your conduct so long as it meant no change in your disposition towards me: and yet, if our dispositions remain unchanged—however I argue I am brought back to this—our only course is to part or to change nothing."

"Dear," she said gently, "I haven't the strength to change. But I must teach you a new lesson. You must pity as well as love me."

This conversation left Grenville full of trouble, and presented his whole conduct in a new and ghastly light to him. So far indeed as it was conduct concerning himself only, his judgment of it was in no way altered; but if she were becoming unhappy on account of her own partnership in it, her unhappiness he felt would be his work. So long as she was at peace with herself, her attachment to him might be raising her; but the moment she despised herself on account of it, she would sink, and he with her. And in that case he asked himself what course would be open to him? To abandon her and to remain with her seemed equally fraught with misery. These considerations gathered in his mind like clouds; but before they had done more than cast some advancing shadows, Mrs. Schilizzi's quiet seemed to have come back to her; and Grenville's storm floated away and evaporated. That evening when he was playing a game of chess with her, she said,

"I agree with you quite in all that you said this morning. You took me too seriously; and yet I am glad you did—because else I should not have heard you explain the matter so clearly."

"What is he explaining?" said the Princess, looking up from her book. "Are you two turning into philosophers over your game?"

"We were puzzled by a problem," said Grenville, "and have now solved it by experience."

Next day when they found themselves alone in the garden, Mrs. Schilizzi alluded to this slight incident.

"You see," she said, "how careful one ought to be. My aunt's ears are like needles. When I first met you I would have sat with you and whispered with you for hours, if you would have condescended to do so, without a thought or fear of either my aunt or anyone. But now—— This is our seat, I am tired, Bobby. Let us sit down. You did the talking yesterday. Let me do it to-day. As I told you, dear, I have thought over all you said; and I agree with it; and oh, believe me, I don't want you to go. I think that yesterday I gave you a wrong impression: and I think I was wrong about my own meaning myself. I think that what has been troubling me chiefly these last few days, has not been the thought of sin; for to-day, as much as ever, I feel that my soul has been made alive through you. But—I wonder if you would understand? You are not a woman. How should you? And for you things are all so different."

He protested that this was not so. She shook her head sadly; and "not without an effort," continued.

"As to the way in which most people would condemn me, in that way I

don't condemn myself, and I don't pretend to. The hypocrisy of self-condemnation is as bad as the hypocrisy of self-approval. But what I feel is this. Till lately I had nothing that I cared to conceal from anyone; and now, as you saw in London, and as you again see here, I am obliged to conceal things even from my mother-in-law and my aunt; and by-and-by, Bobby, all this will be worse. Naturally I am so very simple. I like all things—even my sorrows—to be straightforward; and this seems to be destroying the simplicity of my life. I am not ashamed of loving you; nor am I ashamed of wronging Paul, for it is impossible for me to believe that I am doing so; but I am ashamed—or, at least, dear, I am troubled—by the thought of having to live with half my frankness gone."

"I hate a lie," he answered, "just as much as you do. It seems to reduce me to the level of a naughty school-boy. And yet, at the same time, if any inquisitive stranger were to ask me questions as to my private matters, I should lie to him without the smallest compunction, if I could not baffle him otherwise. Were there anything humiliating in conduct of this kind, no honourable man would be able to have a secret. Even the Early Christians, in times of persecution, though if questioned with regard to their faith they were, of course, bound to bear witness to it, were expressly forbidden to let it be so much as suspected unnecessarily. If our faith to one another has any of those qualities in it, which we believe it to have, we may hope to protect it, without stooping to a denial of it. We shall not, for that reason, lead a life that is externally easier; but at least we shall keep unsullied our own self-respect; and that is a talisman which will save us at least from one thing—that voluntary parting, more bitter than any enforced one, which is caused when two who have clung together faithfully, discover at last that neither is worth the faith of the other."

W. H. MALLOCK.

* * *The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

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ON THE DISSIPATION OF ENERGY.

THE old chimera of "the perpetual motion" still lives, not so much in popular belief as in the scientific imagination. If we are now to feel sure that it has no more real existence than the fabled monster of Lycia and Etna, it is primarily because naturalists have failed, after diligent and persevering search, with all the help they could get from the science and art department of mankind over since its commencement many thousand years ago, to find any creature fulfilling the imagined characteristics; not because philosophy can prove any absurdity in the idea that such a species should exist. In its original form of a machine which could do work without food, or fuel, or supply of energy from wind or water, or other external source, the perpetual motion was dead to science long before Newton's time: and on the negation of it Stevinus founded a beautiful proof of the parallelogram of forces, which is celebrated in the history of dynamics, and is still justly admired. But the doctrine of the "Conservation of Energy," which has grown up since the end of last century, has given a fresh lease of life to the idea of the perpetual motion revived in a more subtle form.

From Rumford, Davy, and Joule we have learned that the reason why every machine, even though not called upon to give out work done by it, must come to rest, is not, as was generally supposed by contemporary and preceding philosophers, because the friction that stops the machine implies annihilation of energy, but because it converts into heat the energy given initially in the motion of the machine. Suppose now we could guard perfectly against loss of heat by radiation, or by cooling currents of air, or by conduction along the supports of the machine, might we not annex to it a motor, acting on the same principle as the steam-engine, which would reconvert into motion of the machine the heat which is developed by friction? Have we not here a good scientific foundation for believing that a fly-wheel set in motion, or clock-work driven by the unwinding of a spring or the running down of a weight, and connected with a heat engine worked by the heat generated by its friction, only wants an impermeable encloser preventing all loss of heat to allow it to go on forever? Of course, this impermeable encloser is not realisable, but

it is both a scientific and a practical consideration to think what might be done if we had an impermeable substance of which an enclosing case for the instrument could be constructed. We know by the principle of the "Conservation of Energy" that all the energy we gave to the machine is always all there; some of it in heat and the rest in energy of the weight or spring not quite run down, or in the visible motion of the fly-wheel, or wheels, or vibrating pendulum, or other moving parts of the mechanism.

Why not convert and re-convert continually into motion of the fly-wheel, or energy of the spring, or weight wound up, all the heat generated by the friction in the machine? To this question Carnot,¹ in 1824, in his *Réflexions sur la Puissance Motrice du Feu*, showed how to find a negative answer, to be founded, not on any then known law or principle in Natural Philosophy, but rather on general observation of natural phenomena, on experience in practical mechanics, and on experimental investigation of properties of matter;—an answer founded on knowledge acquired in what may be called the "natural history stage" of progress towards truth.

That little essay was indeed an epochmaking gift to science. From it we have learned that heat is only available for a steam-engine, or an air-engine, or a gas-engine, in proportion to the excess of the temperature of the matter in which it is given above the temperature of the coldest matter obtainable for use in connection with the engine to carry heat away from it continually during the time it is working.

Every heat motor (as for brevity we may call any heat engine doing mechanical work in virtue of heat supplied to it) requires difference of temperature in different parts; or in the same part at different times, as in the old Newcomen condensing-engine before Watt's improvement of the separate condenser was introduced. Heat is essentially taken in by the engine at the higher temperature and given out at the lower temperature. All this was taught by Carnot,

(1) Sadi Carnot, born in 1796, son of the Republican War-Minister, and uncle of the President of the French Republic. He inherited from his father a chivalrous motivity of disposition, which was prettily illustrated by a little piece of history of the year 1800 told by his brother Hippolyte, in the biographical sketch referred to below.

The Directory had been superseded by the Consulate. Carnot having returned to his country after two years of exile, was called to be War Minister. . . . When the Minister went to the Malmaison for his official work with the first Consul he often brought with him his son, about four years old. The boy on these occasions lived with Madame Bonaparte, who had a great affection for him. One day she was rowing about in a boat with some of her ladies. Bonaparte came and amused himself by throwing stones into the water round the boat, so as to splash the fresh dresses of the rowers. The ladies did not dare to show their displeasure openly. The little boy, after having watched for some time what was going on, came suddenly and squared up to the conqueror of Marengo, threatening him with his fist, and cried out, "Animal de Premier Consul, veux-tu ne pas taquiner ces dames!" Bonaparte at this unexpected attack stopped, looked with astonishment at the child, and then fell into a hearty fit of laughter which spread to all the spectators of the scene.

in 1824, but with it, in his original essay, was involved the then almost universally prevailing idea that heat was a material substance, and that therefore the quantity of heat given out by the engine at the lower temperature must be exactly equal to the quantity of heat taken in at the higher temperature. Carnot died in 1832 (two years after the Revolution of 1830), at the age of thirty-six. If he had lived a few years longer, or if his short life, begun in the Reign of Terror, had been less troubled¹ by the political miscarriages of his country and repetitions of revolutionary violence, we should have learned much more from him. Manuscript journals and memorandums, found among his papers and published² after his death (but not published before Joule had finally convinced the world of the immateriality of heat and had measured its dynamical equivalent), proved that Carnot had lived long enough to see irrefragable reasons for abandoning the doctrine of the materiality of heat and for confidently believing that heat is in reality motion among the particles or molecules or atoms of matter; and that he had taught himself decisively and thoroughly the doctrine of the "Conservation of Energy," which, ten years later, was given to the world by Joule with his first determination of the Mechanical Equivalent of Heat.

To the reprint (sixty-five pp.) of Carnot's original essay of 1824 are appended thirty-three pages of *Extrait de Notes Inédites de Sadi Carnot, sur les Mathématiques, la Physique, et autres sujets*, and twenty-one pages of biographical sketch of the author, by his younger brother, Hippolyte Carnot, whose name, as a very benevolent writer and worker in political and social affairs, was well known in 1845³ among Paris booksellers, none of whom, so far as my inquiries went,

(1) "These researches" [in thermodynamics] "were roughly interrupted by a great event, the Revolution of July, 1830. . . . Sadi frequented the popular meetings of this epoch, without, however, going beyond the character of a simple observer. . . . On the day of the funeral of General La Marque, Sadi was taking a walk out of curiosity in the neighbourhood of the insurrection. A mounted soldier, who seemed drunk, passed at a gallop through the street brandishing his sabre and striking at passers-by. Sadi dashed forward, skilfully avoided the weapon of the soldier, seized him by the leg, dragged him off his horse, laid him gently in the gutter, and continued his walk; stealing himself away from the acclamations of the crowd, who were astonished at this bold *coup de main*."—From *Notice Biographique*, p. 78, by his brother Hippolyte Carnot, referred to below.

(2) "Réflexions sur la Puissance Motrice du Feu et sur les Machines Propres à développer cette Puissance," par S. Carnot, Ancien Élève de l'École Polytechnique, Paris, 1878. Of this publication, with its appendices of biographical sketch by his younger brother, Hippolyte Carnot, and extracts from unpublished writings of Sadi, an English version has been published in America (and in England, Macmillan & Co., 1890) under the editorship of Dr. Thurston, Cornell University, who adds to it a short article by himself, on "The Work of Sadi Carnot," full of interesting matter.

(3) I went to every book-shop I could think of, asking for the *Puissance Motrice du Feu*, by Carnot. "Caino? Je ne connais pas cet auteur." With much difficulty I managed to explain that it was "r" not "i" I meant. "Ah! Ca-rrr-not! Oui, voici son ouvrage," producing a volume on some social question by Hippolyte Carnot; but the *Puissance Motrice du Feu* was quite unknown.

had ever heard of Sadi or his *Réflexions sur la Puissance Motrice du Feu*.

Here are some of Carnot's words literally translated (from pp. 95, 96):—

"Heat is nothing else than motive power, or rather motion which has changed its form. It is a motion among the particles of bodies. Wherever there is destruction of motive power there is at the same time production of heat in quantities precisely proportional to the quantity of motive power destroyed. Conversely wherever there is destruction of heat there is production of motive power.

"We may then assert the general proposition that motive power is of invariable amount in nature; that it can never, properly speaking, be said to be either produced or destroyed. In truth, it experiences changes of form, that is to say, it produces sometimes one kind of movement, and sometimes another, but it is never annulled."

These words contain a perfectly clear and general statement of the "Conservation of Energy"; but Carnot did not live long enough to see how his original doctrine of the motive power of fire was to be reconciled to this principle. He says (p. 92):—

"It would be difficult to say why, in the development of motive power by consuming the heat of a hot body, a cold body is necessary; or why we cannot produce motion simply by consuming the heat of a hot body."

"When we produce motive power by the passage of heat from the body A to the body B, is the quantity of this heat which is delivered to B (if it is not of the same amount as that taken from A, if a part is really consumed to produce motive power) the same, whatever be the substance employed [in the ideal engine] to realise the motive power?"

"Could there be possibly a means [or substance] for causing more heat to be consumed in producing motive power, and, therefore, less to be delivered to the body B? Would it be possible even to consume the whole heat taken from A without the necessity of delivering any heat to B? *If this were possible we could create motive power without fuel, and simply by destruction of some of the heat of bodies.*"

In these last words (which I have given in italics) we have from the founder of our theory of the steam-engine and other heat motors, and the profoundest thinker in thermodynamic philosophy of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, a thoroughly clear statement of the old perpetual motion in its most subtle nineteenth-century form. But this statement is put as a question with clear indication of a bias towards a negative answer: and it is impossible to doubt that Carnot would have unhesitatingly given the negative answer if a little more time had been allowed him for thinking out the thermodynamic problem. Happily, however, Carnot's original essay led others to give it. My brother, Professor James Thomson, assumed a negative answer without proof, and founded on it his theoretical demonstration that the freezing point of water is lowered by pressure.¹

(1) *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, January 2nd, 1849, reprinted in *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*, November, 1850, and quoted in *extenso* in vol. i., *Mathematical and Physical Papers*, Sir W. Thomson (pp. 156—164).

Two years later¹ I gave the negative answer as an axiom in the following terms:—"It is impossible, by means of inanimate material agency, to derive mechanical effect from any portion of matter by cooling it below the temperature of the coldest of the surrounding objects. If this axiom be denied for all temperatures, it would have to be admitted that a self-acting machine might be set to work and produce mechanical effect by cooling the sea or earth, with no limit but the total loss of heat from the earth and sea, or, in reality, from the whole material world."

My statement of this axiom was limited to inanimate matter because not enough was known either from the natural history of plants and animals or from experimental investigations in physiology to assert with confidence that in animal or vegetable life there may not be a conversion of heat into mechanical effect not subject to the conditions of Carnot's theory. It seemed to me then, and it still seems to me, most probable that the animal body does not act as a thermodynamic engine in converting heat produced by the combination of the food with the oxygen of the inhaled air, but that it acts in a manner more nearly analogous to that of an electric motor working in virtue of energy supplied to it by a voltaic battery. According to either view, however, the mechanical effect achieved by an animal in walking up-hill, or in flying or swimming, or in dragging loads along the ground, or in acting as motor for a horse-mill, or treadmill, or a crank, or a lever as for pumping, or for any kind of mechanism, is a part equivalent for the oxidation of the food; the rest of the equivalent being animal heat. Joule estimated that from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of the dynamical equivalent of the complete oxidation of all the food consumed by a horse may be produced from day to day in mechanical effect as of weights raised, the remainder, or from $\frac{2}{4}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$, being evolved and given out as heat; and similar proportions seem to hold for the mechanical work and the development of heat by a healthy vigorous working-man. It is, however, conceivable that animal life might have the attribute of using the heat of surrounding matter, at its natural temperature, as a source of energy for mechanical effect, and thus constituting a case of affirmative answer for Carnot's last thermodynamic question. The influence of animal or vegetable life on matter² is infinitely beyond the range of any scientific inquiry hitherto entered on. Its power of directing the

(1) *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, March, 1851, and *Philosophical Magazine*, IV. 1852, "On the Dynamical Theory of Heat, with Numerical Results deduced from Mr. Joule's Equivalent of a Thermal Unit, and M. Regnault's Observations on Steam," reprinted in vol. i., Sir W. Thomson's *Mathematical and Physical Papers*.

(2) About twenty-five years ago, I asked Liebig if he believed that a leaf of a flower could be formed or could grow by chemical forces. He answered, "I would more readily believe that a book on chemistry or on botany could grow out of dead matter by chemical processes."

motions of moving particles, in the demonstrated daily miracle of our human free-will, and in the growth of generation after generation of plants from a single seed, are infinitely different from any possible result of the fortuitous concourse of atoms; and *the fortuitous concourse of atoms is the sole foundation in Philosophy on which can be founded the doctrine that it is impossible to derive mechanical effect from heat otherwise than by taking heat from a body at a higher temperature, converting at most a definite proportion of it into mechanical effect, and giving out the whole residue to matter at a lower temperature.*

The considerations of ideal reversibility, by which Carnot was led to his theory, and the true reversibility of every motion in pure dynamics have no place in the world of life. Even to think of it (and on the merely dynamical hypothesis of life we can think of it as understandingly as of the origination of life and evolution of living beings without creative power), we must imagine men, with conscious knowledge of the future but with no memory of the past, growing backward and becoming again unborn; and plants growing downwards into the seeds from which they sprang. But the real phenomena of life infinitely transcend human science: and speculation regarding consequences of their imagined reversal is utterly unprofitable. Far otherwise, however, it is in respect to the reversal of the motions of matter uninfluenced by life, a very elementary consideration of which leads to the full explanation of the theory of the dissipation of energy.

Carnot's theory of the perfect heat engine is essentially founded on the consideration of a reversible cycle of processes. The perfect engine is essentially an engine which can be worked backwards with every action in its cycle exactly reversed. When working forwards it performs mechanical work in virtue of heat taken from a hot body, A, of which a certain portion is essentially given to a body, B, at a lower temperature. To reverse its action mechanical work must be done upon it, and the equivalent output is a certain quantity of heat taken from the cold body, B, and a greater quantity given to the hot body, A. The excess of the quantity of heat taken from A above that given to B when the engine works forwards, and the excess of the heat given to A above that taken from B when the engine is worked backwards, is equal to the quantity of heat which has the same dynamical energy as the work done *by the engine*, in the case of working forwards, and the work done *upon the engine by an external agent*, when the engine is worked backwards.

It is impossible to fulfil the condition of perfect reversibility by any engine composed of any real material to be found in nature. The friction of the parts, and the impossibility of getting heat into the engine from A, and causing heat to leave the engine and pass into B, except by falls of temperature from the temperature of A to

the highest effective temperature of the engine, and from the lowest effective temperature in the engine to the temperature of B, violate the condition of perfect reversal and involve essentially irreversible actions in the cycle of the engine, whether working forwards or worked backwards. In the condensing steam-engine, A is the burning coal of the furnace. The highest effective temperature in the engine is the temperature of the steam entering the cylinder from the boiler. The lowest effective temperature is the temperature of the "exhaust steam," that is to say, of the steam coming out of the cylinder in a single cylinder engine, or out of the lowest-pressure cylinder in a triple or quadruple expansion engine. In a condensing engine, B is the condensing water: in the non-condensing engine, B is the air into which the waste steam is blown. The superiority of the double, triple, and quadruple expansion engines, over a single cylinder engine, is due to their diminishing the ineffective droppings down of temperature, between the highest temperature to which the water of the boiler can be raised for safe and effective use, and the temperature of the exhaust steam. The superior efficiency of a condensing engine consists in its allowing the temperature of the exhaust steam to be about 40° or 50° C., instead of its being a degree or two above 100° , as it essentially is in the non-condensing expansive engine. James Watt was, by his separate condenser, his use of expansion in single cylinder engines, and his origination of the now generally employed plan of double, or triple, or quadruple expansion engine, with his perfect tact and judgment as to practical economy, and his profound scientific knowledge of mechanics and of the properties of steam, arranging his engine to as nearly as possible fulfil Carnot's condition of reversibility, by minimising every irreversible action in its cycle of work. But it seems certain that he had no idea of Carnot's grand generalisation, according to which one perfectly reversible engine would give exactly as much work as any other, of whatever different substance or character, using heat supplied at the same temperature, and having the same lower temperature available for the carrying away of waste heat.

Exhaustive consideration of all that is known of the natural history of the properties of matter, and of all conceivable methods for obtaining mechanical work from natural sources of energy, whether by heat engines, or electric engines, or water-wheels, or windmills, or tidesmills, or any other conceivable kind of engine, proves to us that the most perfectly designed engine can only be an approach to the perfect engine; and that the irreversibility of actions connected with its working is only part of a physical law of irreversibility, according to which there is a universal tendency in nature to the dissipation of mechanical energy; and any partial

restoration of mechanical energy is impossible in inanimate material processes, and is probably never effected by means of organised matter, either endowed with vegetable life, or subject to the will of an animal.

Some mathematical details regarding cases of this law will be found in a short paper¹ in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh* for April 19, 1852. The dynamical explanation of it, founded essentially on consideration of the vastness of the numbers of freely moving atoms or particles in even the smallest portion of palpable matter, and the infinity of such motions in the material universe, is given in a paper, entitled "The Kinetic Theory of the Dissipation of Energy," which was communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh twenty-two years later,² and which is republished in the *Philosophical Magazine* for the present month (March, 1892).

We have been considering a fly-wheel or clockwork driven by a weight and the heat generated by friction against the motion of wheels and pendulum, and by impacts of teeth against the pallets of an escapement. Our knowledge of properties of matter and of modes of propagation of heat by radiation or conduction, and of the efficiency of heat as a motor, discovered by several thousand years of observation and several hundred years of experiment and dynamical theory, suffices to show that when the weight is run down, and the potential energy (or capacity to do work), which it had in the beginning, has been all spent in heat, this heat is not available for raising the weight and giving the clockwork a renewed lease of motivity. The solar system, according to the best of modern scientific belief, is dynamically analogous to the clockwork, in all the essentials of our consideration. Not going back in thought to a beginning of which science knows nothing, let us compare the solar system as it was three thousand years ago with the solar system as it is now. Let our analogue be a clockwork which three hours ago was known to be going with its weight partially run down, and which is still going with its weight not yet wholly run down.

During these three thousand years the sun has been giving out radiant heat (light being included in the designation "radiant heat") in all directions, propagated at the rate of about nine and a half million million kilometres³ per year, and therefore twenty-eight and a half thousand million million kilometres in three thousand years. We do not know whether the light which left the sun three thousand years ago is still travelling outwards with almost undiminished

(1) "On a Universal Tendency in Nature to the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy," republished in vol. i. of *Mathematical and Physical Papers*, pp. 511—514.

(2) *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, February 16, 1874.

(3) The "kilometre" is sixty-two hundredths of the British statute mile; rather a long half mile, in fact.

energy, or whether nearly all is already dissipated in heat, warming the luminiferous ether, or ponderable bodies which have obstructed its course; we may, I think, feel sure that it is partly still travelling outwards as radiant heat, and partly spent (or dissipated) in warming ponderable matter (or ponderable matter and the luminiferous ether).

The running down of the weight in the clockwork has its perfect analogue, as Helmholtz was, I believe, in reality the very first to point out, in the shrinkage of the sun from century to century under the influence of the mutual gravitation and attractions between its parts. The heat-producing efficiency of the fire which there would be if the sun were a globe of gunpowder or gun-cotton burning from its outward surface inwards—that is to say, the work done by the potential energy of the chemical affinity between uncombined oxygen, and carbon and hydrocarbons, attractive forces as truly forces, and subject to dynamic law, as is the force of gravity itself, is absolutely infinitesimal in comparison with the work done by the gravitational attraction on the shrinking mass adduced by Helmholtz as the real source of the sun's heat.

The whole store of energy now in the sun, whether of actual heat, corresponding to the sun's high temperature, or of potential energy (as of the not run-down weight of the clockwork)—potential energy of gravitation depending on the extent of future shrinkage which the sun is destined to experience, is essentially finite; and there is much less of it now than there was three hundred thousand years ago. Similar considerations of action on a vastly smaller scale are, of course, applicable to terrestrial plutonic energy, and thoroughly dispose of the terrestrial "perpetual motion" by which Lyell¹ and other followers of Hutton, on as sound principles as those of the humblest mechanical perpetual-motionist, tried to find that the earth can go on for ever as it is, illuminated by the sun from infinity of time past to infinity of time future, always a habitation for race after race of plants and animals, built on the ruins of the habitations of preceding races of plants and animals. The doctrine of the "Dissipation of Energy" forces upon us the conclusion that within a finite period of time past the earth must have been, and within a finite period of time to come must again be, unfit for the habitation of man as at present constituted, unless operations have been, and are to be, performed which are impossible under the laws governing the known operations going on at present in the material world.

(1) *Principles of Geology*, vol. ii., edition 1868, p. 213 and pp. 240—243 (Recapitulation of Chapters XXXII. and XXXIII., 1, 10, 15).

DANGERS OF MODERN FINANCE.

A WISE man, who has passed through many vicissitudes, finds it necessary at certain periods to take a retrospective glance at past times, gleaning from experience lessons of prudence for future guidance. So should we as a nation study our past history, and be guided by experience with regard to our multifarious interests, namely, our defensive, social, and financial condition in relation to the other great nations of the world. Our military and naval position is criticised annually in Parliament when the estimates are voted; our social condition is the subject matter for the consideration of numerous experts; but financial affairs are generally left to take care of themselves.

I trust it may not be considered presumptuous on my part to give to the public the result of my experience gained during forty-four years of hard work in the financial world. When speaking of the financial world, I naturally mean the City of London, for in no other place are the monetary transactions of the world so centred, so manipulated. In the very perfection of our credit and banking system lies the danger which threatens us: the fruit which has reached perfection is at the commencement of corruption. It is well to be in time to arrest such decadence. The development of our credit system is an evidence of human ingenuity that has no parallel in any other financial centre in the world. In London credit is used up to the hilt; vast amounts of bills and securities, called floaters, are held on "call," money which in other countries lies idle. Call money consists of funds destined to meet payments on the morrow, which is always in view yet always recedes. That provision for to-morrow amounts in ordinary times to at least twenty millions sterling, and is almost always used. Payments of hundreds of millions are settled in the clearing-house by balance cheques of comparatively small amounts; no great sum of money ever lies idle; high pressure is the rule. The merchant, banker, or broker who has "money over" at the end of the day esteems himself, and, what is worse, is considered by others, a bad financier, throwing away interest which he ought to have received. All this is fair-weather finance, a happy-go-lucky system which passes triumphantly over small obstacles, but is apt now and again to meet with a shock all the greater when a period of calm lulls to fancied security. In other countries a merchant or banker, in view of the due date of an engagement, provides himself with the necessary funds to meet his liability, and keeps the money in readiness. In London, if an engagement is due on a

Tuesday, the banker or merchant having the money on the Monday lends it over the day, and pockets the interest secured by the operation. Thus the United Kingdom, the wealthy repository of the money of the world, has no reserve worthy of the name. Hundreds of millions of credit rest on the small final reserve of the Bank of England, like an inverted pyramid—a great superstructure balanced on inadequate support.

Why is this country the banking centre of all the world? There are several reasons; the first is, because of the recognised integrity of our bankers and merchants. The second is, that our country is happily an island, difficult to invade, and still more difficult to conquer. Thus we form a treasure-house for the timorous all over the world. The third and not the least important reason is, that we undertake to pay all our engagements in gold, that metal which all the world scrambles to possess. The golden king had once a silver queen who, standing a step lower than his yellow Majesty, was yet a helpmate to him in safeguarding the financial state. That queen has been for many years and is still in disgrace. If there has been no actual divorce, she has at least been discarded, and his majesty reigns in undivided supremacy. If we descend to a lowlier metaphor, and quote dethroned Bismarck, we may liken gold to a blanket with which several persons desire to cover themselves. But, alas! the blanket is not large enough, and as one occupying the outer edge pulls it over himself, he inconveniences another by leaving him out in the cold. "*Beati possidentes.*"

Let us now quit metaphor for practical business. We in this country profess to supply all comers who have just claims with that desirable metal, gold. We are generous enough to turn bars of gold, the raw material, into well-minted coins, without any charge for manufacture. Other nations cover the cost of coinage by a small mintage. We act differently; we invite our creditors to take our heavy sovereigns to melt down, and we supply their place by renewed coinage at our own expense.

Foreigners, also gold-workers, here and abroad, melt our sovereigns almost as fast as we can manufacture them, leaving us the light pieces for home circulation. But that is not all; we use a soft metal, less durable than that employed by every other country for coinage, and we not only coin for nothing, but we produce coins which wear away faster than any others. We use a metal eleven-twelfths fine, whereas the United States and Russia, which formerly used the same kind of gold, have discarded it, and prefer, like all the rest of the world, the more durable metal nine-tenths fine.

But these are minor matters in comparison with the culpable carelessness of making enormous engagements to pay in gold with a wholly inadequate store of that metal. Our country is, without

doubt, the richest in the world, and it is the over-confidence begotten by that fact which leads us to think that no mischief can possibly befall us. Moreover, with regard to a metallic reserve, the prevalent idea is, that what is everybody's business in general is nobody's special business. Suppose a banker had large liabilities, which he might be called upon to discharge on demand or at very short notice, and that he persistently left his resources in America and Australia, should we not in such a case prognosticate ultimate failure? That is the dangerous position in which our wealthy country stands at the present moment. We enjoy splendid prosperity, inasmuch as we lend to many nations and require to borrow from none; but, unfortunately, we lend to nations at a distance, while our neighbours insist on lending to us almost without our knowing it. We cannot prevent French and German bankers sending us their money for safe custody; neither can we hinder continental capitalists from holding English bills and Treasury bills, payable in London in gold.

This employment of money in sterling bills and deposits is almost universal, and is an evidence of confidence in our government and in our bankers and merchants. The main reason, however, is that it is equivalent to holding gold and yet receiving interest. All this money due to the Continent of Europe, amounting to at least £40,000,000, is payable in gold, either on demand, or, what comes to the same thing, by discounting their bills in our market.

It might be argued, that we could tell the holders that we will pay at the due date of their bills, refusing to discount even the finest paper in cases where it had been held by foreigners. But such a step would ruin our credit, and bring us to the brink of national bankruptcy. Such a contingency must be avoided at all costs.

We possess certain resources which, if rendered available, would amply provide the means of meeting our engagements. We have our excellent credit, and in ordinary times the bulk of our gold liabilities would be renewed in the usual manner by exchanging short English bills for those of longer dates. We ought, however, to make provision for an extraordinary and sudden demand from the Continent for gold. Austria desires to resume specie payments on a gold basis, and it is openly proclaimed that the £20,000,000 she requires must be obtained chiefly in this, the only country in Europe where gold in quantity can be had. It is further stated that, in order not to strain our resources unduly, it will suffice to acquire sterling bills by the issue of a loan which Austria could easily place. This new demand for gold and for sterling bills will tend to aggravate our danger; it certainly will not diminish the power of our neighbours to demand gold, which we can ill spare, and especially as we can only rely for a supply on distant debtors. To meet this large and

increasing liability to pay gold we hold the absurdly inadequate stock of £22,000,000, against which we have issued £38,450,000 in bank notes.

Formerly, in the halcyon days of bimetallism, prior to 1870, there was no scramble for gold; the Continental mints were open for the free coinage of silver: and gold was thus obtainable very rapidly from France and Germany, Holland and Belgium. That is not the case now. The German Imperial Bank takes effective steps to prevent gold shipments to this country by selling the sterling bills it always holds, and by its efficient control over the discount market. Besides, if any banker or merchant in Germany were to send even a moderate amount of gold to this country, he would immediately be called upon to explain so unpatriotic a proceeding, and if he persisted, his name would be placed in the "black book" of the Imperial bank. Other Continental banks are under no obligation to pay in gold; they would simply offer silver, which we could not use. The United States could supply a certain quantity; but had European harvests and the McKinley tariff might ~~lose~~ the exchange against us, and render Australia and the Cape alone available for supplies of gold. Truly, a large and sudden demand for gold might possibly be met by arrivals from New York after eight or ten days, if so much grace were granted to us; certainly we could not wait for supplies from more distant countries. The public might reasonably think that we could turn adverse exchanges by the sale on the Continental bourses of securities negotiable in Paris or Berlin. Unfortunately, we have little or no floating stock of international bonds. We used to hold a fair quantity of French, German, Dutch, Russian, Belgian, and Italian stocks; but in consequence of our successful conversion of consols, our holdings of first-class European securities have greatly diminished.

Our Government is in no way to blame for the conversion which Mr. Goschen carried out so successfully. Hypercritics might say that the country was not ripe for so large an operation, that it was forced through by the then fortunate combination of circumstances, and that this is proved by the low price at which Goschens now stand in the market. Those whose stock was converted either with their consent or without it, if they omitted to object, naturally expected to receive new consols, which, although reduced as regards interest, would be realisable at about par. Had they foreseen so heavy a decline in the Goschens, they certainly would have refused the proffered conversion which has inflicted a loss on the investing classes of many millions.

Another disadvantage resulting from this financial "coup" is, that other European nations either converted their debts or issued

loans yielding lower rates of interest. Thus these bonds became less attractive to English investors. Another obstacle kept the new bonds from the London market. We suffer under the imposition of stamp duties higher than those which obtain on the Continent.

For these reasons those who held foreign stocks refused to convert, and were paid off, and with those holders of consols, who were forced to seek a larger income, were induced to take Indian, Colonial, and American securities.

Thus a speculative spirit prevailed in 1888, 1889, and the first half of 1890. Shares in gold mines and land companies were eagerly taken; millions were imprudently lent to Argentina, Uruguay, and other South American States. The resulting Baring crisis, with the humiliating borrowings of gold from the Bank of France and from Russia, has had a sobering influence, and presses upon us the necessity of taking preventive measures in the future. If evidence were needed of the dearth of European stocks in London, it can be found in the difficulty of obtaining delivery of such bonds on the account days. Out of over £500,000,000 of capital debt of Italy this country barely holds £10,000,000, which small amount is distributed among investors who are not likely to sell even to meet a demand for gold. Another example will confirm the fact of the exodus of Continental securities. We used to hold a large amount of Egyptian Government 5 per cent. preferred bonds, and in consequence of our consol conversion that stock was converted into $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. at 91.

Our investing public did not find the new bonds attractive; many of them either demanded repayment of the old 5 per cent. bonds, or sold out the new $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as quickly as possible. Some investors retained their holdings in inscribed stock, being induced to do so by the facility of transfer at the Bank of England. This was a serious mistake.

The inscribed stock cannot easily be sold on the Continent, and such limitation of negotiability depreciates its value. The price is about 85, as compared with 88 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the same security in international bonds. Three months ago the inscribed stock was about 5 per cent. below the price of bonds. This experience acts as a further deterrent from holding Continental securities. It is only one instance of the depleted state of our market as regards the floating and available quantity of European securities. We hold now minute quantities of German, Dutch, Russian, and Belgian stocks. Our investments consist of Indian, Colonial, and American stocks and shares, perfectly good in many instances; but almost all these have no market on the Continent, and cannot be rapidly converted into gold.

Further evidence of the process of depletion of Continental

securities in our market may be gathered from the report of a Trust Company which appeared in the *Times* of February 1st, from which the following is an extract :—

“The chairman said that the enlargement of their powers of investment had been granted by the Court, subject to a slight alteration in the name of the company. The board had promptly used those powers. They had parted with a large quantity of Italian and Austrian stocks, and had reinvested the proceeds in first-class bonds of American railroads.”

Our gold trouble is aggravated by the fact that protectionist tariffs on the Continent have forced us to seek distant markets for our manufactures, and as a result the volume of our resources continually locked up in distant countries is largely increased. We cannot, as in former times, diminish a Continental drain of gold by the sale of manufactured goods in Continental markets, and by this means turn exchanges in our favour. While our stock of gold is small and our engagements to pay in that metal are enormous and increasing, other countries acquire gold and retain it with extraordinary tenacity. The German Bank holds about £48,000,000 of bullion, in addition to the £8,000,000 gold in the war-chest at Spandau. The Bank of France holds nearly £58,000,000 of gold, besides about £48,000,000 in silver. The United States treasury contains about £56,500,000, exclusive of gold held by banks ; while we hold only our usual amount of twenty odd millions, of which but a small proportion is available to pay our international indebtedness. Hence arise constant fluctuations in our bank rate of discount, which is frequently maintained for a long period at one or two per cent. per annum above what the commercial demand would warrant.

No one can foretell what the bank rate will be even a month hence, whereas transactions with constant countries frequently involve the locking up of funds or the granting of credit for a long period.

Let us compare the position of a prudent trader in England with his rival in France, both competing for the supply of goods to a distant buyer, involving six or twelve months' credit. The English merchant or manufacturer must base his calculations upon the probable bank rate six months hence. If he is very careful, and bases his estimate on a high bank rate, he may miss the business. On the other hand, if he calculates on a low rate, he may make a heavy loss.

They manage these things better in France, where the bank rate of discount is kept year after year at 3 per cent. ; consequently the prudent French trader need not trouble himself as to the value of money ; that element of risk practically does not exist for him. Our bank rate of discount is constantly varying, being based almost entirely on the amount of gold held in the issue department. A couple

of millions more or less will cause the pendulum to swing between a 2 per cent. and a 6 per cent. rate. The directors of the Bank of England, if they err at all, do so generally on the side of prudence. We therefore constantly see the official minimum rate of discount maintained at 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. above what is required for trading purposes. It is calculated that in ordinary circumstances the amount of bills of exchange actually afloat at any one time is £300,000,000, and that if that amount is affected by an unnecessarily high bank rate for three months, each 1 per cent. would impose a burden of £750,000.

It may be argued that if our traders and manufacturers lose, our capitalists gain at their expense, as well as at the cost, in some cases, of foreigners for whom we accept. Such reasoning is purely one-sided. Irrespective of the preferential consideration that we should bestow on the trading classes, we are losing our lead in the commerce of the world by burdening our manufacturers with needlessly high rates of interest. If certain reductions ought to be made from the loss indicated above because a portion of the bills of exchange may not have been created for trade purposes, on the other hand, our bank rate of discount affects hundreds of millions of loans based on that rate.

I have now endeavoured to prove to the public that our highly organized and complex credit system is liable to get out of gear; that no efficient safety-valve protects us from danger; that credit is worked up to a point unknown elsewhere; that a number of discount brokers hold bills and floaters which, at a moderate estimate, must reach £20,000,000 on "call money" liable to be called in times of pressure, and that our stock of gold in the bank's issue department and our banking reserves are absurdly inadequate to meet large and sudden demands for gold and bank-notes. I will now proceed to consider if any, and what, remedies are desirable and practicable.

Mr. Goschen has endeavoured to clear the ground of the mystification, which exists in some quarters, between the metallic store in the issue department of the Bank of England and the paper and metallic reserves in the banking department of that institution. The issue department constitutes in point of fact the State bank, and is permitted to issue £16,450,000 of notes against British Government securities, while all excess of notes issued must be in exchange for gold. Thus, as the stock of gold is about £22,000,000, the issue at present may reach about £38,450,000. These bank-notes are legal tender only so long as the Bank of England pays gold for its notes, and if so great a catastrophe could occur as the suspension of gold payments by the Bank every debtor must meet his liabilities in gold. It would, however, be in the power of the

Government to make Bank of England notes legal tender without limitation, or, in other words, to impose a forced paper currency.

This danger need not be considered, as the Bank of England is so ably managed, and the bank-note issue is so efficiently protected, that no special stress need be laid on the limitation of legal tender quality of the Bank of England notes. We may, however, be permitted to criticise minor points in the management of the banking department of that institution, so that means may be found to lessen anxiety in times of pressure.

The Bank of England differs from neighbouring State banks in the ineffective influence it exercises over the outside discount market. It therefore is frequently necessary to absorb floating money by the Bank borrowing on consols, in order to raise market rates of discount. This condition of things is partially caused by the comparatively small amount of bills held by the Bank under discount. In another respect our Bank differs from European State banks, which are not allowed to hold securities other than bills of exchange, and the stocks of the State in which each bank is situated. It is currently asserted that only a moderate proportion of the amount published under the head of other securities consists of bills of exchange, and that the Bank holds railway securities, a proceeding which diminishes its bill portfolio, and lessens its control over the discount market. Many European State banks hold portfolios of sterling bills, and when the exchange, say in Berlin, approaches the point when gold can be sent to this country, the Imperial Bank sells sufficient sterling bills to depress the exchange below the danger point. That is a powerful lever, even stronger than appears at first sight, because the moment that it is known that the bank is selling, other holders of bills on London follow suit, thus preventing our receiving even a small quantity of gold.

It might be advisable for our Bank to fight the German institution with a similar weapon by gradually acquiring a portfolio of a million or two in sterling value of bills on Germany.* If this operation were carefully managed, the bills could be renewed as they became due by utilising the services of some eminent Berlin banker, and the result could hardly fail to be profitable. The bills would be bought at a time when the exchange on Berlin would be some points in favour of this country, and, whenever it dropped to about the gold export point, the bills could be sold with a profit. Such an investment would also have the negative virtue of diminishing a drain to Germany, whenever it became unwise to let our gold go to that bourne whence no gold returns. Minor improvements of this character might, when combined, do something towards the retention of our stock of gold, and would tend to equalise our discount rates.

But the great blemish of inadequate reserves held by the Bank of England, and by the other bankers and merchants, remains untouched. How can we apply a sufficient remedy which, if accepted by the banking community, would necessarily reduce their dividends? In New York, where there is no State bank, the Associated Banks are obliged by law to hold 25 per cent. of their net deposits in legal tender. If that margin were insisted upon in this country, we should have too much money lying idle. Possibly an elastic system might be legally imposed upon all banking institutions in England, somewhat upon the following bases. There might be indicated three stages: the danger point, 10 per cent. of deposits, below which the cash reserve should never be allowed to fall, under penalty of the bank being eventually wound up; a moderately safe reserve of 15 per cent.; and a perfectly safe reserve of 20 per cent. of their deposits. These reserves might be regulated somewhat after the following fashion. A bank or banker reducing the reserve below 20 per cent., but not below 15 per cent., to pay a tax to the Government equivalent to the interest for the time being, calculated at the Bank rate of discount on the amounts withdrawn. If the reserve is further reduced, and drops below 15 per cent., a similar tax, calculated at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, to be paid to the Government; the minimum reserve of 10 per cent. of the deposits to be rigidly maintained. A similar arrangement might be imposed on the Bank of England, so that its central reserve should be on the same bases, the Bank holding in addition the bankers' reserves.

In passing from this part of my subject, it is necessary to say that my proposals are but rough suggestions which could be modified in various directions. It is impossible for a private individual to obtain precise information such as would warrant an interference with free banking. A Parliamentary Committee might obtain such information, or it may be found that another and inexpensive means of establishing a permanent reserve would suffice. The public may be aware that, without breaking the Bank Charter Act of 1844, there is only one mode of increasing the circulation of this country, and that is by the importation of gold. The active circulation of about £25,000,000 notes appears to suffice in ordinary times for the requirements of circulation in England. This is in addition to the gold and silver currency, variously estimated at £60,000,000 to £75,000,000 of the former and £20,000,000 to £25,000,000 of the latter. Although this volume of gold coins and silver tokens circulates in the United Kingdom, the bulk, no doubt, is retained by the English public—one-pound notes being preferred to gold in Ireland and Scotland.

This circulation of over £100,000,000 in bank-notes, gold, and silver fluctuates in ordinary times to the extent of several millions

It contracts in the spring, when the largest proportion of taxes is paid, and it expands in the autumn on account of agricultural wages and the needs of travellers.

In periods of great pressure, or "panicky" times, a sudden and large expansion of the currency occurs. If a large bank is known to be in difficulties, other banks find it necessary to be largely supplied with legal tender. The gold in circulation may be slightly diminished in the pockets of the people, but it would, under those circumstances, be retained by banks and bankers to strengthen their position. In such times the strain is concentrated on the Bank of England, and, if a serious commercial crisis occurs, the Bank Charter Act is suspended in order that solvent houses and institutions may be upheld. The foregoing refers to an ordinary commercial crisis, unaccompanied by a foreign drain of gold, which, of course, causes a contraction of our circulation.

It must be remembered that all great wars have occurred in bimetallic times, and that no important European war has taken place since gold has become the sole medium for international payment. Before 1873 warfare was carried on in Europe, as now in India and China, by the aid of silver; consequently, when a war broke out in which we were not engaged, gold was not absolutely necessary, and was sent here for safe custody. Now a strong feeling prevails in Europe that the country which can pay for war supplies in gold will most likely prevail against the power which lacks such resources. We ought, therefore, to provide against the possibility of a sudden and enormous demand for gold leading to a gold panic to which a commercial crisis might be added.

It has been frequently stated that it is far better to have a large central store of gold than to be contented with a smaller stock, with the knowledge that unavailing millions are in the pockets of the public. Leaving sentiment on one side, is it of much greater advantage to the State for sovereigns to be in the pockets of the people than gold watches with gold chains attached? I fail to see any great difference between the minimum of the gold circulation and the gold articles in the pockets or in the houses of the public—all are equally unavailable.

We could not reduce to any considerable extent the gold in circulation by raising the bank rate even to panic point of 10 per cent. Every one would try to obtain currency, and gold would be used for that purpose. If we imagine an extreme case, such as the suspension of gold payments by the Bank of England, and a forced paper currency, gold would then be hoarded or exported to foreign countries. Only a strong patriotic feeling, evoked by some great national danger, might induce the public to send in their gold for national needs.

It is evident that in this country we can only add to our central store of gold by importing it from abroad, or by withdrawing it from circulation.

If we import it from abroad in the ordinary way, it is added to our circulation, either in the form of gold coins or, as is most usual, in the form of bank-notes, for which it is exchanged at the Bank of England. This addition to our supply depresses its value in the discount market. Thus, a large arrival of gold generally causes a fall in the value of money, until the extra gold is exported and the circulation contracted to its normal condition.

It is therefore evident that if we desire to keep an increased stock of gold at the Bank of England by means of importations of that metal, we must adopt means to keep our discount rates equal to or higher than, those of neighbouring countries. This is an expensive process, because those countries which also desire to attract gold would certainly raise their discount rates, with the result that we might have to impose an intolerable burden on our manufacturers and traders.

If we adopt the alternative course of withdrawing gold from circulation, we must replace the currency so withdrawn by some convenient substitute. The present moment, when light gold has to be withdrawn, is especially opportune for issuing £1 notes. In countries like France, where the State bank has the option of paying in silver, gold can easily be withdrawn from circulation and silver coins substituted. That course could not be taken here.

A few millions of gold might be withdrawn from our circulation without inconvenience, by calling in the light gold coins, of which at least thirty millions are in the possession of the public. The Bank is now receiving light gold from bankers at the full value. Of these probably £3,000,000 to £5,000,000 are held in excess of currency requirements, owing to the maintenance of our absurd law, which every one disregards, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Bank of England downwards, of cutting fairly-worn gold.

The result of the intended withdrawal will hardly be satisfactory, because, unless bankers increase their reserve, the surplus light gold will render available more funds for employment in discounts, and an export of gold will ensue. The most harmless and least expensive mode of withdrawing gold from circulation and storing it at the Bank of England, would be by replacing such gold with £1 notes to the exact value of the sovereigns withdrawn.

This process would leave the circulation absolutely unaltered, consequently no export of gold would be incited, and the gold so withdrawn would be most useful in times of pressure.

Before detailing the procedure which I advocate, let us consider

the arguments in favour and against the use of £1 notes in England. There is no doubt they would be convenient to those who now find it troublesome to carry five or ten sovereigns in their pockets. Also for those who travel in England or Wales, in places where they might find it difficult to change a cheque or a large bank-note. Again, those who reside at some distance from a bank would prefer to keep in their houses notes to gold, especially as £1 notes could be as easily exchanged as sovereigns. Large employers of labour would find it easier and less expensive to receive £1 notes than gold, while the risk of robbery would be greatly diminished.

The use of bank-notes of the value of one pound is almost universal. Millions of persons of British and Irish birth or descent prefer small notes to gold. This feeling prevails wherever small bank-notes have been used for some time. In Scotland and Ireland £1 notes are preferred to gold, and from information I have received from the provinces, I can state that there is no doubt that an issue of many millions would be gladly welcomed, and would eventually be preferred to gold.

The objections are—that they would be largely forged, that they would soon become dirty, that they would spread infection, and that they would cause much trouble to count or to take the numbers.

Well-made notes could not be easily forged. For instance, a series of well-made 20-mark notes was issued by the Imperial Government of Germany in 1882, and no case is on record of a forgery of these notes. It is hardly probable that forgers would exercise their misdirected skill on small notes, when those of a higher denomination could be as easily imitated. Counterfeit coins are more frequently made than counterfeit notes. There is no doubt, however, that the number of such counterfeits has greatly diminished owing to the improvement in the intellectual and moral condition of the masses since compulsory education was established in 1870. Dirty notes would be kept back and not reissued by the Bank of England or its branches, and if the counting gave some trouble at first, it could be reduced to a minimum by keeping the notes in packets of tens and of hundreds.

The numbers of these £1 notes need not be taken by the bankers; they would be in substitution of sovereigns, which have no numbers. I have ascertained that in other countries, including Scotland and Ireland, the numbers are not taken. I have also good authority for stating that but little clerical labour is caused by the circulation of £1 notes in Scotland and Ireland. As regards infection, we have yet to learn that Scotland, Canada, or any other possession of ours, suffers in any way from the circulation of small

notes. It is doubtful if a single case of infection has been traced to £1 notes in any country in the world.¹

Now, let us suppose that the Bank of England is able to issue, not the £25,000,000 anticipated by Mr. Goschen, but £11,000,000 in £1 notes, receiving the exact equivalent in gold. At present, with £22,000,000 of gold, the Bank of England issues over £38,000,000 in bank-notes. It could, with an extra £11,000,000 of gold, issue an extra £19,000,000; but if a law were passed that in ordinary times the £1 notes might only be issued against gold, pound for pound, we should have in times of pressure an effective increase in our reserve of £8,000,000 in notes issued against securities, if the demand was for additional currency, or about £5,000,000 of gold, if the pressure was for that metal. Should the Bank of England be able to issue £22,000,000 in £1 notes, the extra reserve for panic times would be either £16,000,000 in notes of any denomination issued against securities, or £10,000,000 in gold, in case of a gold panic. The bank-note issue would be amply protected even in a commercial crisis; in fact, it would, if that were possible, be safer than at present, because £1 notes would be *pocket-notes*, not *panic-notes*; they would take the place of sovereigns as well as of small cheques, which are so troublesome to bankers.

The outcry against Mr. Goschen's proposal to increase the fiduciary issue of the Bank of England is quite justified, because, if the Bank were allowed to issue in the proportion of four £1 notes against gold, and one against securities, one-fifth of the amount of £1 notes issued would be driven out of the country in the shape of gold exports.

The proposal I make would leave the circulation absolutely unaltered in ordinary times, and in extraordinary times a perfectly justifiable note issue would never be exceeded. The mode of procedure in times of pressure might be as follows: Should the Bank's reserve drop to danger point, the Bank of England, with the consent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, could issue £2,000,000 of extra notes, paying the Government 8 per cent. per annum for the amount so issued, and, with the like consent, a further sum of £2,000,000, paying 10 per cent. per annum, and, if necessary, a further amount paying 12 per cent. On occasions of great difficulty, over-issues have been made by breaking the law, with the sanction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; yet the amount of £2,000,000, the issue of which was thus irregularly sanctioned, sufficed. It acted like oil on the troubled waters, and panic was allayed.

¹ If we take as an example scarlet fever, which is a very infectious disease, we find that during the nine years, 1881—1889, the average death-rate for that malady per 1,000 of population was 33·8 for England, and 29·9 for Scotland, where £1 notes circulate.

Mr. Goschen's motive in increasing the fiduciary power of the Bank of England in ordinary times was avowedly to compensate that institution for the trouble and expense of issuing £1 notes.

Now, can it be necessary to cause a redundancy in the circulation, with a resulting export of gold, in order to save a few thousand pounds a year in the cost and clerical labour involved in the issue of £1 notes?

The cost of manufacture is very slight, and would not exceed a penny per note. Thus 11,000,000 would entail an expenditure of nearly £46,000. The average life of a small note has been estimated in foreign countries to be five years; but as we are very fastidious about having clean notes, we will assume that they would last four years, the cost per annum would then be £11,500.

It is difficult for an outsider to estimate the cost to the Bank of extra clerical labour involved in the issue of £1 notes; but it could not be very large, because the notes would be reissued without taking the numbers. This is the almost universal practice with other State banks.

As a set-off against this expenditure, there would be the saving of the wear of sovereigns displaced by the £1 notes—a large item, as is evident by the fact that £400,000 has been voted to rehabilitate the light gold in circulation, which sum may possibly prove insufficient. It is estimated that a sovereign, on an average, becomes light at the expiration of twenty years—a moderate estimate indeed for coins in active circulation—and this is the class of coins that would be replaced by £1 notes.

At the end of twenty years of active circulation a sovereign costs at least fivepence to replace by a new coin, or a penny every four years, which is the exact cost of producing a £1 note. Another set-off would be the gain obtained from lost notes. No doubt £1 notes would be more frequently lost or destroyed than those of a larger value. There would also be that general gain to bankers, in which the Bank of England would largely participate, of the diminution or total cessation of drawing cheques for £1.

Let me now recapitulate the three measures which, if carried into effect, would, in my opinion, obviate any possibility of danger which can be foreseen. We cannot, however, predict what might be the effects of a panic in times when, as at present, bimetallism has been abandoned by Continental Powers, and gold is rushed after. The remedies are, 1st, a reserve imposed by legislation on banks and bankers, varying with the amount of their deposits, which can be withdrawn on demand or at very short notice, the same law to apply

to the minimum reserve of the Bank of England, exclusive of bankers' reserves.

2nd. That the Bank of England should restrict its investments to British Government securities and commercial bills, of which latter some bills might be payable abroad. This would not preclude the Bank from lending on other securities as hitherto.

3rd. That the Bank be empowered and required to issue £1 notes under precisely the same regulations as obtain with regard to the existing note issue, namely, above £16,450,000 against gold, with a certain permissible proportion against silver.

My 2nd and 3rd proposals might be tried first, and if they did not prove to be thoroughly efficacious, the question of imposing upon banks and bankers a legal minimum reserve might be considered.

In conclusion, let me say that if I have portrayed possible dangers in sombre colours; if I have taken a pessimistic view of our financial position, and ventured to place unwelcome facts frankly before the public, I have done so at a time when we have an outside discount rate of two per cent., accompanied by a plethora of money and a depression in trade, at a period when no staple is at a fabulous price, when no inflation or great speculation exists, so that we can calmly and deliberately provide for contingencies, instead of waiting till bad times may force us to review our position, and to rush into hasty legislation.

SAMUEL MONTAGU.

MR. MEREDITH IN HIS POEMS.

ONE of Mr. Meredith's disciples has expressed a hope that at least his master's verse may be saved from the intrusion of the literary excursionist and holiday tripper. Vain hope! To name any Parnassian *aiguille* as inaccessible is to invite some hardy mountaineer to essay its conquest. By-and-by a pair of climbers follow in the solitary explorer's track; next, an adventurous lady, roped and accompanied by guides; then a lady more adventurous, who discovers a second way of ascent, and whose achievement is duly blazoned abroad. Presently, the needle-point is declared to be no barren peak, but a pleasant table-land; a company, with limited liability and unlimited power of talk, exploits the discovery; hotels crown the summit: from base to brow runs the railway scientifically engineered; personally-conducted parties troop and bustle; and picnics remain in evidence by scattered fragments of the beer-bottle, greasy papers, broken corks, and morsels of bitten sandwiches, that moulder in the sun. After all, why not? Let not our literary daintiness be over-nice. The great writers are hospitable, and afford ample space for comers of all kinds. A poet, if there be a little granite in him, will survive his worst and best admirers. His sunshine and air are better antiseptics than our daintiness.

One who has no part in that "cult within a cult," of which the fervent disciple speaks, may yet be of the opinion that it is worth while to make acquaintance with the poetry of Mr. George Meredith, and all the more so because that poetry really sets up no petty æsthetic temple of its own, but belongs, in its degree, to the National Church of English Letters. Mr. Meredith composes hymns in honour of Mother Earth, whose rain and dew drop upon the evil and the good; such hymns, if they are worthy of their theme, can be meant for no clan or coterie or conventicle. And, in fact, their maker has said as much in his poem of *The Thrush in February*.

"So mine are these new fruitings rich
The simple to the common brings;
I keep the youth of souls who pitch
Their joy in this old heart of things."

Mr. Meredith's joy is indeed in the old heart of things—the wheat-field and the upland lawn and the fir-wood, the sun and the wind and the rain, the ways of bird and beast, the gladness of earth in man's and maiden's blood, and this refining itself to the swift play of intelligence, and the rapture of the spirit. It is none the less true that, in celebrating the simple, he is often highly elaborate

and ingenious, and that he presents the common in curiously uncommon ways. But when we have learnt how to straighten out his twisted phrases, to leap his airy chasms of remote associations, to catch a prospect through his eyelet holes of intelligence, to practise a certain legerdemain and keep five balls of meaning a dance together in the brain—when we have learnt these various things and several others, then the total significance of Mr. Meredith as a poet is found to be good; is found to be sound and sweet and sane, seed for a hopeful sowing and clean wheat for our quern.

Of course, it may be said that the demands which Mr. Meredith makes of his readers are exorbitant, and that a difficult style is necessarily a bad style. A student of the history of literature, however, knows that the charge of obscurity, which is one of the charges most confidently brought by contemporaries, can be finally adjudicated on only by time. It may be sustained, or it may be refuted. To many of his contemporaries Gray was a tangle of difficulties; * for critics of authority in a later period Wordsworth and Shelley and Coleridge wrote unintelligible nonsense; and in our own day we have seen the poetry of Robert Browning slowly but surely expounding itself to a generation. Even caviare, it seems, may become a little fly-blown. Perhaps Mr. Meredith's style is difficult; but difficulty is a relative term, and experience should have taught us that this is a point on which it is wise to reserve an absolute judgment. Sword-practice is difficult to those who have not exercised the muscles of the wrist; and some dancers who foot it merrily in the waltz stand grim against the wall looking condemnation at the lifted leg and pointed toe of the *pas de quatre*. If Mr. Meredith can teach young folk to dance to his music, the most reluctant of us will be forced to admit by-and-by that he has achieved what is the essential thing. Meanwhile it is lawful for anyone who pleases to raise a sceptical eyebrow and put the question, "But will he?"

In guessing at the answer to that question we may find some help from considering another: What has Mr. Meredith to say, be his manner of saying it good or ill? In a dozen volumes of prose the eager student of human nature has told us of his discoveries. Prose is proved by the achievement of his forty years of authorship to be the main stream; verse is no more than a slender affluent. But both are *Dichtung*, and both, it may be added, are *Wahrheit*. Or, to vary our metaphor, the *Dichtung* written in prose is the lake, broad-bosomed, with countless coves and creeks; the *Dichtung* written in verse is a lakelet higher among the hills, less easy of access, but open to the skies and to the passage of the stars, though at times involved in breathing mists; and a stream runs down from lakelet to lake, connecting the two—for Mr. Meredith's prose is at times such prose

as a poet writes, and the thought and feeling expressed in his novels are fed from the contemplations of a poet. His subtlety and his analytic power have in the novels a wider range for play; his faith and hope are more directly expressed in his verse. In both prose and verse his felicities are found in infelicity—or what for the present seems such; his infelicities are found amid felicity; he is at once a most alluring and a most provoking writer.

In a generous letter of protest against one of Mr. Meredith's reviewers of thirty years ago—a reviewer who had complained of *Modern Love* as dealing with "a deep and painful subject on which the writer has no conviction to express"—Mr. Swinburne denied to poets the right to mount a pulpit: "there are pulpits enough for all preachers in prose; the business of verse-writing is hardly to express convictions." Yet certain poets at all times have chosen to assume the attitude of teachers or preachers. Spenser defined his purpose in the *Faerie Queene* as that of "fashioning a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, would—

"assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men."

We can hardly believe that when Milton wrote those words he was full of his fun. Pope alleged as the peculiar merit of his *Essay on Man*, that it steers between the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, and forms a temperate yet not inconsistent system of ethics. Fortunately or unfortunately for his art, Shelley was a persistent preacher on texts chosen from *Political Justice*. "I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing," said Wordsworth. Philosophy, declared Browning, is at the base of poetry. The doctrine of Stoicism modified by a doctrine of culture is nobly preached in Matthew Arnold's verse. The poet who proclaimed himself the idle singer of an empty day, one who had no power to sing of heaven or hell, now declaims with poetic rage against the hell of capitalism and competition, and prophesies of the terrestrial heaven of the Communist. Some one has even been found to set forth in a review—and the task was no unworthy one—the theology of Mr. Swinburne. No reader of the poems of Mr. Meredith, now when his orbit as poet may be more nearly determined than was possible in 1862, can doubt that he has convictions and that he desires to express them. He, too, like all the larger spirits of this age of inward trouble and perplexity, whether with or against his will, must needs be a preacher.

In a recently-published *Lives of the Saints*—motley saints of the Positivist Calendar—it is mentioned among the grounds of Shelley's canonization that he quickened in a high degree our sense of reverence and awe for the great fetish, the Earth. To Mr. Meredith's

imagination and affections the great fetish is the mother at whose breasts we hang, from whose life we draw the milk that feeds us, and before all else he would inspire his disciple with filial loyalty and filial love. His feeling for nature is not—at least in its root, however it may be with the flower—the Wordsworthian sense

“Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.”

He prefers the word Earth to the more abstract word nature, and hugs reality. “I remember Mr. Wordsworth saying,” writes a friend of the poet, “that, at a particular stage of his mental progress, he used to be frequently so rapt into an unreal transcendental world of ideas that the external world seemed no longer to exist in relation to him, and he had to reconvince himself of its existence by clasping a tree, or something that happened to be near him.” Mr. Meredith never loses his hold upon things actual and positive; he clasps the tree, observes its intricacy of branches, studies the wrinkles of its rind, can almost hear the murmur of the sap, catches sight of the squirrel scurrying aloft, sees every tit and finch that peeps or perches; and then through the real he discovers—as real also—the spiritual. He is the physician Melampus of his own admirable poem:—

“With love exceeding a simple love of the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings
From branch to branch, only restless to pipe and peck;
Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball;
Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook;
The good physician Melampus loving them all,
Among them walked, as a scholar who reads a book.

“For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and flowers.
The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours:
And where alike we are, unlike where, and the veined
Division, veined parallel, of a blood that flows
In them, in us, from the source by man unattained,
Save marks he well what the mystical woods disclose.”¹

Like the physician Melampus the poet would not soar to the spiritual meanings of earth by any transcendental flight, but would master the text, with all its minute difficulties, as an exact scholar, and so at last attain to the innermost purport of this book of life.

Such a study implies faith at the outset, and it implies courage. Some of the meanings of Earth lie indeed upon the surface—her

1) *Save marks he well*: i.e., unless he marks well.

summer meanings, her messages of pleasure to the blood. If these are easy they are none the less precious :—

“ Call to mind
The many meanings glistening up
When Nature to her nurselings kind
Hands them the fruitage and the cup ! ”

There is nothing of the ascetic in Mr. Meredith, unless we use “ ascetic ” in the nobler sense, meaning one who values strength and hardihood attained through discipline. He finds that blood nourishes brain, and wholesome blood means wholesome animal delights :—

“ Life thoroughly lived is a fact in the brain,
While eyes are left for seeing.”

Very charmingly, and with a touch of the great geniality of nature in her hour of animal awakening, Mr. Meredith has told his tale of “ The Appeasement of Demeter.” The beloved Proserpine has been snatched below ; it is the season of dearth and almost despair :—

“ Lone grass-blades, losing green on their bent flags,
Sing shilly to themselves ; lone honey-bees
Purred the flowers that were not, with dry bugs ;
Sole sound aloud the snap of sapless trees,
More sharp than alingstones on hard breastplates hurled.
Back to first chaos tumbled the stopped world,
Careless to lure or please.
A nature of gaunt ribs, an Earth of crags.”

The description is hardly less admirable than Keats's night of frost. Man and woman, youth and age, are shrunk, cheerless, lost in the sloth of hopeless hours, wagging the tongue with weak and birdlike voice. Demeter stands yet wrathful in the vale, nor can her once glad naiad of the mountain-rivulet, Lambe, at first awaken forgiveness in her heart. But Lambe has some shadow of laughter in her still, and a woman's brightness of craft ; above the moan of human prayer she raises the cattle-call, and slowly from among the droves a horse and mare—“ the wrecks of horse and mare ”—defile into the presence of the queen :—

“ Howbeit the season of the dancing blood,
Forgot was horse of mare, yea, mare of horse :
Reversed, each head at either's flank, they stood.
Whoreat the golden, in a dim remorse,
Laid hand on them and naked ; and her touch pricked.
Neighing within, at either's flank they licked ;
 Played on a moment's force
At courtship, withering to the crazy nod.”

And, presently, the Great Mother, touched by this faint symbol of all the vast and genial joy of earth, laughs aloud—laughter “ like thunder of the song of heart ” ; the curse is rent ; gladness, like a

thousand runnels from the hills, descends upon the valley and the valley-folk, and beast and bird; the "kindly lusts" inspire them once again; the plough drives in the furrow, and the blade springs green above the brown:—

"O Laughter! beauty plumped, and love had birth.
Laughter! O thou reviver of sick Earth!
Good for the spirit, good
For body; thou to both art wine and bread!"

Our English people, Mr. Meredith inclines to believe, have less need of their pious exercises, conjoined with "hoggerly," than of a wise "schooling in the Pleasures." He distrusts profoundly that way of piety which begins by rejecting God's first gift—the earth itself, its schooling, its toils, its joys. Shall we fancy that we have wings to our shoulders and name this earth of ours Dust and Ashes? or shall we run the glad furrow and turn the soil? Shall we view Earth as a "damned witch," fair to the eye but full of foulness? And is this piety to Him who gave us so excellent a habitation?—

"We, pious humpback mountebanks, meanwhile
Break off our antics to stand forth, white-eyed,
And fondly hope for our Creator's smile,
By telling him that his prime work is vile,
Whom, through our noses, we've renounced, denied."

No; there is a better way of religious service than this—a way of faith and labour and joy:—

"And are we the children of Heaven and Earth?
We'll be true to the mother with whom we are,
So to be worthy of Him who, afar,
Beckons us on to a brighter birth."¹

Fidelity to Earth is indeed fidelity to that heaven in which Earth lives and moves and has its being.

With *The Appeasement of Demeter* should be read *The Day of the Daughter of Hades*, and *Phœbus with Admetus*. Each poem—and to these may be added as a third, *The Lark Ascending*—is a song of the joy of earth. When Proserpina returns from the under world, she bears with her, on a morning, the shadow-born daughter of Hades, to whom one glad holiday in the sunshine is granted; and slipping from the car, the maiden has for her companion throughout this day the young singer, Callistes. In the valley among the vines, among the wheat-fields, among the olive-groves, by the lake margin, by the stream-side, in the brakes, in the pine-woods, upon the mountain heights, go by this morning of delight, this noon with its deeper bliss, this evening with its thunder-showers and racing torrents, a day of mingled joy and alarm to the human heart of young Callistes,

(1) This and the quotation immediately preceding are from the *Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn*.

but of fearless joy to the maiden who can interpret in her song the good meanings of the earth :—

“ That song
Of the sowing and reaping, and cheer
Of the husbandman's heart, made strong
Through droughts and deluging rains,
With his faith in the Great Mother's love :
O the joy of the breath she sustains,
And the lyre of the light above,
And the first rapt vision of Good,
And the fresh young sense of Sweet.”

Something of Demeter's laughter—that of a god at sight of the play of pleasure in a humbler sphere than the realm of gods—may be divined in the maiden's fond regard for Pan and her innocent curiosity about his ways :—

“ The sacred loon,
The frolic, the Goatfoot God ;
For stories of indolent noon
In the pine-forest's odorous nod,
She questioned, not knowing : he can
Be waspish, irascible, rude,
He is oftener friendly to man,
And ever to beasts and their brood.
For the which did she love him well,
She said, and his pipes of the reed,
His twitched lips puffing to tell
In music his tears and his need,
Against the sharp catch of his hurt,
Not as shepherds of Pan did she speak,
Nor spake as the schools, to divert,
But fondly, perceiving him weak
Before gods, and to shepherds a fear,
A holiness, horn and heel.”

Yes, with all his weakness, the frolic Goatfoot is sacred, and he should be dear to the lovers of Earth.

But a true lover of Earth must be a hardy lover, caring for more than her soothing touch and soft caress, able to read her heart even though she should frown or seem cold and indifferent. Mr. Meredith is bent above all to understand her meanings that are severe, yet kind in their severity ; those ways of hers which train us for the battle-field rather than the bower. Is it later autumn when foliage flies, and the skies are of slate, or when the mist lies low, and

“ Narrows the world to my neighbour's gate ;
Paints me Life as a wheezy crone ” ?

Let us master the blood ; let us not live by the senses ; let us read deeper into the life of earth, and we shall see that all is well. Under the surface, in this season of chill, there is the fire of a great hearth. Mother Earth is not sluggish nor cold :—

"Under the surface she burns,
Quick at her wheel, while the fuel, decay,
Brightens the fire of renewal: and we?
Death is the word of a bovine day,
Know you the breast of the springing To-be."

Or, again, is the bitterest of east winds hissing?—is the land whipped and shorn by the gale; the sky hurried on and obliterated by flying cloud-rack; and are the mouths of men locked grimly as they wrestle with the blast? For the senses it is hard; but once more let us read deeper, and what shall we discern? What but Life sitting at her grindstone—

"That she may give us edging keen,
Sting us for battle, till as play
The common strokes of fortune shower.
Such meaning in a dagger-day
Our wits may clasp to wax in power."

It is through contention and struggle that blood is mastered, and brain wins its due supremacy. Earth has always loved the strong; once she loved her old Titan brood, and now she cares for their modern successors who strive with mind more than with muscle; she would rouse her chosen ones out of the soft life of sensual ease, she would teach them mastery and self-command, so that brain may grow out of blood, and brain in its turn be developed into soul.

But does Earth indeed care at all for her offspring, Man? Are not the laws of nature regardless of humanity, and ruthless in their blind persistence? Mr. Meredith has no desire to cheat himself with words; above all else he seeks reality. Is there, then, in truth this opposition between man and nature? Is there this breach of continuity in the universe, or rather is not man the crowning part of nature—nature evolving itself, or being evolved, into mind and soul? And are not the laws of human nature her laws? Man's loving-kindness, his mercifulness, his passion for righteousness, are they not the flower and fruit of her long obscure endeavour? Is not in truth their root in her? And what if the seeming cruelty of Earth to her child, Man, be no more than a wholesome severity, needed in order that he may advance through brain to soul, and from bestial up to spiritual? Her desire all along was no other than to speed the race; her fear, that man might falter and wax faint:—

"She, judged of shrinking nerves, appears
A Mother whom no cry can melt;
But read her past desires and fears,
The letters on her breast are spelt."

It is through strife and through suffering that such advance as the world can boast—an advance like that of a drunkard who bears a pack and reels from side to side, yet still keeps on his way—has been made. Hence, though Mr. Meredith perceives our national need of

"schooling in the Pleasures," he is no sedate philosopher at ease in the garden of Epicurus. That garden was indeed—

"A shining spot upon a shaggy map,
Where mind and body, in fair junction free,
Luted their joyful concord."

That garden was a happy nursery of gentleness; but the higher wisdom is not attained by the "long drawing of an equal breath." There is wilderness to be reclaimed outside the ordered garden; and so for the needs of our world better than the philosophy of Epicurus is

"The crucifix that came of Nazareth"

Let us not suppose, however, that even in what is highest in our religions or fairest in our ideals we can sever ourselves from the good Mother Earth. What we deem divine, and what indeed is divine, is but the natural evolved to its perfect flower in the spirit—

"Man builds the soaring spires,
That sing his soul in stone: of Earth he knows,
Though blind to her, by spelling at her laws,
His purest fires."

"Intellect and reverence," writes Mr. Meredith in his latest novel, "must clash to the end of time if we persist in regarding the Spirit of Life as a remote external, who plays the human figures to bring about this or that issue, instead of being beside us, within us, our breath, if we will; marking on us where at each step we sink to the animal, mount to the divine, we are ours who follow, offspring of body or mind."

Thus then, according to Mr. Meredith's teaching, external nature loses its cruel sphinx-like aspect as soon as we read its meaning with the soul; as soon as we perceive the unity of the cosmos, and know that it constantly climbs upward from sense to spirit, and that spirit signifies for us righteousness, love, sacrifice, joy—a joy transcending the poor pleasure which comes through the satisfaction of egoistic greeds. Blood and brain and spirit—these three are co-operant powers, the "deepest gnomes of Earth," and it will go ill with us if we part the friendly triad. We walk on the dark edge of earth under the midnight stars and they seem remote and cold, shining implacably; little care they for human hungers, hungers of the heart, hungers of the intellect:

"Forever virgin to our sense,
Remote they wane to gaze intense:
Prolong it, and in ruthlessness they smite
The beating heart behind the ball of sight:
Till we conceive their heavens hoar,
Those lights they raise but sparkles frore,
And Earth, our warm-blood Earth, a shuddering prey
To that frigidity of brainless ray."

But is not love the gift of Earth? And is not Earth the member of this stupendous cosmos best known to us? And shall we believe that Earth is the sole throne of Deity? It is the craven part of us that quails before the splendour of the stars. If Earth be known aright as one among the starry fold, faith comes to us—faith grounded in reason—by virtue of which we recognise the presence of her life in them, her law in the law to which they move; yes, and even her love in the heart of these, her sister-planets. And so when night wanes, and morning brings back the sight of our old beloved Earth, we see her, touched, through our sense of this sisterhood to strange and remote worlds, with a new glory:

“Then at new flood of customary morn,
Look at her through her showers,
Her mists, her streaming gold,
A wonder edges the familiar face:
She wears no more that robe of printed hours;
Half strange seems Earth and sweeter than her flowers.”

The reader need not be counselled to let that last perfect line linger in his ear and live in his heart.

The mystery of Earth and of its life, is like that of the enchanted Woods of Westernmain—a terror to those of little insight and little faith, but to one who brings brain and spirit, as harmless as are the gliding waves to a swimmer. Possess in yourself a love of the light, and you shall be enabled by it to read every secret of the darkness, and to know that each secret is good. Doubt or distrust, let greeds and egoistic pride darken the light within you, and you are caught in your own trap; all that was innocent and sweet, all that was grave and ennobling in these Woods of Westernmain become dangerously hostile to you in a moment:—

“Here the snake across your path
Stretches in his golden bath:
Mossey-footed squirrels leap
Soft as winnowing plumes of Sleep:

Each has business of his own;
But should you distrust a tone,
Then beware.

‘Shudder all the haunted roods,
All the eyeballs under hoods
Shroud you in their glare.
Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.”

Mr. Meredith has dared; and he tells us, as his solution of the mystery, and as the truth by which he lives, this—that the Great Mother, in her joy of life, has given us blood and breath not for sensual uses or luxurious ease, but for endless warfare; that her medicinal herb can heal all the wounds of our battle; and that

reading to this effect the spiritual meaning of Earth, he can trust her, not in life alone, but even "down to death."

Yes, "down to death;" for what is a faith but a reed, if it cannot stand its crucial test and extreme trial? In the *Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn* occur some lines which express with incomparable beauty a trust in the good purport of death founded on a knowledge of the good purport of life:—

"And O, green bounteous earth!
Bacchante Mother! stern to those
Who live not in thy heart of mine;
Death shall I shrink from, loving thee
Into the breast that gives the rose
Shall I with shuddering fall—"

But to contemplate our own death with equanimity is not after all difficult for any sane person. There is a trial more cruel to the flesh and spirit than this. No poem of Mr. Meredith's strikes deeper from the coloured surface of things to the hard rock of life, out of which springs water for our needs, than that named *Trial of Faith*. It is the morning of May-day, and before the holiday children appear at the window the writer goes forth and climbs the hill that he may wrestle alone with his fate; for the good companion of his life, she, the pulse of his heart, lies upon her death-bed. All the world is glad, expecting summer; the lark is aloft, and a south wind blows. Memories of her brightness, her sweetness, her Norman birthplace, and the visit to it paid by husband and wife together fill his mind. With heart and brain and soul divided from each other, one thing, and one only, seems to remain with him—the disciplined habit of the observing eye; all the sights of the May morning enter at that sense; yet "this Earth of the beautiful breasts" seems to wear the visage of a hag. Of a sudden an exquisite apparition comes into view; up the spine of the doublecombe, something shining like new-born light—or as a banner victorious over death and despair—the pure wild cherry in bloom:

"I knew it: with her, my own,
Had hailed it pure of the pure;
Our beacon yearly."

There are moments of life quickened by pain or by joy, when we become chords sensitive to every musical touch of Nature. Suddenly, by this sight of the shining tree and the sound of the children's voices at their maying, maternal Earth gains entrance to the sufferer's spirit, and a harmony is re-established between heart and brain and soul, which enables him to think sanely and face his sorrow with manly courage. Not, indeed, that Nature sympathises with our grief, or gives tear for tear; we weep, bleed, writhe, and she is unmoved. Nor, when we question her of the life beyond earth does

she give one sign. Her wheels roll on ; to implore them to pause is the cry of unfaith. To catch at comfort in legends is but an indulgence of our weakness.

“Earth yields not for prayer at her knees ;
The woolly beast bleating will shear.
These are our sensual dreams.”

Nor will she answer those questions that neither sow nor reap. But one thing Earth gives us, and that the one thing needful—harsh wisdom, her medicinal herb. Not through pathetic fallacies about Nature, not through legends—once useful for man’s growth, but now an evil opiate—shall we win such strength as is attainable, but rather through reality and the true reading of the law of life. And what is this law, but the law of growth from sense to spirit through change and through pain, until a warrior’s heart and a reasonable soul are formed within us—

“Mirror of Earth, and guide
To the Holies from sense withheld ” ?

If Reason be once active and armed in us, she will wrestle with that old worm, self ; she will pierce the brute in us ; her light will cleanse the foul recesses of his den ; and through our service to her the well of the sorrows within us may also be cleansed :—

“For a common delight will drain
The rank individual fens
Of a wound refusing to heal
While the old worm slavers its root.”

And so the sufferer, doomed to the loss of his dearest one, can meet his trial with a human heart :—

“I bowed as a leaf in vain,
As a tree when the leaf is shed
To winds in the season at wane :
And when from my soul I said,
‘May the worm be trampled : smite
Sacred Reality !’ power
Filled me to front it aright.
I had come to my faith’s ordeal.”

There are indeed questions which remain unanswered. Is it not enough that we should learn the lesson of our Earth—how through strife and anguish the flesh grows up into the spirit ? And as for spirit, it does not rave about a goal ; it needs not anthropomorphic idols ; it desires neither celestial splendours nor the sleep of annihilation ; it can trust the purpose of Earth ; it uses Earth’s gifts and aspires ; it dreams of something higher than itself, and such dreams—those of Reason “at the ultimate bound of her wit”—are serviceable as an atmosphere and widening horizon for the soul, dreams untouched by the lusts of ease and sensual comfort, dreams of the

blossom of good, which are as a banner unrolled in the air, higher than itself, by Reason as it presses onward to find the Reason higher than itself, which also we name not Reason, but Benevolence. Mr. Meredith's conclusion of the whole matter, in "A Faith or Trial" is expressed more concisely in the closing stanza of his poem *The Question Whither* :

"Then let our trust be firm in good,
Though we be of the fasting ;
Our questions are a mortal brood,
Our work is everlasting.
We children of Benevolence
Are in its being sharers ;
And Whither vainer sounds than Whence,
For word with such wayfarers."

If it be alleged that such cheerful optimism as this is a matter of temperament Mr. Meredith answers "No ; it is a truth of Reason, tested by the test of experience bitter to the flesh, and not found wanting."

To discover the teaching of Mr. Meredith I have had resort chiefly to poems which deal with the interpretation of nature ; but it is obvious that the true meanings of Earth, as Mr. Meredith conceives them, can be read only through humanity viewed as the chief offspring of Earth. The secret of Earth is to be found neither in the solitude of the fields nor in turbid cities ; it is known only to those who pass to and fro between nature and man :

"They hearing History speak, of what men were,
And have become, are wise. The gain is great
In vision and solidity ; it lives.
Yet at a thought of life apart from her,¹
Solidity and vision lose their state,
For Earth, that gives the milk, the spirit gives."

Solidity and vision—these are the needs of a worthy student of life ; solidity, growing from a patient mastery of facts, so that the vision may be other than that of the phantast ; vision, as of a true seer, so that the student may be more than a myopic specialist and mere accumulator of details. The sentimental or pseudo-romantic feeling for nature, which flies to its glooms and grandeurs, or to its pastoral innocences, as a refuge from human society, is, with Mr. Meredith, material for scorn. This is the "bile and buskin attitude" of Byron in his *Manfred* and *Childe Harold* ; and in the duel between Byron—with his dreams of indigestion, his sham misanthropy, his hinted horrors—and "the world of spinsterdom and clergy," there is excellent substance for a comedy. Standing beside the glacier-green Rosanna as it foams and tumbles through its ravine of the Stanzer

(1) Earth.

Thal, Mr. Meredith sees in its eddying rush, its passion, joy, and trouble, an image of London or—shall we say?—of life :—

“Here’s devil take the hindmost too ;
And an amorous wave has a beauty in view ;
And lips of others are kissing the rocks :
Here’s chasing of bubbles, and wooing of rocks.”

To an Arcadian dreamer such fancies must seem a profanation of the sanctity of the spot ; for is it not the naiad’s haunt ? “Most certainly it is,” replies Mr. Meredith, “but what is the present use of your naiad ? If she be useless, she stands condemned by art as no creature of true beauty. Will she fly with the old gods, or join with the new ? Come : let us put the naiad to the test.”

“What say you, if, in this retreat,
While she poises tiptoe on yon granite slab, man,
I introduce her, shy and sweet,
To a short-neck’d, many-caped London cabman ?”

Why not ? A scientific professor would prove that she is a mere foam-bow ; and a nymph on sufferance must not act my Lady Scornful. In other words, if sentiment cannot wed fact, sentiment must vanish as unfit for this century of ours which honours reality. The nymph lacks a soul, which possibly she may get by wedding the wheezy cabman. Bear in mind that it is a little hard on him too ; before he could plunge in the stream he must needs peel off a dozen capes ! Thus, with the hearty animal spirits that come of open-air adventure among Tyrolean heights, Mr. Meredith plays with his grotesque allegory. But the meaning is a serious and sober one ; he would point out the way in which the delicate spirit of solitary places may live and last—by mingling its life with that of humanity. And has it not in truth done so in the impulse and cheer which the poet bears back from the glacier-torrent to his own English home ?

“How often will these long links of foam
Cry to me in my English home,
To nerve me, whenever I hear them bellow,
Like the smack of the hand of a gallant fellow !”

Were ever the gains of holiday travel more gaily recounted ?

“I give them my meaning here, and they
Will give me theirs when far away.
And the snowy points, and the ash-pale peaks,
Will bring a trembling to my cheeks,
The leap of the white-fleck’d, clear light, green
Sudden the length of its course be seen,
As, swift it launches an emerald shoulder,
And, thundering ever of the mountain,
Slaps in sport some giant boulder
And tops it in a silver fountain.”

Hero truly is the Rosanna brought into London, alive and splashing for Piccadilly, if it please.

Those who would make acquaintance with Mr. Meredith's men and women may begin with the novels; and successive editions prove that now they need no advice to act thus wisely. But the men and women of the Poems form an interesting and varied group. The English figures of humble life, figures humorously treated, which are, perhaps, the best known of the group—Juggling Jerry and the Old Chartist—are by no means the most admirable. The humour of these inventions, or the mingled humour and pathos, is somewhat crude and somewhat self-conscious; the moral is needlessly patent through the poem. I should not greatly grieve if the Patriot Engineer—a modern and degenerate Philip Falconbridge—were interned in some obscure portion of the territory of Limoges, Duke of Austria, where the railway system may need extension. But there is not one maid or wedded woman of Mr. Meredith's poems, from the lissome beauty of *Love in the Valley* to Archduchess Anne, grim in her struggle between pride and passion, whom we could willingly forget. Even the "Fair Ladies in Revolt,"—though ladies in revolt are not always fair in aspect or in argument—show an admirable art in piercing masculine sophistries and current platitudes. Almost they persuade me to be laureate-logician of their company, though at the risk of becoming the most

"Fool-flushed old noddie ever crowned with buds."

"I like Mr. Meredith best," says a critic with whom even to err would be still to remain bright and suggestive, "I like Mr. Meredith best in *The Nuptials of Attila*." And in making choice of this masterly piece of narrative Mr. Henley assuredly has not gone astray. The enormous life and movement of the army of the Huns is brought visibly and audibly before us; the turbulent sea of humanity surges in our sight. And our sense of its vastness and its wildness gives us a measure of the power of that short glittering-eyed, thin-bearded, square-chested ruler, who sways to his will this mass of fiery force and passion. And yet there is one stronger than he. Is it Death the conqueror? Or can it be the cold, white girl, his one-night bride, whose fist is no larger than a summer fig:—

"Huddled in the corner dark,
Humped and grinning like a cat,
Teeth for lips!—'tis she! she stares,
Glittering through her bristled hairs.
Rend her! Pierce her to the hilt!"

For a moment longer we see her the central object of wild contention, but now in the calm fit of her insanity, combing her hair, "with quiet paws"; and then in the break up of the vast army

Ildico disappears from view; of her we know no more than of a leaf rolled down the Danube.

The most important document in the study of the human heart which Mr. Meredith has given us in verse is doubtless *Modern Love*. "Praise or blame," wrote Mr. Swinburne, "should be thoughtful, serious, careful, when applied to a work of such subtle strength, such depth of delicate power, such passionate and various beauty" as this. Praise or blame seems each equally needless now; the poem has taken its place; there it is, and there it will remain. The critic's complaint that *Modern Love* deals with a deep and painful subject on which Mr. Meredith has no conviction to express, was a natural outbreak of human infirmity; we all like to have the issues of a difficult case made clear; we all like to have a problem worked out to its solution. But in art, as in life, it is not always good policy to snatch at a near advantage:—

"Oh! if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
Bad is our bargain!"

Sometimes it is more for our good that art should put a question courageously than that it should propose some petty answer to the question. In *Modern Love*, if Mr. Meredith does not prescribe a remedy for the disease of marriage perverted from its true ends—unless that remedy be the general one of more brain, and so more spirit, more righteousness, more beneficence—he at least makes a careful diagnosis of the case. It is something to describe the phases of the malady, and to issue no advertisement of a quack nostrum. And in that silence which precedes one last low cry—"Now kiss me, dear! it may be, now!" does not Mr. Meredith make us feel, with a sense too deep for tears, how Pity pleads for Sin? and is not this something as helpful to us as if he had expressed "a conviction on a painful subject"?

One remarkable poem treats, not of a malady in the individual life, but of a crisis in the life of a nation, and here certainly Mr. Meredith does not fail to express clear and sound convictions. The calamities of France in 1870 called forth two English chaunts of extraordinary poetic beauty and virtue, Whitman's cry of cheer amid the gloom, *O Star of France*, and Mr. Meredith's noble ode, first published in *The Fortnightly Review*. Both poems are inspired by love and grief and hope; but Mr. Meredith, having "convictions to express," does not refrain from words of warning and of counsel. France is honoured by him as the possessor of what he values so highly—"brain;" and being "Mother of Reason" she is trebly cursed, because she not only feels and sees the cruel blow, but perceives that it is the just punishment of her misdeeds. "Inveterate

of brain," let her put her insight to wise uses, and learn from whence true strength proceeds:—

"For Strength she yearns,
For Strength, her idol once, too long her toy.
Lo, Strength is of the plain root-Virtues born:
Strength shall ye gain by service, prove in scorn,
Train by endurance, by devotion shape.
Strength is not won by miracle or rape.
It is the offspring of the modest years,
The gift of sire to son, thro' those firm laws
Which we name Gods; which are the righteous cause,
The cause of man and manhood's ministers."

There is a country nearer to his beloved England than is her neighbour France, to which it were well if like counsel were tendered by Mr. Meredith; and the lines which follow on the priestly blessing of banners flung abroad "in the game of beasts," are perhaps not grown altogether out of date.

Mr. Meredith describes his first volume, the *Poems* of 1851, as "extinct." I have now said my say; but if space permitted I should willingly add a postscript on this rare volume, a copy of which has had what to Mr. Meredith must seem the misfortune to escape from the hands of a distinguished Home Ruler, to whom it was presented by the author, into those of a recreant Irishman, who loves Mother England, and who also cares for the infants of a poetic spring, even "before their buttons are disclosed." The little volume has much in it that is graceful and even beautiful, and when Mr. Meredith superintends a collected edition of his verse, he should follow Wordsworth's example, and admit, as one section, *Poems Written in Youth*. Meanwhile curious readers, who have not had my own good fortune, may learn something about the poet's *Juvenilia*, from Mr. Le Gallienne's study of George Meredith.

To many persons, not long since, Mr. Meredith's novels seemed to be the Woods of Westernmain, dark, obscure, and unfrequented. Like Poliphilus, in the Renaissance allegory, they have now emerged out of the dark wood, and are about to refresh themselves from its waters. But in the magical woodcut of Fra Francesco Colonna's romance, at the moment when he stoops to drink, the attention of Poliphilus is arrested by a wondrously sweet song; with hand already scooped for the water he pauses and looks up. I shall be pleased if this article touches for any reader of Mr. Meredith's novels the nerve of hearing, and awakens his sense to the song of the bird.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE PHYSICAL INSENSIBILITY OF WOMAN.

INCREDIBLE as it may appear, it is, nevertheless, the fact that no real data exist concerning the physical and moral conditions of the female constitution. Searching studies have been made of the Bushmen and of the aboriginal Australian races, but, scientifically speaking, little more is known in relation to the admired, adored, despised and misunderstood gentler half of the human race, than if the Dog Star or the planet Mars were its habitat instead of this our earth.

To take a solitary instance: only a short time since, it was discovered that the notions formed of woman's cranial capacity as compared with man's were erroneous, for the simple reason that in establishing the parallel the difference in the respective weight, height, and size of the male and female bodies had not been taken into account. Upon due allowance being made for these variations, it now appears that the capacity of woman's brain is, relatively, very little, if at all, inferior to the capacity of man's. And so disappears a prevalent error founded upon the grossest of "scientific" blundering; but when one considers that this question of the relative cranial capacity of the sexes was one of those to which most attention had been directed, it may be imagined how much of truth is known concerning other peculiarities of the moral and physical constitution of woman.

Thus, upon the subject of feminine sensibility in general, the most authoritative physiological treatises have virtually nothing to say. At the most, their authors may reiterate the common conjecture that women are much more sensitive than men; an opinion which, up to the present, is not confirmed by scientific research.

I have myself used Weber's *esthesiometer* to measure the power of tact and sensitiveness to pain at the tip of the forefinger in over a hundred women, and I have found that, except in the case of very young girls, whose tactile sensitiveness is exceedingly developed, women's sense of touch is, in general, nearly twice as obtuse as that of men.

The exact figures in millimetres, are for plebeian women, 2.6 mm.; for women of a superior class, 2.0 mm.; while the average for men is only 1.6 mm. This difference will appear even greater when it is considered that, as shown by inquiries made into the subject under any direction at Turin, the sense of tact is more obtuse in persons presenting a degenerative type of physiognomy, and that such cases are much rarer among women than among men.

With regard to the senses of taste and smell, very little difference

between the sexes is discoverable, and, if any exist, it is rather in woman's favour; though even this point is placed in doubt by recent researches.

Passing now to the question of general sensibility, including sensitiveness to pain: by experiments made with the electric algometer it is clearly shown that woman is inferior to man. Among no less than fifty women of the lower classes general sensibility was represented by 90 mm., and sensitiveness to pain by 53 mm.; among an equal number of men of the same condition the figures were respectively 94 mm. and 64 mm. In very young men general sensibility was 95 mm., and sensitiveness to pain 58 mm.; in young girls the figures were 91 and 70 mm.

Thus, judging from results obtained by the algometer women in general are characterized by a marked degree of sensory obtuseness. But should the accuracy of the above figures be doubted (and persons who affect scepticism regarding such results of scientific research are, as I have reason to know, anything but rare), I have sought out still further corroborative data.

From some of the principal surgeons in Europe I have elicited opinions amply confirming me in the above conclusions concerning the manner in which women bear pain during the course of surgical operations effected under the same conditions of age and disease as in the case of an equal number of men. My conclusions are also borne out by a celebrated operation of Dr. Billroth's, who, when he determined upon making his great experiment of the excision of the pylorus, performed it originally upon women, as being less sensitive and better qualified to resist pain.

By Carle I have been informed that the majority of women allow themselves to be operated upon with astonishing insensibility, almost as though the body beneath the surgeon's knife were that of another and not their own. Giordano, too, has assured me that even in the midst of the throes of childbirth, despite their apprehensions, women suffer much less than might be supposed.

One of the most distinguished dentists of Turin, Dr. Martini, writes to tell me he has been surprised to observe in his daily practice that women undergo every variety of dental operation with much more courage and facility than men. And Dr. Mela adds that men swoon under the dentist's hand much more frequently than women.

The inferior sensibility of women has been noted, not only by scientists, but by the people, as shown in some of our old Italian proverbs: "A woman has seven skins"; "A woman has a soul, but a little one"; "A woman never dies." Morally, as well as physically, woman's sensibility would seem different from, if not inferior to, man's; for, as Balzac remarks in *César Birotteau*, women apprehend trouble more keenly than men, but feel it less when it actually

overtakes them. And, no doubt, the inferior degree of sensibility to moral and physical pain is the chief cause of women's greater longevity. The best authorities on this subject inform us that, during the first twenty years of female life, the mortality is slightly greater than with men; but from twenty to fifty the rate of feminine mortality is much less. Thus the average of woman's life is decidedly longer than man's, leaving out of account the fact, not without bearing on the present argument, that the number of suicides among women is smaller than among men. The greater physical frailty of women, and the extra element of danger to life involved in childbirth, being taken into consideration, the fact of the sex's greater average longevity will appear still more striking, and not to be satisfactorily explained otherwise than by the hypothesis of its inferior sensibility. The moral conditions of woman's life, moreover, are, in the majority of cases, distinctly unfavourable. Reduced to subjection by man, frequently maltreated, and often neglected and abandoned, her lot in middle age is often such as might be expected to shorten her period of existence. Affection is the be-all and end-all of woman's life; and this precious gift is, on the whole, but parsimoniously meted out to her; while, again, to her on the one hand, and to man on the other, two weights and two measures are applied, and we see that which in the man is deemed but a venial sin, regarded in the woman as an unpardonable crime.

In woman, undoubtedly, the outward expression of moral, if not physical, pain is much more vehement than in the majority of men. This is hinted by our popular Italian saying: "You weep: you are not a man." Or again: "You are a man, and yet are without dignity in your grief." Feminine self-abandonment in moments of painful emotion is due probably to two causes: firstly, the fact that the female brain is known to have less control than the male brain over reflex or semi-reflex actions; and, secondly, the peculiar nature of woman's early training, owing to which, grace and delicacy are expected to be found in her rather than strength or courage. Sooner or later women rarely fail to learn the all-powerful effect of feminine tears, and often succeed, by dint of much practice, in calling them up almost at will. How many cases have been scientifically observed, in which women had the faculty of passing from smiles to sorrow and of weeping, with every appearance of real grief, from one moment to the next!

According to Dr. Tait, speaking at the congress of the French Surgical Society, in 1891, even the sexual sensibility of woman is not on a par with that of man, this being also the case among all animal species. And does not Dante say:—

" . . . da questo assai ben si comprende
Quanto in femmina fuoco d'amor dura
Se l'occhio o il tatto negro nol riscuote "

Again: may it not be argued that the comparative infrequency of cases of sexual psychopathy in women as compared with men tend to denote inferior sensory irritability? Still further, it may be observed that among all peoples, save perhaps the ancient Germans as described by Tacitus, chastity has been regarded mainly as a feminine virtue. Woman, moreover, appears to accept, with equal facility, the *régime* of polygamy in certain lands and of monogamy in others; and, doubtless, a certain physical obtuseness or indifference is at the root of her readiness to put up, according to circumstances, with either system. Herein, too, may be found a reason why, at all times, and among all races, adultery should have been regarded and been punished as a so much more heinous crime in woman than in man. Love, from a certain point of view, appears a more important factor in the problem of woman's life than man's; but it is, nevertheless, an undoubted fact, that the maternal instinct in woman is far more powerful than the erotic tendency, which is, in a so much greater degree, connected with the physical sensibilities. As a gifted gynecologist once expressed it: "Man loves woman for her sex; woman loves in man the husband and the father."

C. LOMBROSO.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE AND THE REVOLUTION.

A few weeks ago a Russian residing in St. Petersburg—a well-connected man, of wide information, and *not* a revolutionist—wrote to a friend of mine:—"There is a real panic here among my well-to-do friends and acquaintances. They expect by the spring a universal breaking up—chaotic risings, brigandage, arson, robberies, horrors of every description; and they do not believe the Government will be able to preserve order and protect property."

A couple of days after I had seen this letter, I had a visit from a Russian scientific man, who is an authority upon Russian economical questions, and who takes much interest in Russian politics, without allowing it, however, to interfere with his special vocation. In fact, he is rather sceptical as to our chances of obtaining a free government for our country. "Shall we have a revolution soon?" I asked him. To this question he was wont to reply with a shrug of the shoulders. But on this occasion he said quite seriously: "No, I do not expect any revolution in Russia, but I fully expect that, six calendar months hence, the Government will be compelled to make an appeal to the country, and a *zemsky sobor* (national parliament) will be summoned by the Tzar." My friend added that he thought Alexander III. to be a man quite capable of such a step, if only he were convinced of its necessity. I mention this, not because I regard the present Tzar as a very persuadable person, but to show the impartiality of my scientific friend.

Count L. Tolstoi, reviewing the situation in his now famous letter upon the famine ("The Terrible Question"), says that, unless adequate measures are taken, and taken at once, he foresees "death for the starving millions, and for the whole nation the worst of all misfortunes, rage and bitterness among men," which in plain English means rioting, civil war, revolution. As the measures taken were neither timely nor adequate, Count Tolstoi's conditional prognostication becomes a positive one.

Reading the Russian papers—published with all the caution due to the fear of the Censorship; observing the unmistakable revival of all forms of opposition, beginning with that of the Revolutionist and ending with that of the discreet and wary Liberals; and noticing the changed tone of the organs of the Government, one is impressed with the fact that all Russians, without distinction of parties, view the present famine as something more important than passing material sufferings. The fears and apprehensions both of the selfish and the unselfish and the expectation of imminent changes point to the universal conviction that this year's famine means the breaking down

of the whole political system. The same feeling prevails among all foreigners who are interested in Russian affairs—politicians, journalists, and general readers. All expect a revolution in Russia.

Now our countrymen say that the people's voice is God's voice. The unanimity upon this point of all who have given it one moment's thought means that there must be some truth in it.

To fully realise this we must have a correct idea of the extent and character of the calamity. Is it so terrible as the papers represent it? Is it local or general? If local, how far and why must it affect the whole country?

Russia as a corn-producing country is divided into three zones. There is the northern zone, which need not be counted, for it grows only barley, the people living by hunting and fishing. Then comes the middle zone, comprising the most thickly populated central provinces of Muscovy proper, where agriculture is the regular occupation of the people, but does not yield enough to satisfy the needs of the population. Corn is regularly imported to these provinces, the peasants getting from manufacturing industry of every description a considerable, often the chief, part of their income. Finally there is the corn-growing south, including half of European Russia, with a population of about 60 millions, a land of wonderful fertility, the granary of Russia, and, to a considerable extent, of Europe.

Now, it is precisely this region that has been struck with the failure of crops, which is very severe in the seventeen eastern provinces. The calamity, though a partial one geographically, is a truly national one. The failure of crops in the remaining thirty-three provinces of European Russia would not be so disastrous as the present one. The whole economical equilibrium is upset. The masses of the people in the non-agricultural (industrial) regions earn barely enough to buy their additional supply of bread at ordinary prices. Now that prices have risen to about double the average they suffer severely. This is plainly stated in the characteristic report of the Zemstvo, and the governor of the province of Tver, who in November last asked for relief, although the harvest was normal for their province. The case is typical for the rest of industrial Russia.

But the distress in the purely agricultural provinces, which have been directly struck by this calamity, is certainly incomparably greater. The harvest of 1899-90 was a bad one. As early as May and June, *i.e.*, before the present famine declared itself, in seven of these provinces there was already an incipient famine, with its usual accessories—"grass porridge" and "green bread" (made with a mixture of lime-tree leaves, bark, &c.). Since that time not a day has passed without adding some new gloomy detail to the extent and severity of the suffering.

I will not reproduce these harrowing pictures, which are familiar

to every reader of the newspapers. The point which interests us here is: What are the possible political consequences of the disaster? is it likely to bring about a revolution in Russia or not?

This will depend entirely upon the attitude of the masses of the rural population. If there be extensive rioting in the famine-stricken provinces, there will be undoubtedly and unmistakably a great and sweeping revolution in Russia. Not because there is the slightest chance of the insurgents assembling in huge armies, defeating the troops in pitched battles, and taking towns and fortresses as they did a hundred years ago under the leadership of Pugacheff, who became master of most of the territory which is now marked Dark upon the Russian famine maps. With the modern system of armament and rapidity of concentration of troops, there is no chance of another peasants' rebellion of such a stamp. But even partial, comparatively insignificant insurrections will be a death-blow to the present *régime*, because they will transform into revolutionary volcanoes our towns, where for the last twenty years the destructive elements have been accumulating. Our cities, with the two capitals at their head, are honeycombed with disaffection. It is dormant now because large bodies of people do not move as long as there is no chance of victory. Peasant insurrections will give that opportunity, and it will be taken advantage of. All who know something about modern Russia must agree that it will be so. The masses of hungry peasants flocking from all sides into the towns, and the artisans, whose condition in a year of stagnant depression will be as bad as the peasants', will supply the material motor of a great rebellion.

There is the army to protect the throne of the Romanoffs. But it is not a safe instrument in a civil war. During the last twelve years the efforts of the revolutionary party have been centred upon undermining the loyalty of the army. They have succeeded to such an extent that in St. Petersburg, for example, *after the students of the high schools, the army is the class that has yielded the greatest number of men punished for political offences*. There are hundreds of military officers of all grades (the lower ones especially) who are secretly in favour of liberty. When the revolution, from a distant possibility, becomes a living, palpable thing, these hundreds of secret sympathisers with the popular cause will grow to thousands. The common soldiers always follow the officer, and the Russians will be peculiarly disposed to obey the orders of rebellious chiefs; they are mostly of peasant extraction, and remain peasants at heart, no matter what uniform they wear.

c I remember my own experience and that of my friends, when we were spreading revolutionary ideas among the privates of one of the guard regiments. The soldiers showed themselves very attentive when we talked about their special grievances: the robberies and

brutalities practised by the commanders, the hardships of the soldiers' lives. But we were surprised to find that they were much more interested and moved when we passed to the usual "peasants'" topics—the agrarian question, the taxes, the tyranny of the administration, &c. It was evident that they had not severed the moral ties which unite them to the villages from which they come and to which they return after the short period of active service. Such an army cannot be a bulwark against the surging waves of a revolution. Holy Russia is unsafe and unsound politically as well as economically. She is in a state of unstable equilibrium, even as in some of the Swiss valleys enormous rocks are hanging in space and an incautious sound producing a slight vibration of the air is sufficient to bring down an avalanche. As soon as we hear of popular disturbances which take not days but weeks to suppress, we may safely predict a great social cataclysm, bloodshed and convulsions, which will shake the very foundations of the State. A popular revolution is looming in the background. It may come any day if the present crisis is protracted. But is it imminent just now? No, I frankly admit it is not. This year, and probably next year, too, are not likely to bring with them popular disturbances of a serious nature.

There is no exaggeration in the picture of the present famine given by the Russian and English press. The sufferings of the people in the famine-stricken provinces are terrible. Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans would have begun rioting long ago; but in Russia a considerable part of the agricultural population is used to live upon starvation diet during certain months of every year. But there are limits to everything, even to the patience of Russian peasants. Many of our great famines, which took place in the Muscovite period, were accompanied with rioting and disturbances, which, in the present political instability, would be sufficient to sweep away the dynasty. But these famines were far more severe than the present one. Then the price rose, not to 1½ roubles a pud, as nowadays (about 200 per cent.), but to 10, 42, and even 100 roubles a pud, and there was no bread to be had even at that price. The whole population, not only the weaker part of it, was thrown into utter despair, and had nothing to lose or to hope for. Then they cast off all restraints, and fierce rioting began everywhere.

Things will not be allowed to go so far nowadays, for some time at least. Philanthropy and the State are vigilant. Russia has enough telegraphs and railways to render it possible to foresee in time, and prevent wholesale starvation. And it will be prevented as long as the resources and credit of the State are not exhausted. When love would fail, fear will not.

A. Potapenko, the well-known Russian author, in his sketches of the famine-stricken districts, tells a suggestive story. There was

among the members of the Zemstvo he visited an old man, known formerly as one of the most cruel serf-owners, who enjoyed torturing his peasants and actually killed several of them. This was a criminal offence, and he was exiled for several years to Siberia. On returning after the emancipation he showed himself the bitterest enemy of the people, and at the first sitting of the Zemstvo, convened on purpose to discuss the measures for relieving the distress, he made a fiery speech against giving any relief to "these drunkards, robbers, and scoundrels," as he designated the peasants. "At the last sitting," says Potapenko, "as his huge ungainly figure rose upon the platform, people expected to hear a similar outburst of inveterate hatred; but, to the general surprise, he began to speak in favour of prompt and generous relief." "What does it mean?" asked Potapenko of a friend of his, who was the speaker's neighbour. "It means this," said the other: "a month ago the peasants came to ask him for a loan of corn. Of course he refused, and bad words passed between him and the applicants. And the famine in these parts is very severe. There are houses where there is literally nothing, and no prospect of anything. Now, about a week after his violent outburst, his granary took fire, and was saved almost by a miracle. Of course, he must have understood what that meant. Then, again, he once sent his manager with a load of corn to the railway-station; but on the way the cart was waylaid, all the corn was stolen, and the police could discover no trace either of the stolen goods or of the delinquents. These were symptoms of a kind which do not contribute to one's peace of mind. He took fright: worse things might be in store. He understood that it was better to protect himself with the help of public money. You understand now the origin of his philanthropy. . . ."

"I will not say," adds the author, "that this is generally the origin of our philanthropy. Certainly not: all the more that there is as yet no serious reason for fear. Cases of vengeance, violence, plunder, have, it is true, occurred here and there. But they have not been numerous, and the forces of the local police have been sufficient to cope with them. Besides, all such outbursts of the smouldering fire were due to hunger alone—to the natural craving to get some food. With the importation of bread, no matter from what source, everything went on smoothly once again."

Bread surely will be imported, if for no other reason, at any rate, in order to make things "go smoothly," and this will prevent the famine from assuming its most terrible aspect, and will stave off revolution.

But, though warned off in this way to some degree, the blow given to the framework of the State by this year's famine is not rendered the less effective. There is a law of conservation of energy in social life as well as in mechanics, and the very measures which tend to diminish the acuteness of the present crisis result in broadening and

ransom which will crush it. Bankruptcy is substituted for revolution—that is the long and short of it.

Let us put together some items which will show the state of our budget at the close of the current year. The total relief needed to keep (on starvation diet) till next harvest the 30 or 40 millions of destitute peasants is computed at 300 or 400 million roubles—30 or 40 million pounds. Making the largest allowance for private subscription, the share of the State Exchequer cannot possibly be less than 200 million roubles. Of this sum 73 millions are already advanced, and about the same sum is promised for 1892. But more will certainly be squeezed out of the Exchequer. At the same time the shrinking of receipts will be enormous. Upon the direct taxes paid by the peasants there must be a deficit of no less than 30 per cent. By a special order these taxes are not collected in the seventeen famine-stricken provinces, and they would bring in nothing even if no such exemptions were granted.

The taxes are not remitted, but only put off till 1892. But this is a mere fiction; they will certainly not be forthcoming in 1892 any more than in 1891.

The excise upon spirits (bringing in 259 millions yearly) will diminish by at least 30 per cent., because the thirty or forty millions of people who will live upon an allowance of one pound of bread per diem supplied by public charity will not indulge in spirituous drink. Then there are 12 million roubles of additional military expenses, to cover the difference in the price of bread for 880,000 soldiers and of fodder for 200,000 horses.

Besides these direct effects, the agricultural crisis will vastly affect the industry which depends considerably upon the consumption of the peasants. The merchants' committee of Nijni Novgorod fair urged this as a reason for demanding a special relief. It has been refused, but they have undoubtedly suffered, as well as most manufacturers. The agrarian crisis has been complicated with an industrial crisis, each in its turn affecting the Budget. There will be fewer machines, less raw material, less objects of luxury imported. The reduction in the import duties is expected to be 31 million roubles. Then there will be a considerable reduction in the receipts of the railways. There are hundreds of ways in which the general depression will tell upon the finances of the State; and the 260 million roubles of interest upon the public debt, owing to the fall of the Russian rouble, may easily run into 290 or 300 millions. Putting all this together, we may say that this year's famine will cost the Russian Government in round figures no less than 500 million roubles (50 million pounds), the sum which was spent during the Balkan war. But in 1877 the Government borrowed this sum and was not crushed by it.

At that time it was an additional burden, laid upon the shoulders

of a population which was still able to make both ends meet. It is quite different now; the country is exhausted. The present famine is due only in a small degree to climatic conditions. The real cause lay in a total ruin and disablement of the peasantry. This is a fact recognised in Russia by the press, by men of science, and even by the Government. The official report, published in No. 188 of the *Volga Messenger*, says that it has been ascertained that the crisis through which the Volga districts are passing virtually began two years ago, as it was then that the beginning of a considerable diminution was noticed in all the revenues from direct taxes upon the rural population. This decrease was the greatest in the provinces which are now most severely affected by the failure of crops, and which require the most energetic measures for the relief of the distressed population. Thus, in the province of Samara, in 1889, there was a deficit of $\frac{2}{3}$ million roubles in the direct taxes paid by the peasants. In 1890 the deficit increased to 2 millions. In the province of Kazan in 1889 (owing to exceptional energy on the part of the administration) the peasants paid an extra 85,000 roubles to cover the enormous arrears of former years. But next year there was a deficit of over 2 millions. In the province of Nijni Novgorod there was, in 1889, a deficit of 340,000 roubles, and in 1890 a deficit of 869,000. In the province of Simbirsk the respective deficit of the two years was 253,000 and 653,000. In the province of Saratof, the deficit was 22,000 and 377,000 roubles respectively, and so on.

The increase in the arrears in 1890, as compared with 1889, fully corresponds with the gradual falling off of the crops. In the province of Samara the return of crops in 1889 was 48½ million puds; in 1890 it fell to 42; in Kazan from 37 millions it fell to 27; in that of Simbirsk from 38 to 29; in that of Nijni Novgorod from 21 to 15 millions, and so on.

As a matter of fact, the crisis began, not two years ago, but at least eleven, because the year 1880 marks the epoch in which the results of the exhaustion of both land and people began to appear quite clearly.

The Imperial Commission of 1871 established by its extensive investigations the astounding fact that the Russian peasants pay to the State in taxes about 45 per cent. of their total income derived from all sources, agricultural and manufacturing. Though nominally imposed upon property this is no longer a property tax. It is a tax upon labour, differing from serfdom only in form. Out of his six days' work the peasant was bound to give to the State about three days. This was more than any taxpayer could stand. With the insecurity of industrial work and the fluctuations of the harvest, the peasant could not possibly make both ends meet. He contracted debts which absorbed more than the improved quality of free labour could produce. According to the lowest estimates, the peasant has now to work for the State and the money-lenders no less

than four days a week (Slonimsky). Thus the amount of gratuitous labour has increased from 45 to 66 per cent., and only 33 per cent. of his nominal time is left to the peasant for his own maintenance. The peasants were defeated in the hard struggle for existence. There are many and frightful proofs of their gradual impoverishment, such as the diminution of the consumption of bread and the terrible mortality in the rural districts, which in thirteen provinces is higher than that of the towns, and in 1880 reached 62 per thousand.

The provinces which are now distinguished as those where the distress is most severe, occupy a rather conspicuous place in the table of mortality. The highest is observable in that of Orel, where the average mortality reaches the frightful figure of 46·7 per thousand, which is far more than double the average mortality of London. The province of Nijni Novgorod follows, showing a mortality of 46·5; Samara, 44·6; Perm, Simbirsk, Orenburg, Viatka, showing a death-rate between 43 and 46; all exceeding the average mortality for the empire by 3 or 9 per thousand. Holy Russia, with her excellent climate and soil, has the highest death-rate in Europe, 37·3. Only upon the barren rocks of Finland is the death-rate 21·4.

In Russia, the whole burden of the State weighs upon the agricultural population, the peasants. Those of them who depended exclusively upon agriculture were the first to be ruined, although their land was the best in the country, and, indeed, in Europe.

In Russia there is one unmistakable test of the degree of destitution of every district or village; it is the amount of arrears in taxes, for they are collected rod in hand with relentless severity. The provinces heading the list are precisely those which are now the centres of the famine, as, for instance, Samara, with an arrear of 11½ million roubles, Kazan with 7½ million, Nijni Novgorod and Saratof, each with about 2½ million. Simbirsk, Voronej, Tambov, all have millions of arrears, which represent hundreds of thousands of blows of the rod inflicted on the destitute in the vain hope of extorting the payment of their debt.

A destitute peasantry means poor husbandry, and with bad husbandry there is no getting good returns. The average productivity of Russian agriculture is very low: seed excluded, it is 2·9 upon one grain sown, which is about the limit beyond which agriculture is impossible. Our agriculture has now sunk below this limit. The "bad harvests" which are below that average have been distressingly frequent within the last decade. Very often they lead to actual famines. The Volga basin has been most often visited by this scourge. The much-tried middle Volga region, with the province of Samara for its centre, passed in 1873 through a terrible famine,* from which it could never completely recover. Then, after seven years of fluctuating harvests, it was stricken with another famine, that of 1880, which brought it a few degrees lower still. In the

eleven years that followed there were seven bad harvests to four good ones, and in the seven bad years there were two real famines.

The story of other agricultural regions is pretty much the same. Thus the present famine is but the last link in a long series. Russian agriculture and agriculturists began to slide downhill long ago. The general famine of 1880 gave them a blow which accelerated their fall. The famine of 1891 was the *coup de grâce* which hurled them down into the abyss.

The millions spent upon relief will not and are not expected to improve the position. They will simply keep the destitute peasantry alive until next harvest.

And what will that harvest bring? We cannot foresee the atmospheric conditions of the year to come. But we can foresee the harvest, for it depends not upon atmospheric conditions alone. The winter sowing of this year was most unsatisfactory. In the beginning the Government was absorbed in the foolish and criminal attempt to hush up the calamity which had struck one-third of the empire. The sum advanced for seed was about one-third of what was wanted, and part of the corn was eaten by the starving population which received no advance for food. An enormous area of land was left unsown in autumn last. Awakening to the danger, the Government increased sixfold the original advance; but the chance was lost, and the prospects of next harvest have been greatly impaired.

There is more activity displayed in preparing for the spring sowing. Thirty-seven million puds of corn have been promised for the purpose. But only fourteen have been actually purchased, and only one-half of that amount has been transported to the spot. Twenty-three millions are still wanting. But even supposing they should be put at the proper time into the hands of the sower, we shall stumble next spring at sowing-time against another and insuperable obstacle—the want of cattle. Millions of horses have perished from want of fodder, or have been sold in haste by the owners for ridiculously small sums. In Kazan, Tambov, and Samara, the markets were flooded with horses at six or eight shillings a head. Mr. Sharapoff writes in *Novoye Vremya*:—"Simultaneously all over the distressed provinces the conviction spread like wildfire that further struggle was impossible. The selling off of the horses and cattle became a sort of epidemic." It is calculated that in most of the famine-stricken provinces there is now one horse for every ten families.

How will they plough next spring? Much land will remain unclaimed. We shall certainly be within the truth if we compute at a quarter the total area which will remain unsown in the autumn and in the spring, the rest being ploughed badly and sown thinly with weak "famine" seed.

If next year's climatic conditions be unfavourable the result will be appalling. But even the most favourable atmospheric conditions will not prevent the harvest from being below the normal. And so precarious are the economical conditions of Russia, so near the margin of starvation are her people, that a falling off amounting to one-sixth or one-eighth of the normal harvest will be sufficient to perpetuate and intensify the present famine. It must be remembered that the famine which has brought so much suffering upon the whole of Russia is due to a falling off of the harvest, amounting to *one-fifth* only of the normal one. An exactly similar falling off occurred in France in 1888 (see *Lancet*, January 23, p. 215), and was not even noticed by the world at large, for it did not disturb even the surface of the national life, whilst with us it has upset everything.

Now, how can it be expected that, under the circumstances described, next harvest will not show at least an equal falling off? Even a miraculous harvest, which should be above the average, in spite of everything, would merely give the people a short respite. No good harvest—not even two or three—can repair the ravages, and the first unfavourable atmospheric conditions will bring another and still more terrible famine.

Where is the remedy? or are the days of Russia as an agricultural country gone? No, certainly not; they have not yet come. The agricultural prospects of Russia are boundless; she has the most extensive area and the best arable land in Europe. It now yields three times less than the land in Sweden, difference of climate notwithstanding, and five times less than in England, because the thin upper layer of soil, scraped and tossed for generations, has become exhausted. But fresh layers lie below. All the Russians have to do is to plough their land four inches deeper. But, in order to lower the ploughshare these four inches, they must have a revolution—a peaceful one, we heartily wish, but still a revolution—a total upsetting of the present political system.

Only under a free Government will the people obtain access to the knowledge needed for better agriculture; the power of association, which will enable them to carry into practice this knowledge; and the public control, which will secure the proper employment of the vast funds which a free Government will doubtless subtract from military expenditure and put into productive hands.

Only the remoulding of our political system can put an end to the present disgraceful condition of Russia. All Russians understand this and clamour for the change. There has never been such an unanimity in Russian public opinion as to-day. Revolutionists of all shades of opinions have pointed to the convocation of a *Sobor* as the only solution of the present crisis. In Russia the *Zemsky* members of some *Zemstvos* issued a fortnight ago a clandestine pro-

clamation, putting forward the same request and on the same grounds—the incapacity of the autocracy to cope with the difficulty. The Zemstvo of Novgorod has addressed to the Minister a petition in which self-government is indicated as the only force competent to deal with our national problem. The Russian press has stepped forward as the guardian of the public interests, and our leading papers and magazines, such as *The Messenger of Europe*, *Russian Thought*, *Nedelye*, and *Novosti*, have rendered good service to the popular cause. Even the *Moscow Gazette*, following the current, has admitted into its pages articles by Mr. Samarin, which contain an outspoken and unsparing criticism of the incapacity, sluggishness, and double-facedness of those in power.

Count Lev Tolstoi has done what no Russian has ever dared to do before: he has called upon the Government to render an account before the country on the question of popular relief, and Russian society, following the example of the old novelist, has done better than to ask for the right of coming to the assistance of its suffering brethren; it has taken that right in disregard of the Government's prohibition, and the great number of the transgressors compelled the Government to yield. We may say that the whole of the disposable forces of the Russian educated class are now busily engaged in the work of relief, the little attempt in the way of managing public affairs being made *de facto* before being admitted *de jure*.

To satisfy public opinion, which showed utter want of confidence in the officials, the Government appointed a "Special Relief Committee," under the presidency of the Tzarevich. But out of cowardice it refrained from introducing into this committee any man of note or influence, appointing instead the officials who were precisely the persons objected to—the Pobedonostzeffs, the Durnavos, the Pleves. Something more, however, is wanted than the dressing of the same men in another uniform. The system must be changed, and under the treble pressure of public opinion, of the financial difficulties, and of the fear of revolution, the small clique which stands for a government in Russia must yield, and is sure to yield. There may be difficulties to overcome, and struggles to endure, but the end cannot be doubtful.

There is only one thing that may cause confusion and create complications which may retard the natural development of the political metamorphosis—namely, a foreign war. I do not mean that the Russian Government will rush headlong into a war in order to avoid interior difficulties. There is no danger of that. But there is danger of an aggressive war on the part of the only other state in Europe which, in matters of war and peace, also obeys the will of one man. This, however, is too large a subject to be dealt with cursorily, and we have no room to treat of it at length.

S. STEPNIAK.

PRIVATE LIFE IN FRANCE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

V.—THE JEWS.

I.

No, do not say, friend of the Jews in Russia, that the dark ages are not over yet. The dark ages were not intolerant to the Jew. Jews and Christians intermarried;¹ the difference of religion was held no obstacle to friendship; Jews were served by Christian servants; the sick Catholic called in the Jewish doctor; nay, many households faithful to the Church were nourished by preference on Jewish bread and meat. The Christian landlord employed a Jewish steward, and in Spain, as in the South of France, nearly all the land-agents, tax-collectors, and magistrates' clerks were men of Jewish faith and blood. In the Jura the Jews were more than tolerated; a large proportion of the surrounding Catholics had become, if not Jewish, at least Judæisant. It was the custom to eat Jewish bread in Passover-time and to keep the Sabbath. Many church-going parents neglected to baptize their infants.² The people of Lyons thronged to the synagogue to hear the rabbis preach; the Christians of the Comtat-Venaissin observed the Jewish fasts and festivals.³ Even in England, and so late as 1222, the Jewish money-lenders commonly housed their treasure in the parish church for safety against thieves.⁴ It was natural that the Church should seek to defend herself against the progress of Judaism. From 1227 to 1284 six councils were held in order to decide on the separation and humiliation of the Jew.

The means employed by the Councils were in no case very cruel. The Church forbade her children to entrust their little ones to Jewish nurses, or to call in Jewish doctors to attend their sick, lest the specious arguments of Israel should take advantage of the babe and weakling. She forbade the Jew to lend at interest, or rather she refused to the Christian the right to accept a loan at usury; but the fear of poverty and the dread of death were stronger than the Church: the Christian continued to borrow from Shylock in his extremity, and to call in the Jewish rabbi to defy the king of terrors. The clergy were more successful in their plans for isolating the accursed

(1) H. Grätz, *Geschichte der Juden*, vol. viii., p. 11. See also Joseph Simon, *Histoire des Juifs de Nîmes* (Nîmes, 1886).

(2) J. Morey, *Les Juifs en Franche Comté. Revue des Etudes Juives*, t. iv., part i.

(3) A. Berliner, *Persönliche Beziehungen Zwischen Christen und Juden im Mittelalter*.

(4) Grätz, *loc. cit.* p. 22. Account of the Council of Oxford.

people. Gradually, and town by town, the Jews were confined within a certain pale, or Jewry. The laws began to ordain that the Jew should own no land outside his narrow ghetto, and new decrees enforced upon the children of Israel a wheel or patch of bright coloured cloth, sewn upon the breast of their garment, which distinguished at first sight the man or woman with whom, henceforth, the Christian must not dwell in amity.

This was all the Church desired. The interests of Christianity required no bloodshed. The Jews were rich, their wealth attracted the admiration of the simple; but the Church, by confining them within the ghetto and by imposing upon them a humiliating badge, counteracted the danger of their ostentation. The Jews were subtle and brilliant reasoners, whose science and philosophy profoundly impressed the ignorant. Still, by refusing to employ their heretic abilities, by making a bonfire of their specious Talmud, the clergy hoped to condemn their wisdom to sterility. Rome would neither have used the Jews nor yet abused them. She would have let them wither on their stalk, dull, poor, obscure, in their *in pace* of the ghetto. "Look at the poor Jew," she would say, "with his awkward gait, bent shoulders, and furtive glance. Is it not clear that the Almighty has abandoned His chosen people in His anger?" In the eyes of Rome, contempt and ignominy were enough. There was no need to exterminate an enemy so abject.

II.

The Church was moderate, but human nature is extreme. The common people could not understand that they must despise, avoid, but not torment their Jewish neighbour. When the preacher had made clear to them the living horror of the Jewry, the sword leapt of itself from the scabbard, the stone sped from the sling. The Church burned the Talmud; the nations burned the Jew.

So, towards the later middle ages began those unwarrantable persecutions, those massacres, emigrations, enmities, which still continue in the name of Him who brought peace on earth and goodwill to *all* men. The good King Louis, who could not look upon a Jew; the Crusaders, who turned their sacred spears against a helpless enemy, the guest of their country; the ignorant shepherds, who arose in their thousands to massacre the murderers of Christ; all these have left behind them a numerous progeny, who still increase and multiply upon the earth.

The Church, to do her justice, immediately and constantly rebuked these excesses. It was a Pope who defended the Jews against Saint Louis. "Smite the Saracen," wrote Alexander II., "but spare the Jew." When the unhappy people were accused of spread-

ing the contagion of the plague, it was a Pope who interposed in their behalf. "As Jews they are Jews," wrote Clement VI., "but as men they are men;" and he offered the persecuted remnant an asylum in his court at Avignon. Later on, Martin V. formulated the doctrine of the Papacy. "Since the Jews, like other men, are made in the image of God, and since their posterity will be saved one day, let them not be molested in the synagogue, attacked in their laws, punished in their customs, nay, nor driven to the font by force." Such was the doctrine of Rome—the doctrine of the Papacy as distinguished from the Inquisition. And in truth the Jews have never been more liberally treated than in the territories of the Church.

But the Church protested in vain. In 1236 the Crusaders of Saint Louis murdered many thousand Jews in the central provinces of France, and only the avowed protection of Henry III. saved their English brethren from their fate. Alas, a few years later the impulse of persecution was to come from England. In 1275 a certain Dominican of London, one Robert de Reddyng, a great preacher, resolved to convert the rabbis from the mouth of their own scripture; and, to that end, he studied Hebrew and the Talmud. It was he who was converted—the Dominican turned Jew, took the name of Haggai, and married a pretty Jewess. The conversion of Brother Robert was the ruin of Israel in England. So far Edward I. had protected them and stood their friend; but their fortunes had changed. In 1278 the whole Jewish population of England was cast into prison on a charge of coining false money. In 1279 the Jews were accused of having crucified a little boy at Nottingham. This world-old accusation, devised against the early Christians by Roman pagans, misled by the sacred symbols of the Mass, and which to-day serves as an excuse for the massacre of Catholic missionaries in China, has never failed to infuriate a world of fathers and of mothers. The Pope had in vain denied the accusation. "It is erroneous to state that the Jews communicate by means of the heart of a fresh-killed child." He failed to persuade the people. In the summer of 1290 Edward I. decreed a general expulsion of the Jews, and on the 9th of October 13,511 outcasts left English soil in an exile that was to endure until the days of Cromwell.

III.

The fate of the English Jews affected France, for Gascony was English, and in Gascony the children of Israel had abundantly hung up their harp. The Jews of Bordeaux migrated into France, but the persecution which had spread first from France to England, now widened back from England into France again. Already, in 1288,

the stake of Troyes had lit up the cruelty of the Christian, the admirable constancy of Israel. The exodus of the unhappy people was but just begun. In 1306 Philippe le Bel banished all the Jews from France.

Up till that hour, despite fierce intervals of persecution, the Jews had lived in France as in a home, sometimes intolerable, but still beloved, and at worst a shelter. They lived in intermittent peace amid the surrounding populations, possessing fields and houses, not yet herded in a separate clan of pitiless money-getters, odious money-lenders. The councils of the Church had not yet rooted up the strong fibres of human feeling that knit the Christian to his Jewish neighbour. When the edict of the tyrant went forth, many Jews contrived to save a portion of their confiscated property by placing it in the keep of Christian friends. Thus the Jews of Pondremand confided their treasure to the priest of Gray, one Henri Lobbet.¹ By this means the King, who had sacrificed the Jews (as he was to sacrifice the Templars) to his greed of money and his love of gear, was fortunately defrauded of a few sheaves of his harvest. Much, however, remained. An account exists of the Jewish property confiscated to the King at Orleans; the sale of lands and houses belonging to the exiles fetched 33,700 livres, 46 sols, 6 deniers, without counting the price of their jewels, plate, or merchandise.²

The exiled Jews of France were in one respect more fortunate than their descendants are to-day in Russia. The spectacle which we have had before our eyes of shipful after shipful of banished emigrants sailing in vain to Jaffa, to be turned back to the Golden Horn, repulsed from Constantinople to New York, from America to some other inhospitable Christian shore—these saddest of all voyages of the homeless Wandering Jew were far less frequent in the fourteenth century. When the Jews went out of France the princes round about welcomed them with open arms. The Pope bid them to Avignon and Carpentras; the King of Majorca opened the frontiers of Roussillon; the Duke of Burgundy invited them to Franche-Comté; the Duke of Savoy called them to his Alpine cities. And in all these places they took root and flourished. The Jewries of Comtat-Venaissin became famous for their men of science and translators. The Jewish physicians of Savoy and Provence were celebrated through many generations. They were traders in Perpignan. In the cities of Franche-Comté, in Vesoul, Besançon, Trévoux, they were prosperous bankers and pawn-brokers; and the name of the latter city, disfigured by the soft Jewish pronunciation into *Dreyfous*, remains as a frequent surname

(1) J. Morey, *Les Juifs en Franche Comté*, p. 23. See also Depping, *Histoire des Juifs*, p. 29, *et seq.*

(2) Depping, *loc. cit.*

in Israel. In all these places the Jews were welcomed by the people, hard pressed for ready money, and by the Barons, whose manorial revenues were largely increased by the toll which the Jew, in common with other unbaptized castles, paid as he passed along their roads and bridges.

Meanwhile, in France the Jews were sorely pressed. In destroying the Templars, who had in their hands the whole system of the inland revenue, in banishing the Jews, who were the nerve and sinews of finance, Philippe le Bel had well-nigh ruined his country. True, the trading class tried to take possession of the places left empty by the Templar and the Jew. But the burghers were more exacting, more pitiless than the money-lenders they replaced :

“ Car Juifs furent debonnaire,
Trop plus en faisant leur affaires
Que ne le furent ores crestien.”

IV.

In 1315 Louis X. recalled the Jews, with permission to exact a legal usury of twopence in the pound per week ; that is to say, an annual interest of about forty-eight per cent., and with the right of residence in the kingdom during a period of twelve years.

But they returned as aliens and visitors, no longer sons of the soil, no longer Frenchmen living among Frenchmen, owners of pasture and vineyard which should descend to their children after them. Even had not the recent laws forbidden their acquisition of real property, the Jews had seen too clearly the evil of owning house and land, in order on the day of exile to leave them to the King. Hitherto the Jews in France had been men of science, in at least as important a degree as money-lenders. The school of Troyes had produced great theologians and great physicians. Henceforth, forbidden the exercise of their strongest abilities, the Jews accepted their position as nomads, persecuted and fugitive. They centred all their energies on heaping together the greatest possible wealth in the shortest possible time ; wealth never spent, never displayed, but concentrated in a bag of golden coins or subtilized into a letter of change. Uncertain of the morrow, oppressed by tax and impost, they knew that even their scanty privileges were not for their own good : “ plus les Juifs auront de privilèges,” wrote Jean le Bon, “ mieux ils pourront payer la taxe que le roi fait peser sur eux.” In their absorbing pursuit of gold they lost their early culture. How should it be otherwise ? The Church burned their Talmud as a book of magic. All the learned professions—medicine, law, pedagogy—were the property of “ clerks,” and a Jew could not be a clerk. The Jew might not own land. The Jew might not exercise

authority over any Christian. The only trade left to him was pawn-broking and usury, or such small huckstering as the Christian disdained—the selling of old clothes, the hawking of second-hand goods. Out of this misery the Jews perfected that marvel, the Bank. And the bank became their curse. They forgot how to trade in any goods but money; for no other trade was capable of realising so swiftly a portable inheritance easy to carry with them on the day of banishment.

Usury was forbidden to Christians. This spiritual law, although systematically broken by Lombards and Cahorsins, by many burghers, and by some monasteries, was none the less a force compelling the Jews to usury. The Jew might be nothing but a money-lender; the Christian might not be a money-lender; and, as the need of ready money was constant, and the interest paid for it voluntarily high, almost in every village the Jewish pawnbroker appeared—a sudden fortune for the idle! But gradually, alas, he became the execrated possessor of half the cattle, half the ploughs, the clothes, the tools of the parish, gone in pledge for the funds that he advanced so freely. When the Jews were exiled, the Ducal baker of Fondremand complained that he had lost his brass lamp, his pothooks, his flour-bin, his stewpan, his old red coat, and the little calf in his stall, all pawned to the Jews, and confiscated as Jewish property. In every village there were tradesmen or peasants without a farthing in their pockets to pay the king's taxes, who systematically at quarter day pawned to Friend Nathan this old harrow or that old horse in order to raise the necessary sum. Arrangements were frequently made by which, in the case of the pawning of milch cows or breeding stock, the greater portion of the produce was to go to the original owner. No sum was too small, and none too great, for the village money-lender. He lent two sols to the village cobbler, and a thousand pounds to the lord of the manor. If, out of his own pocket, he could not always furnish so large a sum at a moment's notice, he was in league with all the Lombards, Jews, Cahorsins of the country side. In every part of the world he had his correspondents and co-religionaries, to whom his bond was valuable as gold. M. Isidore Loeb, who has published the ledgers for the year 1318,¹ of the firm trading under the name of Hélyot, of Vesoul, enables us to see the vast resources and affiliations of such an establishment. At one moment Andrew the Lombard owed the Jew of Vesoul as much as £1,048 advanced for his affairs. Then the tables turned, and Hélyot was the debtor. . . . Gradually the Jews and Lombards went a step further in the creation of finance: they invented the Letter of Change, which immaterialised their wealth, made it portable, imperceptible, defying the confiscations of the persecutor.

(1) Isidore Loeb, *Deux livres de Commerce au 14^{ème} Siècle*. *Revue des Etudes Juives*, t. iv.

These Jews, with their mortgage on the noble's estates, on the young heir's inheritance, on the farmer's cattle, with the tools and the old clothes of the peasant ticketed on their shelves, were masters of many a trade. They were vintners and wine merchants, for they often bought the standing vintage, or took it as a security; they were cattle dealers, clothiers, carriers, tax-gatherers, as well as pawn-brokers and money-lenders. They travelled on their carrying business into Germany, Flanders, Switzerland, Lorraine. They were men of means and consideration. When Henri of Burgundy used to go to Vesoul, he was wont to take up his residence in the hostel of the Jewish banker, probably the most important burgher of the town. But these rich Jews had not forgotten the day of persecution. They remembered that they were transitory visitors, tolerated only for a term of years. And they were hard and sordid. They made their hay while the sun shone, careless to inspire love or respect in these Christians, who treated them with contempt as outcasts and as enemies, and murdered them upon the first occasion. When they were recalled, they knew very well that it was not out of kindness, but in order that they might found banks and lend sums of money. When they were expelled, it was because the country, grown richer, saw the hatefulness rather than the benefit of their system, and hoped that when they were quit of the Jews, the money would remain.

V.

The peasant who pledged his team and harrow for a sum of money, spent the sum, and hated the lender as the unlawful usurper of his confiscated property. Frequent riots and excesses broke out against the Jews. In 1320 a crowd of shepherds (gathered together to fight the Crusade in Palestine) found in the Mediterranean ports no vessels to convey them to their journey's end. For lack of a few planks they could not reach the Holy Land. In that moment of exasperation, what set alight the fury of these baffled and humiliated peasants? Did some Jew, as has been said, jeer at these discomfited Christians in the public streets? Or was the idea of revenge against the Jew, their oppressor and the murderer of Christ, spontaneously born in those sombre consciences? The shepherds fell upon the Jewry, and slew, and slew, and slew. There was massacre at Toulouse, massacre at Albi, massacre at Agen, right away to the Atlantic coast.

A year later, some slight sickness broke out in the south of France. The peasants declared it was the vengeance of the Jews upon the shepherds. It was the King of the Moors, they said, who had paid the Jews to poison all the Christians; or else it was the Saracens; or perhaps the lepers, who, weary of their miserable existence, had joined with the Jews to put an end to all the hale and sound, in

order to enjoy at last their towns and palaces. On the strength of this fantastic accusation many Jews were burned alive in 1321. Let us remember the fate of those Italian doctors, torn to pieces as secret poisoners during the cholera panics of the nineteenth century, before we exclaim against the ignorant fury of a former day.

This persecution was but the faint forerunner of that which overtook the hapless children of Israel, when, in 1348, the Black Death blew over Europe, and slew the third part of all mankind. In the south of France the Jews were massacred in almost every city. In Strasbourg two thousand Jews were burned alive in their own cemetery. "Tous les Juifs furent massacrés au pays des Vosges," writes the chronicler of Burgundy.¹ Even in Spain (where hitherto the Jews had dwelt "in Paradise," says Grätz), in Italy, in Switzerland, everywhere, the ghettos were sacked and plundered. "From Gibraltar to the Atlantic scarce a Jew," wrote Benjamin of Tudela in the second half of the fourteenth century.²

VI.

These Christian kings and princes, who banished all the Jews from their kingdoms, had not learned as yet how to exist without them. Commerce came to a stand-still for lack of ready money. The Jews, living off nothing in their corner of the ghetto, working hard, planning acutely, adding sou to sou, had been so many reservoirs of ready money in the land. Their savings, fallen into spendthrift hands, were soon dissipated, and nothing remained. Yet there had never been so great a need of their commodity. Throughout Europe the terrible mortality of the Great Plague had been followed by a rise of wages, which, in two years, doubled the prices paid to the surviving labourers and workmen; and in France this crisis was aggravated by the tremendous ransoms exacted by the English from the captives of Crécy and Poitiers. The cry was gold! gold! and there was no gold. The king strove to parry the national disaster by creating a deteriorated currency, intended to answer the same purpose as the paper money of Italy and Argentina. The national credit was not strong enough for this expedient to serve. The result was an illegal premium on gold. The pound *tournois*, whether paid in gold or in the king's falsified silver, was officially of the same value, but the golden *tournois* was practically rated at about fifteen shillings of our money (double its intrinsic value), while the king's silver pound sometimes fell as low as fourpence.³ In vain the Royal edicts commanded the French to take no more than twenty
 * of the new debased shillings in exchange for a good golden pound.

(1) Gollut, quoted by Morey, *op. cit.*

(2) Grätz, viii. 1.

(3) For all this question, the tables of de Wailly (*Variations de la Livre Tournois*) remain the standard authority.

Every shopkeeper had a different price for the man who paid him in the king's silver and the man who paid him in gold. This private illegal currency, although it could not attain its end, which was to restore gold to its intrinsic value, at least attenuated the evils with which the Royal currency threatened private fortunes. But it put an end to trade. No man with a bag of golden sovereigns, earned by his father, would put them into circulation, in exchange for a pile of trumpery medals, which, to-morrow, might be absolutely worthless. All through France, all through Europe, there went up the same cry for the divine yellow metal which had so magically disappeared. All the little princes of Germany and Italy began eagerly to recall their Jewish alchemists. And in France, after Poitiers, one of the first public acts of the Regent Charles was to invite the Jews to come and take up their abode, wheresoever they pleased, in town or village throughout his kingdom.

VII

Thus the Jews returned as welcome guests, almost as masters of the situation, barely eleven years after their cruellest misfortunes. In the spring of 1359 they flowed back into France. If a separate, they were no longer a degraded, community. The study of the Talmud was no longer forbidden, and they were expressly permitted the exercise of the Jewish faith. Their witness was taken in Courts of Law, according to the formula of their own religion. The Jews in France, as in Languedoc, constituted an assembly, governed by a procuror-general of their own religion, who, in his turn, was under the direction of a Christian warden of the privileges of the Jews. This post, held in Languedoc by Robert d'Outreleau, was given in France to a prince of the blood, the Count d'Étampes, a knight of singularly humane and generous disposition. The choice of a warden so gentle of nature, so elevated in rank, and known, moreover, for an intimate companion of the Regent, was a guarantee of the favour accorded to the Jews. When the Dauphin succeeded to the throne as Charles V. this favour was yet more strongly marked. The king corresponded with the Jewish procuror, Manassah, and made him presents of rare Hebrew manuscripts. At the great fairs of Brie and Champagne, where the Jews were wont to gather to mortgage lands and heritages, the Jews had hitherto been unable to receive the moneys due to them, unless they could bring forward a Christian security, and they had lost many of their debts owing to their inability to find such a guarantee. The king ordained that a Jew, if solvent, was as excellent security as a Christian. He guarded

the Jewry no less carefully in its property than in its commerce. Woe to the ill-doer who let himself be tempted by the riches of the ghetto. No class of burghers was so efficiently protected as the money-lenders of the Quartier Saint Antoine. The provost of Paris shared the Jewish proclivities of Charles V. He was accused of keeping Jewish mistresses, and of restoring Jewish children, caught and christened,* to their parents. Throughout the reign we find frequent records of Jews omitting to wear their badge, or *roelle*. The Jews were exempt from all taxes beside their poll-tax and their entrance fee. The happy days of early Christian times appeared to have dawned anew.

But the privileges accorded to the Jews awoke, not tolerance, but jealousy in the breast of the nation. These privileges were not wise. They were all of a nature to force the Jew into the inevitably odious position of a money-lender. It is to the honour of Jewry that, despite the stress of circumstances, there were many men of science in Israel. But the Jew, when he was not a physician or a man of letters, was almost inevitably a usurer. Despite his brilliant natural advantages for trade and administration, the laws debarred him these careers; but the same laws entitled him to demand an interest of fourpence in the pound per week, or 80 per cent. per annum.¹ We have to remind ourselves that in Westminster to-day there are "leaving-shops" where a usury of 120 per cent. is exacted for money advanced on objects left in pawn.² We have to remember the bankrupt condition of the fourteenth-century France, and the great risk incurred by those who lent their money. Such a rate of interest remains iniquitous, and explains the odium attached to those who fattened on it. If 80 per cent. was the extreme, 50 per cent. appears to have been a frequent rate of increase.³ Gradually, and especially in country places, all things that could be pawned went one by one to the counter of the Jew. In 1360 it was found necessary to publish abroad in Languedoc, "that no Christian could pledge his own body to a Jew."⁴

More than once the king was tempted to expel the usurer. In 1364, and again in 1367, lists were drawn up of Jewish property prior to a general expulsion. It was an easy way of gaining a sum of ready money for immediate use, and such a measure would have satisfied a large party in the State. But Charles V. was Charles the

(1) See Siméon Luce, *La France pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans*, p. 166.

(2) See the case of Mrs. Dakin, brought before the Westminster police-court on Sept. 19, 1891.

(3) *Ordonnances des Rois*, t. vi., p. 422. For further details, see Siméon Luce, *Les Juifs sous Charles V.*, in *La France pendant la Guerre de Cent Ans*.

(4) "Et avec ce que aucun Chrestien ne puisse obliger son corps à aucun Juif," quoted by Joseph Simon, *Les Juifs de Nîmes*, p. 35.

Wise. He remembered that every general expulsion of the Jews had been followed by a financial crash. He remembered the condition of his kingdom when he had recalled the infidel bankers; he observed that from 1360 onward, whatever the isolated sufferings of thriftless peasants, the livre had remained stable at its normal value, that commerce and industry were reviving throughout France. He resisted the counsels of those who sought to take advantage of his piety, and, instead of banishing, he renewed the privileges of the Jews.

VIII.

The wrong which the king would not right by a greater wrong, was more excellently redressed by legitimate co-operation. At Salins, in Franche-Comté, in 1363, the burghers and clergy collected a capital of 20,600 golden florins, bringing in an income of 1,500 florins at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. With this they subsidized a Mont de Piété, the first of its kind, where people could pledge their lands and goods without incurring the ruinous charges of Jewish usury. The Mont de Piété of Salins asked only $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in an age when 10 per cent., and even 20 per cent., was accounted moderate interest; yet the multitude of its customers enabled it to flourish. We must not confound the Mont de Piété of Salins with the pawn shops largely subsidized by State, which have succeeded to its name. Its importance can only be compared to that of the Bauerverein of Germany,¹ which, during the last thirty years, has modestly achieved so useful a reform. As in the case of the contemporary association, the society of Salins was not in any degree patronised by the Government. It was the outcome of private enterprise, moved to pity by the sufferings of the peasant. It was a good work, an act of faith and charity directly under the direction of the Church. Its aim was to free the peasant from the usurer, to surround him, as it were, with a potent guild capable of protecting his interests. If the people had been far-seeing, they would have discovered that here was at last a means to do without the Jewish money-lender. And if the Jew had been far-seeing, he would have perceived that henceforth other trades might bring him a fairer profit and less odium.² He would have availed himself of the tolerance of Charles V. to establish himself in commerce. He could have become a dyer or a

(1) See the series of articles published by M. l'Abbé Kannengieser in the *Correspondant*, during the summer of 1891.

(2) See Simon, *op. cit.*, for the poverty of the Jews of Nîmes, where no Jew possessed an income of £10 in 1387; Loeb, for the poverty of the Jews of Carpentras in 1343 and the ensuing decades; Vidal, *op. cit.*, for the poverty of the Jews of Perpignan, forced to borrow money from the Christian population.

spice merchant, as in Italy, where the Lombards outdid him in his peculiar business. By forsaking his usury he might, perchance, have avoided the wrath to come. But the Christian had not learned how to refrain from borrowing, nor the Jew from taking usury.

IX.

Even in the North, the Jews were not exclusively money-lenders. In Languedoc, where the Jews were poor, they were, above all, men of science, doctors, physiologists, and philosophers. At Montpellier they possessed a school as old as the Christian University, and at the university they were entitled to take their medical degrees. The Jewish doctors of Languedoc were very famous. In the beginning of the century, Profatius Judæus, an unconverted Jew, had been rector of the Christian University of Montpellier. "A man of supreme intelligence," wrote Armand de Villeneuve, "first of the professors of our time, whom we deplore to think that we can never meet save in the duration of our present life on earth."¹ The four generations of the Avigdors continued his tradition in his native town. At Carcassonne the great surgeon Dollan Bellan, Jacob of Lunel, and Leo Joseph had their pupils. Béziers and Narbonne were not less famous. The king himself was attended by an unconverted Jew, named Hacquin. Scarce a crowned head in Europe but had his Jew physician: the Pope himself, the Queen of Naples, the King of Castile, the Duke of Savoy, the Duke of Anjou, and many lesser lords and seigneurs. Jewish medicine was easily supreme. While the Christians burned the Jews as factors of the Plague, Israel Caslari's treatise on contagious diseases studied and attempted to combat the infection. Already, in the eleventh century, Raschi had described the effects of pericarditis, had cured a paralysis of the œsophagus by local syringing, had observed a case of loss of voice occasioned by the swelling of the roots of the tongue, and had defined the treatment of malaria.² The Jews were, as a rule, unrivalled in diagnosis, in surgery, and in obstetrics. If they were, as a rule, superstitious in a superstitious age; if they believed that a text of the Talmud written in the form of a lion was an aid to an easy delivery in child-birth, they were, if of good faith, not singular in their century, and perhaps their sceptical temper made them accept any aid which, by reassuring the patient, helped to calm a nervous spasm.

The Jew, learned or unlearned, enjoyed a superstitious respect as a medicine-man. He was a sort of white wizard, bound to cure, and

(1) De Humido radicali. See *Hist. Litt. de France*, t. xxviii., p. 130.

(2) Carmoly, *Histoire des Médecins Juifs*, i., p. 43.

gifted to foretell the future. It was a converted Jewess, "well versed in necromancy," who, attending the sick mother of Bertrand du Guesclin, first foretold the military glory of that hero. In every town the Jewish Rabbi, in every country place the mere village usurer, was considered as, by privilege of race, a skilled physician. "I went to the Jew, Bonjour," says Jeannette, *povre lingère de Paris*, "in order to raise some money. . . . And, as my head ached so badly, I asked him to give me some ointment for it." And, by the same token, she bids him prescribe her a salve for an unhappy love affair.¹ Council after council forbade Christians to employ Jewish skill save in the last extremity; and at Carpentras, in the States of the Church, there were so few non-Jewish physicians, that one Mordecai Sauves was allowed to have his dispensary, not only outside the ghetto, but within the very *Hôtel Dieu*.² Vainly King John forbade the exercise of medicine to Jews who had not taken their due medical degree and submitted themselves to an examination before the seneschals of Beaucaire. To the peasant of Languedoc, every Jew was a doctor.

A strange life that of those numberless young men who came to study medicine at Montpellier! They came from the ghettos of Gascony and Provence, where they had lived a life as different from that of their Christian fellow-students, as if the sands of Syria had lain between them. The Church had at length accomplished her system of the separation of the Jew; in every city the Jewish quarter was a walled and gated town apart.

X.

The ghetto was often a single street, gated at either end, with all the openings to the front, since the windows of the Jewry might not look on any Christian street or square. This street, with its tall dark houses, was always small in proportion to the swiftly increasing population, "*car cette engeance pullule extraordinairement, puisque presque tous se marient dans la plus verte jeunesse.*"³ At Carpentras the Jewry was eighty-eight metres long and contained a little over one hundred and fifty sets of chambers, which held sometimes as many as twelve thousand souls.³ As the population increased, the Jews were obliged to build their habitations higher and still higher. At Carpentras, in the fifteenth century, the Jewry houses were eight stories high, and stood above the town, a sort of citadel, an acropolis of distress and poverty. From these narrow houses the Jews might

(1) See Douët d'Arcey, *Documents Inédits pour le Règne de Charles VI.*, ii., 225.

(2) Loeb, *op. cit.*

(3) Statutes of Carpentras, quoted by Isidore Loeb, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

never issue after sunset, neither on great Church festivals, nor from Wednesday in Holy Week till Easter Sunday. In some ghettos there were no fountains of fresh water, and on such occasions the inhabitants suffered much from thirst.¹

The people in these ghettos, clad in strange high-pointed hats and garments, with a wheel of brilliant colour stitched upon the breast, governed themselves in liberty, under the supreme control of the mayor or viguier of the city, that is to say, in regard to all that concerned the kingdom or the commonwealth, they shared the lot of other citizens, *tanquam veri cives*. But in the private interests of their religion, their education, their civil code and statutes, the Jews of Languedoc were generally free. Those of the States of the Church were exceptionally privileged, and their statutes at Avignon, recently published by M. de Maulde la Clavière, show us the liberties of their subjection.

The Jews of Avignon might acquire lands and houses, although they must inhabit only in the ghetto. There they were ruled by a special council of fifteen, chosen among their own people, who, on the expiry of their powers, named their own successors. This council organised the charity of the community, dealt out alms, received the sick, and provided for the fatherless. It inspected and filled the schools, levying a tax on parents of a certain fortune who did not afford their children at least a fair commercial education. It levied also an income-tax, established according to the declaration of the person taxed, whose fortune was subject to the verification of the council. And it instituted a special tribunal of four Jewish judges, for minor cases where Jews were exclusively concerned; but the clients of this court enjoyed the right of appeal to the common courts of Avignon.²

In this ghetto there were three classes of inhabitants, even as in the town outside; but the population was not divided into knights, burghers, and people, as in the Christian city. The only division between the Jews was the amount of their fortune and the total of their income-tax. The council decided, according to their income, into which *main*, or class, each family was to be valued. The different *mains* had different distinctions, duties, and privileges; for instance, only parents belonging to the first two *mains* could be taxed for neglecting to educate their children.

But the real education of youths, fathers, children alike, was the synagogue—was the discussion of the Talmud. There are no stools, no chairs in the shabby little schola; all round the walls the disputants sit squatting on their heels, but they are quite oblivious of

(1) Isidore Loeb, *loc. cit.*

(2) R. de Maulde, *Les Juifs, dans les Etats Français du Pape. Rev. des Et. Juives*, vol. iv.

squalor and discomfort. They are but ~~the~~ which ~~they~~ have created for a refuge amid the crowded ghetto. What a gleam of thought lights up their faces! How each dissects, interrupts, resumes, discusses, ~~objurgates~~ even listens! It is clearly some sort of trial. What is it that they ask? Was Jehovah justified in drowning the Egyptians during the passage of the Red Sea?

Argument follows argument, subtle, tenuous, unreal. These rabbis, who know on occasion how to lie on the public stake with their children at their knees—these young priests and scholars, ready, with Isaac Cohen, of Troyes, to cry, "I am Cohen. I will make an offering of my body and leap into the flames"—these Jews, all prepared for the possibility of martyrdom, appear strangely unembittered. We might often attend the little synagogue; we should hear scant allusion to the persecutions of the "felone gent." The disputants are above and beyond all that, in their own ideal world. Listen to the aged rabbi who answers the question of the Haggada: "When the children of Israel had passed through the sea, and the great waves closed over the hosts of Pharaoh, the angels of heaven sang aloud for joy. And God said: 'Why do ye sing? Are not all the children of the earth alike my children?' Shame upon your music and shame upon your triumph when my sons are drowning in the rushing waters!"

This Talmud, which was as a second life to the men of the ghetto, was not only a book of philosophy or devotion; it was a reservoir of national life; it was the faithful mirror of the civilisation of Babylon and Judæa, and, at the same time, a magical phantasmagoria of all the wild dreams, the fables, the legends, the scraps of science more or less exact, the reveries, the audacious theories discovered by the Wandering Jew in his endless travels. The Talmud was an encyclopædia, full of many sciences: agriculture, botany, strange natural histories, bizarre geography, geometry, astronomy upside down, physiology, medicine, magic, and the knowledge of the properties of demons. Every generation of Judaism had accumulated its facts and fancies there. Even the Bible itself did not come so close to the daily life of the ghetto as the Talmud and the Mishna. The Bible was a thing eternal, apart, unchanging. The Talmud was a daily companion, living, breathing, contemporary, with a hundred remedies for a hundred needs. Scarce a rabbi of any learning but hoped to contribute a glose or to translate a commentary. Scarce a rabbi of any character but would willingly have died rather than renounce his Talmud, even as the rabbi, Isaac Chastellain, "who studied night and day, eternally occupied with the Thora, an excellent writer of *Thosphoth* and *Plains*, rich with this world's goods,

and possessing many houses and much money," who died, none the less, on the stake at Troyes with his wife, his daughter-in-law, and his two children.¹ A nation persecuted lives through its time of stress rather by its commentaries than by its Scriptures. The Fathers of the Church for the Early Christians, the Sad-der for the Parsis, the Talmud for the Jews, were closer and more personal guides than the Book for which they suffered. In the ghetto the Talmud was a door into the ideal always open. When the Christians burned the Jews they did no enduring harm to Judaism, for martyrdom purifies and strengthens every cause. But when they sequestered every copy of the Talmud that fraud or force could discover, and burned the spiritual bread of a devoted people upon the public square, they committed an irreparable injury, for, by withdrawing its ideal, they debased the population of the ghetto.

XI.

The Jews knew how to resist adversity. Very few quailed before the stake. Their long prosperity under Charles V. was a more insidious trial of their constancy. So long as the Jews were hated and obscure, they lived contently the double life of the ghetto, speaking Hebrew within their walls and French without, having one name for their own people, another for the Gentile; they were but strangers and pilgrims; their real fatherland was within the blackened walls of the narrow synagogue. But new problems confronted the successful Jew. The man who, by his skill in medicine, or by the importance given to him by his wealth, was admitted into the society

(1) See l'Auto da fé de Troyes. ARSÈNE DARMESTETER, *Reliques Scientifiques*, p. 232 :

" En place est amené Rab Isaac Châtelain
Où pour Dieu laissa rentes et maisons tout à plein,
Il se rend au Seigneur. Riche était de tous biens,
Bon auteur de *Théophrast* et bon auteur de *Plains*.

Lorsque la noble femme vit brûler son mari,
Le départ lui fit mal; elle en jeta grand cri :
' Je mourrai de la mort dont mourût mon ami.'
Elle était grosse; aussi grand peine elle souffrit.

Les deux fils sont brûlés, un petit et un grand.
Les plus jeune s'effraie du feu qui lors s'éprend :
' Haro ! je brûle entier ! ' et l'ainé lui apprend :
' Au Paradis tu vas aller : j'ai suis garant.'

La bru qui fut si belle, on vint pour la prêcher :
' Pour te tenir bien chère nous t'offrons écouyer.'
Elle, aussitôt contre eux commença à oracher :
' Je ne laisserai Dieu ; vous pouvez m'écourcher.' "

of Christians and learned to make friends with them, learned also to love the land in which he dwelt. So long as he retained his religion he could never be as one of these; he could owe no duty to his adopted country and have no part in her. He and his children must be eternally wanderers. In 1374, menaced by no persecution, many of the rich Jews of Burgundy went over to the Church and founded several among the great houses of the Duchy.¹ According to the law the fortune of a converted Jew was confiscated to the Crown, defrauded of its poll-tax. But in practice the neophyte was rarely a loser by the transaction. He selected for his godfather some noble lord, whose name was accorded him, and who arranged that the Crown should restore his unbaptised possessions as a gift. Thus we read constantly: "Jehan Marquand, naguères Juif," or "Louis de Harcourt, naguères Juif, and then called Joseph of Vesoul, is converted to Christianity, whereby all lands, goods, debts, heritages, and expectations are confiscated to the Crown. But having compassion on the said Louis de Harcourt, in that for Christ's sake he hath consented to be stript of all, and in order that he may not be reduced to beg his bread, we grant him in free gift all his aforesaid lands, debts, goods, heritages, and expectations."² Such records are tolerably frequent in the documents of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Let us take the case of one Louis de Nice, a Provençal Jew of much ability in medicine. He came to the Court at Chambéry, where the Princes of Savoy piqued themselves on their conversions—Jew, gipsy, Mahomedan, all was fish that came to their net. Throughout the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries they supplied their Alpine cities with a succession of wealthy Jew physicians, newly converted to the faith. In 1355, one Master Palmerius, Court Doctor, was among the fifty richest inhabitants of the Ducal capital; and among the court physicians, 1355—1430, Messrs. Dufour and Rabut have counted no fewer than fifteen unmistakable Jews; the number was probably larger still, for it is difficult to identify converted Jews under an adopted Christian name. No small number of these men of science remained unconverted, to their own great disadvantage. They received less of their sovereign's favour, and their professional fee was lower. Thus at the *accouchement* of Bonne de Berri, in 1383, the converted doctor receives thirty golden florins, but Master Isaac and Master Jacob are diminished by one-third.

Great was the prosperity of the able convert. Thus Louis, godson of the Duke of Savoy, in 1445, received immediately a yearly

(1) Gallut, t. viii., ch. xxvi., page 761; quoted by J. Morey, *Les Juifs en France*, Comte, p. 36.

(2) Douët d'Aroq, *Documents*, t. i., p. 26, for the year 1382.

pension of £60, with the title of Familiar of the Court, and letters recommending him, "his escort and servants, his two horses, his baggage and jewellery, &c." to all the sovereigns of Europe, and bidding them receive him with honour, liberate him from tax or impost, and vend him cheaply whatever he may require. In 1450 we find our neophyte "since some time," *dudum*, director and master of the salt marshes, near Moutiers. The duke presents him with two of the great boilers, valued at five thousand and fifty golden florins, "to encourage him to do better still." In the same year he receives a house on the market-place, between the church and the presbytery, valued at two hundred golden florins. In 1451 he becomes court physician, and receives another house. In 1452, ducal surgeon, exempt from taxes on his estates. In 1454, professor and doctor in arts and medicine. In the same year he marries a lady of noble birth, named Anne. We find him still flourishing in 1466, inventorying the books of the Jews of Chambéry, who were accused of sorcery, infanticide, casting charms, and other crimes.¹

The converted Jews were generally implacable against their race. Whether a true conviction or the desire for worldly advancement were the origin of their change of faith, its chief result was an excessive severity for the religion they had abandoned. It was a converted Jew, Paul de Santa Maria, who incited St. Vincent Ferrer to that great persecution of 1412, which forced a compulsory baptism on thousands of Jews in Spain. Thus, in 1414, it is two converted Jews who visit the ghettos of Savoy to examine and destroy the blasphemies and maledictions of the Talmud. In 1430 another neophyte receives £100 for the same employ. The Jews had no more terrible enemies than their own disobedient children. Already in France, in 1378, it had been found necessary to provide by law against "the denunciations and accusations of the Jewish converts against their ancient co-religionaries; for, since they have no longer any profit of the Jewry, these said converted Jews are for ever accusing the other Jews before the courts of justice of our kingdom, occasioning thereby many molestations, damages, and injuries to the said Jews and Jewesses of the ancient law."² The judges of France were advised to turn a deaf ear to the converted Jew.

These converts may be roughly divided into three classes. There was the man of science, rendered sceptical by much philosophy, to whom all religions were much the same, and who accepted the Christian faith for his own advantage and as the only means of securing for his children a settled home and a lasting heritage in

(1) See *Notes et Documents* of Messrs. Dufour and Rabut on Louis of Nice, in the *Mémoires de la Société Savoisienne d'Histoire et d'Archéologie*, t. xv., for 1875.

(2) *Ordonnances des Rois de France*, vi., p. 340; 9th August, 1378.

their adopted country. A like cause fills the chairs of many a contemporary German university with converts from Israel. Then there was the real convert, the man who had renewed the experience of St. Paul. And lastly, there was the *glorious* proselyte who lived by the font of baptism and enjoyed the credulity of the Christian. Of such was Charlot le Convers, who had been baptised in early youth in Spain, and who, when he had exhausted the boneties of his Hildago godfather, repaired to France, and was again reported with *éclat* in 1390, with the French king for his second godfather. "And all this while the said Charlot has eaten and held commerce with the Jews of Paris, and liveth continually even as he lived before he was baptised."¹

The Registers of the Châtelet afford us a comic little idyll of the baser neophyte. This same Charlot le Convers was employed one night at palm-play, after supper, with a certain Louis de Touraine, otherwise Loys le Convers, in the house of Clémence Hacquenet within the Jewry. They fell to talking of a message to be taken to the Court at Melun.

"Shall I go?" says Louis.

"Nay," says Charlot; "what should such as thou do there? *Thou art not known at court! who would attend to thee?*"

"*I not known!*" cries Loys. "Indeed, I am very well known. I am well accustomed to public speaking, and they would hearken to me far sooner than to thee, my friend. For am I not the godson of Mgr. de Touraine?"

To him Charlot:—

"As little couldst thou against me, as Mgr. de Touraine against the King, *my godfather!*"

"What! Mgr. de Touraine has as good parentage as his Majesty himself!"

"Thou liest. Mgr. de Touraine is a man of straw, a ribald ne'er-do-well; and he would starve did not the king graciously afford him bite and sup."

Thence a brawl as to the merits of the respective royal godfathers.

XII.

Such converts as these did little to assuage the wrath, the jealousy, that the people had laid up against the Jewish money-lenders. The populace hated all those that exacted money from their poverty. They were not more tender to the Jews than to their Christian oppressors. After the death of Charles the Wise, on the 1st of

(1) *Régistres du Châtelet*, t. ii., p. 25, for the year 1391.

March, 1381, the artisans and populace of Paris, having slain the tax-gatherers, having robbed their safes and coffers, broken into the Town Hall, thrown open the prisons of the Châtelet, torn into pieces the charts and registers of the administration, and ransacked the town-houses of the officers of the Fisc, at last bethought them of the Jewry, which they pillaged, and massacred therein many Jews and Jewesses.¹ In vain the Regent attempted to protect the ghetto; in vain he decreed that Jewish pawnbrokers should not be sued for pledges plundered by the insurgents. The Jews were to know little justice and little security in France during the closing years of the fourteenth century. Henceforth every man's hand was against them. The registers and records that remain to us preserve a lingering rancour. . . . It is four young clerks of St. Florentin, headed by a certain Nicolas, who waylay a company of travelling Jews, in 1383, the Wednesday after St. Vincent's Day. "Thinking that the said Jews were going out of the kingdom for some reason of their own," our young men took arms, went to the inn where the travellers lodged in the suburbs, fell on them, led them outside the town walls, and robbed them of four silver pounds, a gold clasp-ring, and a silver seal, which appears to have been all their riches. Disappointed at so small a booty, our four clerks belaboured the Jewish travellers, "but only with their hands," threw them in the mud and threatened them with worse, saying that, under payment of twelve pounds they would not let them go. The Jews, however, did not, perhaps could not, pay their ransom, but managed to escape to the town of Troyes, whither they were bent, and whither also, as it happened, Master Nicolas directed his steps "*paisiblement, sans penser nul mal ni vilenie.*" Yet the Jews had the audacity to cite him before the courts of Troyes for robbery and assault on the highway. Nicolas, surprised by the summons and doubting of the law, fled the city and appealed to the king for a remission which, naturally, he obtained.²

A little later it was an old Jewish woman who, in the hour of proscription, was obliged, in spite of her great age, to leave her home at Melun and make for the frontier. She was to join certain of her people at Sens. But she did not know the way, and perhaps she did not know how to ride. So having laden a packhorse with all her valuables, she mounted pillion behind a certain Guyot Rousseau, of Pertes, whom she had hired to guide her through the forest. But when they were in the thick of that deep forest of Fontainebleau, whence I pen these lines, Guyot Rousseau turned round suddenly, murdered the old Jewess, and stole her gear, "And I did not think," said he, "to do so much harm as if she had been a Christian, and also

(1) *Ordonnances*, t. vi., p. 685.

(2) *Documents Inédits de Douet d'Arcq*, t. i., p. 43.

I minded me how it was the Jews who had rid me of well-nigh all I owned under the sun." Guyot Rousseau also obtained a letter of remission.¹

These straws suffice to show the direction of the wind. On the 17th September, 1394, the whole of the Jewish population of France went out again into exile. All those staunch and honourable men and women who had resisted an immeasurable temptation in order to keep faith with the God of their fathers, were for ever lost to the country which had so inhospitably harboured them awhile. But Charlot de Convers, Louis de Touraine, Louis de Harcourt, Pierre de Thouars, Amédée de Chambéry, and all their kith and kin, remained in France, because French, and left their seed behind them. In the fourteenth century it was still impossible for the Jew to combine any terrestrial patriotism with his religion. Every good Hebrew was a wandering Jew: only the weak of heart could settle and take root. It was left for the French Revolution, it was left in England for the Parliament of Queen Victoria, by conferring equal rights of citizenship upon the Hebrew population, to raise up a race of men and women, inalienably attached to the soil from which they spring, which has contributed in so immense a measure to the wealth, to the beneficence of England, to the learning and the honour of the French.

Would that the lesson we have learned might profit to our brothers in the East.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.
(Madame James Darmesteter.)

(1) *Ménagier de Paris*, t. i., p. 68; note, *Lettre de Rémission*.

THOUGHTS OF A HUMAN AUTOMATON.

"When shall we rest upon the thing itself,
Not on its semblance? Soul—too weak, forsooth,
To cope with fact—wants fiction everywhere!
Mine tires of falsehood—truth at any cost!"

Ferishtah's Fancies.

I AM an automaton—a puppet dangling on my distinctive wire, which Fate holds with an unrelaxing grip. I am not different, nor do I feel differently, from my fellow-men, but my eyes refuse to blink away the truth, which is, that I am an automatic machine, a piece of clockwork wound up to go for an allotted time, smoothly or otherwise, as the efficiency of the machinery may determine. Free-will is a myth invented by man to satisfy his emotions, not his reason. I feel as if I were free, as if I were responsible for my thoughts and actions, just as a person under the influence of hypnotism believes he is free to do as he pleases. But he is not; nor am I. If it was once possible for a rational being to question this fact, the discoveries of Darwin must have set his doubts at rest.

The first outburst of fury and ridicule, not unmingled with fear, consequent upon the enunciation of the evolutionary theory, has long spent its force, and the current of reaction is shooting the earthen pot of religion and the iron pot of science down the stream of time in perilous proximity. The great dignitaries of the Church, fully alive to her danger, are endeavouring in divers ways to avert the inevitable catastrophe, and have set to work to buttress the tottering edifice of Christian dogma with the pillars of science, or rather they are engaged in plastering the walls with dynamite to prevent the building from being blown up. One of these ecclesiastical luminaries, fearing his Divinity may be accused of lagging behind the times, opines that He must have set an "original impress" on matter, whence creation was evolved through countless æons of development. An "original impress" doubtless sounds more dignified than the cosmogony laid down in Genesis, which exposes the Deity to Heine's irreverent taunt—"It is perfectly evident He must have created the world in six days—so much still remains to be done." Another luminary, on the other hand, less skilful in the art of wresting the weapon from the grasp of the adversary, contents himself with feeling aggrieved that his adored Deity should have been "defecated to a pure transparency;" while a third, rashly anticipating the time when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, has coupled the "Christian" with the "Agnostic." A fourth, belonging to the Conservative faith, boldly

created a new sense, the "illative," whereby the Supreme Being is alleged to make known his existence. It is clear that in the art of creation the Deity has still much to learn.

There is a quite pathetic anxiety on the part of all our worthy ecclesiastics to make every allowance for science, to court its investigations into biblical and theological questions, and then to pronounce it diabolical if the result does not accord with their convictions. There have been a few noteworthy exceptions. Archbishop Magee, whose recent death deprived the Anglican party of all its common sense at a blow, showed a most praiseworthy desire to be reasonable on one or two occasions. He went so far as to admit that the principles of Christianity were not applicable to the state but only to the individual. How the Christian doctrine could be applicable to the individual, while he admitted its inapplicability to an aggregation of individuals, he omitted to explain. Miracles, too, have been abandoned, and a professed belief in them is not now, if I am rightly informed, an indispensable article in the episcopal equipment.

This policy on the part of our Church dignitaries is materially contributing to the downfall of religious belief. Not that I see any reason for deploring the natural decay of a belief which has served its useful purpose in the world's history. I merely wish to point out that the Church is not decaying gracefully. Our present sympathy with France and our admiration for her literature have also made for the disintegration of the religious empire. Never was there a less religious and less moral literature than that of contemporary France. At no time in history, however, has the Gaul manifested that morbid love of the useful which has long made a moral of some kind absolutely needful for the Briton.

Thanks then to the mistaken policy of the Church, and thanks to the dissemination of French ideas and of popular scientific manuals and lectures, the materialistic school of thought is every day strengthening its hold upon the common sense of conservative Britain. The scientific movement progresses slowly, indeed, but it must be borne in mind that its seed is sown on a stony soil. For intellectual man is not unlike a mummy. When the bands of tradition, superstition, ignorance, and indolence have been unwound, the body exposed to view is found to be petrified by the accumulated action of centuries.

No doubt it ruffles the pride of the lord of creation, who has been accustomed to set himself on a pedestal apart from the rest of the world, to be asked to descend from his imaginary elevation and to join the ranks of the other animals. With the body of a refined ape and some of the primitive instincts of the tiger, he is most anxious to be recognised as a supernatural God-created being. Man

is willing to allow that animals may be automata, but is roused to the highest pitch of indignation if the arguments he applies to them are also applied to himself. He learns that he possesses no member and no part of his body peculiar to his species—he propagates his kind after the manner of animals, he nourishes himself on the corpses of other animals, he lives and dies like an animal—in fine, although the very faculty on which he is content to rest his claim to distinction from the animals demonstrates the distinction to be chimerical, his swollen self-opinion struggles hard to erect a barrier against the prospect of a common doom.

And yet it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that we are nothing else than irresponsible automata, whose actions and thought are predetermined to the minutest detail. Is not the whole history of science one long endeavour to prove the external world to be a huge automatic machine? If not, what is the meaning of the words "law of nature"? A law of nature which is not immutable is no law. And are we to believe that, while the rest of nature moves in accordance with immutable laws, which science takes so much labour and pride in discovering, man alone, a small, moving aggregate of molecules, rarely elevated more than six feet above the surface of one of the smaller planets of one of countless solar systems—are we to believe that he alone is not subjected to the laws that regulate the remainder of the universe? Even man's self-esteem will scarcely demand a system of divine legislation framed for his especial benefit. The act of volition is often speciously urged in refutation of the Determinist position. But the will, which is analysable into the greater pleasure attending a particular course of action over its alternatives, is itself an inherited want or desire in the direction of that action.

It follows that each life, no less than the planet on which it exists, has its orbit determined for it by nature. I will take an instance for the sake of clearness. Every human being at birth is found to possess the rudiments of certain distinguishing mental and physical qualities, which must either have been transmitted by inheritance, or have been conferred on him by the grace of a Supreme Being. The question then resolves itself into the weighing of probabilities. On the one hand the law of heredity, taken entirely by itself, affords every explanation of the observed phenomena. On the other hand, the existence of a Supreme Being has first to be proved—a task of some difficulty—and after convincing proof has been adduced, the likelihood of his quite unnecessary personal interference at the birth of every child remains to be ascertained. But the very existence of a world, which never had a beginning, nor will ever have an ending—in which death merely constitutes a variation of the omnipresent

life—renders nugatory the hypothesis of a Creator. For the world itself is eternal life.

The probabilities, then, favour the supposition that a human being at birth is possessed of mental and physical qualities determined by heredity. And what does our life represent? The development of those mental and physical qualities, and their modification by environment; that is to say, by the differentiating elements introduced by race, country, education, associates, and so forth, all of which can be traced back to heredity.

There is thus no single action and no single thought of a human being which could not conceivably be predicted from a perfect knowledge of hereditary conditions. Character is fate. Once and for all the word "chance" is eliminated from the scientific vocabulary. An "accident" is a mere figure of speech; "it happens" is a phrase scientifically impossible.

But Determinism, although it reduces the human species, together with all existing things, to a state of automatism, to mere machinery, has nothing in common with the capricious fatalism of the Mohammedan, of the Russian, or the Calvinist. It possesses scientific certitude; it never deviates in any one's favour or to anyone's prejudice. It is a creed whose disciples never waver and never doubt, for it is built upon infrangible scientific truth. Determinism is greater than all religions, for it includes them all, as the beautiful includes the good.

Religion is a form of intellectual measles, an illness through which nations and individuals have to pass in their childhood; if they catch it in later years, it becomes a disease fraught with danger. Like adversity, religion has its uses—I should say, has had them. And what are they? Firstly, it is believed to serve as a guide to conduct. But the imperfect truth of religion, as will be seen, gravely detracts from its ethical utility. Its second value is supposed to lie in the domain of psychiatry. But religion not being based upon science, that is, upon complete truth (so far as it can be at present ascertained), the contemplative mind soon conceives doubts which, though they may be partially laid, cannot fail to be a perennial source of disquietude, whereby the consolatory efficacy of religion is irremediably impaired. Determinism, based as it is on scientific truth, gains an easy victory over the faulty ethics and the dubious illusions of religion. Contrast it, in a few points, with some of the main features of the Christian religion, which may be taken as representative of the highest religious thought of the most civilised nations. I have no desire to contrast invidiously the teaching of Christ with the ethical principles derivable from the doctrine of Epicurus. Every allowance must be made for Christ's absolute ignorance of science, an ignorance due to the narrow-minded

bigotry which informed the contemporary system of education. Nor should I venture for a moment to estimate comparatively the influence on the human race of these two mighty personalities. I desire only to contrast a few main points, in order to exhibit the inferiority of the Jewish philosopher so far as the universality of his ethics is concerned. His noble passions, his tenderness of heart, his overflowing sympathy carried him into an excess of love (amounting to prejudice) for the meek and the weak. In his passively feminine soul emotion triumphed over reason, and herein was the source of his power: for emotion appeals to women and undeveloped men—the vast majority of mankind.

Hence it comes that Christ blesses the poor both in spirit and in purse, and endeavours to comfort them for their misfortunes in this world by a promise of cakes and ale in a hypothetical hereafter—a Barmecide feast, the prospect of which has been largely instrumental in subduing the lower classes of society to a state of lethargical resignation, and in converting them to mere beasts of burden for their superiors to ride to death. Simultaneously with this glorification of the poor, Christ is never weary of denouncing the rich and the powerful, whom he attacks in the most fanatical and unreasoning terms, and threatens with an eternity of barbarous suffering in a fantastic hell. The Determinist doctrine, on the other hand, neither extols the poor nor denounces the rich; it acknowledges the disparity of social rank and power as an inevitable outcome of human inequality. Rich and poor alike have an equal claim to pity and mercy; their vices and their virtues, their social elevation or degradation, are not within their control, and in the end it may be that neither rich nor poor can boast the happier life. Christianity is far too exclusively the religion of the poor and meek, and puts a premium on unfitness. But it is true that the man who is endowed with strong physical powers and mental force has no more right to plume himself on their possession, as if they were acquirements due to his voluntary energy and perseverance, than need the man, to whose lot has fallen physical and mental poverty, be ashamed of his misfortune as if he had had the option by voluntary effort of becoming a Hercules or a Solomon. "Pride" and "shame," "vice" and "virtue," are meaningless words—mere labels. "Vice" is an object of pity, toleration, and mercy, not of loathing and hatred; nobody is able to control his desires and passions beyond the limit of his nature. Sin is a misfortune, not an act of wilful transgression. The possession of "virtue" confers no merit on the possessor. It is a valuable and useful quality implying self-command and soundness of instinct: but the "virtuous" man, within the limits of virtue as understood at the present time, appears in general to regard himself as the creator of his own character, and is often distinguished by

the cruelty and intolerance of his judgments upon his "weaker" brethren.

I have not space to traverse in detail the points in which the doctrines of Christianity, where founded on partial truths, are manifestly at fault for want of the scientific basis on which Determinism rests. The reader of the New Testament may be left to discover the deficiencies for himself.

In many respects the scientific faith runs counter to the most cherished beliefs and traditions. In the matter of education, for instance, seeing that all mental and physical characteristics are transmitted by heredity, and that they first appear in the form of rudimentary tendencies, their right moulding during the early years of life in harmony with individual idiosyncrasy becomes the most serious and vital of duties. When the body and mind are still in their pliant years, inherited tendencies may be modified to some degree for good or for evil. The triumph or the wreck of a whole career may turn upon education and the efficiency of the educator.

Religion must be entirely excluded from the curriculum. It is unscientific and therefore unnecessary, except perhaps so far as it serves as a *memoria technica* for a few imperfect ethical principles. These are, however, so deeply imbedded in the stratum of fiction that the compound is in all likelihood rather injurious than beneficial to the youthful mind. "But," cries the horror-stricken British family father, "what will then become of morality? Everybody will be robbing and murdering and " . . . In fact, he describes an impending reign of terror. It is the old prejudice: without religion no morality. And what, pray, has religion to do with morality? What is morality? Morality consists in the first principles of conduct deduced from a certain conception of life. The religious conception of life is scientifically untenable and false, and the first principles of religious morality are impaired in proportion to that falsity.

All honour to the ancient Chinese. Religion was not one of their vices. The teaching of religion in England, as a part of the school course, has done more harm among the rising generation than can easily be estimated. For when the growing mind begins to reason and in consequence to discard religious belief, it is apt to reject at the same time the morality which the Church has so intimately and exclusively bound up with that belief. So great is the evil of basing morality on religion.

There is no function invested with greater national responsibility than that of the priest of youth. Nor can it be said that England has no sense of his vital importance. It is only necessary to trace the career of the average middle-class pedagogue to show how admirably the institutions of this country equip him for his arduous task. Let us particularize, and assume him to be a student of the classics. Every-

one will admit that the incomplete mastery of two dead languages is of the utmost value in practical work-a-day life. Our student, after the expenditure of much ink, acquires a certain capacity for rendering untranslatable English prose into unintelligible Greek and Latin—or perchance attains to a happy knack of phrase-twisting which enables him, in connivance with a Gradus, to turn out a certain number of defective verses within a given time. He becomes perfunctorily acquainted with the history of Italy and Greece; he has a dim idea that since the days of Rome and Athens other peoples besides the English have existed, and presently, with a superficial knowledge of mathematics, and, in exceptional cases, with a thin varnish of foreign languages and science, he is one day despatched by exultant parents to a university where we will suppose he gains a scholarship. Should he deem it worth his while so far to exhaust his energies as to work some six hours a day, he is promoted to the rank of a don, and delivers lectures on the classics with the aid of the latest German commentaries.

But suppose, on the other hand, the result of the final examination does not entitle our student to aspire to so lofty an eminence. He must then select some profession. The services are as distasteful to him (we will assume) as chapel services, without taking expense into consideration. Should he enter the Church? His conscience is still too tender to permit him to sacrifice his scruples to expediency. The bait is tempting—a good position in society, and congenial work. But his queasy stomach rejects the hypocrisy of subscribing his name to thirty-nine articles, none of which he believes to be literally true, although the example of his less conscientious fellows invites him to put upon them whatever interpretation may save him from deliberate perjury. The bar?—a pleasant way of doing nothing in the hope that good may come. Not to be dreamt of. There remains yet a last straw at which the poor man clutches. Get a mastership in some good school, say his advisers: a fair income and, moreover, a vacation await you. The tempting prospect overcomes his better judgment, and he is straightway pitchforked into a tutorial position. His knowledge of the art of teaching, it is true, is somewhat meagre. He has faint (or vivid) recollections of being caned in his schooldays, but as to the existence of any theory or art in connection with the administration of corporal punishment or of education in general, he is as ignorant as his future victims. He presently looks upon teaching as an unpleasant necessity, and his great object is to get through his work with all possible celerity. It is needless to add that the pupils derive great benefit from a teacher of this description.

And yet I am paradoxical enough to think our system of education is not the best in the world. I even venture to imagine that it is villainously bad. I confess to a prejudice in favour of an educator

who knows how to educate. The ideal pedagogue appears to me in the light of a veritable philosopher, thoroughly conversant with the theory and practice of tuition, uniting a knowledge of psychology, the instincts and keen observation of the scientist with the love and sympathy of an intimate friend.

The immense, the incalculable importance of the part that education should also play in the mitigation of criminal tendencies and even in the prevention of crime cannot be too insistently urged.

What is crime? A crime is an action threatened by the law with punishment, says Kant; and freedom of action or free-will is a legally necessary condition of crime. But the law of heredity conclusively demonstrates that free-will and freedom of action stand in the category of lively imaginings. Therefore crime, as the law understands it, is non-existent, since no imputability can be recognised when a man is not responsible for his actions. Therefore the law is not justified in inflicting punishment. And it is a fact worthy of remark that the law partially admits that her right to punish is open to question. For it is well known that the plea of youth up to a certain age is sufficient to exclude culpability; that is to say, although a very young man cannot be held accountable for his actions and is sent, perhaps, to a reformatory, the adult man, who is only a maturer development of the youth, is held to acquire in some mysterious way, by the mere act of growth, an imputability he did not originally possess, and is imprisoned or hanged, as the case may seem to require.

What then is a criminal? An unfortunate being, the victim of an omission of duty on the part of the community, a man whose inherited tendencies are opposed to the natural laws of human society, and who is therefore a noxious and dangerous element in the social compound.

No community, however, can equitably inflict punishment for its own omissions and transgressions; firstly, in permitting the mentally and physically unsound to propagate their kind, whereby men are brought into the world, whether they will it or no, foredoomed to vice and crime; and secondly, in tolerating the glaring deficiencies of the educational system, whereby the opportunity of moulding the hereditarily vitiated organism in the direction of its better nature has been neglected at the most critical period of life. Society must seek, by scientific measures, to repair its errors, due to ignorance of scientific principles. The criminal or psychopath must be regarded as a man afflicted with hereditary mental disease or abnormality.

The healing of the suffering mind is at last beginning to attract the attention of medical science, which has too long devoted all its efforts to the healing of the suffering body. The cure of the mind

and the preservation of its healthy condition have been left almost entirely to the sweet will of individual fancy. Only where the condition of the mind has seriously affected that of the body have the mental faculties received any special consideration from medical men. It will be interesting to mark the more restricted or extended use of hypnotism as an agent in mental pathology.

"Criminals," so called, may be divided into two classes—the "curable" and the "incurable." The Determinist's conception of crime necessitates a new terminology, and I use these terms to express the idea that the treatment of "criminals" has passed from the phase of punishment for a wilful offence to the phase of remedial measures for the cure of a mental disorder.

I will assume, for the sake of illustration, that a man has been convicted of some offence against the natural laws of human society. The "patient," or "psychopath," is then removed to a reformatory, modelled perhaps on the type of the Elmira Reformatory in the State of New York, and examined by the medical specialist of the establishment with a view to ascertaining the best course of treatment.¹ When this point has been settled, the education of his physical and mental faculties is commenced on scientific principles, his physical condition being regarded as equally important with his intellectual. The question of his having been allowed to come into being at all must necessarily be waived; and the fact of his existence being accepted, the deficiencies of his education remain to be made good. He accordingly receives instruction tending to the healthy development of his innate and acquired capacities; and the restriction of his freedom is proportionate to his progress. Above all the patient attends a course of practical ethics. He is taught to recognise the fact that self-interest, the motive-power of all human action, dictates an upright and honest life as the surest means of attaining to the highest happiness this, the only world affords.

Should a long course of educational treatment prove unavailing, or should the "patient," after being released from control, relapse irrevocably, he must be regarded as "incurable." Two courses are then open to the community. Either he must be killed as a dangerous wild beast, or he must be confined for life and prevented from propagating his species, as an unfortunate being with hopelessly perverted hereditary tendencies.

To kill him, it is evident, would be a most unjust and arbitrary act. It would mean killing him because he was not born of different parents, and because society had permitted his parents, in spite of organic constitutional defects, to reproduce their kind.

(1) Many interesting particulars about the Elmira Reformatory will be found in the *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Prison and Reformatory System of Ontario*. Printed by order of the Legislative Assembly, Toronto, 1891.

The other alternative is confinement for life. But science does not stop here—science bids his fellow-men, in their own interests, prevent the unhappy maniac by surgical¹ operation from vitiating with his progeny the already vitiated human race. If this idea appears at first sight extravagant, the history of the Jukes family—an example of the generation of a whole criminal tribe from a depraved woman of that name—may serve to restore my credit as a reasonable being. It is unfair to posterity, for whose existence the present generation is accountable, that any means which modern science suggests should be neglected to purge the unhealth of mankind. In the ultimate analysis, it is the problem of the sexual relations that lies at the root of our social troubles. How far the evil calls for state interference, and how far the creation of a strong public opinion may assist towards a solution of this most pressing question, is not easy to decide. But the imperative necessity of introducing order into our educational chaos must be again insisted on. The healthy mind in the healthy body shrinks instinctively from an unsound union, even as the healthy man experiences a feeling, half pity, half aversion, when brought in contact with disease. Give the poorer classes, who are so vehemently abused for their fertility, and, in general, for not practising all the virtues which their superiors neglect, physical and mental training of the best—for they are daily subjected to the malign influences of hereditary deterioration intensified by degrading environments—give them intellectual interests in life—give them a fair start, instead of cruelly adding to their preliminary disadvantages—give them prospects of rising and of improving their condition—in fine, raise their standard of comfort, and they will not long merit the reproach of incontinent procreation. In the upper classes, although more care is exercised in the regulation of sexual unions, many precautions yet remain to be taken. A false modesty is paraded where marriage is concerned. Surely when one considers the possible fate of children brought recklessly into the world against their will, the point of delicacy is a little strained and irrelevant. Marriage should be barred by state restriction in cases where mental and bodily diseases of a serious nature are likely to be transmitted to the next generation. In every case, the law, or social custom should enforce the production of a medical certificate as to fitness. A number of worthy people will be startled out of their wits at the bare suggestion of such proceedings, but science and reason are in the end far kinder than sentiment and emotion. And further, the modern state already partially recognises its duty in this respect by forbidding the marriage of children and lunatics. Is it not absurd when we have it in our power to limit the possibility of disease and crime to be horrified at the idea of doing so? Is it

(1) A measure, I believe, strongly advocated by Signor Garofalo.

really preferable to see the crime committed, and then vainly to seek a remedy? Surely the only rational method is the prophylactic.

So much for the "incurable" psychopath. I will now turn my attention for a few moments to his "curable" brother. He also undergoes a term of special treatment in the psychiatric asylum, where the deficiencies of his education are made good, and a course of practical ethics, combined with physical discipline, help to restore his moral equilibrium. He may then, probably, be again trusted to himself in the outer world, with little likelihood of relapse. He will start afresh in life, without the slightest stigma being attached to his name. His friends will congratulate him as a convalescent. But such methods are not yet dreamt of in our philosophy, which has not yet emerged from the timorous futility of "Don't know," and the audacious untruth of "Can't know."

Briefly to conclude. Religion can no more mix with science than oil with water. Science acknowledges no necessity for the existence of religion, and finally severs the bond between morality and religion. Morality, altogether independent of religion, is entirely based upon self-interest. The supposed connection between religion and morality is an illusion most pernicious to the general welfare and advance of mankind. Religion, as a superfluity, should be excluded from all educational institutions. Its place will be supplied by the creed of scientific philosophy—Determinism. The primary principle of Determinism, namely, that a human being is an automaton, and therefore not responsible for his thoughts or his acts, taken together with its corollaries, more than suffices for every intellectual need hitherto provided for by religion. For the two great factors in the value of religion are its ethics and its sedative properties, and in both these ~~uses~~ Determinism displays overwhelming intellectual superiority. Its ethics are more universal and its consolation more assured; for they both rest on irrefragable scientific truth. The Determinist is consequently never harassed by doubts—the Rock of Ages is fragile compared with the adamant foundation of his creed.

Determinism never fails of the deepest pity, the broadest charity, and the truest encouragement in the struggle of life. Sympathy and tolerance are of its very essence. It is the faith, not only of the poor, but also of the rich; not only of the weak, but also of the strong. Its only limitations are those of the universe itself. It gives man the truest conception of life, restricting his brief existence to this earth, and abolishes the logical necessity of the ideas of heaven and hell, which owe their origin to the now exploded belief in the freedom of will to do good or to do evil, and in the supposititious benevolence of a Creator. Pride and humility become alike absurd, seeing that man has no choice in the selection of his ancestors,

and could not be otherwise than he is, however much he might wish it. Vice and virtue are the acid and the alkali, the positive and negative poles of existence—both necessary, both inevitable—each fading imperceptibly into the other, like the hues of a rainbow. But the Determinist, recognising the fact that pleasure is the motive of all action, perceives that the habit of vice, that is, the antipodes of virtue, is not compatible with the very highest forms of pleasure. He endeavours, therefore, to abandon the habit so far as he judges it to be prejudicial to his interest. Existence resolves itself into an art—the art of cultivating the little garden of his life, and rearing in it whatever finest flowers it may yield. And through all he has a vague sense that the scales of joy and sorrow are nearly balanced, and that the sum of life is colourless as the sunbeam in which are blended all colours.

Man is but a child “of larger growth,” and as the child, so the man has his playthings, and these he calls the work of life. Work is his greatest need, for he lives in order to forget life. And so we grown-up children attempt to amuse ourselves, during our short span, with the playthings which uncaring Nature has flung to us—toys with the grandiose titles we have invented to persuade ourselves that we are more than we are. We depict the world in written words, or on coloured canvas, or in blocks of marble, buoyed up by the empty hope and ambition that posterity, centuries hence, may look upon them with admiration, whereas posterity may, perhaps, smile at our primeval ignorance. We endeavour to mitigate evils whose very mitigation brings compensatory evil in its train; we devote life to a round of reverence and worship that advance not one jot the happiness of humanity, and arrest not one moment the irresistible flux of the universe. But yet to put the question, “Is life worth living?” or to conceive life as a disease, of which man is but a symptom, is as fatuous as to believe, with Dr. Pangloss, that this is the best of all possible worlds. Even were it our inclination, it is not in our power to dam the flood of civilization. We are hurried onward in spite of ourselves. The utmost we can do is to use the stream to help us on our way. Let us, therefore, calmly confront the deeper pains as well as the higher pleasures involved in the refinements of human progress. Let us look fate boldly in the face and—

“ . . . let determin’d things to destiny
Hold unbevail’d their way.”

HENRY BLANCHAMP.

J. K. HUYSMANS.

THE novels of M. Huysmans, however we may regard them as novels, are, at all events, the sincere and complete expression of a very remarkable personality. From *Marthe* to *Là-Bas* every story, every volume, disengages the same atmosphere—the atmosphere of a London November, when mere existence is a sufficient burden, and the little miseries of life loom up through the fog into a vague and formidable grotesqueness. Here, for once, is a pessimist whose philosophy is mere sensation—and sensation, after all, is the one certainty in a world which may be well or ill arranged, for ultimate purposes, but which is certainly, for each of us, what each of us feels it to be. To M. Huysmans the world appears to be a profoundly uncomfortable, unpleasant, ridiculous place, with a certain solace in various forms of art, and certain possibilities of at least temporary escape. Part of his work presents to us a picture of ordinary life as he conceives it, in its uniform trivial wretchedness; in another part he has made experiment in directions which have seemed to promise escape, relief; in yet other portions he has allowed himself the delight of his sole enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of art. He himself would be the first to acknowledge—indeed, practically, he has acknowledged—that the particular way in which he sees life is a matter of personal temperament and constitution, a matter of nerves. The Goncourts have never tired of insisting on the fact of their *névrose*, of pointing out its importance in connection with the form and structure of their work, their touch on style, even. To them the *maladie fin de siècle* has come delicately, as to the chlorotic fine ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain: it has sharpened their senses to a point of morbid acuteness, it has given their work a certain feverish beauty. To M. Huysmans it has given the exaggerated horror of whatever is ugly and unpleasant, with the fatal instinct of discovering, the fatal necessity of contemplating, every flaw and every discomfort that a somewhat imperfect world can offer for inspection. It is the transposition of the ideal. Relative values are lost, for it is the sense of the disagreeable only that is heightened; and the world, in this strange disorder of vision, assumes an aspect which can only be compared with that of a drop of impure water under the microscope. “Nature seen through a temperament” is Zola’s definition of all art. Nothing, certainly, could be more exact and expressive as a definition of the art of Huysmans.

To realise how faithfully and how completely Huysmans has revealed himself in all he has written, it is necessary to know the man. “He gave me the impression of a cat,” some interviewer

once wrote of him; "courteous, perfectly polite, almost amiable, but all nerves, ready to shoot out his claws at the least word." And, indeed, there is something of his favourite animal about him. The face is grey, wearily alert, with a look of benevolent malice. At first sight it is commonplace, the features are ordinary, one seems to have seen it at the Bourse or the Stock Exchange. But gradually that strange, unvarying expression, that look of benevolent malice, grows upon you as the influence of the man makes itself felt. I have seen Huysmans in his office—he is an employé in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and a model employé; I have seen him in a café, in various houses; but I always see him in memory as I used to see him at the house of the bizarre Madame X. He leans back on the sofa, rolling a cigarette between his thin, expressive fingers, looking at no one and at nothing, while Madame X. moves about with solid vivacity in the midst of her extraordinary menagerie of *bric-à-brac*. The spoils of all the world are there, in that incredibly tiny *salon*; they lie underfoot, they climb up walls, they cling to screens, brackets, and tables; one of your elbows menaces a Japanese toy, the other a Dresden china shepherdess; all the colours of the rainbow clash in a barbarous discord of notes. And in a corner of this fantastic room, Huysmans lies back indifferently on the sofa, with the air of one perfectly resigned to the boredom of life. Something is said by my learned friend who is to write for the new periodical, or perhaps it is the young editor of the new periodical who speaks, or (if that were not impossible) the taciturn Englishman who accompanies me; and Huysmans, without looking up, and without taking the trouble to speak very distinctly, picks up the phrase, transforms it, more likely transpierces it, in a perfectly turned sentence, a phrase of impromptu elaboration. Perhaps it is only a stupid book that some one has mentioned, or a stupid woman; as he speaks, the book looms up before one, becomes monstrous in its dulness, a masterpiece and miracle of imbecility; the unimportant little woman grows into a slow horror before your eyes. It is always the unpleasant aspect of things that he seizes, but the intensity of his revolt from that unpleasantness brings a touch of the sublime into the very expression of his disgust. Every sentence is an epigram, and every epigram slaughters a reputation or an idea. He speaks with an accent as of pained surprise, an amused look of contempt, so profound that it becomes almost pity, for human imbecility.

Yes, that is the true Huysmans, the Huysmans of *A Rebours*, and it is just such surroundings that seem to bring out his peculiar quality. With this contempt for humanity, this hatred of mediocrity, this passion for a somewhat exotic kind of modernity, an artist who is so exclusively an artist was sure, one day or another, to produce a work which, being produced to please himself, and being entirely

typical of himself, would be, in a way, the quintessence of contemporary Decadence. And it is precisely such a book that Huysmans has written, in the extravagant, astonishing *A Rebours*. All his other books are a sort of unconscious preparation for this one book, a sort of inevitable and scarcely necessary sequel to it. They range themselves along the line of a somewhat erratic development, from Baudelaire, through Goncourt, by way of Zola, to the surprising originality of so disconcerting an exception to any and every order of things.

The descendant of a long line of Dutch painters—one of whom, Cornelius Huysmans, has a certain fame among the lesser landscape men of the great period—Joris Karl Huysmans was born at Paris, February 5, 1848. His first book, *Le Drageoir à Epices*, published at the age of twenty-six, is a *pastiche* of prose poems, done after Baudelaire, of little sketches, done after Dutch artists, together with a few studies of Parisian landscape, done after nature. It shows us the careful, laboured work of a really artistic temperament; it betrays, here and there, the spirit of acrimonious observation which is to count for so much with Huysmans—in the crude malice of "L'Extase," for example, in the notation of the "richness of tone," the "superb colouring," of an old drunkard. And one sees already something of the novelty and the precision of his description, the novelty and the unpleasantness of the subjects which he chooses to describe, in this vividly exact picture of the carcass of a cow hung up outside a butcher's shop: "As in a hot-house, a marvellous vegetation flourished in the carcass. Veins shot out on every side like trails of bind-weed; dishevelled branch-work extended itself along the body, an efflorescence of entrails unfurled their violet-tinted corollas, and big clusters of fat stood out, a sharp white, against the red medley of quivering flesh."

In *Marthe: histoire d'une fille*, which followed in 1876, two years later, Huysmans is almost as far from actual achievement as in *Le Drageoir à Epices*, but the book, in its crude attempt to deal realistically, and somewhat after the manner of Goncourt, with the life of a prostitute of the lowest depths, marks a considerable advance upon the somewhat casual experiments of his earlier manner. It is important to remember that *Marthe* preceded *La Fille Elisa* and *Nana*. "I write what I see, what I feel, and what I have experienced," says the brief and defiant preface, "and I write it as well as I can: that is all. This explanation is not an excuse, it is simply the statement of the aim that I pursue in art." Explanation or excuse notwithstanding, the book was forbidden to be sold in France. It is Naturalism in its earliest and most pitiless stage—Naturalism which commits the error of evoking no sort of interest in this unhappy creature who rises a little from her native gutter, only to fall back

more woefully into the gutter again. Goncourt's *Elisa* at least interests us; Zola's *Nana* at all events appeals to our senses. But *Marthe* is a mere document, like her story. Notes have been taken—no doubt *sur le vif*—they have been strung together, and here they are, with only an interesting brutality, a curious sordidness to note, in these descriptions that do duty for psychology and incident alike, in the general flatness of character, the general dislocation of episode.

Les Sœurs Vatar, published in 1879, and the short story *Sac au Dos*, which appeared in 1880 in the famous Zolaist manifesto, *Les Soirées de Médan*, show the influence of *Les Rougon-Macquart* rather than of *Germanic Lacerteux*. For the time the "formula" of Zola has been accepted: the result is, a remarkable piece of work, but a story without a story, a frame without a picture. With Zola, there is at all events a beginning and an end, a chain of events, a play of character upon incident. But in *Les Sœurs Vatar* there is no reason for the narrative ever beginning or ending; there are miracles of description—the workroom, the rue de Sèvres, the locomotives, the *Foire du pain d'épice*—which lead to nothing; there are interiors, there are interviews, there are the two work-girls, Céline and Désirée, and their lovers; there is what Zola himself described as "tout ce milieu ouvrier, ce coin de misère et d'ignorance, de tranquille ordure et d'air naturellement empestée." And with it all there is a heavy sense of stagnancy, a dreary lifelessness. All that is good in the book reappears, in vastly better company, in *En Ménage* (1881), a novel which is, perhaps, more in the direct line of heritage from *L'Éducation Sentimentale*—the starting-point of the Naturalistic novel—than any other novel of the Naturalists.

En Ménage is the story of "*Monsieur Tout-le-monde*, an insignificant personality, one of those poor creatures who have not even the supreme consolation of being able to complain of any injustice in their fate, for an injustice supposes at all events a misunderstood merit, a force." André is the reduction to the bourgeois formula of the invariable hero of M. Huysmans. He is just enough removed from the commonplace to suffer from it with acuteness. He cannot get on either with or without a woman in his establishment. Betrayed by his wife, he consoles himself with a mistress, and finally goes back to the wife. And the moral of it all is: "Let us be stupidly comfortable, if we can, in any way we can: but it is almost certain that we cannot." In *À l'Eau*, a less interesting story which followed *En Ménage*, the daily misery of the respectable M. Folantin, the government employé, consists in the impossible search for a decent restaurant, a satisfactory dinner: for M. Folantin, too, there is only the same counsel of a desperate, an inevitable resignation. Never has the intolerable monotony of small inconve-

niences been so scrupulously, so unsparingly chronicled, as in these two studies in the heroic degree of the commonplace. It happens to André, at a certain epoch in his life, to take back an old servant who had left him many years before. He finds that she has exactly the same defects as before, and "to find them there again," comments the author, "did not displease him. He had been expecting them all the time, he saluted them as old acquaintances, yet with a certain surprise, notwithstanding, to see them neither grown nor diminished. He noted for himself with satisfaction that the stupidity of his servant had remained stationary." On another page, referring to the inventor of cards, Huysmans defines him as one who "did something towards suppressing the free exchange of human imbecility." Having to say in passing that a girl has returned from a ball, "she was at home again," he observes, "after the half-dried sweat of the waltzes." In this invariably sarcastic turn of the phrase, this absoluteness of contempt, this insistence on the disagreeable, we find the note of Huysmans, particularly at this point in his career, when, like Flaubert, he forced himself to contemplate and to analyse the more mediocre manifestations of *la bêtise humaine*.

There is a certain perversity in this furious contemplation of stupidity, this fanatical insistence on the exasperating attraction of the sordid and the disagreeable; and it is by such stages that we come to *A Rebours*. But on the way we have to note a volume of *Croquis Parisiens* (1880), in which the virtuoso who is a part of the artist in Huysmans has executed some of his most astonishing feats; and a volume on *L'Art Moderne* (1883), in which the most modern of artists in literature has applied himself to the criticism—the revelation, rather—of modernity in art. In the latter, Huysmans was the first to declare the supremacy of Degas—"the greatest artist that we possess to-day in France"—while announcing with no less fervour the remote, reactionary, and intricate genius of Gustave Moreau. He was the first to discover Raffaëlli, "the painter of poor people and the open sky—a sort of Parisian Millet," as he called him; the first to discover Forain, "le véritable peintre de la fille"; the first to discover Odilon Redon, to do justice to Pissaro and Paul Gauguin. No literary artist since Baudelaire has made so valuable a contribution to art criticism, and the *Curiosités Esthétiques* are, after all, less exact in their actual study, less revolutionary, and less really significant in their critical judgments, than *L'Art Moderne*. The *Croquis Parisiens*, which, in its first edition, was illustrated by etchings of Forain and Raffaëlli, is simply the attempt to do in words what those artists have done in aquafortis or in pastel. There are the same Parisian types—the omnibus-conductor, the washer-woman, the man who sells hot chestnuts—the same impressions of a

sick and sorry landscape, La Bièvre, for preference, in all its desolate and lamentable attraction; there is a marvellously minute series of studies of that typically Parisian music-hall, the Folies-Bergère. Huysmans' faculty of description is here seen at its fullest stretch of agility; precise, suggestive, with all the outline and colour of actual brush-work, it might even be compared with the art of Degas, only there is just that last touch wanting, that breath of palpitating life, which is what we always get in Degas, what we never get in Huysmans.

In *L'Art Moderne*, speaking of the water-colours of Forain, Huysmans attributes to them "a specious and *cherché* art, demanding, for its appreciation, a certain initiation, a certain special sense." To realise the full value, the real charm, of *A Rebours*, some such initiation might be deemed necessary. In its fantastic unreality, its exquisite artificiality, it is the natural sequel of *En Ménage* and *A Vau l'Eau*, which are so much more acutely sordid than the most sordid kind of real life; it is the logical outcome of that hatred and horror of human mediocrity, of the mediocrity of daily existence, which we have seen to be the special form of M. Huysmans' *névrose*. The motto, taken from a thirteenth-century mystic, Rusbroeck the Admiral, is a cry for escape, for the "something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure, or not at all": "Il faut que je me réjouisse au-dessus du temps . . . quoique le monde ait horreur de ma joie et que sa grossièreté ne sache pas ce que je veux dire." And the book is the history of a "Thébaïde raffinée"—a voluntary exile from the world in a new kind of "Palace of Art." Des Esseintes, the vague but typical hero, is one of those half-pathological cases which help us to understand the full meaning of the word *décadence*, which they partly represent. The last descendant of an ancient family, his impoverished blood tainted by all sorts of excesses, Des Esseintes finds himself at thirty "sur le chemin, dégrisé, seul, abominablement lassé." He has already realised that "the world is divided, in great part, into swaggers and simpletons." His one desire is to "hide himself away, far from the world, in some retreat, where he might deaden the sound of the loud rumbling of inflexible life, as one covers the street with straw, for sick people." This retreat he discovers, just far enough from Paris to be safe from disturbance, just near enough to be saved from the nostalgia of the unattainable. He succeeds in making his house a paradise of the artificial, choosing the tones of colour that go best with candle-light, for it need scarcely be said that Des Esseintes has effected a simple transposition of night and day. His disappearance from the world has been complete; it seems to him that the "comfortable desert" of his exile need never cease to be just such a luxurious solitude; it seems to

him that he has attained his desire, that he has attained to happiness.

Disturbing physical symptoms harass him from time to time, but they pass. It is an effect of nerves that now and again he is haunted by remembrance; the recurrence of a perfume, the reading of a book, brings back a period of life when his deliberate perversity was exercised actively in matters of the senses. There are his fantastic banquets, his fantastic amours: the "repas de deuil," Miss Urania the acrobat, the episode of the ventriloquist-woman and the re-incarnation of the Sphinx and the Chiquara of Flaubert, the episode of the boy *chez Madame Laure*. A casual recollection brings up the schooldays of his childhood with the Jesuits, and with that the beliefs of childhood, the fantasies of the Church, the Catholic abnegation of the *Imitatio* joining so strangely with the final philosophy of Schopenhauer. At times his brain is haunted by social theories—his dull hatred of the ordinary in life taking form in the region of ideas. But in the main he feeds himself, with something of the satisfaction of success, on the strange food for the sensations with which he has so laboriously furnished himself. There are his books, and among these a special library of the Latin writers of the Decadence. Exasperated by Virgil, profoundly contemptuous of Horace, he tolerates Lucan (which is surprising), adores Petronius (as well he might), and delights in the neologisms and the exotic novelty of Apuleius. His curiosity extends to the later Christian poets—from the coloured verse of Claudian down to the verse which is scarcely verse of the incoherent ninth century. He is, of course, an amateur of exquisite printing, of beautiful bindings, and possesses an incomparable Baudelaire (*édition tirée à un exemplaire*), a unique Mallarmé. Catholicism being the adopted religion of the Decadence—for its venerable age, valuable in such matters as the age of an old wine, its vague excitation of the senses, its mystical picturesqueness—Des Esseintes has a curious collection of the later Catholic literature, where Lacordaire and the Comte de Falloux, Veuillot and Ozanam, find their place side by side with the half-prophetic, half-ingenious Hello, the amalgam of a monstrous mysticism and a casuistical sensuality, Barbey d'Aurevilly. His collection of "profane" writers is small, but it is selected for the qualities of exotic charm that have come to be his only care in art—for the somewhat diseased, or the somewhat artificial beauty that alone can strike a responsive thrill from his exacting nerves. "Considering within himself, he realised that a work of art, in order to attract him, must come to him with that quality of strangeness demanded by Edgar Poe; but he fared yet further along this route, and sought for all the Byzantine flora of the brain, for complicated deliquescences of style; he required a troubling indecision over which he could muse, fashioning it after

his will to more of vagueness or of solid form, according to the state of his mind at the moment. He delighted in a work of art, both for what it was in itself and for what it could lend him; he would fain go along with it, thanks to it, as though sustained by an adjuvant, as though borne in a vehicle, into a sphere where his sublimated sensations would wake in him an unaccustomed stir, the cause of which he would long and vainly seek to determine." So he comes to care supremely for Baudelaire, "who, more than any other, possessed the marvellous power of rendering, with a strange sanity of expression, the most fleeting, the most wavering morbid states of exhausted minds, of desolate souls." In Flaubert he prefers *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*; in Goncourt, *La Faustin*; in Zola, *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*—the exceptional, the most remote and *recherché* outcome of each temperament. And of the three it is the novel of Goncourt that appeals to him with special intimacy—that novel which, more than any other, seems to express, in its exquisitely perverse charm, all that decadent civilisation, of which *Des Esseintes* is the type and symbol. In poetry he has discovered the fine perfume, the evanescent charm, of Paul Verlaine, and near that great poet (forgetting, strangely, Arthur Rimbaud) he places two poets who are curious—the disconcerting, tumultuous Tristan Corbière, and the painted and bejewelled Théodore Hannon. With Edgar Poe he has the instinctive sympathy which drew Baudelaire to the enigmatically perverse Decadent of America; he delights, sooner than all the world, in the astonishing, unbalanced, unachieved genius of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Finally, it is in Stéphane Mallarmé that he finds the incarnation of "the decadence of a literature, irreparably affected in its organism, weakened in its ideas by age, exhausted by the excesses of syntax, sensitive only to the curiosity which fevers sick people, and yet hastening to say everything, now at the end, torn by the wish to atone for all its omissions of enjoyment, to bequeath its subtlest memories of sorrow, on its death-bed."

But it is not on books alone that *Des Esseintes* nurses his sick and craving fancy. He pushes his delight in the artificial to the last limits, and diverts himself with a bouquet of jewels, a concert of flowers, an orchestra of liqueurs, an orchestra of perfumes. In flowers he prefers the real flowers that imitate artificial ones. It is the monstrosities of nature, the offspring of unnatural adulteries, that he cherishes in the barbarically-coloured flowers, the plants with barbaric names, the carnivorous plants of the Antilles—morbid horrors of vegetation, chosen, not for their beauty, but for their strangeness. And his imagination plays harmonies on the sense of taste, like combinations of music, from the flute-like sweetness of anisette, the trumpet-note of kirsch, the eager yet velvety sharpness of curaçao, the clarinet. He combines scents, weaving them into

odorous melodies, with effects like those of the refrains of certain poems, employing, for example, the method of Baudelaire in "L'Irréparable" and "Le Balcon," where the last line of the stanza is the echo of the first, in the languorous progression of the melody. And above all he has his few, carefully-chosen pictures, with their diverse notes of strange beauty and strange terror—the two Salomés of Gustave Moreau, the "Religious Persecutions" of Jan Luyken, the opium-dreams of the French Blake, Odilon Redon. His favourite artist is Gustave Moreau, and it is on this superb and disquieting picture that he cares chiefly to dwell.

"A throne, like the high altar of a cathedral, rose beneath innumerable arches springing from columns, thick-set as Roman pillars, enamelled with vari-coloured bricks, set with mosaics, incrustated with lapis lazuli and sardonyx, in a palace like the basilica of an architecture at once Mussulman and Byzantine. In the centre of the tabernacle surmounting the altar, fronted with rows of circular steps, sat the Tetrarch Herod, the tiara on his head, his legs pressed together, his hands on his knees. His face was yellow, parchment-like, annulated with wrinkles, withered with age; his long beard floated like a white cloud on the jewelled stars that constellated the robe of netted gold across his breast. Around this statue, motionless, frozen in the sacred pose of a Hindu god, perfumes burned, throwing out clouds of vapour, pierced, as by the phosphorescent eyes of animals, by the fire of precious stones set in the aides of the throne; then the vapour mounted, unrolling itself beneath arches where the blue smoke mingled with the powdered gold of great sunrays, fallen from the domes.

"In the perverse odour of perfumes, in the over-heated atmosphere of this church, Salomé, her left arm extended in a gesture of command, her bent right arm holding at the level of the face a great lotus, advances slowly to the sound of a guitar, thrummed by a woman who crouches on the floor.

"With collected, solemn, almost august countenance, she begins the lascivious dance that should waken the sleeping senses of the aged Herod; her breasts undulate, become rigid at the contact of the whirling necklets; diamonds sparkle on the dead whiteness of her akin, her bracelets, girdles, rings, shoot sparks; on her triumphal robe, sewn with pearls, flowered with silver, sheeted with gold, the jewelled breast-plate, whose every stitch is a precious stone, bursts into flame, scatters in snakes of fire, swarms on the ivory-toned, tea-rose flesh, like splendid insects with dazzling wings, marbled with carmine, dotted with morning gold, diapered with steel-blue, streaked with
 black-green.

"In the work of Gustave Moreau, conceived on no Scriptural data, Des Esseintes saw at last the realisation of the strange, super-human Salomé that he had dreamed. She was no more the mere dancing-girl who, with the corrupt torsion of her limbs, tears a cry of desire from an old man; who, with her eddying breasts, her palpitating body, her quivering thighs, breaks the energy, melts the will, of a king; she has become the symbolic deity of indestructible Lust, the goddess of immortal Hysteria, the accursed Beauty, chosen among many by the catalepsy that has stiffened her limbs, that has hardened her muscles; the monstrous, indifferent, irresponsible, insensible Beast, poisoning, like Helen of old, all that go near to her, all that look upon her, all that she touches."

It is in such a "Palace of Art" that Des Esseintes would recreate his already overwrought body and brain, and the monotony of its seclusion is only once broken by a single excursion into the world without. This one episode of action, this one touch of realism, in a book given over to the artificial, confined to a record of sensation, is a projected voyage to London, a voyage that never occurs. Des Esseintes has been reading Dickens, idly, to quiet his nerves, and the violent colours of those ultra-British scenes and characters have imposed themselves upon his imagination. Days of rain and fog complete the picture of that "pays de brume et de boue," and suddenly, stung by the unwonted desire for change, he takes the train to Paris, resolved to distract himself by a visit to London. Arrived in Paris before his time, he takes a cab to the office of *Galignani's Messenger*, fancying himself, as the rain-drops rattle on the roof and the mud splashes against the windows, already in the midst of the immense city, its smoke and dirt. He reaches *Galignani's Messenger*, and there, turning over Baedekers and Murrays, loses himself in dreams of an imagined London. He buys a Baedeker, and, to pass the time, enters the "Bodéga" at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Castiglione. The wine-cellar is crowded with Englishmen: he sees, as he drinks his port, and listens to the unfamiliar accents, all the characters of Dickens—a whole England of caricature; as he drinks his Amontillado, the recollection of Poe puts a new horror into the good-humoured faces about him. Leaving the "Bodéga," he steps out again into the rain-swept street, regains his cab, and drives to the English tavern of the Rue d'Amsterdam. He has just time for dinner, and he finds a place beside the *insulaires*, with "their porcelain eyes, their crimson cheeks," and orders a heavy English dinner, which he washes down with ale and porter, seasoning his coffee, as he imagines we do in England, with gin. As time passes, and the hour of the train draws near, he begins to reflect vaguely on his project; he recalls the disillusion of the visit he had once paid to Holland. Does not a similar disillusion await him in London?

"Why travel, when one can travel so splendidly in a chair? Was he not at London already, since its odours, its atmosphere, its inhabitants, its food, its utensils, were all about him?" The train is due, but he does not stir. "I have felt and seen," he says to himself, "what I wanted to feel and see. I have been saturated with English life all this time; it would be madness to lose, by a clumsy change of place, these imperishable sensations." So he gathers together his luggage, and goes home again, resolving never to abandon the "docile phantasmagoria of the brain" for the mere realities of the actual world. But his nervous malady, one of whose symptoms had driven him forth and brought him back so spasmodically, is on the increase. He is seized by hallucinations, haunted by sounds: the hysteria of Schumann, the morbid exaltation of Berlioz, communicate themselves to him in the music that besieges his brain. Obligated at last to send for a doctor, we find him, at the end of the book, ordered back to Paris, to the normal life, the normal conditions, with just that chance of escape from death or madness which so suggestively, so instructively, closes the record of a strange, subjective folly—in itself partly a serious ideal (which indeed is Huysmans' own), partly the caricature of that ideal. Des Esseintes, though studied from a real man, who is known to those who know a certain kind of society in Paris, is a type rather than a man: he is the offspring of the Decadent art that he adores, and this book a sort of breviary for its worshippers. It has a place of its own in the literature of the day, for it sums up, not only a talent, but a spiritual epoch.

A Rebours is a book that can only be written once, and since that date M. Huysmans has published a short story, *Un Dilemme* (1887), which is merely a somewhat lengthy anecdote; two novels, *En Rade* (1887) and *Là-Bas* (1891), both of which are interesting experiments, but neither of them an entire success; and a volume of art criticism, *Certains* (1890), notable for a single splendid essay, that on Félicien Rops, the etcher of the fantastically erotic. *En Rade* is a sort of deliberately exaggerated record—vision rather than record—of the disillusionments of a country sojourn, as they affect the disordered nerves of a town *névrosée*. The narrative is punctuated by nightmares, marvellously woven out of nothing, and with no psychological value—the human part of the book being a sort of picturesque pathology at best, the representation of a series of states of nerves, sharpened by the tragic ennui of the country. There is a cat which becomes interesting in its agonies; but the long boredom of the man and woman is only too faithfully shared with the reader. *Là-Bas* is a more artistic creation, on a more solid foundation. It is a study of Satanism, a dexterous interweaving of the history of Gilles de Retz (the traditional Bluebeard) with the contemporary manifestations of

the Black Art. "The execration of impotence, the hate of the mediocre—that is perhaps one of the most indulgent definitions of Diabolism," says Huysmans, somewhere in the book, and it is on this side that one finds the link of connection with the others of that series of pessimist studies in life. "Un naturalisme spiritualiste," he defines his own art at this point in its development; and it is in somewhat the "documentary" manner that he applies himself to the study of these strange problems, half of hysteria, half of a real mystical corruption that does actually exist in our midst. I do not know whether the monstrous tableau of the Black Mass—so marvelously, so revoltingly described in the central episode of the book—is still enacted in our days, but I do know that all but the most horrible practices of the sacrilegious magic of the Middle Ages are yet performed, from time to time, in a secrecy which is all but absolute. The character of Madame Chantelouve is an attempt, probably the first in literature, to diagnose a case of Sadism in a woman. To say that it is successful would be to assume that the thing is possible, which one hesitates to do. The book is even more disquieting, to the normal mind, than *A Rebours*. But it is not, like that, the study of an exception which has become a type. It is the study of an exception which does not profess to be anything but a disease.

Huysmans' place in contemporary literature is not quite easy to estimate. There is a danger of being too much attracted, or too much repelled, by those qualities of deliberate singularity which make his work, sincere expression as it is of his own personality, so artificial and *recherché* in itself. With his pronounced, exceptional characteristics, it would have been impossible for him to write fiction impersonally, or to range himself, for long, in any school, under any master. Interrogated one day as to his opinion of Naturalism, he had but to say in reply: "Au fond, il y a des écrivains qui ont du talent et d'autres qui n'en ont pas, qu'ils soient naturalistes, romantiques, décadents, tout ce que vous voudrez, ça m'est égal! il s'agit pour moi d'avoir du talent, et voilà tout!" But, as we have seen, he has undergone various influences, he has had his periods. From the first he has had a style of singular pungency, novelty, and colour; and, even in *Le Drageoir à Épices*, we find such daring combinations as this ("Camaïeu Rouge" — "Cette fanfare de rouge m'étourdissait; cette gamme d'une intensité furieuse, d'une violence inouïe, m'aveuglait." Working upon the foundation of Flaubert and of Goncourt, the two great modern stylists, he has developed an intensely personal style of his own, in which the sense of rhythm is entirely dominated by the sense of colour. He manipulates the French language with a freedom sometimes barbarous, "dragging his images by the heels or the hair" (in the admirable phrase of M.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL AND "THE CLAIMS OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY" OF IRELAND.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL's paper on "The Irish Education Question," published in the February issue of *The Fortnightly Review*, calls rather for a protest than for a reply. What Mr. Russell has written upon the delicate subject which he has thought fit to handle in so reckless a fashion has no claim to be looked upon as an argument. It is a diatribe, and nothing more. But for one consideration it should, so far as I am concerned, be allowed to pass without notice.

In this case, however, we have to take account, not so much of Mr. Russell himself, or of the merits of what he has written, as of the position he happens to occupy in English public life. Under stress of circumstances, the party, or combination of parties, popularly known as "Unionist," has had to make much of him. Representing in Parliament an Irish constituency, he is, out of the hundred Irish representatives, almost the only one who has the ability, or is not wanting in the will, to stand upon an English platform at election time and address a public meeting in advocacy of the interests of "Unionism." On such occasions, Irish affairs form, of necessity, a central subject of interest. Upon Ireland, then, and upon all Irish questions, Mr. Russell has, very naturally, come to be looked upon by thousands of Englishmen as a trustworthy authority. It cannot but be of utility to bring some fair sample of his high-sounding assertions to the test, and so to show up the hollowness and the emptiness of his claim to speak as an authority upon Irish affairs—at least upon any of them in which the religious interests of the overwhelming majority of the Irish people, Protestant as well as Catholic, are even indirectly involved.

Speaking of the necessity of unceasing vigilance lest Mr. Balfour—whom, it is interesting to note, he depicts as an "adventurous knight"¹—should through his precipitate rashness bring to ruin the interests of Protestantism in Ireland, Mr. Russell informs the public that he, faithful sentinel, is keeping guard, "forced," he says, "to watch closely every step Mr. Balfour takes in educational matters!"² The necessity for this sleepless watchfulness on Mr. Russell's part is, he explains, intensified by the fact that "the Conservative party, as a whole, have been denominationalists in principle," and that they

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1892, page 245.

(2) *Ibid.*

have always been supposed to be more in touch with "the claims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy" than their Liberal opponents.¹

He then proceeds:—

"What these claims are, no time need be wasted in explaining. They simply mean the 'Catholic atmosphere' *everywhere* in the school, and the supremacy of the Church over *everything* educational."²

As to the meaning of these words, Mr. Russell has left himself no loophole of escape. The words "everywhere" and "everything," as he has used them, necessarily and plainly imply that "the claims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy" are as sweeping in their operation as a drag-net. Protestant children and Catholic children alike are to be caught up. A little further on, he puts all this with unmistakable explicitness:—

"If the Roman Catholic bishops have their way, it will be impossible for many Protestant children in remote districts to receive any education unless they receive it along with that 'Catholic atmosphere' which, at least, the State has no right to force upon them. This is the central fact of the situation."³

It is by no means easy to know what precisely Mr. Russell understands by the "Catholic atmosphere." He seems to take it as a sort of technical expression. I observe that he uses it more than once, and never without inverted commas. Then, repeating in slightly varied form the statement of his "central fact," he asks:—

"Is the State to force upon children in the South and West of Ireland, where their numbers do not warrant the establishment of a Protestant school, a system of education dangerous to their faith?"⁴

Next, after a pathetic recital of the position of the scattered Protestant population in those remote districts, he goes on to protest that—

"The Government owe these people something else than an announcement that if their children are to be educated in future, they must imbibe the Roman Catholic religion with their education."⁵

Finally, he puts on his war-paint:—

"If Mr. Balfour or Mr. Jackson propose to say this, or anything like it, their Bill will probably have a stormy passage through the House of Commons. . . . Along with many others, I strongly suspect that *something of the kind is contemplated*. . . . When Mr. Gladstone made his great and ignoble surrender to Mr. Parnell, Ulster Liberals, who had hailed him as a second Moses, and who still cherish feelings of gratitude to him for his great services, sorrowfully but resolutely turned away from his policy. Should Mr. Balfour contemplate a surrender on education to Irish Clericalism, he may be prepared for precisely the same action."⁶

I must, I suppose, contemplate the possibility that Mr. Russell's

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1892, page 246.

(3) *Ibid*, pages 248, 249.

(4) *Ibid*, page 249.

(2) *Ibid*.

(5) *Ibid*.

(6) *Ibid*.

wild indictment against us may have found acceptance with many who have read it, whether in the pages of *The Fortnightly Review* or elsewhere. The "claim" in question—that is to say, the claim put forward for the freeing of our schools from restrictions that are all the more irritating because they are unmeaning—is a matter of public fact. Now, Mr. Russell's position in public life is such that, at all events in affairs of open publicity like this, it necessarily conveys to English audiences and English readers an assurance that his statements as to matters of fact may be accepted with unquestioning confidence. Then, over and above all this, I have to bear in mind that, as a result of the system of reckless slander of late so freely indulged in against Irish ecclesiastics, even by some leading "Unionist" statesmen of the highest official rank, the charge put in circulation against us by Mr. Russell is one that, offensive and monstrously unjust though it is, may probably be regarded by many of Mr. Russell's political sympathisers in England as far more likely to be true than false.

In the first place, then, I have to repudiate in the most explicit terms the ridiculous charge now trumped up against us by Mr. Russell. It is absolutely without foundation. No such claim as he has described, no claim, indeed, of any kind is put forward, or is even contemplated, by the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, in reference either to Protestant children or to the schools attended by them.

More than once of late I have had occasion to give a similar unqualified contradiction to certain very grave statements made by Mr. Russell about the action of the Catholic Church, and of its Bishops, in Ireland. This, however, was merely in Irish newspapers. Mr. Russell was content to remain silent. It is to be hoped that, confronted with this present contradiction in the pages of *The Fortnightly Review*, he may take a more serious view of the responsibility which, as a public man and prominent spokesman of a great English party, he incurs by his words.

Secondly, although I am in no way called upon to disprove a calumnious accusation such as Mr. Russell's, brought forward as it is without even an attempt at proof, I wish to add this observation. Within the limits of my own experience—that is to say, within the last six or seven years, since I became a member of the Irish Episcopacy,—our claim for the removal of all unjustifiable restrictions upon religious freedom in the schools has more than once been publicly put forward, not in any merely abstract form, but with an explicit statement of its nature and of its limitations, a statement so plain as to make clear, beyond all possibility of question or of oversight, that the claim had absolutely no reference to the cases of Protestant children, or of "mixed" schools attended by Protestant

children, now so unwarrantably dragged into the question by Mr. Russell and made the groundwork of his indiotment against us.

Thirdly, I may furthermore observe that, personally, when speaking on public occasions—my words being reported by representatives of the newspaper press of Dublin, Protestant as well as Catholic—I have over and over again protested against the misrepresentations of some inveterate fiction-mongers, who, in defiance of every principle of truth and justice, persisted in endeavouring to fasten upon me as an individual Bishop this odious charge, which as a charge against the united body of the Bishops of Ireland, Mr. Russell has now succeeded in putting prominently into circulation in the pages of *The Fortnightly Review*.

To bring out the full force of my contradiction of Mr. Russell's words as to the claim in question, I had better perhaps explain, as briefly as possible, what that claim really is.

Its object is the abolition of the present irritating and offensive system of restrictions upon religious freedom in that large number of National Schools in Ireland, where, from the circumstances of the case, those restrictions are obviously unmeaning. The claim, then, is expressly limited to the case of such schools, that is to say, to the case of schools where these restrictions are maintained for their own sake merely, and are altogether without justification on the score of being either requisite or useful for the protection of the rights of conscience of the pupils of any religious denomination.

As an illustration of the practical working of the vexatious system against which we protest, I may mention, for instance, that in those Catholic National Schools in Ireland in which religious emblems, such as the crucifix, are in use—as they are in use in many such schools throughout the country—these emblems are enclosed in a sort of box or cupboard, which may not be opened except during the time allotted to religious instruction, and in which they must, except during that short time, be hidden away out of sight as if they were the symbols of some unclean Pagan superstition.

To those who are not Catholics this may seem a small thing. But to Catholics it is an irritating grievance, all the more so as the official explanation of its being maintained against us is that amongst our Protestant fellow-countrymen there are some who regard the crucifix as a superstitious, if not idolatrous, emblem, and that their views and feelings have to be respected in the matter. Now, we do not seek to interfere with the liberty of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. We do not see, therefore, why they should be allowed in this way to interfere with ours. In Ireland, by a strange anomaly, it is the majority, not the minority, that has to complain of undue interference with the exercise of religious freedom.

Some few months ago, Sir John Gorst, then travelling in Ireland, visited in Cork the splendidly efficient schools of the Christian Brothers in that city. I take the following report¹ of the visit from the leading Protestant daily newspaper in Dublin :—

"The right honourable gentleman praised the equipment of the Science department, and the general educational facilities of the schools.

"It was pointed out by the Brothers that the institution received no assistance from the State, and depended entirely on voluntary support. It was explained that the Government withheld aid under the rules of the National Education Board, as the directors of the schools permitted religious emblems to be displayed during school hours.

"The Superior complained that in England grants were given to Convent Schools, and no objection was raised to the exhibition of religious emblems, and it was an anomaly that Catholics in England should be treated more considerately than in Ireland."

So far for the Christian Brothers' statement of their case. Then the report continues :—

"Sir John Gorst admitted that the action of the Government seemed inconsistent, and required into the nature of the religious emblems. He was directed, as an example, to a statue of the Virgin and to a picture—"

This reference to a picture probably is a mistake. Most probably there was question of a statue—

"of Christ blessing little children. The right honourable gentleman said he failed to see what harm the sight of such emblems as these could have on the mind of a boy. They were not Mahometan or Hindoo, but Christian, emblems."

Then came the following observation of Sir John Gorst—an observation of manifest importance in view of Mr. T. W. Russell's misstatement of our Catholic claim :—

"If the district provided insufficient school accommodation for Protestants, and if they would not come to the Christian Brothers' schools because of the emblems, he said he could understand the action of the Government in refusing State aid ; but where there was ample school accommodation for all creeds he thought the Christian Brothers had some claim to have the grant extended."

Before passing from this, I should observe that Mr. T. W. Russell has not failed to see the significance of the incident. In a recent speech to his constituents he deplored the "ill-advised and incautious language of Sir John Gorst, when he expressed surprise that such schools were not provided for by the State"—words which, Mr. Russell very justly observed the representatives of our interests in Parliament "will be able to quote with some effect" when the question is next brought under discussion.

But, I may ask, in what respect is Sir John Gorst's expression of opinion either "ill-advised" or "incautious"? Not surely on the ground relied upon by Mr. Russell in his indictment against us. At all events as the case was put in Cork, no room was left for sugges-

(1) *The Daily Express*, September 21st, 1881.

mons as to the fate of "Protestant children in remote districts of the country," forced to breathe in a "Catholic atmosphere," to submit themselves to "a system of education dangerous to their faith," and to grow up in ignorance unless they are willing "to imbibe," with their education, "the Roman Catholic religion." For there was question only of the case where ample school accommodation is already provided, in separate schools under Protestant management, for all the Protestant children in the place.

At this point the question may, perhaps, suggest itself, Why not expressly limit in some authoritative way the statement of the Catholic claim, so as to make it plain that the claim refers only to such cases, and that nothing is intended in the way of any interference with Protestant children, such as Mr. Russell describes?

The question is easily answered. For, as I have already stated, and as I now proceed to point out in detail, nothing could be more explicit than the way in which all this has already been done, and done most publicly. This precisely is the point of my protest against Mr. T. W. Russell's paper. As for us, we can add nothing to what we have already said; we can but repeat it. Mr. Russell, if we may judge of the future from the past, will go on repeating what he has already said, unabashed, and utterly regardless of our unqualified repudiation of what he persists in ascribing to us. So far as I can see, no effective check can be put upon him except by the English party that puts him forward, or accepts him, as a prominent spokesman, and so accepts responsibility for his utterances.

I transcribe, then, the following words, in which the nature and the limitations of our claim are fully stated:—

"It is not claimed that [the restrictions in question] should in no circumstances be imposed. It is, on the contrary, fully recognised . . . that not only is it reasonable to impose such restrictions, but that in fact they ought to be imposed, in every case where they are required for the protection of the rights of the children of different religious professions attending the same school."

And again:—

"In so far as it can be shown that the maintenance of the restrictions in question is needed for the protection of the rights of even the smallest minority of the people of Ireland, we make no objection to their being maintained."

And again:—

"We are in no way unwilling to submit to those restrictions . . . provided only that they are confined in their operation to the class of cases where the state of things exists in reference to which they were devised. Let them be confined to their operation to cases of that class and we shall be fully content."

"But, as the system at present exists, they are not confined to cases of any particular class. They are of absolutely universal application."

"There are cases in which two National schools exist side by side in the

same district, one attended exclusively by Catholic children, the other attended exclusively by Protestant children. Under the existing rules of the National Education Board, both schools are, in all respects, subject to precisely the same restrictions in the matter of religious teaching and religious practice as if the attendance in both, instead of being denominational, were mixed. *If the attendance were mixed, the restrictions would be fully justified. As the case stands, their maintenance is without a particle of justification.*"

I may, I trust, assume that even those who may be inclined to agree to the fullest extent with Mr. Russell's views about Irish ecclesiastics, will on reading these extracts be ready to allow that the views entertained by the writer of them as to the rights of conscience of the children of even the smallest Protestant minorities in the most remote districts of the country are by no means unreasonable. But someone may go on to ask, To what purpose are those extracts cited? What light do they throw upon the views of the Irish "Roman Catholic hierarchy" in general, or upon those of "Archbishop Walsh" in particular? The answer is exceedingly simple. The passages I have quoted are extracts taken at random from a volume of mine, published about a year and a half ago, setting forth in full detail a statement of the chief Catholic claims in the matter of education in Ireland—Primary, Intermediate, and University.¹

That volume, at the time of its publication, was prominently noticed in the columns of the Dublin newspaper press, Protestant and Catholic. Are we to suppose that Mr. T. W. Russell never heard of its existence, or that, though he had heard of it, he preferred to keep it at arm's length from him, so that he might still be free to go on stating "the claims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy" in his own fashion, without being hampered by any inconvenient knowledge of what the members of that hierarchy might have to say for themselves? I trust that even the warmest political adherents of the member for South Tyrone will recognise that he is called upon at all events to explain his position in this awkward-looking matter.

It may be of more than passing importance that I should also quote here some passages from a previous statement of our Catholic claim. This statement is contained in a Pastoral Letter of mine which was read in all the Catholic churches of the diocese of Dublin, on Sunday, the 27th of February, 1887, and was published in more than one of the Dublin newspapers of the following morning. In it I referred to a joint Pastoral Letter that had been published by the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland sixteen years before. I called attention to the fact that this joint declaration of the

(1) *Statement of the Chief Grievances of Irish Catholics in the matter of Education, Primary, Intermediate, and University.* By the Archbishop of Dublin. Dublin; Browne & Nolan, 1890, pages 8, 11, 12.

Bishops in 1871 furnished conclusive evidence in refutation of the assertion—

"That the Catholics of Ireland, and most especially the Irish Bishops, in seeking for the establishment of schools conducted on Catholic principles, do so mainly with the view of forcing the children of the Protestant or of other religious communities, *especially the children of the scattered representatives of those religious bodies in remote districts of the country*, to attend schools thus conducted on principles at variance with their own forms of religious belief."

For, as I went on to point out:—

"In its statement of the claim for the introduction of the denominational system into the Primary schools of the country, the Pastoral Letter of 1871 most clearly limits this claim to the case of those schools that are attended by Catholic children only."

The Pastoral Letter of 1871 still further defined and emphasized the limitation by the addition of a special claim in reference to schools where the children are not of the same religious profession.

This, it will be observed, is the very case in reference to which Mr. Russell has published his gratuitous charge against us. What, then, did the Bishops claim in reference to it? That the existing provision for the protection of the children of the minority should be removed or diminished? Nothing of the kind. Their claim, on the contrary, was:—

"That in mixed schools, where the children of any religion would be so few as not to be entitled to a grant for a separate school, stringent conscience clauses should be enforced, so as to guard, as far as possible, against even the suspicion of proselytism."

My quotations from the Pastoral Letter of 1871 were followed by some words of protest which, as Mr. T. W. Russell's recent publication has shown, are as applicable now as they were five years ago:—

"In the face of evidence such as this, our calumniators do not scruple to impute to us the vile project of endeavouring to snatch from the children of other religious communions the safeguards which at present shelter them from proselytism in the schools. Let us trust that those slanders have been uttered in ignorance of the true nature of our claim and of this authoritative formal statement of it."

Mr. Russell, in his recent paper, seems to object to my suggesting the plea of ignorance in at least partial excuse for some bad specimens of his blundering about our Education Question. All I can say is, that I should be sorry directly to charge him with ignorance in this or in any other matter, if it were open to me to take any other course. But I cannot see that it is open to me. When I spoke of ignorance, I did so merely because that seemed to me the least discrediting explanation that could be offered in the case. I was not unwilling that Mr. Russell should have the advantage of that plea, such as it is, and in so far as it may be of any advantage to him. If he prefers to discard it, that is his own affair.

And now, with a view to finally disposing of Mr. Russell and his fictions, I shall set forth the points that form the groundwork of our claim for the removal of the grievance so long, but hitherto so fruitlessly, complained of:—

1. When the system of National Education in Ireland was established in 1831, it was organized on the supposition that its schools were to be "mixed" schools as regards the religion of the children attending them.

2. It soon began to be felt that, in Ireland, a "mixed" system, although in the absence of anything better it might be tolerated and submitted to, never could become a really national institution sustained by the willing co-operation of the people.

3. The necessary result was that, almost from the beginning, the official administrators of the system—"The Commissioners of National Education in Ireland"—were constrained to sanction the establishment of separate schools, schools under Protestant management for the Protestant children, schools under Catholic management for the Catholic children, in the chief centres of population where the children of each religious profession were sufficiently numerous to justify the maintenance of a separate school.

4. As time went on, the tendency in this direction became stronger from year to year, so that after some years the schools of "mixed" attendance were almost exclusively confined to those districts in which, from want of numbers, from want of means, or from some other such cause, the establishment of a separate school for the Catholic children on the one hand, or for the Protestant children on the other, was a matter of practical impossibility.

5. The Commissioners, while yielding to the irresistible pressure of the all but universal feeling of the country, persistently clung to the mere theory of the case: the system they were administering was, according to its paper charter, a "mixed" system; they consequently refused, even in the case of "unmixed" schools, whether Catholic or Protestant, to relax by one iota the stringency of the restrictive rules which, however useful and indeed requisite in the case of a "mixed" school, were of no meaning, and therefore vexatiously oppressive, elsewhere.

6. Two important classes of schools—those of the "Christian Brothers" at the Catholic side and those of the "Church Education Society" at the Protestant—were, consequently, excluded from participation in the advantages of the system of National Education: in both cases the responsible managers of these schools felt constrained to maintain in their schools certain points of religious discipline which were not admissible under the restrictive rules of the National Education Board; the schools, then, of both these classes, though "unmixed" as regards attendance, were shut out from all connection

with the public educational system of the country, as a result of the maintenance of the official fiction.

7. In 1868, after prolonged controversy over this and many other points connected with the National system, a Royal Commission of Inquiry was issued. The Commission, which has come to be known as the Powis Commission, from the name of its Chairman, Earl Powis, consisted of 14 members—7 Protestants, including the Chairman, and 7 Catholics. One of its members was the Protestant Bishop of Meath; another, a Protestant clergyman from England. No Catholic bishop or priest, whether Irish or English, was a member of the Commission; and among the Catholic members was the then President of Queen's College, Cork, probably the most competent salaried representative and advocate that could be found in Ireland of the system of "mixed" education. The sittings of the Commission extended over two years. Its Report, issued in 1870, contained a detailed discussion of the claim for the removal of the restrictions on religious freedom in schools where those restrictions were not in any way needed for the protection of the faith of children of different religions. In view of the number of such schools then in existence, and also of the manifest reasonableness of the claim, the Commission emphatically recommended the adoption of this important change. The Report was signed by 11 out of the 14 members of the Commission.

8. At that time the number of "unmixed" National schools in Ireland was 2,562: these formed 40·2 per cent. of the entire number of National schools in Ireland; the number of children on the rolls of these "unmixed" schools was 380,879.

9. The Report of the Commission did not, of course, recommend that in all cases a school should be recognised as "denominational," and therefore be set free from the restrictions in question, merely because the attendance in it happened to be unmixed. Special circumstances in a locality might render it inadvisable that any change should be made in its schools. Within certain limits, then, a discretion in the matter was to be vested in the Commissioners of National Education: a schedule of "unmixed" schools, whose claim to be treated as "denominational" might be approved by the Commissioners, was to be drawn up by them: finally, the schedule, so drawn up, was to be subject to the approval of Parliament.¹

10. Over twenty years have since elapsed: the Report of the Royal Commission still remains a dead letter.

11. Meanwhile, the number of "unmixed" National schools in Ireland has gone up from 2,562 to 4,394; the percentage of such schools has gone up from 40·2 to 53·3 per cent.; the number of children on their rolls has gone up from 380,879 to 569,055.

12. It is worthy of special notice that the increase during the last

(1) *Royal Commission of Inquiry into Primary Education (Ireland)*, vol. i., pp. 371, 526.

twenty years has been specially marked in the province of Ulster, and in the case of Protestant schools both in Ulster and elsewhere. Thus the number of "unmixed" Protestant schools in Ireland has gone up from 196 to 979; the number of Protestant children on the rolls of those schools has gone up from 20,027 to 100,733; the number of "unmixed" schools, Catholic or Protestant, in Ulster has gone up from 380 to 1,150; the number on the rolls of these "unmixed" schools in Ulster has gone up from 51,061 to 149,009.

13. Over and over again since 1870, the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, in urging the claim for the removal of those restrictions, have made it unmistakably plain that, so far as Catholic interests are concerned, the existing difficulty can be adequately removed without going outside the lines laid down by the Royal Commission of 1868-70, and that, therefore, there is no question of interference with the existing arrangements of any schools other than those that are attended *exclusively* by Catholic or Protestant children in districts where *sufficient school accommodation* is provided for all the children of the place, in separate schools under Catholic and Protestant management respectively.

14. This then, is "the claim of the Roman Catholic hierarchy," which Mr. T. W. Russell has taken as the groundwork of his elaborate tirade about "the 'Catholic atmosphere' *everywhere* in the school," and "the supremacy of the Church over *everything* educational;" about the impossibility that would result "for many Protestant children in remote districts to receive any education unless they receive it along with the 'Catholic atmosphere';" about forcing upon "children in the south and west of Ireland, where their numbers do not warrant the establishment of a Protestant school, a system of education dangerous to their faith;" and about a possibly impending "surrender" of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Jackson to "Irish Clericalism," resulting in an "announcement from the Government to the Protestants in the outlying districts in Ireland that, if their children are to be educated in future, they must imbibe the Roman Catholic religion with their education"!

I trust I have now said enough to dispose, once for all, of this mass of discredited and discreditable fiction.

WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE POPULATION IN INDIA.

THE decennial census taken in 1891 for the British-Indian Empire shows a grand total of 289 millions for the British territories and the native states together. This indicates an increase of 36 millions over the 253 millions shown by the previous census of 1881; in other words, a growth of 36 millions in ten years. Of this total increase some 3 millions may be set down to annexation of territory, mainly in Upper Burma or the kingdom of Ava, and 8 millions to native states not previously included. This would leave 30 (thirty) millions, "sheer and clear," as arising from natural increment—or 3 (three) millions annually. This is a remarkable, almost a wonderful, increase of population. But, further, it follows upon a preceding increase, for the census of 1881 showed an increase of 15 millions over the census of 1871. On the two decades taken together, the increase may be taken at from 2 to 3 millions annually. The numbering before the last-named date pointed also to increase. But it is only within the last twenty years that the enumeration has been sufficiently accurate to justify certainty of conclusion. All the information, statistical and other, in the possession of Government, points to a constant, almost an unvarying, growth of population; and it is not too much to say that the population has increased by 70 millions from natural increment within the present generation.

If the increase between 1881 and 1891 has been greater than that between 1871 and 1881, it is because during the latter period there were at times famine and scarcity, whereas the former period has enjoyed comparative immunity from these scourges.

It may be asked, Is there a reasonable assurance that the enumeration of this vast population is well done? In the first place, there is a preliminary count taken, not in one night everywhere, but in several nights according to localities. Afterwards there is the one great count in the same night everywhere. Thus there are two counts, and one count is compared with the other. Similarly, the houses are twice counted, and these counts are compared with the previously existing statistics of the land surveys. The returns are given with details of sex and age, of occupation and of caste. All these details are observed with reference to inherent probability, and to the corresponding details of the preceding census. Thus many tests and varied checks statistically are available, and the comparisons have never afforded any reason for doubting the general totals. If ever any doubt has arisen, it will have been to the effect that here and there the returns may be under the mark.

Taken by themselves, these figures, here given in round numbers only, display an appreciable addition to the British Empire. Judged by a European standard, it is as if a population as numerous as that of Spain and Portugal together, or of Italy, or of Austria, were in the brief course of ten years added to India through the operation of peaceful causes, and without war or annexation. Here, indeed, is a grand item in "the expansion of England." If the fact were taken by itself, it would inspire every Englishman with pride and hope. One might imagine, indeed, that this increase of population had not been attended by an increase in the means and resources of the people, in their trade and agriculture, in their wages and earnings, in the variety of their employments; that they were only overcrowding the ground more and more; that their labour-market was becoming overstocked; that the margin of their food supplies over the necessities of life was growing narrower and narrower. In such a case the growth in population would cease to be a matter of congratulation. But, happily, on the whole, ~~such is not the case~~. The trade returns show a corresponding increase, both in the manufactured articles which India buys from other countries and in the raw produce which she sells to them. In this vast bulk of produce are included food supplies—the rice which fills the marts of north Germany; the wheat which at times floods the grain depots of English ports, and which have even affected or almost dominated the price of wheat in Great Britain. It may, indeed, be said that India sends away yearly tens of millions of tons of food, enough to feed tens of millions of souls. Much of the oil-seed exports, too, may be regarded as possible nourishment. If, then, the question be anxiously asked, Have these teeming millions, ever coming on our hands in such vast numbers, food enough to eat?—we may answer that, at all events, they manage to send away great quantities of food-staples. If this be not a real surplus of food, what is it? And why do they send all this away? Why, because they want the money that it will fetch in order that they may purchase from industrial centres, in England and elsewhere, the articles that supply the artificial needs of a gradually rising civilization.

The statistics of agriculture have a similar tendency. The area under the plough, the cattle on a thousand hills, are ever increasing. No doubt this expansion is irregularly distributed. In some of the oldest regions—as, for instance, the immediate valley of the Ganges, the western and eastern coast districts, the southern peninsula—there is not room for such extension. The areas are tilled to their utmost limits, the peasantry are thick, perhaps too thick, on the ground. But in northern and eastern Bengal, generally in the basin of the Brahmaputra, in the Land of the Five Rivers, in the central regions, full of hills and valleys, the increase of cultivation

is very considerable, and there is yet room for further extension. Now, fortunately, it is in some of these regions that the growth of the population has been most marked.

Nor are the labouring classes wanting in employment. The rise of wages, though in many places but slight, is yet slowly and gradually operating everywhere. In the towns and cities, in all industrial centres, it has risen comparatively fast. Large numbers of skilled labourers of all sorts are receiving wages at rates unknown in former generations. There is in some regions a growth in the rural population. In other regions there is some migration from the country to the towns. But then the employment in the towns is expanding. No doubt some hand-made fabrics, famous in the Middle Ages, have been superseded by machine-made fabrics in the nineteenth century. On the other hand, new industries have sprung up on a scale large enough to engage workmen in numbers far superior to those engaged in the defunct or decaying fabrics—witness the tea, coffee, and indigo; the cotton-mills of Bombay which awaken the anxiety of Manchester; the jute-works of Calcutta, of which even Dundee may be jealous.

Notwithstanding all this, which may be called the favourable balance of symptoms in the body politic, there remains the big question, Is the country too densely populated? are the numbers of the people too great for safety? Well, the average incidence of population on the square mile in the whole country, a vast area of a million and a half of square miles, is less than 150 souls. This, of course, is not a high ratio—indeed, a moderate one for a country which is half within the tropics and has many elements of richness and fertility. But here again the distribution is very unequal. Fully one-half of the whole area is uncultivated or ungrazed. How much of the uncultivated is cultivable will always be doubtful, because the appliances, the resources of agriculture will improve, the capital available for its promotion will be accumulated, and land reckoned uncultivable in one generation may prove cultivable in another. But at the best—that is, whatever may be the improvements in cultivation—there must still be a large area either absolutely needed for forestry, or consisting of slopes too steep for working, or covered by wide-spreading beds of rivers, or composed of rocky and sandy deserts. Indeed, between the mid-basin of the Indus and Hindoostan there is an interval of impracticable desert. Still, after allowing for all these important deductions, there must be tracts, throughout the central regions and the north-eastern regions, where tens of thousands of square miles of fairly fertile soil await the plough. Not even all the cadastral and topographical surveys—admirably executed by the Government,—nor all the statistical inquiries by the Agricultural Department ever succeed in

discovering fully the extent of cultivable waste. This is revealed only by the pressure of the peasantry in search of livelihood. The centrifugal force of growing families, with a people among whom marriage is well-nigh universal, must drive the husbandman farther and farther afield in quest of subsistence. Moreover, many areas cultivated with miscellaneous products are suddenly found to be well suited for cereals. Witness the recent expansion of the area under wheat in response to the demand from England, to the favouring prices, to the facilities afforded by railways for inland traffic. Few persons had previously supposed that so great a food-producing area existed. And certainly if the demand were to become still more imperative, the wheat would yet further displace other products.

In some regions it is hard to say how far the opening out of railways may lead to increase of cultivation. For example, the construction of the line direct from Naghore to Calcutta, through a territory sparsely populated, and having an unhealthy climate, may hereafter render the lands much more healthy from clearance of jungle and rank vegetation, may develop agricultural resources and employ the surplus population overflowing from other districts.

All this has a bearing on the grave considerations arising from the unequal distribution of the population. For, although the population is moderate on the whole, and although on a general survey it does appear that, on the whole again, there ought to be room for many additional millions for every decade to come in the immediate future, yet it must be acknowledged that in many districts the population is very dense, quite as much as the land can bear, and in some districts is too dense. For instance, in the upper valley of the Ganges—say, around Agra—it is about 400 to the square mile. In the lower valley—say, around Benares—it is about 800, and still lower down in parts of Behar it is even more—900 and upwards to the square mile. It would seem almost incredible that the land can bear such a burden of population. Nevertheless, it has so much fertility that it sustains the weight better than does the land round Agra. Even in Behar, however, the excess of population is a source of danger. Similar remarks may be made regarding other districts in other parts of the country. Again, the districts round Calcutta—in English phraseology, the home counties—have an equal density of population. In this case, however, the inhabitants consist largely of people who are employed in the great capital and live in the environs—like the villa population of our English metropolis—running to and fro in crowds by the morning and evening trains.

The question then arises whether the excessive density in some districts can be relieved by migration or emigration. It must at once be admitted that the Indian people are very slow and loth to leave their homes, even though the subsistence should be narrowed

to the minimum compatible with existence. They belong to those races of mankind who cling desperately to their ancestral homesteads. Emigration to lands beyond the ocean is and always has been very limited, indeed regrettably small. It might have been hoped that the surplus inhabitants of India would sail away to people tropical regions elsewhere. But the emigration to the Mauritius, to Natal, to the West Indies, to the French colonies has never been considerable, and has fluctuated sadly. In the case of the French colonies there have been particular difficulties into which I do not pause to enter. British Guiana is perhaps the best and most permanent field for the emigrants. Even there the number of the Indian colonists may be relatively large for the colony but is small for India. On the whole, this emigration may relieve India of a few tens of thousands—say, 50,000 annually—but it produces no appreciable effect on so great a country. The migration is more successful. Not that the Indians migrate largely from one part to another of India proper. But they do migrate from India to outlying or adjacent provinces, to Assam, to Burma, to Ceylon. Such migration amounts to a quarter of a million annually; and, though not considerable, it is yet appreciable. In all, emigration and migration together may amount to one-third of a million annually, or one-sixth to one-eighth of the increase already shown of two to three millions yearly.

Apart from migration and emigration, which may be called external causes of relief, there may be internal causes to lessen the population. The first of these latter would be the pestilence or sickness which springs from insanitary conditions. Now, this cause, which has always been operative, will operate less and less under British rule. Sanitation, in a hundred ways, and especially the water-supply in the towns and cities will reduce the death-rate. This rate, as shown by the vital statistics which are being better and better collated, is still high—doubtless higher than in European countries. Still it is lower nowadays than it was in former times, though the statistics do not go back far enough to enable us to verify the comparison accurately. Here, then, no sign of relief is perceptible; and humanity will rejoice at that.

Before British rule war, revolution, devastation, raiding, plundering, fire and sword kept down the numbers of the people from time to time in almost all parts of the country. Those who have read the mediæval history of India, even down to the nineteenth century, by the light derivable from traditions on the spot can alone estimate how terribly effective these causes used to be. They have all been checked during the last three generations.

Lastly, there remains the grave question, How far is the growth of numbers affected by famine? This destructive agency has existed from time immemorial. Though historical accuracy is

unobtainable, we may infer that the evil must have been worse before British rule than it has been since. At all events, it has been very serious throughout the British period, beginning from the middle of the eighteenth century. From 1770 to 1890, say 120 years, famine has occurred thirty-eight times, not, indeed, through the whole land, but in some part or other of the country. In other words, suffering and death have been hereby caused somewhere or other in every third or fourth year. The Government always tried to afford succour; its efforts were more and more strenuous according as an enlightened sense of duty became stronger. Of late, the remedial efforts have been wonderful—no expense, however tremendous, no labour, however arduous, being grudged. Some success has been attained; sometimes it has been well-nigh complete. At other times it has been chequered and the result disappointing. On some of these dread occasions the loss of life has been sadly great; perhaps even one per cent. of the whole people of the country may have thus perished in a single year. This percentage may not at first sight seem high; but when the figures are reckoned on so vast a population as that of India, the loss represents a great human sacrifice. Sometimes also the sacrifice has, in part at least, extended over a second year, and then the total loss becomes even more deplorable. It has been seen that the meteorological causes, which bring on drought in any given year, are but too likely to continue over the following year, and may even extend into a third year. Nor, at these dire seasons, does death occur from hunger alone. It also arises from the sickness, epidemic and sporadic, which supervenes on insufficient nutrition, on the migration from place to place, on the unavoidable exposure to climate on the relief works, and on a defective or polluted water supply. It is this concomitant sickness or pestilence that often baffles the authorities even more than the effects of hunger. And of its causes a bad water-supply is perhaps the worst. The drought which parches the fields also dries up the water-springs, and the wells or tanks become dangerously low. The deadly maladies which must ensue can be readily imagined.

To many thinkers the theme of Indian famines, their causes and their cure, may easily suggest itself. The idea, perhaps, arises from the presumption that they are preventable; but, alas! they are not. What are the causes? They resolve themselves into this fact. In due season, yearly, the vapours, the cloud-masses, drawn by the sun's rays from the Indian Ocean, are arrested on reaching the Indian land, and are condensed into fertilizing rain; then, of course, agriculture prospers. But from time to time the vapours fail to be attracted by the land: they pass over it and proceed onward to the mountain ranges beyond India; then, of course, agriculture perishes for lack of rain. Such, in brief and general terms, is

This kind of irrigation is being, and will yet be extended—though most of the best sites and lines of country have been already taken up. Outside these great works, tanks of various dimensions, large and small, and wells innumerable exist. Infinite care is needed for the encouragement of these minor but useful works. At the best, however, irrigation, whether from canals or artificial lakes, or tanks, or wells, though it does much, can by no means do all that would be requisite in order to avert the consequences of drought.

The outcome of all these considerations is, that the causes of famine in India are not entirely preventable, that the consequences of drought can be mitigated but not averted, and that this recurring calamity is one that neither governments nor legislatures nor administrations can wholly cure. Famine, then, as we may expect, will in most decades check slightly the growth of population, and in some districts even decimate the people. But it will not go so far as to neutralize the natural increment of the population. Even if it lessened that increment by half a million of souls annually on the average, which is a high estimate, still there will probably remain an increase of two or two and a half millions annually.

The conclusions, then, to which my disquisition points are as follows. The population of the Indian Empire has risen within the memory of the present generation from 220 to 289 millions; it has been increasing at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions annually, and is now rising at the rate of 3 millions. If no large famines occur it will considerably exceed 300 millions at the end of the century now drawing to a close. Even in the event of decimation from these causes, there will be an excess over the 300 millions. This augmentation is coincident with a growth in means and resources of livelihood, and in material prosperity of all kinds. The exportation of food grains in vast quantities continues. The average of population in the Indian Empire is very moderate. For all that, the density in some parts is considerable, and in other parts too great. On the other hand, there is a large quantity of cultivable land still unused, the extent of which can be fully known by experience alone. Further, the existing cultivation can be made more and more productive by agricultural science, by development of irrigation in detail, and by improved appliances for husbandry. On the whole, there is fair reason to hope that the magnificent area of land will be able to sustain its people; and that the accession of teeming millions decade after decade under the British rule may be welcomed without an afterthought. On the other hand, there have been, and still are, frequently recurring causes to check the growth of the population. One fearfully potent cause arising from internal war, devastation and disorder, which up to the present century decimated the people, has been effectually stopped. But pestilence, which in former centuries occasionally stalked through

the land, still lurks in many places. It is kept down by sanitation, by the diffusion of medical education among the natives, and by the purification of the water supply. The waterworks are to be found in almost every town; in the great cities they may be compared with anything of their kind in any country. The check on population, as imposed by sickness, will be gradually lessened. Then there is the terrible check resulting from famine or scarcity. The recorded experience of more than a century shows that this scourge has appeared, in one quarter or another, once in every three years. Its recurrence is extremely probable. It springs from atmospheric conditions which may be partially controlled, but cannot be wholly averted by the power of man. Its terrible power is in part weakened by railway communication supplying the markets which have been depleted from scarcity. Its area may be in some degree limited by irrigation works. The conservation and propagation of forests will improve the supply of moisture in the country. Great efforts, without stint of money, will be made by the Government to find wages and employment for the multitudes suddenly thrown out of work by the cessation of labour in the fields and the temporary paralysis of the hand looms, the potteries, and other village industries. Infinite good will, indeed, be effected in these various ways. But no administration can guarantee security against loss of life from hunger, and from the many ailments which ensue after a period of physical depression. Therefore the population will be checked in some degree by famine. The loss from that cause appears to be about half-a-million annually in a cycle of years. But this would represent only one-fifth or one-sixth of the present annual increase of population. And probably the consequences of famine, though not averted, will yet be lessened by good administration; so that even this check on population will become gradually less. Emigration to tropical regions beyond the sea will do something for the progress of those regions, but will not be enough to make any perceptible impression on the Indian population. Migration from India proper to outlying provinces of the Indian Empire, as Burma and Assam, will be considerable, perhaps equal to one-tenth or one-twelfth of the annual increase. The transfer of population from India to Ceylon is reckoned as migration only, because Ceylon, though not belonging to the Indian Empire, is yet adjacent to India. In many countries there are social causes inducing the people themselves to put a check on the growth of population, notably in some parts of Europe. These considerations have no effect in India, where early marriage is universal, and is rendered obligatory by the iron rule of time-honoured custom. Thus, on the one hand, while the existing checks on population are gradually lessened by British rule, many a potent stimulus is called into being,

and after allowing for all kinds of unavoidable diminution, a steady augmentation of the people is to be looked for. The accession of Upper Burma to the Empire, and the combination of all Burma under one administration as a part of British India, will greatly concern the population of that great Indian dominion. It brings the basin and delta of the Irawaddy into touch commercially with the several basins and deltas of India. Sore as may be the need, deep as may be the affliction of any famine-stricken part of India, there is succour from Burmese rice-fields practically inexhaustible. The whole subject of famine was, in 1879-80, laboriously investigated by a special commission, of which the late Sir James Caird was a prominent member. Its elaborate report summarised all that can be devised by the wit of man for the improvement of the country. But, after all, its recommendations did not go beyond the known catalogue of all that avowedly and admittedly has to be done for the moral and material progress of the Indian Empire. It is to good government, slowly and patiently pushed on, that we must look for meeting the consequences of the rapid growth of population. There is no golden or immediate remedy. Trusting to the Providence that has so mercifully upheld us during a glorious century and more of reign in India, we must advance on our present lines, and persevere in the course we are pursuing. The people, as they become more and more enlightened, will help the Government in this immense task.

The sum total, then, is this, that the increase of the Indian population is a clear sign of material progress, and is a cause for imperial congratulation. But it imposes an additional burden of anxiety and responsibility, both on the Government and on the people, a burden which their shoulders are broad enough to bear.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN MADAGASCAR.

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—No one in his senses doubts that, if France were to put forth all her strength, and organise a well-equipped expedition, such, for instance, as the one with which she effected the conquest of Tonquin, she would in the end be able to dictate terms to the Hova Government, and thus establish an effective protectorate over Madagascar. But it is allowed, by every one conversant with the geography of this country, and who is also aware of the spirit which animates the governing race, that, in order to impose any terms upon them, it will be necessary to send an overwhelming force to this capital, Antananarivo, which is situated near the centre of the great plateau of Imerina, at an elevation of nearly five thousand feet above the sea level. Various authorities, more or less competent, have estimated the probable force necessary to effect this result. None of them place it below twelve thousand, while some fix it as high as thirty thousand troops. M. de Freycinet, in his speech to the French Chamber at the close of the late war, put it at twenty-five thousand men: allowing for a sufficient force to protect their line of communications. Since that date, the military situation, as far as the Hovas are concerned, has considerably improved. Excellent technical instruction has been given by competent English officers, during the past three or four years, to schools of cadets, both in infantry and artillery studies; and the young men so taught have attained a high degree of efficiency. Several new machine-guns have been received by the Hovas; and these guns, together with about thirty thousand rifles, and the necessary ammunition for both, are ready for service. It is very difficult to estimate the fighting capabilities of the Malagasy army. In the late war they behaved well, on some occasions; at other times they showed anything but a warlike spirit. In a future campaign their conduct will mainly depend upon, (1) their food, (2) their leaders. The first consideration touches upon the weakest point of the Hova administration, namely, the commissariat, which is, practically, non-existent. The Government are, however, aware of this deficiency; and it is probable that, in the event of another war, some efforts will be made to provide food for the troops. That there should be any doubt about such a vital matter, may afford amusement to military critics: especially to those who are unacquainted with the extraordinary devotion, frugality, and endurance of the Malagasy race. With regard to the second point there is still more doubt. If I leave out of account a French gentleman, who would, of course, rejoin the army of the Republic, the Hovas have at present only one European officer in their service. This officer had previously gained valuable experience in South African wars, where he much distinguished himself, and served through the late campaign; he has a thorough knowledge of his profession, and is deservedly much trusted by the Malagasy. We may take it as admitted that, in order to force an entrance into the Imerina plateau, a properly-constituted expedition must be undertaken; and we may be pretty sure that the result will mainly depend upon the intelligence of the commanders, and the courage and endurance of the troops. A late King of Madagascar said, previously to the famous phrase of the Emperor Nicholas, "I have two

generals, each of whom is as good as five thousand soldiers—namely, General Hazo and General Tazo. The former word means forest, and the latter fever. These natural obstacles still remain, and will have to be reckoned with by an invading force, whatever resistance they may have to encounter. During one period of the late war, 40 per cent. of the French troops were on the sick list, and that without either marching or fighting. There are, it is well known, no roads whatever in Madagascar, and the rainfall during certain months in the year is prodigious. The plateau of Imerina is surrounded by a chain of mountains, which afford unusual facilities for the erection of defensive works, and the soldiers are adepts in the use of a spade. Without going further into details, enough has, perhaps, been said to show that an attack upon the district occupied by the governing race will be to child's play for an invading army. The main difficulty, common to all such campaigns, is the absolute impossibility of the column deploying into line, during any portion of its advance, until the plateau itself is reached; and the seizure of the capital ought then to be comparatively easy, even if a decisive battle has first to be fought in the plain. In very many respects an expedition of this kind would compare with our own to Abyssinia, except that Lord Napier never fired a shot, nor lost a single man in action. Yet I believe that the cost of that little campaign was about ten millions sterling; and it would in that respect form a fair basis upon which the French may ground their calculations.

It remains to be seen what compensating advantages they would gain by their outlay. Imerina is at present inhabited by over a million Hovas, including their slaves, women, and children. This population is entirely supported by the never-failing rice crop, which is the only one of any importance in all the district. A season of drought prevails without intermission from April until October, rendering the growth of almost any other cereal difficult and precarious.

To speak generally, the invaders would acquire an immense extent of country, which would be almost entirely useless to them; because, in the first place, all the rice-fields are private property, and secondly, they are only cultivable by the natives themselves, for whose support they barely suffice. Whether the French would succeed in imposing sufficient taxation upon the inhabitants of this district to maintain the expenses of its administration, is more than doubtful. Probably, in addition to the ten millions sterling, which may be taken as the minimum cost of the expedition, the French budget would be burdened with supplementary estimates for many years to come.

Much has been said, especially during the last three years, of the mineral wealth of this country. But although as yet we have hardly any accurate knowledge, enough has lately leaked out to make even the most sanguine of us doubt whether "payable" alluvial ground exists, at all events to any great extent, in the island of Madagascar. Of course, there is a great deal of gold here, as well as of some other minerals. But so far as is at present known, the extraction of the former can only be successfully carried on by persons who can subsist on an average earning of about three or four pence a day—a rate so ridiculously low that it is hard to believe that some thousands of natives would expend their labour and their lives in this unremunerative occupation. Yet such is the case, and one can only account for it by the wonderful fascination which gold-washing possesses, and which is altogether apart from its intrinsic value to the workers. The copper here is pure, but requires facilities for its transport which do not at present exist. Much the same is true of the iron. Of course, there are immense tracts in the country suitable both for pasture and agriculture; but the population is scanty, and it would be very long

before the land could be developed sufficiently to pay the conquerors. However, the French have had plenty of time, since their last war with the Malagasy, to study the question; and we may presume that, when they persuaded Lord Salisbury to acknowledge their protectorate, they took all the chances into account; and among them must have been the chance of their meeting, as they have done, with a firm but courteous refusal from the lords of the soil to allow it to be overrun by foreigners. The next move in the political game can hardly fail to be of interest, both to persons outside of the great African island and to those whose lot is cast upon it.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

VAZARA.

P.S.—Since the above was written we have heard of a concession being given to an English syndicate of a large tract of country, which is reported to contain a great deal of gold and other precious minerals, as well as of large deposits of coal.

Some of the above statements regarding the mineral wealth of this country may appear to conflict with those which have been put forward by the syndicate in question. I shall be very glad if the rather pessimist views which I have formed may be proved to be wrong. But what I have said on the matter was shown to the very best authorities in Madagascar, both Hova and British, and, as at present advised, I have no reason to retract any of my statements.

ANTANANARIVO,

December 21st, 1891.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

CHAPTER XIX.

THAT same evening, she had one moment alone with him. She looked thoughtful, but much happier.

"Do you know," she said to him hastily, "what you do when you tell me things? You seem to cut an alley through a wood that I thought impassable, and I see suddenly a gleam of light at the end."

"More philosophy!" exclaimed the Princess, entering. "Come—come. We ordered dinner at seven. Give me your arm, Bobby Grenville, and let me totter along with you to the restaurant."

They were later than most of the company; and there were many people departing before their own meal had arrived at its middle stage. The Princess was studying the moving figures through her spectacles, when she suddenly, in her penetrating voice, exclaimed:

"Baron—baron, won't you look at me?"

A tall, grizzled man started, and then caught sight of her. They shook hands effusively. She asked him how long he had been at Lichtenbourg. He said for two days, and that that night he was leaving.

"You know my niece?" said the Princess.

The Baron turned and looked at her.

"Of course," he said; "but I have not met you since you were married. Once or twice I have seen you walking with your husband, and I wondered if my mind was deceiving me when it whispered that I had the honour of knowing you. Will you have the goodness to present me to Herr von Schilizzi."

Grenville, despite every effort, was conscious that his brows contracted; and though as a matter of fact his colour changed but little, he felt that his face must be hot with indignant protest. It seemed to him for the moment as if some one had stripped him of his clothes, and forced on him those of this mongrel Greek tradesman. The mistake was corrected almost as soon as made; and his vanity was soothed by finding that this stranger recognised his name when it was mentioned, and bowed to him with evident deference. But Mrs. Schilizzi had noted every change in his expression; and after the Baron had gone, she became absorbed and silent. The manner of the Princess too, though he did not notice it at the time, underwent, as he reflected afterwards, an almost imperceptible change.

"The Baron," she said to him presently, "has a beautiful old castle in Styria. There is hardly a roof that doesn't let in the rain, and hardly a table with more than three legs. It's so old and dirty, that I'm sure you should have a look at it."

Grenville felt that this allusion to his tastes was not very sympathetic; and before dinner was over he became a trifle embarrassed by the Princess asking him what other antiquities he would visit, and when his official engagements would be taking him back to London. A doubt came to him for a single passing moment as to whether his continuance in Lichtenbourg

could have struck her as in any way curious; and instinct rather than reason, at once supplied him with a defence. As to his return in London, some vague answer was sufficient.

"But as to old castles," he went on good-naturedly, "I have been asked to be a guest at another; and that is the castle of our Pasha. If I like to go there, I believe I shall be welcome in a week or so; and meanwhile this is a charming place to wait at."

With this intelligence the Princess seemed quite content. With an almost motherly friendliness,

"Help me up from my chair," she said, "and come to our room to be beaten again at chess."

The game that evening proceeded almost in silence. No word or look came from Mrs. Schilizzi which showed that her thoughts had strayed beyond knights and pawns and bishops. The following day when he started on his usual stroll with her, she surprised him by saying with decision,

"I am not going to stop out long." And as soon as they had reached a walk which was comparatively unfrequented, she began, "I want to tell you something. You had much better go away. It is best for every reason."

Surprised and bewildered he asked her what she meant. "Where must I go? Why must I go? When?"

"Soon," she said. "Can't you see that my aunt is beginning to wonder about you—and any morning I may hear from my husband that he is coming. Indeed I shouldn't be surprised if he came without my hearing. I'm getting so uncomfortable I hardly know what to do."

It was not only what she said, but there was a peculiar quality in her manner, that roused in Grenville a certain sense of injustice, and seemed to have placed at once a distance between him and her. "Certainly," he replied, "if you wish it, I will go. It is true I have nowhere to go to—except, I suppose, England. I have no home, as you know, either there or anywhere."

"England!" she exclaimed. "No—I didn't mean that."

"Well then, Paris, if you like it better. I can easily make arrangements to go by the evening train."

"Don't be silly," she cried. "Do try to understand me. I only mean, go away for a day or two; and if you like to do so, come back when Paul arrives. It matters about my aunt, so much more than about him: and if you are here when he is, it will look so much better to her."

"Do you mean then that I must go at once? Tell me. I am at your orders."

Her tone was almost tender; but as she went on it grew chilly again. "No—no—I don't want you to go to-day. That would look worse than if you remained till Christmas. But talk to my aunt about going—make her think you are going. It will be quite enough, in any case, if you go to the Pasha for a day or two. Come," she said presently, "I must be turning back again. For the last two mornings I have neglected my children; and I mean to teach them some lessons before luncheon."

Grenville could not help being annoyed at the instructions given him. The matter of them he could bear, but what he could not bear was the

manner. The former affected him like any ordinary pain, which he could accept with fortitude and acquiescence ; but the latter seemed rather to produce some irritated rebellion of the nerves, whose action lay beyond the province of fortitude. "Of course," he said to himself, "I will go should she really wish it ; or even if I see myself that it is well for her that I should go. But she seems to think that if she wishes to send me away, I can be sent away like a footman, and rung for when I again am wanted."

In this language, however, he recognised the return of the temper which had attacked and tortured him, and with which he had struggled in London. He knew it now—that spirit of unjust accusation, malignant as the devil himself, and petty as the puniest of his imps : and he found that he had advanced considerably in the art of self-discipline. "Get thee behind me," he said again and again, to each bitter thought which whispered itself in his ear against her : and he charmed it away, like a saint quoting a text, by quoting from his memory some words of love or some look of kindness. He also—though on reflection he did not consider them necessary—faithfully followed her instructions with regard to his conduct towards the Princess. Without committing himself to a statement that he was going to leave, he gave her to understand, which he could now do truthfully, that he was staying where he was, in the expectation of shortly going to the Pasha ; and, more than this, with regard to Mrs. Schilizzi, he kept over his manner and movements so strict a watch, that if the Princess should have really begun to criticise them, her suspicions should be disarmed by the step she took to confirm them.

But though Grenville outwardly was perfectly calm and good-tempered, and to Mrs. Schilizzi, whenever he was alone with her, tender, his life for the next few days was one constant effort of self-control. Apart from the Princess or her children he daily saw less and less of her. She did not deny him the walks which had by this time become habitual ; but she professed a distaste for the lonelier parts of the gardens ; she kept as much as she could to the paths which were most frequented : and she seemed by preference to take the children with her. She did not find fault or quarrel with him ; but she did what was more estranging. She avoided, so far as she could, all topics that were personal, and whenever he tried to approach them, she adroitly turned to others. He had sometimes thought her hard, he had sometimes thought her cruel. He was now fretted with an even worse suspicion of her—that so far as he was concerned she was gradually becoming frivolous. Inward troubles such as these, depending on such slight vicissitudes, seem to many people to be hardly troubles at all, and to need on a man's part no firmness in bearing them. Let such people consider how small and hidden an injury in the vital parts of the body may cause the most intolerable suffering : and they then may conceive how a mind may be sometimes as sensitive as a stomach ; and how the finest minds, though they may show suffering least, are those that feel it most, and need most strength to bear it. Grenville's secret sufferings were of two kinds. First came the sense, made the more difficult to deal with because it was doubtful, that the woman who had been so near to him was now gradually withdrawing herself ; whilst a phantom was constantly facing him of his own approaching desolation. Secondly came a sense of his own unutterable folly,

supposing this woman to be actually thus treating him. All his thoughts which were in the service of his own self-love began to plot together, and break out into insurrections, threatening her and clamouring to be revenged on her: but never once, by an angry look or word, did he allow a sign of this inward tumult to escape him. On the contrary whilst one part of his mind was stinging him with distrust of her and resentment, he forced himself, by the aid of another part, to act as if he completely trusted her. However unreasonable or capricious her conduct and words might seem to him, he forced himself to interpret them in some way to her advantage; nor did he relax his forbearance, though it hourly grew more difficult, as he looked in vain for any sign that she was touched by it, or was even aware of it. At last, indeed, he was growing to dread, rather than look forward to his meetings with her: when one morning, to his extreme surprise, she greeted him with a voice and look like those of their early days—those days in the forest, which seemed now like some lost existence. "Bobby," she said softly, "I have a great deal to say to you. I am going this morning to take you for a walk in the country—you see I am ready. Have you got your hat? Then come."

Hardly able to believe in such a return of happiness, Grenville walked by her side, unconscious of the road they were taking, till she said "We will go to a place where I took you once before." He then realised that they were on their way to the mill. "Listen," she went on presently. "This morning I have heard from Paul. He perhaps will be here to-morrow, or at farthest the day after; and my aunt who has only been staying here in order to keep me company, has settled already to return home this evening."

Grenville looked at her, and received the news in silence. One curious thing struck him about her. Circumstances were approaching which, more than all others, might seem calculated to increase the nervousness she had so often before exhibited; now the nervousness instead of increasing seemed to have wholly vanished. She was serious indeed; but so far as frankness goes, she was as fearlessly, as affectingly frank, as she had been on the lake or in the hunting lodge. "Darling," she exclaimed presently—it was long since she had used that word, "will you mind if I ask you one thing. Let us turn back now, and go for this walk later. My aunt will have left by that time; and the whole afternoon will be our own. I don't want to be hurried. I have so much to say to you."

Grenville assented, and they returned almost in silence—a silence of union, not a silence of estrangement.

"I hope," said the Princess to Grenville, just before her departure, when Mrs. Schilizzi happened to have left the room, "I hope you'll write and tell me of your visit to this wonderful Pasha; and if you have time on your hands, come back again to me. I," she continued, "am wanted here no longer, now that Irma will have her husband; and I've business at home that has been asking for me for the last five days. As you are not going directly, you of course will make his acquaintance. He's not grand, like your friends the Count and Countess—but I don't know anyone with a better head on his shoulders."

Grenville wondered if in this there was any oblique hint to himself. Of

one thing he had become aware at all events, that the Princess saw no need of conveying any hints to her niece.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Schilizzi, when the Princess had driven off, "should you mind, Bobby, if we took the children with us? It would give them so much pleasure; and I should like it myself, for other reasons. I can't bear to think that you should come between me and them: and indeed you don't! But I was a little afraid of you thinking that they might come between you and me. They won't; but I'll do as you wish about it."

"Take them," he said; and she saw that he said it willingly.

They went again by the way they had gone that morning. They came to the place where the well-remembered path took them from the high-road, and led them by the willows and the river.

"Have you forgotten," she said to him, "the day when I first brought you here? I keep in my mind every word that you said to me. My soul was being born that day, and all the world seemed beautiful."

"I," he answered, "have also forgotten nothing."

They walked on in silence. "Look," she exclaimed presently. "Did you see that water-ousel, how pretty it was! It darted out from the shadow of those two bushes. These bushes, when last we were here, had very few leaves on them. You picked up a stone, when we went past them. I remember what you said. I wonder if you do? You said that when two people were really fond of each other, the heavens were opened for them. I wonder, Bobby, if they will be open for me much longer?"

Before he could answer she had begun calling to the children, as if to escape from feelings which she could no longer control. "Come," she said, "both of you and show me those pretty flowers." The children came, and trotted like dogs along by her, extracting a promise that they should all have tea at the mill. They had it in the same summer-house. Their elders laughed with them; the greatest pleasures of life seemed for all four of them, to be cakes and sugar; and its greatest problem the division of them. At last when the little mouths were beginning to move more slowly, Mrs. Schilizzi said, "Now, children, go and play." Off they flew like two obedient butterflies, and the mother's face then turned towards Grenville, and her lips said tremulously, "Listen—I want to speak to you."

"Yes?" he said. He saw that she struggled for her voice. She found it only with an effort. "Bobby," she said at last, "you won't go away and leave me?" With the eloquence that lies only in words that are broken and chosen helplessly, he protested that he would not. "Why," he asked, "should you think so?"

"For many reasons," she said. "I can hardly tell yet how many. When Paul comes, I shall know."

"Does he mind what you do, Irma?"

"He would mind," she said, "anything which he thought was an affront to himself. But he doesn't care in any other way. How I spend my life, or that I have a life to spend, is a thing that hardly occurs to him. But the fonder I am of you—does not this seem strange?—the stronger grows my sense of the duties I owe to him."

"No," said Grenville, "I don't think it is strange."

"I want," she went on, "to give him all I can, except one thing—to wait on him when he orders me; to be good-tempered with him; to be his

hired companion—respect his crotchets—to be a good ornamental servant—to give him what he has paid for. And to give him this, dear, I shall have to be robbing you—I mean of my time. Often I shall be unable to see you: and then you will be disgusted, and angry with me.”

“Never,” he said, “never. And yet, Irma, I may be tempted to be. I know what an unreasonable thing one’s reasoning often is: but, in my real heart of hearts, instead of being angry, I shall admire you. We talked about truth the other day. You see yourself how truth is still open to you.”

“Perhaps it is,” she answered. “But I am still getting so fearful. Bobby—if I seem to neglect you, will you promise me not to be angry? Oh—but that’s not the worst. Many little things may happen, and I shall be forced to lie. I shall—I foresee it all. Listen,” she went on, and looked him full in the eyes.—“I am naturally very truthful; and if ever you find I am not so—I don’t mean not so to you—will you promise me to remember this?—that I—

‘Put to proof art alien to the artist,
Once, and only once, and for me only.’

Yes—I know you think you will. I see your lips move, but I can’t hear what you say. But I wonder if you will really. Oh tell me—tell me—if I have to lie for you, tell me you won’t hate me.”

“Irma,” he said, “the very fact that you ask me this, is a proof that you never can do anything that will part me from you. Whatever blame there may be to fall on any one, it will be mine not yours.”

“Tell me,” she went on, hardly heeding his words, and yet reassured by the tone of them, “tell me, Bobby, that I may always lean upon you—always feel that in spirit, even if not in the body, you are close to me, that you are upholding me, and that you will never, never abandon me. Will you never go away from me? Are you sure? Are you quite sure?”

Her hand had stolen in his, holding it in a convulsive clasp. He answered her slowly, “I am weighing each word I utter. Look—the people of the mill are moving about in sight of us; the children are close by; I can do nothing but speak. I put all my life into those three words—I am quite sure.”

“I believe you,” she said. “I am happier. Come, let us go back again.”

Next morning she sent him a note early.

“Paul,” it ran, “will be here at ten. He has been travelling all night. Let me see you in the garden, just for one five minutes.”

They met. There was little to say. Their thoughts seemed to partake of the breathless character of their words; but he pulled from his pocket a crumpled sheet of paper, and said to her,

“See—this is what I wrote last night.”

“Read it,” she said. “We still have a minute or two. Sit down here, and read it; and let me look at it, whilst you do so.”

What he read was as follows; and when he had read it, she took the paper from him.

“Your eyes and mine are turned towards the light;
How can our footsteps tend towards the night?
They do not—cannot: though above our head
Sorrow and cloud are gathering like a load.”

For learn this secret : 'Tis to us allowed
 To make a silver lining to our cloud :
 And we will turn the dark to daylight by
 That one clear lamp—our own fidelity.
 You will be faithful—will you ? This I know,
 I shall not leave you till you make me go."

CHAPTER XX.

THIS brief interview was duly noted in his diary, which continued thus:—
 "The event which happened this morning, though I knew it must happen some day, seemed at first as vague a thing as death seems to healthy people. But latterly it had been growing more and more distinct to me. This one human being who separates me from what would complete my life, and whose existence has clouded ours with so many doubts and pains—he has been to me hitherto a mere vague abstraction. Now I am to learn at last how real a fact he is in the situation we have made for ourselves. Day by day lately, I have been asking myself these two questions: How far will his presence influence *my* life? and how far will *my* life influence his? This last question hitherto I have always answered confidently. I have said, my life will not influence his at all, except, perhaps, for good; as it may help her to bear his yoke with happier resignation. But now that the time draws near for putting this answer to the test, doubts have begun to trouble me. Suppose I find him to be more jealous than I have fancied—that is a supposition which almost inevitably suggests itself: but it troubles me little compared with this other one—suppose I find him to be more deserving than I expected. Anyhow, his presence will for the first time reveal fully to me what I have done and am—and what I have made her. When he comes—I was thinking only yesterday—when he comes, it will be like the day of judgment. And now he has come—and, like the day of judgment, suddenly. Well, when events which we have long been dreading actually arrive, we often find them to be like shadows, which look absolutely black from a distance, but which prove when we enter them to be merely a clouded daylight. That was my experience this morning. We were in the garden for very few minutes. He was expected by ten at the earliest; and our watches were not hurrying us; but so anxious was she to be on the spot awaiting him, that we were back at the hotel a quarter before the hour. She paused on the steps, and said to me,
 "'What will you do to-day? I shall hardly be able to see you—indeed, I had better not.'

"A sudden inspiration came to me. 'I will go,' I said, 'and call on the Pasha.'

"The proposal pleased her. We entered. When we were in the hall, the first thing that met our eyes was a large portmanteau, with the letters 'P.S.' painted on it.

"'He has come!' she cried. 'Don't move a step farther with me.'

"And before I had time to think, she was hurrying up the stairs. As for me, I was on the point of returning to the garden, when I heard her

break into a laugh, and distinguished the exclamation 'Well!' She had reached the first landing, and a man had come down to meet her. I could not move. I was constrained to observe the meeting. The man looked un-English. He was smiling, and showed his teeth. His clothes were of some startling pattern, and his back had a curving curve. They shook hands effusively, and then, as if he were performing some necessary duty, he gave her a hasty kiss, seeming relieved when it was over. Then he said in a dry, penetrating voice,

" 'I suppose you have had your coffee. I have been waiting a d——d good English breakfast.'

"All this took place in considerably less than a minute. I turned away; and the weight on my heart was lightened.

"I wandered out of doors. I determined to avoid meeting them. How strange it seems to be obliged to think of her as bound to any human being besides myself!—to find suddenly that I am an outsider! But after all it is easier to bear than I expected. The look of the man, the coldness of his greeting—that has taken my worst fears away, and I found myself, to my surprise, almost in good spirits.

"My one wish now was to be away for the whole day; so without returning to the hotel, I went to a stand of carriages, and taking a light *fiaker* at once set off for my Pasha's. Was it pain or pleasure that filled me during the drive? I can hardly tell; but I know that all the way *her* voice was in my ears, *her* cheeks were close to me; her presence was in the woods and brooks, still lingering there like a perfume. I reached the castle, as I had expected, just about the hour of *déjeuner*. Having announced myself by a card, a smooth-faced French valet soon appeared at the gates, and smilingly invited me to enter. I was taken up a private staircase, to a round room in a tower, where I found the Pasha arranged tastefully on a divan, draped in a gorgeous dressing-gown, and reading a French novel. My eyes were so dazzled by the red and gold on the walls, and by silver crescents studding an azure ceiling, that the Pasha had risen and was hospitably pressing my hand, before I was aware of seeing anything clearly. He was charmed, he was ravished to receive me. He had feared I had quite forgotten him. Breakfast would be ready presently. Would I excuse him whilst he completed his toilette. He took me by the arm, and led me to another room—a room which I recognised, dim with purple velvet, and glimmering through its dimness with silver inkstands and blotting-books. He left me here alone with a copy of the *Vie Parisienne*, and presently reappeared, doing infinite credit to his tailor, illuminated by a rose in his buttonhole, and breathing perfume like a god of Greek mythology.

" 'Let us descend,' he said. 'By the way, there is here a friend of yours. You must come and pass some days with me, and help me to entertain her. I have now here only ladies. There was a gentleman coming; but he has failed me.'

"Before I had time to ask him who my friend was, some folding-doors were thrown open by a servant, and I found myself in the vaulted hall, with its mountains of Florentine furniture. Amongst them in a moment I distinguished the figure of Lady Ashford; and was conscious at the same time of the rustle of other dresses besides hers. Lady Ashford greeted me with

her usual charm of manner; and I thought—though this might be fancy—eyed me a little curiously, as if thinking of the prophecies she had made about me a couple of months ago. Whilst we were talking there appeared from behind a piano—who? The two ladies who had been pointed out to me in the Prater—the Baroness —— and Miss Juanita Markham. The Baroness is a woman of disagreeable expression, youthful in dress, in years a faded fifty, and looking about her with the light of superannuated intrigue in her eyes. As for the girl her dress was wonderful. It suggested a yachting costume; and seemed to have three intentions—to emphasize the beauty of her neck, her waist, and her wrists. The neatness of her hair and her shoes were both things to wonder at. Let me say no more of her. To me she is less than nothing. I hardly spoke to her. On our way to breakfast we passed through all those rooms, with their jewelled armour on the walls, and their hangings of tapestry, at which Irma and I smiled. Seeing them thus again, I seemed to be walking in a dream. I sat by Lady Ashford. We naturally talked of what had happened to us since the night of our dinner-party in Vienna. I cannot flatter myself that I was extremely candid: and oddly enough, no more was she. I felt certain she was not, from her manner. She had been in Italy; there was nothing odd about that: but then, she had come back to Vienna instead of going to London; and about this move of hers there was evidently some mystery. Later on, I obtained, as I think, a clue to it. The Pasha, after breakfast, insisted on taking us for a drive. We all sat together in the brake which had taken him from the station. I did not enjoy myself. I was constantly and unpleasantly aware that that girl's eyes were trying to catch mine. I exerted myself to talk, but my voice was far from my thoughts, like that of a plover crying far from its nest. The Pasha insisted that I should remain for dinner; and in one way I was glad to do so, as I wished to be as late as I could in getting back to Lichtenbourg. After our drive he took me to his smoking-room. He is certainly an agreeable man, and his manners are highly polished. Indeed they are like furniture on which the polish is hardly dry. As for origin, he is come of a distinguished family; but still, though he is as much of a gentleman as an adventurer could well be, what one sees first in him is the adventurer rather than the gentleman. Well—having talked about everybody, and almost everything, in Europe and in Egypt, he told me he had been expecting a visit from the King of Moldavia, who I then recollected had a villa at Lichtenbourg. I saw in his eye an odd ambiguous light, and I then began to suspect what I am quite sure is the truth. He had asked Miss Markham here in order that she might meet the King. The King, it appears, however, is not able to come; and the Pasha is consequently finding his party a trifle flat. He also said with a certain discontented dryness,

“‘Lady Ashford is here looking after her niece, whose chest is delicate, and ought to avoid draughts.’

“Miss Markham is obviously the reason of her aunt's return to Vienna, and also of her presence here. It is an odd story, full of painful suggestions: and it made me glad when I was once quit of the gates, and breathing the clear night air on my drive back through the forest.

“It was eleven o'clock when I arrived. Fritz was full of alarm about

me. And so at last this strange day is over. The morning of it seems to me as if it were years ago : and as for *her*, when did I last see her ? When shall I see her next ? And how ? Will it be to-morrow ? ”

To this closing question events answered Yes ; and they gave their answer early. About ten o'clock he hoped he might have a note from her ; and to kill the intervening time which, when he was dressed, confronted him, he walked down to the springs, and watched the morning water-drinkers. These were now numerous, a variegated and well-dressed crowd ; some clustering round the pavilions at which the several waters were dispensed, others moving slowly along the winding walks. Grenville looked on with an absent kind of amusement, his eyes caught at times by some dress or parasol that shone like a wandering flower. But how little to him, he reflected, did the whole world mean now : when he suddenly saw with a start, amongst all these nameless figures, a dress which he thought he recognized. He was right. Mrs. Schilizzi was there. She was some fifty yards away ; she was walking slowly. There were many people near her ; but so far as Grenville could judge, she was without any companion. He hurried across the grass ; he overtook her ; he spoke to her. Again as he did so, some of his old doubts returned, as to how she would greet him. The fantastic fear had seized him that the last four-and-twenty hours might have worked some complete change in her, that she would stare at him as if he were a stranger, and resent his approach as an impertinence. And once again his fantastic fears were dissipated.

“ I looked for you yesterday afternoon,” she said. “ I thought we might have seen you in the restaurant, or at the band in the evening.”

He told her that he had purposely stayed away all the day.

“ Well,” she said, “ I daresay you were right ; but I wanted you so. I was feeling so depressed and lonely. Tell me,” she went on quickly, “ you're not going away again to-day, are you ? ”

“ No,” he answered, “ of course not—not if I can be with you.”

“ You can be with me, I think,” she said, “ almost as much as you like. Paul has found some friends here—business friends from Vienna ; and all yesterday afternoon he spent with them playing billiards in the café. He seems in quite a good humour, and was cross only twice—once about his breakfast, and once about his bedroom. But as for that, they've given him another now, not in the hotel itself, but in the *annexe*, over the café. He's delighted with that. He feels himself quite a bachelor. I told him you were here, and that I had met you at my aunt's. He had heard of your fame, and was rather proud of my knowing you. I told him too that it was through you that I had heard of the hotel in the forest. If he mentions it, you will know what to say, but you need not make a mystery of it. He's here somewhere, drinking with some of his billiard-playing friends. I must introduce you ; and you must come and breakfast with us at the restaurant. Talk to him a little now ; but you had better not walk back to the hotel with us. See, there he is. Come with me, and let us meet him.”

A white hat, with an exaggerated curl in the brim, a brown face, a small black moustache, teeth shown by a smile, and gleaming almond-shaped eyes, buff-coloured clothes, the pattern on which was seen from a distance, lavender gloves, and a stick with a silver top—this made up the figure that

was now moving towards them. Grenville thought, as Paul Schilizzi came nearer, that the good humour his wife had claimed for him, could have hardly been very durable; for the smile which at a distance had seemed to shine across it, was, on closer view, far more like a grin of irritation; and said in advance to his wife, almost as plainly as if he had shouted it, "Who the devil is this that you have ventured to pick up, and be talking to?" But the moment Mrs. Schilizzi mentioned Grenville's name to him, his manner completely changed, and his face took precisely the expression which a moment ago Grenville had falsely attributed to it.

"Mrs. Schilizzi," he said, "tells me you have been of great assistance to her. You know the Princess, too—a charming old lady that is. Of course, Mr. Grenville, coming from Smyrna, as I do, your name is exceedingly well known to me. We hope you are going to bring us a new epoch of prosperity."

His accent was slightly foreign, and he spoke with an oily glibness, which might have conveyed an impression of mere guileless cringing, if it had not been for a certain inquiring gleam that peered and watched continually in his restless eyes. Grenville hardly knew in what way to comport himself; but instinct prompted him with the manner which reflection would have led him to cultivate. He was perfectly civil; he accepted the stranger's acquaintance; but neither in look nor tone was there any trace of a wish to let the acquaintance approach the domain of friendship. Mr. Schilizzi, however, it seemed was entirely satisfied; and when Grenville had acknowledged his first complimentary remarks, he at once went on to ask him about some racing stables which he heard were in the neighbourhood. Grenville was unable to give him any information; that subject therefore dropped. Mrs. Schilizzi meanwhile had walked on a little ahead of them: and her husband, who had caught sight of some gorgeously dressed lady, took the opportunity of slightly nudging Grenville, and saying with an air of furtive connoisseurship, "Did you see that? That was a well-made woman."

"Paul," said Mrs. Schilizzi, "we breakfast at twelve, don't we? As you won't put up with the children's dinner, we shall now be obliged to go always to the restaurant; so I have told Mr. Grenville that if he likes he can share our table with us."

"Delighted," said Mr. Schilizzi. "I always say that, at meals, a tête-à-tête's a mistake. Do you," he went on, as they were now nearing the hotel, "do you play at billiards, Mr. Grenville? No? They've a new English table here—cushions perfect. Schwabe and I were playing till eleven o'clock last night. Are you going indoors, Irma? Well, I'll fetch you at twelve. I've a couple of friends," he now murmured to Grenville, "Schwabe and Silbersheim, with whom, at Vienna, I do a bit of racing sometimes. My wife won't know 'em; and so between you and me," Mr. Schilizzi's voice became here easily confidential, "they haven't the opportunity of telling tales out of school. I've promised to meet them, at half-past ten, at the café. And there they are, by Jove! Are you willing to come and join us?"

Grenville declined on some plausible pretext. Mr. Schilizzi waved a lavender glove at him, and, grinning "*Then au revoir!*" rapidly strode away, and soon had his hands on the shoulders of a couple of Semitic dandies.

"Certainly," Grenville reflected, as he wandered off alone, "in no sense

other than a theoretical one, have I done this man so much as the shadow of a wrong. I have interrupted no union that ever existed, or whatever there was to interrupt has long since ceased. The only union that exists between him and her—and there is one—may desolate my own life; but my life does nothing to disturb it. The case is quite the contrary. She, sustained by the consciousness of my friendship and constancy, will perform better all the duties, and the only duties, she owes him. She will bear with him. She will consult his welfare: she will be for him everything she has been, except being again a mother; and as for her love, poor child, if he ever thought he possessed it, it was merely because he cared for it so little that he never noticed its absence. Noticed its absence!" his thoughts repeated presently. "Do I not know that he actually would have resented its presence? No—to a man like that I have certainly done no wrong."

These considerations were his companions, till he found himself solitary in the country, and realised that his steps, almost without his consciousness, had taken him to the riverside path, leading to the well-known mill. The whole scene was haunted for him with memories of certain moments—with images of the children playing amongst the flowers, and making a heaven on the green floor of the meadows, and the mounting movement both of his soul and of hers, towards an opening heaven of the spirit, of which childhood was an unconscious reflection. And other memories too mixed themselves soon with these, tearful and plaintive, like a drift of rain sweeping suddenly into the wind—memories of her entreaties that he would never despise or hate her. He remained for a long time motionless, leaning on a broken post, whilst his thoughts of the present were shifted under the influence of the memories of the past. The sense of relief brought to him by his study of Mr. Schilizzi's character slowly gave way to a sense of new anxiety, which already indeed had touched him, but which he had not till now quite realised. What he now began to ask himself was, how should he treat this man? "We know little," he reflected, "when we enter on such a situation as mine, what problems it may in time reveal to us. It is like a plant whose thorns sleep in the sprouting stalk. It must root itself and grow in our lives till we really can know its nature."

Thoughts are sometimes far more rapid than any possible record of them, sometimes far slower. In this case they were far slower; and the stroke of a distant clock here warned Grenville that already it wanted only half an hour of twelve. He hurried back, mindful of his engagement for breakfast, half in eagerness to rejoin one of the party, half shrinking from the prospect of even apparent amity with the other. His way to the restaurant led him close to the café. The tall doors were open. In front of them were chairs and tables; and there, seated, with an empty liqueur-glass in front of him, and quietly winking an eye at a neat *demoiselle de comptoir*, with whom he was affecting to haggle over a few *krutzers*, was Mr. Schilizzi basking in happy idleness. He called to Grenville, and, nimbly jumping from his seat, swore pleasantly at the time, which was, he declared, past twelve, and he hurried into the hotel, with somewhat of the air of a terrier, saying, "I must worry my wife out. She was never punctual in her life." He presently reappeared, having accomplished his chivalrous purpose; and he,

Grenville, and Mrs. Schilizzi were soon seated before some olives and sardines in the restaurant. Mrs. Schilizzi asked Grenville where he had been during the morning. He described the course of his walk, and the spot where he had stood meditating. The tone of his voice was as careless as tone could be; but a momentary look in her eyes told him that his words meant much to her. Mr. Schilizzi, it appeared, had devoted the same period to billiards, and announced that in the afternoon he was going with his friends to the racing-stables. He had found out all about them, and proposed that his wife should accompany him. Watching the pair, Grenville was struck by two things—first, that this proposal on his part was a mere concession to civility, made without any wish or expectation, that she would accept it; secondly, that she received it with an expression of weary aversion, and was on the point of returning it some contemptuous answer. The next moment he saw that she controlled the feelings uppermost in her, and forced an acquiescent smile. "As you know, Paul," she said, "I don't care much about horses; but still, if you wish it, I shall be very happy to come."

"You will be, will you," said her husband. "Then all I can say is, that a minute ago you certainly didn't look it."

Grenville stared at him with a quick, painful interest. His glib voice still had its oily quality, but it sounded harsh as if some grit suddenly had got into it, and his eyes were fixed on his wife, with a look of detecting sharpness as if he had caught some elusive fault in her, and was impishly delighted with the capture. "My dear," he went on, "will you let us begin smoking? Mr. Grenville, try one of these cigarettes."

It was Grenville's impulse to refuse, but he had no excuse for doing so. Mr. Schilizzi meanwhile had turned away from his wife as if it were not worth his while to speak to her further about the drive, contriving, so Grenville felt, to make the dropping of his proposal an affront to her even greater than the annoyance he would have caused by insisting on it. Grenville hardly dared to look at her, he felt the situation so painful. He did, however, catch her eyes for a moment, and he saw they were moist with many conflicting feelings.

"Paul," she said, rising, "I am going up to the children. As you don't seem to want me really, I will sit with them somewhere in the gardens; but if you do, I am quite ready to go."

"No," he replied, with a sneer which ensconced itself in the corners of a smile, "I think, my dear, I can get on without you. Mr. Grenville and I will finish our coffee here."

As she went out, Grenville opened the door for her. "Bobby," she murmured to him sadly, "come to us this afternoon in the gardens."

He and Mr. Schilizzi sat together for a little longer; and he was pleased to find that, without giving any offence, he was able to make impossible even the first beginnings of intimacy. He was indeed pleased to detect, or at least to fancy, a certain contempt for him in his companion's tone, who said as they separated, "I fancy, Mr. Grenville, that you care for racing almost as little as my wife does."

He was absent till nearly dinner time. For a couple of tranquil hours Grenville sat in the garden with Mrs. Schilizzi and her children. He and

she hardly exchanged a sentence which would, if written down, have hinted to anyone that they were lovers : but a sympathy, saddened and deepened by the consciousness of many unexpressed circumstances, breathed in every tone and every look that passed between them : and no event, attested by a hundred subpenned witnesses, could have indicated a union closer and more complete than this which would have baffled the eyes of the most censorious.

Mr. Schilizzi, when they all met again at dinner, had wholly forgotten the temper he had betrayed at breakfast. He was full of prospects, associated mysteriously with horse-flesh, which had blossomed in the course of his afternoon experiences ; and his spirits showed themselves in the appreciation he expressed of his dinner, and in the quickness with which he praised and despatched many glasses of champagne. " Perhaps," he said, as the banquet drew to an end, " you will take my wife, Mr. Grenville, to listen a little to the band. I have one or two matters to settle with a couple of friends, which could not interest either of you." And putting down a handful of money on the table, " Irma," he said, " you and Mr. Grenville must settle the bill together."

Sticking his hat well on one side of his head, and tucking his cane under his arm, he hurried away and left them. Under the same trees where before they had sat together, they sat together once more, silent under the shelter of the music ; and when they parted, they parted hardly knowing how the day had impressed them—whether by its strangeness, by its union, or by its estrangement.

Several days passed like this. Mr. Schilizzi, in his normal state, was smiling and talkative with a sort of fawning *bonhomie* ; but at intervals, for a moment, some invisible provocation from his wife turned his smile into a lurking vindictive sneer, and, to Grenville's ears, sharpened his words like needles. But these occasions were rare. The billiard-table and the gay ladies of the café, his sporting friends and their various sporting projects, occupied most of his time, and titillated him into complete satisfaction. As for his wife and Grenville, they daily spent hours together ; but they were rarely alone, and they were rarely in any spot where they felt sufficiently at ease for unreserved conversation. Once or twice in some secluded path, forgetting herself for an instant, she laid her hand on his arm, but as instantly she withdrew it, shrinking to a distance from him. He too once or twice for an instant had been betrayed into some like familiarity ; and she had not only shrunk from this, but reproved him for it in an indignant whisper. She seemed to Grenville to be like a moon still shining for him ; but a moon that was gradually eclipsing itself behind hazy gathering clouds.

Apart however from the constraint for which they themselves were responsible, more was due to the action of Mr. Schilizzi. As to what his wife did, he seemed wholly indifferent, except when some incalculable trifle evoked his resentful grin at her. At last however a curious change came over him. Sunday arrived, and though there were few English visitors, a stray English clergyman had organised a service in the reading room. To this Mr. Schilizzi, for some reason or other, thought it incumbent on him to go ; and having discovered that his wife had a new dress with her that

pleased him, he insisted that she should array herself in this, and come with him to astonish the congregation. In the afternoon, when, having discarded his tall hat and his prayer-book, he descended from his bedroom, where he had been napping, to sun himself in front of the café, he saw his wife strolling across the *place* with Grenville. He had often, with perfect apathy, seen her do this before; but now a curve of vindictiveness at once showed itself on his nostril, and hurrying up to her, he said in a tone that was like a bite, "My dear, the sun is a great deal too warm for you. If you can postpone till dinner your conversation with Mr. Grenville, I'll see myself that you have a walk, as soon as it gets cooler."

"It is hot," said Grenville with ready tact. "Mrs. Schilizzi herself was saying so, just as you came up."

"It's not often," he replied, "that her judgment agrees with mine. Come, Irma, come back to your sitting-room. Mr. Grenville, we shall meet at dinner."

At dinner the unpleasantness had completely passed away; and Grenville was again left afterwards, to listen with Mrs. Schilizzi to the music.

"Paul," she said, "has been in a dreadful temper. He's been asking me what I mean by making myself so conspicuous with you; and my arm—do you know at first I resolved that I wouldn't tell you—is above the elbow black and blue from his pinching it."

"What," asked Grenville, after an expression of sympathy, "what is it that has put him out so suddenly?"

"I think I can tell," she said. "This dress I have on to-day—it's a great deal too smart for the place—but it struck him how pretty I look in it; and he heard, in the hall or somewhere, a Russian Grand Duke admiring me. I know exactly what passed in his mind; I have noticed in him the same thing so often. I became at once, for the time, a valuable possession in his eyes, and he was determined to show me off as his own exclusive property. He doesn't want me himself; and as long as nobody else does, he never would care if I lived and died alone; but the moment he is reminded that other people may admire me, he likes to take me about in order that they all may stare at me, but is perfectly furious if I give even a smile to them. This afternoon," she went on, "he waited till the gardens were full, and then he walked me about wherever the crowd was greatest, as if he were a peacock, and as if I were his tail. I was so nervous, for whenever I turned my head, I felt his eyes were on me; and he said 'Who are you looking at?' However as you see, he is perfectly quiet now; he was angry with me on your account for no reason personal to yourself; and if you will not be out of reach to-morrow morning, before you hear from me, we may perhaps have a pleasanter day than those we have been passing lately. If this is so, I will tell you by ten o'clock."

She was as good as her word. A message arrived punctually, and the news and the proposal conveyed in it were far beyond Grenville's hopes. Mr. Schilizzi and his boon companions would be absent the whole day, at a town some thirty miles distant, attending a sale of horses. They had, in fact, started already; and she proposed that Grenville should take her and the children to visit once again the hotel and the hunting-lodge in the forest. They went. They pic-nic'd in the lodge. The children were wild with

happiness, and were allowed, under Fritz's care, to disport themselves for an hour or so in the forest. Grenville and Mrs. Schilizzi were left alone.

"Irma," he said to her, shortly before the return of the others, "do you believe this of me now? Do you believe I can never 'go away from you?'"

"I don't know," she answered, looking with a sad smile at him. "I'm afraid that very often you will be obliged to do so."

"Perhaps, if separation can be produced by intervals of miles and days; but I shall never be really parted from you until you desire to part from me."

"Nor I, Bobby, from you. I don't know if I am glad or sorry for it. Tell me this—is there nothing that you feel sorry for?"

"I wish," he said, "to be honest with you. I will, then, make you a confession. There is something within me which is always asking this—that I, alone and personally, for all the happiness you give me, may make, by some secret pain, a constant atonement to something."

"Bobby," she said, "my own one—I am doing that already."

The children's voices in the passage prevented any answer; and the veil of common cheerfulness fell once more over both of them. During the drive home, gradually feeling weary, she for one moment leant her cheek on his shoulder; and, with one plaintive look at him, she removed it again so quickly that the act would by any observer have been attributed to the jolting of the carriage.

Mr. Schilizzi returned for dinner that evening. Grenville was struck by his humour, which was curiously sharp and taciturn, and set it down to some annoyance connected probably with horses. But this explanation seemed hardly to account for the fact that when dinner was over he stuck to his wife's side for nearly an hour at the band, and only left her with Grenville just as the performance was ending, and did even this only so as to exchange a word with a friend.

"He," said Mrs. Schilizzi, the moment he was out of hearing, "he is furious again with me. I told him I had been for a drive with you. He stamped, and grinned, and swore at me. I thought for the moment he was going to knock me down."

"What has made him like this?" Grenville asked hurriedly. "Has he lost some money, or has anything else annoyed him?"

"No," she said, "it's jealousy. He's beginning to think I like you."

"Do you think it would really pain him to know you did?"

"Pain is the wrong word. I would, I believe, infuriate him. It is odd that it should be so, as he cares nothing for me. Nothing could annoy him more than my affection for him, unless it were my affection for somebody else."

CHAPTER XXI.

Grenville next morning received the following note:—

"Paul and I are going to-day for an expedition—to the place where he went yesterday, and on the same business. The same thing may possibly

happen to-morrow. Dine with us as usual. If my manner is odd, forgive me."

The first thing that struck him on reading this, was the blankness of the prospect that thus opened up before him. One whole day, and very probably two, had had in an instant everything sponged out of them, except the burden of so many intolerable hours. He found this burden greater than even his fears had anticipated: and the worst came to the worst; there actually were two days of it. Even the meeting at dinner, which he longed for from early morning, desiring it like a water-brook in the desert, when it came was an aggravation of his pain. Mr. Schilizzi to him was glib and civil as ever; but as for her, instead of being civilly distant, and softening her distance now and then with a smile—instead of behaving thus, which he was already prepared for—she treated him in a way which struck him as gratuitously repelling. She affected complete indifference to any topic he started; and if ever she noticed his opinions, it was either to question or to contradict them. For the first night he bore this without even a mental murmur; though when after dinner she refused to listen to the band, declaring that music bored her, and that she was going to rest on her sofa, he felt in his heart the movement of a new rebellious bitterness. But the second, when all these experiences were repeated, when on meeting him at dinner her voice had no tone of welcome, and her eyes never forgot themselves in a single relenting look, though he struggled to think she was still doing violence to her wishes, his powers of belief became restive under the growing strain that was put upon them; and at last refused any longer to supply him with this difficult comfort. His own manner underwent a complete, though subtle change. He did not for a moment become discourteous or even brusque. On the contrary, his conversation became what a stranger would have thought more brilliant. But his remarks glittered and their points became keener because, by a silent process, they froze and crystallized into cynicism. Mr. Schilizzi, without knowing why, found himself thinking Grenville a really pleasant companion; and, as he finished his fifth glass of champagne, began to show his appreciation by several covert innuendoes, whose last clause was a wink. At last, as he looked round the restaurant at the end of one these sallies, Grenville noticed that his eyes suddenly fixed themselves. He noticed also what the object was which had arrested them. It was the lady, the charm of whose figure Mr. Schilizzi had noticed in the garden. As to her character, there could be no doubt about it; though it was one which with charitable irony the world would describe as doubtful: and Grenville felt as certain as if all the story had been confessed to him, that Mr. Schilizzi already had contrived to make some acquaintance with her. Presently she swept by fanning herself, and diffusing zephyrs of patchouli: and as she went Mr. Schilizzi's travelling eye followed her movements between eyelids almost closed. Then for five minutes he seemed unnaturally interested in his dessert. He peeled a pear for his wife, and talked to her with consistent attention. Then he looked at his watch, and exclaimed with a most creditable start,

"By gad, Irma, I wonder if you know what time it is? I must hurry off instantly to meet Schwabe and Silbersheim. What will you do?" He frowned and looked doubtful for a moment. "Hang it all!" he said.

"You'd better wait at the band for me; and Mr. Grenville will see that nobody comes and eats you."

Grenville and Mrs. Schilizzi once again were alone together; but a few conventional words about the music and the warmth of the evening were all that for some minutes they found themselves able to utter: and their tone in doing so was one of polite indifference. She was the first to inaugurate any change; and the change, when she did so, was from indifference to actual hardness.

"The music," she said, "interests you as little as it does me. If you meet my husband, will you tell him I have gone in."

As she spoke she half rose to go; but with an exclamation violent although under his breath, Grenville stopped her.

"If you go," he said, "I conclude you will go for ever. I myself shall leave Lichtenbourg to-morrow."

She looked at him, not with tenderness, but still with a start of quick, involuntary alarm.

"What," he went on more gently, "what is the use of my remaining here, if all day long I am never to have a sight of you; and when we do meet, you resent every word I utter?"

"Have you no sense of my position?" she said. "Are you utterly unable to feel for me? Well—to-morrow, I am going on more expeditions. You may, if you like, meet me in the gardens at eleven. Bobby, you must come. You don't know how all this is killing me. I must go in now; I'm so tired. Good-bye till to-morrow: and then, if you can, tell me you don't quite hate me."

Her strange changes of feeling struck him differently at different times. Sometimes they seemed the result of some deep but troubled principle, trying pathetically to adjust itself to the stress of untried circumstances; though it was a principle to which as yet he had found no complete clue. Sometimes they seemed the caprices of mere emotional selfishness. But to-night he retired to rest convinced at least of one thing, that whatever it cost her, she was still true to him. When he came to meet her in the garden, she was there before her time; but he was conscious of a momentary annoyance at seeing that she had brought her children. As soon, however, as he sat down by her, she told them to go and play: and then, mindful of her last words at parting, he murmured to her timidly some phrase of affection.

Her answer was a new surprise to him. He could hardly believe his ears. Averting her head, with a concentrated repulse in her accent,

"Don't," she exclaimed, "don't say a word of that kind. Don't touch me or come near me; or say anything to suggest that you are fond of me."

In faltering, incoherent sentences, he asked her what was her meaning.

"Last night I was ill," she said. "I hardly could sleep at all: and I lay awake hating myself more and more, till the morning. If I go on seeing you much, I believe I shall have brain-fever. Why don't you go away? It's unkind of you, staying on here. I wish you'd go, and then perhaps I shall be at peace again."

"Go?" exclaimed Grenville. "Do you really wish me to go?"

He stared at her. She said, "Yes."

"Then I will," he answered quietly. "I will go this afternoon."

He could hardly believe even now that she would take him at his word; but in a slow, low voice she said,

"I think it would be better. Of course if it is inconvenient to you, you could put it off till to-morrow. Paul is unwell this morning. He's in bed with a chill or something: so as far as he is concerned, your presence would make no matter." Then after a moment or two, with a little quiver of her lips, "I don't want you to go," she said. "I suppose I don't know quite what I do want. And yet, yes—I do know. Go—and go to-day."

"And for how long?" he asked. "Do you mean for ever?"

"Oh," she said irritably, "don't trouble me with questions. No—not for ever. Surely you can go to the Pasha's, and when I want you again, can write and tell you. When you come back, we may be able to make things different."

"Very well, Irma. And will you be happy without me?"

"I shall have you again by-and-by," she said more calmly. "And we may be able to put things then on a different plane. You know what I mean. I need not speak more clearly."

"You speak of that, Irma, as if it were very easy. I didn't know that human nature was so simple."

"Perhaps," she said, "women and men are different. I think it would be easy for a woman."

Grenville tried to answer her; but he found it impossible to do so. He rose abruptly, and held his hand out to her. She merely looked gravely at him.

"Low as my plane is," he said at last, "will not you stoop to it even to say good-bye. I am going to make my preparations. I shall not be here to-night."

"Where are you going," she asked.

"To the Pasha's, if I find he will have me. I shall send Fritz with a note. If he won't have me, I will go back to the Princess. I will keep out of your way till I have gone; and I shall not return, or trouble you with letters, till you write to me."

He raised his hat, turned on his heel, and went. He sent his note; and whilst waiting for his servant's return, he hardly knew in his distraction what to do with himself. He resolved on a long walk. But what walk should he take? Every road he knew was haunted with memories of Irma; and "sorrow's crown of sorrow" was hanging on every tree. He did at last, however, hit on an unknown route—a track that led him away into some ragged tracts of wood; and sitting on a prostrate trunk, he brooded in restless bitterness. What the heart of his pain was, he at first did not know. It was something below the surface that was churning the waters of misery. At last he realized what it was—it was this thought. She had said it would be easy for her to alter the character of their relation. That she should wish to alter it was not the thing that pained him; nor even the thought that she would find it easy to do so; but the new light which, if it were so easy to alter it, was thrown on her character in having ever yielded to it. Her self-surrender to him had been hitherto in his eyes

transfigured and sublimated by what he believed to be its intensity and completeness. It represented to him a need of her nature—a movement of her inmost soul. But now—even supposing it to be a sin—the ease with which she said she could amend it, instead of making him think better of her future, made him think incalculably worse of her past. If she could go back so lightly to the paths of technical virtue, how much more lightly, how contemptibly, must she have acted in leaving them. Terms came into his mind, offering themselves as applicable to her conduct, the very thought of which he winced at, and which his will would not suffer to be applied.

Heavy at heart, and moving like a man wounded, he dragged himself slowly, after an hour or two, back to Lichtenbourg. Even in his wretchedness one thing delighted him. He saw Fritz at the hotel door, with a carriage and with luggage in readiness. He knew, therefore, even before an effusive note was handed to him, that the Pasha would be delighted to welcome him: and without a moment's delay he took his seat and departed. He was a prey during the journey to two alternate impulses—the one, an impulse to complete his accusation and conviction of her, and so far as possible to shake himself free of her memory: the other an impulse to justify her, and explain her conduct, by attributing it to something too high for his comprehension. He struggled to imagine himself living happy without her. He said to himself that the world had other women as charming; and in especial he bethought him of the eyes and figure of Miss Markham. But he had hardly consented to harbour this last image, when he drove it away in disgust and repentant sorrow; and mentally abusing himself at the feet of Mrs. Schilizzi, confessed and asked pardon for this act of despairing treachery. This mood was hardly less painful than the other: but it was a mood which braced him with a sense of self-respect.

"Whatever, Irma," he murmured, "may be thought of my devotion for you, I will shame the most saintly lover that ever lived by its fidelity."

Gradually his thoughts began to shape themselves into something like verse, which gave him some satisfaction by its sympathetic cadence: and at last producing a note-book he scribbled down these lines—

"You may, if you will, till I die, leave me friendless;
But I still shall go dreaming aloof and alone,
That at last, in the life or the sleep that is endless,
I shall breathe on your bosom, for ever your own."

No verse, however, not a whole book of them, could have eased his breast of the physical pain oppressing it; or have made him by the time he reached the Pasha's castle, able to meet the world with anything but distaste and weariness. The party had neither increased nor diminished since he was there last. So far as he had considered the matter, he had secretly hoped it might have increased: for new faces would at any rate be a sort of distraction; and the more people there were present, the fewer he would have to talk to. But the Pasha, with Lady Ashford, the Baroness, and Miss Markham, was just such a party as would compel him to exert himself, or make him, if he failed to do so, seem either rude or peculiar. Lady Ashford, indeed, by whom he sat at dinner, did indeed, after asking him many questions about his prospects, and lightly remarking, "I suppose you have

not yet found your affinity?" say "Do you know in some way, there's a distinct alteration in you."

In the evening they all of them played at billiards. The jewelled weapons on the walls glittered like fire-works. Grenville was just conscious that Miss Markham seemed now and then bent on showing him not only the beauty of her play, but that of her arms and wrists. He knew that people spoke to him. He knew that he answered when he was spoken to, and that he tried to make conversation. But of what he said he was only half-conscious; his own voice made no sound in his ears; and the voices of the others were merely like faint noises in a dream. The Pasha, when the ladies retired, suggested that he should come to the smoking-room; but on plea of fatigue he excused himself, longing to be again alone—alone, so as to drop the smothering mask of gaiety, to groan if he pleased instead of forcing laughter; and if he could, to lose himself in the peace of sleep, hoping that to-morrow might bring him some note from Lichtenbourg.

He little knew how strong this hope had been in him till the post arrived and killed it. "How can a woman be so cruel!" he exclaimed to himself: and, smarting under this thought, his nature swerved in revolt from her, struggling to recover its independence. This was in the morning, an hour before the mid-day breakfast; and, during this hour, as he sat alone in his room, he found that his mind, with a kind of defiant longing, was looking forward to again meeting Miss Markham. Even to think of Mrs. Schilizzi had suddenly become so painful that his thoughts seemed to have been burnt by her, as if they had touched hot iron; and as a man whose clothes are on fire might plunge instinctively into water, he felt himself instinctively impelled to soothe himself by some distraction. Such being the case, Miss Markham's various fascinations, which he was till now hardly aware that he had noticed, or which, if they had occurred to him, he had pushed contemptuously out of his consciousness, suddenly now came back to him, and he let his imagination dwell on them. How would she be dressed?—for her dresses were always changing. How would she look at him through her long dark lashes? How would her lips, like a parted rose-bud, speak to him? He felt himself impatient to see her again; and he found himself entering the hall, the usual place of meeting, a good ten minutes too early. The masses of furniture bewildered his eyes at first; and seeing what the time was, he concluded the room was empty; but a coloured something moved against a back-ground of screens and cabinets, and he realised that this was actually Miss Markham herself. She had apparently been out of doors, for a dainty little hat was on her forehead, a jacket clipped her figure, insolent in its finished simplicity, and a delicate gloved hand indolently held a walking-stick. When Grenville caught sight of her she was sitting in a great Florentine chair, holding with her other hand a pocket-handkerchief to her nostrils. She did not stir when he entered, but with the magnetism of a quiet "Good morning," she drew him towards her and then gave him her hand. "Tell me," she said, for a moment detaining his, "do you like this scent?" She gave him the handkerchief.

"It's odd," he said. "What is it?"

"I never heard the name before. It is supposed to be very precious. Our host, the Pasha, gave it me. He," she added, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "can well spare it."

"I don't know," said Grenville after a pause, "if I like it."

"I," said Miss Markham, with the twinkle repeating itself in her eyes, and employing a word which is hardly elegant in itself, but which came from her lips as if modelled in Dresden china, "I think it's *beastly*. We're going to drive afterwards," she continued, "so I shall not take off my hat. My gloves have twelve buttons so I may as well begin undoing them. I've been out. I delight in walking."

At this moment Lady Ashford and the Baroness entered; and Grenville was struck by the oddly different way in which, as it seemed to him, these two ladies greeted him. Seeing him as they did, standing close to Miss Markham, Lady Ashford, he thought, showed symptoms of marked pleasure; whilst every wrinkle latent in the face of the Baroness appeared to twitch with equally marked annoyance. The Pasha, however, entered, rubbing his jewelled hands, and every expression at once naturally changed itself. As if by magic a series of folding doors were flung open and the party went in to breakfast; but not even the breakfast, beginning with the choicest caviare and ending with bon-bons fresh from the artist's hand, could medicine the face of the Baroness to its usual sinister complacency. Struggling as he was for spirits, and half interested as he was in Miss Markham, Grenville still was conscious of a burning smart within him; and would still have been absent-minded if his curiosity had not been roused by the bearing of those two elder ladies. In the course of the afternoon, it was more or less satisfied. The object of their drive was the identical old castle, which he had first heard of at the Princess's, and visited on his first morning at Lichtenbourg. Here, for a certain time, he found himself alone with Lady Ashford; and he felt convinced from what she said, though she did not speak very plainly, that the Baroness, who was entirely under the influence of the King of Moldavia, was anxious to promote the intimacy between him and Miss Markham; that Lady Ashford hoped that the king's caprice was evaporating; but that she was staying with the Pasha, and probably outstaying her welcome, in order to offer her niece what protection she could.

"Can't you," asked Grenville, "take her back to England? Has she no mother or father to take care of her or keep her in order?"

"No," said Lady Ashford, "that's the worst of it. She's of age—she's just of age; and is, unfortunately, her own mistress. She has money too, and a most determined will of her own. If her family put her back up by any injudicious handling, she is capable of doing anything, and of snapping her fingers at the consequences. And yet," Lady Ashford continued, changing her tone, "she has the makings in her of really a fine character." Grenville did not believe this; he, however, forbore to say so. "Do you remember," said Lady Ashford, "how much you admired her at the Embassy? And she, too, was curiously taken with you. Have you forgotten our conversation that night, and some bits of philosophy I told you?" Grenville replied that he had not forgotten a word. "You may remember then," she went on, "my telling you that the woman who can love most deeply, will never love her deepest till first she has loved in vain—that she only learns what she wants to give and get by finding out how much one man can neither understand nor give! Well—I believe since I said that to you, Juanita Markham has been finding out the truth of it."

She added more in something the same strain, till a sort of suspicion at last dawned on his mind of its being Lady Ashford's hope that he might, in Miss Markham's affections, be willing to seize on the throne which the monarch was preparing to abdicate. To entertain such an idea in any serious sense never for an instant occurred to him; but the belief that Lady Ashford entertained it, to a certain degree flattered him, and gave a fresh impulse to the unhappy recklessness of his mood. A sort of spurious good spirits came to him as they drove back, and he felt fully equal to enjoying his host's society, and puffing a private cigarette with him before dinner-time in the smoking-room. In doing this, he was doing a work of most real charity. The Pasha's experiences and opinions were so wide and so comprehensive, that there were only a few of them which, with all his happy audacity, he was able, except in confidence, to communicate frankly to ladies. He therefore constantly desired a man to whom his exuberant nature might unbosom itself. He made no effort at anything indecorous. No effort was needed. His conversation flowed easily like a sunny and babbling stream. He was never bitter; he was constantly humorous; and though there was nothing which he seemed to shrink from touching on, his language was never coarse, because nothing seemed coarse to him. The generalisation at which he at last arrived was, that no serious attachment could ever be Platonic at its beginning. "You can," he said, "if you like, have Platonic affection afterwards. Consider you now our good friend the Baroness. We may speak of her history, for all the world is acquainted with it. With the King of Moldavia she is absolutely Platonic now, and—what is your word in English?—unselfishly devoted to his interests; but then, of course, she was *au mieux* with him to begin with. You see!" said the Pasha, extending his forefinger, and screwing his eye up in triumph, like a statesman revealing some astute consideration of policy. To Grenville these chance words were a revelation, though hardly a surprise. The story which, according to the Pasha, all the world was acquainted with, he never had heard before; but his surprise became a certainty that the Baroness was the king's accomplice.

In any other mood the whole situation would have revolted him. He would have been revolted by the sense of being himself connected with it. But just as physical pain of one kind may make a man insensible to others, so the mental pain which still burnt under the surface, made Grenville insensible to what otherwise would have caused in him a moral nausea. His aim was not to think. His aim was to escape from thought; and again he turned at dinner for distraction to Miss Markham. He began to be conscious of a new sort of attraction in her. That she was good, or refined, or elevated, he never for a moment thought. He could not even pity her as the object of the machinations of the Baroness; but all the same she interested him as being in some ways a riddle. Her manner was refined, though he never believed she was. There was a dainty quiet in it. Her sense of humour was keen, but completely under control; and when it lit up her face it struck him all the more from her eyes being in general soft with melancholy. "What," Grenville asked himself, "does she think of her king? Does she feel his desertion? Is she capable of feeling anything? And yet, whatever she is, that girl is in one way genuine. She has the

courage of her own desires; and the world will never interfere with her. She looks," he thought presently, as he let his eye rest on her, "pre-occupied as to how she can best go to the devil."

After dinner she affected him still more powerfully. She sang. Her voice astonished him. Its liquid tones seemed to vibrate with a passion committed to a music which was but another form of itself. Some music suggests a rising in the air. Hers suggested to Grenville fathomless sinking in the sea. "Let me live my life out!" He instinctively put these words to it as a kind of mental libretto. "Let me live my life out, no matter how soon, but completely; and then, let the mountains fall on me, let the rocks cover me!" He shuddered as he listened: he felt that the effect on him was horrible; yet he moved to the piano, and stood by the singer fascinated. When she had finished he begged her to sing again; but looking up to him with a faint provoking smile, "No," she said, "I am tired. These windows open on a kind of platform or balcony: I am going out to get my breath in the moonlight." He opened the window for her, and they went out together. He felt as he did so as if his good angel was deserting him. Before many minutes had passed, the girl, quietly mistress of the situation, had taken his hand. He had yielded to the magic of her touch; and yet, deep in his heart he felt there had been plunged a dagger. But his heart appeared to him hopelessly far away, disappearing out of sight in some hapless depth of his being. At this moment, however, whatever had become of his good angel, a bad one appeared, who performed a good one's function. This was the Baroness, who said they were wanted to play billiards. Grenville at all events had no need to be told twice; and, by-and-by, when he found himself alone in his room, his mind was racked by one and one only hope—that the following day a letter might come to him from Lichtenbourg. But again there was disappointment; and this time a worse reaction. Blankly staring from his window at the gardens and woods below, he saw in a winding walk a glimpse of Miss Markham's parasol. He descended and met her. Her eyes brightened when she saw him; and the light in them softly trembled under her shadowy lashes. In the afternoon they rode together, though the Baroness opposed the arrangement, severely condemning its impropriety. But the Pasha informed her that such things were done in England. Lady Ashford confirmed the statement; so there was no more to be said. In the evening again there was music; and though there was no retirement on the balcony, Miss Markham had the art of producing moments of privacy in a well-lit room where several other people were present. Gradually he felt that her presence was acting on him like some narcotic, lulling the pains and doubts that were aching within him secretly. He slept better the next two nights; and though, when on the arrival of the post, he was wounded afresh each morning by finding that he had no letter, he felt that the personality of the woman near him was softly shielding his eyes from the vision of the woman absent. And yet to the woman near him, he yielded himself grudgingly and slowly. He was never conscious of uttering one genuine thought to her. The thoughts which he did utter were mere guests in his mind, and most of them were not honoured guests. Still she had triumphed so far as to keep him constantly at her side; and his thoughts, it may perhaps be conjectured, were the last things she cared

about. They were for her no part of the intimacy: they were little more than its coverlet. The second of these two mornings, she contrived a new stroke of generalship. Amongst other accomplishments she possessed that of drawing; and, instead of alluring him to meet her before breakfast in the gardens, she told him of a sitting-room, with a view, in one of the towers, and there, she informed him, she was going to attempt a sketch. He acted on the hint conveyed to him. He helped her with her paints and pencils; but, despite his assistance, an hour had passed away, and a few outlines were all that the paper had to show for it. So far as Grenville was concerned, many men would consider that he had done little for which he could reasonably reproach himself: but this had happened at all events—without any air of forwardness, but quietly with an insidious grace, the girl at last contrived to offer her lips to him, in a way that made him unable if not unwilling to refuse them. She suggested that after breakfast they should again seek this retirement, which she adroitly let him know they could do without being observed. He met her at the foot of a certain winding stair, which took them to the landing out of which the room opened. It happened in the dusk, however, that she went to the wrong door, and Grenville found himself entering the very room—the bare room with the old rude furniture—where he and Mrs. Schilizzi had lunched together. He started, and stood absolutely still. Miss Markham had withdrawn instantly; and saying, “Our room is the next one,” at once went to it expecting that he would follow. But for a minute or so he could not move. That bare room appeared to him like the tomb of all the hopes of his life, of everything that was sacred and beautiful in it. He did not dare to so much as pass the threshold; but the voice of Irma spoke in the dusty air, and he saw her eyes full of dreams and aspirations. He closed the door reverently: he pressed his hand to his forehead. When he rejoined Miss Markham, she saw him a changed man. He little knew how the change would betray itself in his face. It could have escaped the attention of no one; but the cause of it was naturally unsuspected by her.

“Are you ill?” she said. “Are you suffering?”

He caught at the suggestion eagerly. “It’s nothing,” he said. “It’s merely a sudden headache. I can hardly see. I must go to my room and be quiet. I shall be all right in an hour or two.”

Miss Markham’s face, like his, exhibited genuine feeling; but hers suggested annoyance far more than sorrow. When he closed the door she sullenly collected her materials. She sat with them lying in her lap, her dainty lips pouting; and, presently, undoing a button, she drew from her breast a locket. There was a man’s portrait on one side and on the other a crown in diamonds. She looked long at it with a half discontented smile.

W. H. MALLOCK.

* * * *The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

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OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

THE rapidly increasing interest taken by the public at large in the question of old-age pensions is of great significance. Everywhere there is manifested an eagerness to learn about the plans proposed and the mode of carrying them into effect; a most favourable hearing has been granted to their exponents, and it is not too much to say that though the proposals have, perhaps, gained but little acceptance, they have excited no hostility. I sympathise very deeply with the desire to remedy the poverty of the aged, but I cannot feel that any of the schemes at present before the public are likely to effect their object, and therefore, at the risk of appearing to take up a position of opposition to many whose motives I admire, and who have done great service by the ability and industry they have devoted to the question, I propose to examine the present proposals, and, after dealing with them, to try to indicate in what directions safe progress can, in my opinion, be made.

Broadly speaking, the aim of all the plans is the same. They propose to secure to all those who attain a certain advanced age an adequate pension which may be defined as such a weekly income as will enable them to live decently and free from distress without having recourse to either in-door or out-door relief. The English schemes adopt sixty-five as the age, and 5s. per week as the amount of the pension. The scheme of the German Government makes the pension commence at seventy, and fixes the maximum amount at about 3s. 9d. I shall not stop to discuss these matters, contenting myself with pointing out that such variations indicate a difference in the cost of living in the two countries, which must be the consequence of differences in the purchasing power of money and of other political or social causes which operate at the present time but which cannot be viewed as permanent for such long periods as are here to be dealt with; and this raises an uncomfortable suspicion that, however well we may

have estimated the needful amount from the data of to-day, it may turn out to be considerably in error when the time comes for the pensions to be paid.

The suggestions that have rightly attracted the greatest attention are of two kinds: those that depend upon thrift on the part of the beneficiaries, and those that depend upon an entirely gratuitous endowment from the State. The supporters of the former do not, however, expect the poorer classes voluntarily to lay by sufficient to keep them in their old age, and accordingly they propose to induce them to save up for that end by offers of contribution on the part of the State. The German plan goes farther; for it makes it compulsory upon the working classes to lay aside certain sums for these purposes. Hence we may classify the schemes thus:—(1) stimulated thrift; (2) compulsory thrift; (3) State pensions.

In all the plans that depend on thrift, the money and influence of the State are used to induce or require the working classes to appropriate a certain portion of their savings to the special purpose of providing pensions for themselves in their old age. It has been tacitly assumed by most of the advocates for these schemes that in so doing the State is encouraging a good thing; in other words, that it is desirable and for the benefit of the community that the thrift of the working classes should be diverted into this channel. If we could ensure that the action of the State would *create* this thrift, the case might be different, but the probability is that for the most part it will only *divert* it; and therefore to justify such action it must be shown that this is the best purpose to which the poor can dedicate their savings, or at least that it is better than those to which at present they devote them. There appears to me to be no adequate reason for thinking that such is the case. The poorer classes have many wiser modes of using their spare money, and the savings turned aside to this purpose by such inducements will be probably diverted from more important ends.

The bulk of the working class are actually dependent for their daily bread upon their daily labour. In a large proportion of cases the cessation of employment for a few weeks is enough to reduce them to destitution. Depression of trade or strikes on the one hand, and accidents or sickness on the other, may at any moment stop their earning power and throw them back on the savings they have made in more prosperous times, or on charity or State relief. During the best part of their working life, when they would otherwise have the greatest power of laying by, they have usually the expense of keeping families too young to contribute to their own support, and during this period any such suspension of work affects not only themselves but their families. Is it prudent or wise for those who live thus to diminish the resources upon which they would otherwise fall

back in seasons of trial by irrevocably appropriating their savings to warding off troubles distant thirty or forty years which they may never live to see, and which they may then be able to meet by the aid of those who stand so much in need of their immediate aid? He uses his money wisely who holds it ready to defend him against the dangers that are greatest and most imminent, and the condition of the working class is such that poverty after sixty-five is by no means that which they have to fear the most.

There is another and less gloomy view of the case of the working classes which equally points to the unwisdom of a thrift that provides exclusively for such distant dangers. To every one the value of a shilling is greater in proportion to the smallness of his means. With the first few pounds, a working man can get only the bare necessities of a decent existence. As he adds to his stock he can surround himself with more and more comforts, the actual return of each sovereign in comfort or profit being less than that of the preceding one and greater than that of the one which follows. A little capital may enable him to add a new source of income, which will make a marked difference in his condition. As he gets richer the modes in which he can increase the value of a small capital by using upon it a large amount of personal labour become restricted, and he grows to be more and more an investor, and must content himself with the rate of remuneration which investments command. But in his earlier state this was not so. Almost all, however poor (and the more so the poorer they may be), have some opportunity of using a little capital in a way in which it will repay them out of all proportion to its amount. The small capital of the match-girl or the costermonger means the possibility of a livelihood, and to an artisan whose labour is his sole wealth, a better house or better clothing, a little garden or better tools are usually the wisest and most profitable investments.

The principle, therefore, that should guide the poor in the choice of forms of thrift is to find that mode of using their savings which will in their particular case bring them in the largest return. This will usually be connected with something on which they have special opportunities of bestowing their labour, opportunities not possessed in equal measure by others. And of this type is that which I believe to be the most natural and the best form in which the working classes lay up against the distant future, *i.e.*, in the nurture, support and training of their children. This is a direct outlay of capital to the extent of a large proportion of their total earnings, and if the family life is wisely regulated by the parents it is in the vast majority of cases more productive of return, both material and otherwise, to the parents and the nation, than any other form of capital expenditure open to the poor. It must not be thought that this means that large families are to be encouraged—the excessive

number of the children may stunt their development and render them less valuable as men and women. But there can be no doubt that to the working classes their children are the main insurance against old age. It is on them that the earnings of the father and the care and training of the mother are spent, and if misfortune of a grave character does not ensue, the parents reap the due reward in their old age.

The forms of thrift, therefore, which should be encouraged in the working classes are those that leave the savings available to ward off the most imminent dangers that threaten them; and subject to this they should use what money they can spare in such way as will be most profitable to them in their particular position, not forgetting that money wisely expended for the benefit and proper training of children stands first in this category. Such are the conclusions to which an abstract consideration of the case leads us, and the behaviour of the thrifty among the poorer classes shows that they have arrived at the same conclusions when viewing their position from a practical standpoint. They utterly refuse to have anything to do with deferred annuities such as those in which it is now proposed to tempt or drive them to invest their savings. In the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, out of more than six hundred thousand contributors only two are found to choose this form of investment. It must be remembered that all these contributors are individuals voluntarily saving out of their earnings, and not unthrifty people who spend all that they can earn without thought of the future. It is the fashion with many to assume that the poorer classes are necessarily ignorant and foolish, and that the function and duty of the more educated and wealthy is to make them change all their habits and beliefs. The poor may have their prejudices, and may have much still to learn; in neither respect do they differ from their wealthier brethren. But they are better acquainted with the needs and difficulties of their own state of life, and are therefore in many respects incomparably better judges of the right course to adopt than we can be, with all our wider reading and study of economical science. It would take a great deal to persuade me that their unanimous condemnation of long-deferred annuities as a desirable form of thrift is the outcome of prejudice, or grounded on a mistaken idea of what is wise and prudent. As it is, so far from seeing anything to cast doubt on the justness of their view, I consider that all sound reasoning supports it, and I therefore come to the conclusion that the system of thrift which it is proposed to stimulate or enforce is in most cases a bad one, and that evil and not good will be done by any national action which tends to make it general.

I do not propose to discuss the special inducements offered to

persons to invest their savings thus. They usually take the form of an agreement that Government is to add largely to the sum contributed by the individual. This is a perfectly fair statement from the point of view of the State; but it means to the contributors nothing more than that Government will guarantee the payment of the pension on terms lower than the actuarial cost when calculated upon the very small rate of interest at which the State can invest. Private enterprises such as the great Assurance Companies can invest at better rates, and can thus offer terms which will compare not unfavourably with those to be offered by the State. Such terms have utterly failed to induce the working classes to accept them, and I see no reason why the State should be much more successful in the matter. This is, however, a question which may be left to settle itself. If a scheme that is satisfactory in itself can be arranged we may safely give it a trial.

The fundamental difficulty in all these schemes is brought to light when we ask the question, How do you propose to treat the cases in which the payments are not duly kept up? For this is the parting of the ways. If you are content that the scheme shall be one for the general encouragement of thrift, no matter for what purpose the savings are to be used, the answer is easy. A person when he becomes unwilling or unable to continue his subscription must have the right to surrender his interest in his pension at a value dependent on the amount he has contributed. If this be so, the scheme forfeits all claims to be regarded as a solution of the problem of old-age pauperism. It will reach only those cases in which the annuitants have at no period in their lives been in such urgent want of money as to induce them to yield to the temptation of immediately realising their interest. Considering that the pensions are not to commence until the age of sixty-five years, and that the circumstances of the years next preceding will probably differ but slightly in each individual case from those during the pension period, it is evident that but few of those who are quite without resources after sixty-five will have had the power or the moral courage to resist the temptation of commuting their pensions before the pension age has arrived. The scheme will reach only the comparatively prosperous and self-reliant—the class that can most safely be left to provide for themselves.

Take the other alternative. Let us rigidly adhere to the rule that failure to continue the contributions brings forfeiture—mitigated, perhaps, by regulations that payments in arrear may be made up within a certain limited period. This undoubtedly increases the probability that the payments will be kept up. The knowledge that all the previous payments will be lost if the subsequent ones are not regularly made will be a strong incentive to making them.

But it is only an incentive. It may stimulate the will, but it does not give the power. Those who fall into real poverty at an earlier age will not be able to make the requisite payments, and that which they have in previous years paid, with perhaps great self-denial and difficulty, must be taken from them for no fault of theirs, but solely because they are very poor, and can ill afford to lose anything. I do not believe that regulations such as these could form a part of a national system. The working classes would rightly object to benefits which were purchased in this way. Even if it could be enforced, it would not greatly help the case. The condition of the very poor would not be alleviated to any substantial degree, since few of them would have been throughout their lives in a position in which they could make the required contributions.

Cannot these difficulties be met by carefully organized collection? This must no doubt form a part of every scheme, as is shown by the experience of Insurance Companies that receive premiums weekly or monthly in small amounts. Such Companies find that they must be content to sacrifice one-fourth to one-half of the amount to be collected in respect of the cost of collection. There is no reason to suppose that things will be different in the case of a national scheme, except that it will be less easy to get the right men to do the collection. It is with a view to obviate, or at all events to minimise, these practical difficulties, that the German plan of compulsory payment and collection from the masters is projected. At first sight there seems to be much to recommend it. The theory that the master contributes one-third gives to it the semblance of a benefit to the workman, while the obligation on the master to pay makes collection simple. But the contribution by the master is more apparent than real, for it is impossible to prevent this contribution being taken into account in the adjustment of wages which are continually varying. The master will regard it as part of the cost of the labour of the workman, and thus it will lessen the amount that he is willing actually to hand over to him in return for his labour. In the long run, therefore, it will tend to diminish the wages paid to the workman, and will be borne *de facto* by him to that extent. But here the fatal difficulty as to forfeiture comes in. If a man fails to contribute for five years he loses the benefit of the pension scheme. It will be unfair to make him continue to pay, and thus he will have the present advantage over his fellows that he is free from the scheme, so that the master is no longer under the obligation to pay on his behalf, and he will get higher wages than his fellows because no contributions to the pension fund will be deducted directly or indirectly from his wages. To be consistent, the Government ought to compel the contribution from the master irrespective of whether the individual

workman, in respect of whom it purports to be made, would be benefited or not, but this would too plainly reveal the real nature of the impost, *i.e.* a general tax on labour for the purpose of defraying the expense of relief given to the aged poor.

The difficulties of these schemes and the probability that they would only divert and not increase the savings of the working classes has led to the third class of schemes, *viz.*, those that boldly propose that the whole of the cost of the pensions should be borne by Government and defrayed out of general taxation. In other words, the supporters of these plans propose that every person above sixty-five years of age should receive 5s. a week from the State. There is much to recommend this proposal. It leads to no difficulties in the way of collection or forfeiture. It does not divert the savings of the poor into channels not chosen by them. In administration it would cost far less than any other scheme. Little can be said against it except that it would require that an annual charge of some twenty millions should be raised by general taxation for the purpose!

The simplicity of the scheme arises from the fact that it is no scheme at all. I do not say this unkindly, for I think that if we are determined to attack and remove old-age pauperism as an isolated phenomenon and not treat it as the outcome of the general social condition of the poorer classes, to be dealt with by remedies affecting that condition, this scheme is the best one. But at present it is only a suggestion that a plan should be devised for this purpose. The proposal that sums should be given away is easy to make; the real question is how to procure the money to give away. At present no one has faced this. No plan of raising so large a sum has been proposed which would stand any chance of being accepted by the nation for such purposes. Nor do I think that we should act wisely in accepting any such plan if one could be found. I am quite willing that the nation should consent to even greater sacrifices to render more endurable the condition of its poorer members, but the first twenty millions that it can spare for this purpose can be much better employed than in such an indiscriminate gift to all above sixty-five. I would rather that the money should be spent in rendering the life of the poor successful than in palliating its failure.

Is the conclusion to be that it is useless to endeavour to remove from us the stigma of old-age pauperism? Certainly not. The difficulties to which I have referred are not essential; they arise from the form of solution proposed, and are due to the attempt to isolate this case of poverty and to treat it by itself, as though it were not the outcome of a more widely spread evil. Here, as is so often the case in disease, the symptom, though most grave, is best treated

by remedies which are directed against the general ailment of which it is the result. Let me try to make this clear.

The common element in all these plans from which, in my opinion, they derive whatever true value they possess, is that they propose in a more or less effective way to endow the poor, or to aid the poor to endow themselves, with *an income which is beyond the reach of misfortune*. It is true that they contemplate that this state of things should only commence when the individual has attained to an advanced age. This limitation mars their efficiency, but it is of secondary importance compared with the fact that they postulate the inalienability of the income when once it has accrued. It is the recognition of this idea which gives to the movement its political and social importance—an importance quite independent of the acceptance of any one of the particular schemes. For the first time we have put before us the conception of the members of the poorer classes becoming possessed of property sufficient to give them the decencies of existence, which cannot be taken from them and of which they cannot divest themselves.

The idea of inalienable property is not entirely a new one. In early times it was not uncommon for all the members of a community (such as the inhabitants of a village) to possess privileges which were inalienable, and which were of the nature of property. The tools of a man's trade were not allowed to be seized or sold by legal process, inasmuch as they were his means of livelihood—a doctrine that appears in our present Law of Bankruptcy, which protects them and the apparel of the bankrupt, his wife and children, to the amount of £20. At the present day pensions such as those of soldiers and sailors are regarded by the law as granted for their support, and cannot be taken by any legal process, or charged or sold by the recipient. These examples, although social changes have lessened their importance, serve as instances of the practical application of the principle of property being protected from forced and even from voluntary alienation. The fact is that we have grown out of the notion that a man's creditors have a right to him body and soul. In very ancient times this was the accepted view. A debtor could be sold into slavery to pay his debts. In more recent times a creditor, after stripping his debtor of all the law permitted him to seize, could complete his ruin by putting him into gaol till the debt was satisfied. In the present day such things sound revolting to us. We refuse to allow anything to interfere with a man's liberty so long as he has done nothing to render himself amenable to our criminal laws.

But though we give to a man his liberty as an inalienable possession, we stop there. He may live if he can, that is all. With the trifling exceptions which I have mentioned, we take no pains to prevent his being deprived of what is necessary to enable him to

lead a decent existence. Is this an essential feature of our social system? Would it be immoral to render inalienable such a modicum of property as does not exceed that which is requisite to support life honestly? Provided that the State can ensure that it will be devoted to this purpose, I think it would not. In my eyes it is a natural and proper extension of the principles which preserve to a man his liberty, however deeply he be in debt, and which save to him sufficient wearing apparel notwithstanding that he is a bankrupt and his property is to be divided among his creditors. It is not to the public good that he should be stripped of these, neither is it to the public good that he should be rendered utterly destitute.

Let me put this into a concrete form. Suppose we take 5s. per week as representing the lowest sum on which a person can live decently, without physical distress on the one hand or pauper relief on the other. A man who is solvent gives to the State, either in one payment or by instalments, such a sum as will secure to him an income of not more than 5s. a week for life, commencing at some date, either present or future, and agrees that this shall be irrevocably devoted to this purpose. The State accepts this offer, and, in return, assures him of the continued enjoyment of it by placing it in the same legal position as a soldier's pension. Who is injured or wronged thereby? The State certainly gains, because it has a citizen who will never need to call upon it for poor-relief. The individual is not wronged, for the bargain is a voluntary one, and he has acquired the certainty that he will never be in absolute destitution. He has purchased this certainty by surrendering the control of the money, and consenting that it shall be inalienably devoted to this purpose. Who, then, has lost? Future creditors, it will be said. I will presently examine into the truth of this allegation, but assuming that their remedies will be so far curtailed, does it furnish them with just ground of complaint? What right have they to demand that we shall allow them to reduce their debtor to such a pitch of poverty that he is forced to come for support to the poor-rates? To the extent that he does so it is the State that has to pay the money that they appear to have taken from their debtor.

It will be readily perceived that the fundamental conditions of this form of voluntary insurance against destitution are: first, that the amount received should not be more than sufficient to enable the individual to live decently; and secondly, that the sums contributed by him should be irrevocably dedicated to that purpose. This is all that he has to concede. It is by no means necessary that he should lose pecuniarily. He ought to be required to pay only the true value of the annuity he purchases; and, indeed, the State would do most wisely in giving very liberal terms to those who thus secure to themselves the means of a decent existence. For the present we

may assume that the only manner in which this object will be effected is by converting the contributions into a life pension which cannot be changed or alienated, so that no misfortune can make the contributor a pauper or a burden to the State. This limitation of form is, however, not essential. The time may come when it will be possible to apply the money to the purchase of property or privileges of other kinds (such, perhaps, as allotments) equally inalienable, and even more useful to the recipient than a stated weekly sum. Such developments must come later. It would only lead to confusion if I were to discuss them here, and I shall not further refer to this part of the question.

If such an insurance against poverty were permitted, the investment would probably become very popular. Persons in all positions of life, knowing how impossible it is to foresee misfortune, would be induced to protect themselves and the members of their families from the danger of utter destitution. They would feel that it was in every sense of the word an investment, that those for whom they procured the annuity would receive the full value of what they paid, whether misfortune supervened or not; so that there would be no loss if the precaution should prove to be needless, while it would be an invaluable boon if trouble should come. In process of time such considerations would, I think, induce all who could afford it, to make this timely provision; and thus we should save from pauperism all those who at any time in their lives had been sufficiently well-to-do to take advantage of the privilege. It is well known that a considerable percentage of the aged poor have at some period of their lives been comfortably off, so that in this way it would substantially reduce old-age pauperism. The cost at birth of such an annuity, to commence at fifty years of age, would be perhaps £10. I by no means wish to imply that its commencement should be so long deferred, for I would allow it to be made to begin at any age that might be desired. But such figures as these are enough to show that it might well become a custom for fathers, even among some of the working-classes, to make use of this mode of giving a small endowment to their children, especially to their daughters—a custom which would be of great advantage to the community at large.

Next, as to those who belong to classes so poor that it would not be possible for the individual to do more than use it in his own behalf. It will always be a question with any bread-winner whether it is wise or unselfish to expend his savings on securing for himself any annuity that ceases with his life, as it is then that those who are dependent upon him are most likely to need aid. This objection applies to all forms of thrift that occupy themselves with pensions, and I have no desire that the poor should fail to give to it its full weight. But putting this aside, there can be no doubt that such a

form of saving as is here suggested will be far more attractive to a working man than any proposed by the schemes we have considered. Instead of postponing the enjoyment of his savings until he arrives at old age, he can, if he will, make the return commence at any time of life. He is not restricted to any special amount or to any special date in his instalments. He need not even decide beforehand the date at which the payment of the annuity shall commence. So long as he is a contributor, his payments, with their accumulations, will be credited to him, and when trouble comes, or when he so elects, he will begin to receive such weekly allowance as the total sum represents at his age. He may put aside, when and how he is able so to do, and everything that he so puts aside will ultimately come to him in the shape of an annuity, which will be safe from all ills of fortune. It is this last fact which will weigh with the more thoughtful among the working-classes, for they must all feel the uncertainty of their tenure of their little savings when a few weeks' illness may reduce them to a condition in which they are no better off than they would have been if they had never saved at all. I often find myself wondering that with such a prospect they can ever brace themselves up to the steady self-denial which is involved in thrift. This terror would be taken from them for ever. And if the advisability of thus allowing people to insure against absolute poverty once becomes accepted, it is easy to see that it might be extended to some cases of annuities secured on joint lives (such as those of husband and wife), the one ruling principle being that the amount must not exceed such a sum as secures a decent existence. Subject to this limitation, every encouragement should be given to persons who are willing thus to save themselves from ever becoming a charge on the State.

Is there any ground for regarding such a scheme as being unfair to creditors? I can see none. It is true that some care would have to be taken that the payments should not be made by persons who are in debt, so as to defraud those to whom they owe money. This might easily be effected in many ways; as, for instance, by providing that payments may be challenged within six months by any unpaid creditor whose debt existed at the time. But it is not these necessary precautions for preventing payments to the State being improperly made which will cause the outcry with which I have no doubt my proposal will be welcomed. It will come from the notion that it will tend to defraud future creditors. This appears to me to be nonsense. No one says that soldiers' pensions defraud their creditors, yet they are inalienable. We do not consider it a fraud on future creditors when a man squanders the money he possesses. Why, then, should it be thought so when he dedicates it to a purpose which makes it impossible for him to waste it, and gives him regularly the means of purchasing the necessaries which, after all, he must procure some-

how, whether he has the means of purchasing them honestly or not? It must never be forgotten that no more may be secured to an individual than is sufficient for a decent existence. The scheme will not permit wealth to be protected against creditors (as has too often been done in the case of rich married women), it will only allow the individual to secure himself against destitution. And, therefore, instead of being losers, the tradesmen who supply the poor will be greatly benefited by it. On the one hand, the knowledge that a certain amount of savings can be put beyond the reach of creditors, and the fact that many of their customers will be living on inalienable pensions, will stimulate the habit of cash payment; and, on the other hand, the number of the poor who are unable to pay for the necessities of life will be lessened. Any plan which diminishes the destitution of the poorer classes must benefit those who supply them.

Now let me examine the proposals for old-age pensions, and see how they fit in with these views. So far as they are merely examples of the terms upon which weekly pensions of 5s. will be granted, to commence at the age of sixty-five, I have nothing to say against them. But they limit themselves to this, and it is precisely these unnecessary limitations which give rise to the difficulties that attend them, and which will, in my opinion, bring their failure. The long-deferred character of the pension will render the proposals unacceptable to the poorer classes—the inflexibility as to the amount of the pension and the date of the payments requisite to procure it compels us to face the insoluble problem of forfeiture. If these limitations are abolished, and the principle of inalienability is accepted in its simplicity, these difficulties vanish. There is no need to alter the terms offered. Our desire to deal with the question of old-age pauperism will justify our making the terms upon which accumulations are turned into pensions more and more liberal as the age at which the commutation takes place approaches sixty-five. But in the meanwhile each man's savings will be always at hand to assist in some degree, should trouble come, although they would be so invested that the capital itself could not be consumed. No prospect of forfeiture will exist to deter contribution, because the pension obtained will represent the amount accumulated, whether great or small. And lastly, Government, or even private employers, will be free to make it a rule that their servants and workmen shall contribute, for they will be sure that no subsequent failure to keep up the instalments will render their efforts fruitless.

My readers will say, "But will this remove all old-age pauperism?" No, but it will lessen it; and in such a matter, everything that lessens the total sum makes it more possible to deal with the remainder by individual and special means. The number of aged paupers will be reduced by the elimination of those who at some

time have been well-to-do. The intensity of the poverty of the rest will be lessened by the pensions—perhaps insufficient—that they will have been able to secure. Thus diminished in scale, we may hope to be able to deal with the residue by such means as those of which Professor Marshall speaks—by the sympathetic and wise administration of the poor-law through the medium of men who themselves have known the struggles of the poor. One and all the plans for old-age pensions appear to me destined to fail because they attack the subject from the theoretical and not from the practical side. It is so simple and symmetrical to give to all the same sum or to drive or persuade all to subscribe to obtain the same sum, so that all may receive alike. But symmetrical solutions are usually uneconomical, and we cannot afford to indulge in remedies of an unnecessarily costly character in cases where the difficulties arise mainly from the gigantic scale of the evil with which we have to deal. The problem is one of finding the most economical way of securing the comfort of the aged; and in so vast an undertaking economy can only be secured by taking advantage of all natural aids, and using our forces in aiding and not supplanting them. The contrast between the theoretical and the practical schools of thought is best seen in the manner in which incomplete but alleviating means are regarded by them. To the practical mind any remedy is valuable which reduces the quantum to be dealt with. To the theorist it seems little if it is not all. My own feeling is that it is unwise to attempt to put in action any plan which would deal alike with all cases of poverty in old age. Such plans are either too burdensome or too complicated. The true course is to aid as far as possible those natural forces which are already doing so much, so as to make them more effective, and to lessen by these and all other simple means the residuum which we have directly to deal with. It is less glorious but far wiser to follow this line of action, and to leave what remains to be dealt with directly, than to attempt to prevent all old-age poverty by means which, to be successful, must bear on their shoulders the burden now borne by other and less artificial agencies.

J. FLETCHER MOULTON.

HOW LONG CAN THE EARTH SUSTAIN LIFE?

It seems to be worth while to collect together what may be said on the subject of the duration of life on the globe viewed as a problem in physics, and this is the subject I propose to discuss in the present article.

In the first place, it will be desirable to define a little more clearly the exact question which is to engage us, so as to avoid raising collateral inquiries on which it would not be convenient now to enter. Let it be first of all understood that I am not intending to discuss at present the question in its biological point of view, at least not more than to allude to the conceivability that there can be biological reasons for anticipating a termination to man's existence some time or other. Why, it may be asked, should the human species expect to enjoy perennial existence, seeing that the facts of paleontology show us that multitudes of races of animals have had their little day, and vanished? It would, at least, be necessary for man to see clear grounds for his belief before he could fancy himself entitled to an immunity from the destruction which seems to be the destiny of other species. Biological agents for the extinction of man have been suggested with plausibility. The influenza bacillus was lately rampant over the world. Is there any security against some other bacillus quite as ubiquitous, and ten times as fatal, coming to take its abode among us? It may be that the intelligence of man shall be able to cope with the deadly influences that are around him, and that thus the human race may be preserved from the annihilation that seems to await all unintelligent races of animals. The Kochs of the future may be able to devise means by which the ravages of the bacilli in the human body can be restrained within moderate bounds, if not wholly frustrated. The advent of intelligent beings on the globe has certainly introduced a factor into evolution the full import of which we are not at present able to appreciate. Speaking broadly, we may assert that every species of animal gradually vanishes, or is transformed into what may be considered a creation of different character. There are, of course, a few apparent exceptions among organizations of a low type. But the instances of such identities at epochs separated by so vast a period are comparatively few, and they are not to be met with among animals of the higher type. Though some of the lower animals to which we have referred may be of more abiding duration than the higher forms, yet it by no means follows that any of the lower types are qualified for indefinitely long existence. It seems much more likely that, when suffi-

cient time has elapsed, they will not be found exceptions to the law that the duration of every species is limited. The paleontological evidence, so far as it goes, must therefore be held to suggest that the present human animal, like every other species, is necessarily doomed to disappear, unless in so far as the presence of intelligence may be able to avert the fate that seems to attend every species in which intelligence is absent. How far intelligence may be able to accomplish this is a point on which paleontology gives no guidance whatever. Would the plesiosaurus, if he had been gifted with reasoning power, have been able to do such battle for his race that they would have survived those changes and chances which have certainly swept such creatures from existence? Without speculating on such a question, we may, nevertheless, believe that intelligence can sometimes confer on the species which possesses it a degree of pliancy in accommodating itself to altered conditions of the environment superior to that enjoyed by organisms without intellectual power. It may be noted that man has preserved at least one species of animal from the extinction which to all appearance would otherwise have overtaken it. The camel, as a wild animal, is wholly extinct. In fact, its nearest ally at present living in a state of nature must be sought in the New World. The camel itself, and its immediate congeners, have been so totally extirpated as wild animals, that it is to the llamas and alpacas of Peru that we have to look for the nearest wild animals to the ship of the desert, which has from time immemorial been domesticated in the East. It is at least conceivable that what man has been able to do for other races of animals he can also do on behalf of that race to which he himself belongs. Suppose that the succession of summer and winter, of seedtime and harvest, were to last indefinitely; suppose that the sun was never to be less generous in the dispensing of his benefits than he is at present, it is quite possible that man's intelligence might be able to defeat various enemies which threaten the extinction of his species. It seems useless for us to discuss this question, for it is perfectly certain that though man might successfully combat some of the agents seeking for his destruction, there is certainly one that it would be wholly beyond his power to subdue. An agent over which he has and can have no control whatever imposes a term to his existence; nor does it seem possible for human intelligence to avert the threatened doom. To point out the necessity for this conclusion is my object in this paper.

I know that in the present day there are many who seem to think that hardly any boundaries can be assigned to the resources of a reasoning being. I have heard that when King Hudson in the zenith of his fame was asked as to what his railways were to do when all the coal was burned out, he replied that by that time we should

have learned how to burn water. Those who are asked the same question now, will often reply that they will use electricity, and doubtless think that they have thus disposed of the question. The fallacy of such answers is obvious. A so-called "water gas" may no doubt be used for developing heat, but it is not the water which supplies the energy. Trains may be run by electricity, but all that the electricity does is to convey the energy from the point where it is generated to the train which is in motion. Electricity is itself no more a source of power than is the rope with which a horse drags a boat along the canal. There is much more philosophy in the old saying, "Money makes the mare to go," than in the optimistic doctrine we often hear spoken of with regard to the capacity of man for dealing with nature. The fact is that a very large part of the boasted advance of civilization is merely the acquisition of an increased capability of squandering. For what are we doing every day but devising fresh appliances to exhaust with ever greater rapidity the hoard of coal. There are just a certain number of tons of coal lying in the earth, and when these are gone there can be no more forthcoming. There is no manufacture of coal in progress at the present time. The useful mineral was the product of a very singular period in the earth's history, the like of which has not again occurred in any noteworthy degree in the geological ages which have since run their course. Our steam-engines are methods of spending this hoard; and what we often hear lauded as some triumph in human progress is merely the development of some fresh departure in a frightful extravagance. We would justly regard a man as guilty of expending his substance wastefully if he could not perform a journey without a coach-and-six and half-a-dozen outriders, and yet we insist that the great steamers which take us across the Atlantic shall be run at a speed which requires engines, let us say, of 12,000 horse-power. If the number of passengers on such a vessel be set down as 500, we have for each passenger the united force of 24 horses, night and day, throughout the voyage. I expect our descendants will think that our coal cellars have been emptied in a very wasteful manner, particularly when they reflect that if we had been content with a speed somewhat less than that at present demanded the necessary consumption of coal would have been reduced in a far greater proportion than the mere alteration of speed would imply.

Of course, no one will contend that the exhaustion of coal means the end of the human race; man lived here for tens of thousands of years before he learned how to use coal. There may be a sort of Chinese-like civilization quite compatible with the absence of mineral fuel, at all events in regions where the climate is tolerably mild. We must also remember, as Professor Crookes has so forcibly pointed out,

in a recent article, that there are vast stores of energy available elsewhere. The radiation from the sun, if it could be suitably garnered up and employed both directly as heat and indirectly as a source of power, would be quite capable of supplying all conceivable wants of humanity for ages. It is also to be noted that we live on the outside of a globe the inside of which is filled with substances that appear, from all we can learn, to have a temperature not less than that of molten iron. If the crust could be pierced sufficiently far, vast indeed is the quantity of heat that might be available. We see the operation of tapping the internal heat going on in nature. Every volcanic outbreak, every spring of hot water, every geyser are but indications of the internal heat of our globe. It may indeed be hard to see how a practical method for drawing on this vast reserve of heat can be devised, but it is at least conceivable that it may be rendered available when the coal and other more accessible sources have become exhausted, or even when their yield has considerably lessened.

The coal of Eng. and may last a century or two; the coal in other parts of the globe may supply our cellars for a few centuries more, but the exhaustion of this truly marvellous product is proceeding at an accelerated pace. Doubtless the end of the coal, at least as an article of a mighty commerce, will arrive within a period brief in comparison with the ages of human existence. In the history of humanity from first to last the few centuries through which we are now passing will stand out prominently as the coal-burning period.

It is a noteworthy fact that the possibility of the continued existence of the human race depends fundamentally upon the question of heat. If heat, or what is equivalent to heat, does not last, then man cannot last either. There is no shirking this plain truism. It is therefore necessary to review carefully the possible sources of heat and see how far they can be relied upon to provide a continuous supply.

Of course it is obvious that the available heat generally comes from the sun. It may be used directly, or it may be and often is used indirectly, for nothing can be more certain than that it is sun heat in a modified form which radiates from a coal fire in the drawing-room or from a log fire in the backwoods. As the sun shines on the growing vegetation, the leaves extract the warmth from the sunbeams. The organism wants carbon, and to obtain it decomposes the carbonic acid gas of which a certain proportion is always present in the air. To decompose this gas requires the expenditure of heat or of what is equivalent to heat. But this does not show itself in raising the temperature of the carbon and oxygen after they have been dissociated. Their temperature may be no higher than was

that of the carbonic acid from which they have come, but the heat has been expended in the process of forcing the several molecules asunder from the close and intimate union of their combined condition.

As the growing plant must have carbon, it draws that carbon from the atmosphere, and the heat that is required to effect the decomposition of the carbonic acid is obtained from sunbeams. When the carbon thus derived by the plant comes ultimately to be burned it reunites with the oxygen of the air, and in the act of doing so evolves an amount of heat precisely equivalent to that which was absorbed from the sunbeams. Thus it is that the heat now radiating from our fireplaces has at some time previously been transmitted to the earth from the sun. If it be timber that we are burning, then we are using the sunbeams that have shone on the earth within a few decades. If it be coal, then we are retransforming to heat the solar energy which arrived at the earth millions of years ago.

The question as to the continued existence of man on this globe resolves itself eventually into an investigation as to the permanence of the heat supply. Doubtless human life requires many other conditions, but of this we may feel assured, that if the heat fail and if nothing else be forthcoming which can be transformed into heat, then most assuredly from this cause alone there is a term to human existence. Before discussing the prospect of the duration of sunbeams we may first consider a few other less important sources of heat. So far as the coal goes, we have already observed that as it is limited in quantity it can offer no perennial supply. Doubtless there is in the earth some quantity of other materials capable of oxidation, or of undergoing other chemical change; in the course of which and as an incident of such change heat is evolved. The amount of heat that can possibly arise from such sources is strictly limited. There is in the entire earth just a certain number of units of heat possible from such chemical combinations, but after the combination has been effected there cannot be any more heat from this source.

Then as to the internal heat of the earth due to the incandescent state of its interior. Here there is no doubt a large store of energy, but still it is of limited quantity, and it is also on the wane. This heat is occasionally copiously liberated by volcanoes, but ordinarily the transit of heat from the interior to the surface and its discharge from thence by radiation is a slow process. It is however sufficient for our present purpose to observe that slow though the escape may be, it is incessantly going on. There is only a definite number of units of heat contained in the interior of the earth at this moment, and as they are gradually diminishing, and as there is no source from whence the loss can be replenished, there is here no supply of warmth that can be relied on permanently. It must also be

mentioned that there exists another store of energy which under certain conditions admits of being transformed into heat. I allude to the energy which the earth possesses in virtue of its rapid rotation on its axis. In this respect we may liken our globe to a mighty fly-wheel which contains a certain quantity of energy that must be poured forth as its speed is reduced. It is the action of the tides which enables this form of earth energy to be transformed into heat. The tides check the speed with which the earth rotates. The energy thus lost must in part at least be transformed into heat, which is then again lost by radiation into space. Of course the quantity of energy which the earth possesses by reason of its rotation is of limited amount, and it is steadily being dissipated just as the internal heat is being lost and just as the potential heat that exists in consequence of unsatisfied chemical attraction is also declining. It seems that whenever the tides shall have so checked the earth that it only rotates at half its present speed, the quantity of the energy now existing in consequence of the rotation will have been reduced to a fourth of its present value.

Next as to the various forms in which sun heat is received. We have already referred to the mode in which it is captured by growing plants. There is also another indirect method in which the sun heat is made to provide energy useful to man. The waterfall which turns the mill-wheel is of course really efficient because the water is running down, and it can only run down because it has first been raised up. This raising is accomplished by sunbeams. They beat down on the wide expanse of the great oceans, there they evaporate the water and the vapour soars aloft into the heights of the atmosphere where it forms clouds. It is of course the solar energy that has performed this task of lifting, and as the rain descends it becomes collected into the streams and rivers which on their way to the sea are made to turn the waterwheels. In like manner it is of course the action of the sun which sets in motion great volumes of air to form the winds, so that when we employ windmills to grind our corn we are utilising energy diffused from the sun.

It goes without saying that the welfare of the human race is necessarily connected with the continuance of the sun's beneficent action. We have indeed shown that the few other direct or indirect sources of heat which might conceivably be relied upon are in the very nature of things devoid of the necessary permanence. It becomes therefore of the utmost interest to inquire whether the sun's heat can be calculated on indefinitely. Here is indeed a subject which is literally of the most vital importance so far as organic life is concerned. If the sun ever ceases to shine, then must it be certain that there is a term beyond which human existence, or indeed,

organic existence of any type whatever cannot any longer endure on the earth.

We may say once for all that the sun contains just a certain number of units of heat actual or potential, and that he is at the present moment shedding that heat around with the most appalling extravagance. No doubt the heat-board of the sun is so tremendous that the consequences of his mighty profusion do not become speedily apparent. They are indeed, it must be admitted, hardly to be discerned within the few brief centuries that the sun has been submitted to human observation. But we have grounds for knowing as a certainty that the sun cannot escape from the destiny that sooner or later overtakes the spendthrift. In his interesting studies of this subject, Professor Langley gives a striking illustration of the rate at which the solar heat is being squandered at this moment. He remarks that the great coalfields of Pennsylvania contain enough of the precious mineral to supply the wants of the United States for a thousand years. If all that tremendous accumulation of fuel were to be extracted and burned in one vast conflagration, the total quantity of heat that would be produced would no doubt be stupendous, and yet, says this authority, who has taught us so much about the sun, all the heat developed by that terrific coal fire would not be equal to that which the sun pours forth in the thousandth part of each single second. When we reflect that this expenditure of heat has been going on not alone for the centuries during which the earth has been the abode of man, but also for those periods which we cannot estimate, except by saying that they are doubtless millions of years during which there has been life on the globe, then indeed we begin to comprehend how vast must have been the capital of heat with which the sun started on its career.

But now for the question, of supreme importance so far as organic life is concerned, as to the possibility of the indefinite duration of the sun as a source of radiant energy. It may indeed be urged that there is no apparent decline in the warmth of the sun and the brilliancy of the light that he diffuses. There is no reason to think from any historical evidence, or indeed from any evidence whatever, that there is the slightest measurable difference between the radiance of the sun that was shed on the inhabitants of ancient Greece and the radiance that still falls on the same classic soil. So far as our knowledge goes, the plants that now grow on the hills and plains of Greece are the same as the plants which grew on the same hills and plains two thousand years ago. It is, of course, true that the significance of the argument is affected by the circumstance that organisms by the influence of natural selection can preserve a continuous adaptation to an environment which is gradually becoming modified. The olive grows in Greece now, and a tree called by the same

name grew there a couple of thousand years ago. I do not suppose that anyone is likely to doubt that the ancient olive and the modern olive are at all events so far alike that plants identical in every respect with the olive of ancient times could flourish where the modern olive now abounds. That there have been great climatic vicissitudes in times past is of course clearly shown by the records of the rocks. It is almost certain that astronomical causes have been largely concerned in the production of these changes, but from among these causes we may exclude the variations in the sun's heat. There does not seem to be the least reason to suppose that any alteration in the rate at which the sun diffuses heat has been a cause of the vicissitudes of climates which the earth has certainly undergone within geological times.

And yet we feel certain that the incessant radiation from the sun must be producing a profound effect on its stores of energy. The only way of reconciling this with the total absence of evidence of the expected changes is to be found in the supposition that such is the mighty mass of the sun, such the prodigious supply of heat, or what is equivalent to heat that it contains, that the grand transformation through which it is passing proceeds at a rate so slow that, during the ages accessible to our observations, the results achieved have been imperceptible. Think of a sphere the size of the earth. Would it be possible to detect the curvature of a portion of its equator a yard in length? To our senses, nay, even to our most refined measurements, such a line, though indeed a portion of a circular arc, would be indistinguishable from a straight line. So is it with the solar radiation. To our ephemeral glance it appears to be quite uniform; we can only study a very minute part of the whole series of changes, so that we are as little able to detect the want of uniformity as we should be to detect the departure from a straight line of the arc of a circle which we have given as an illustration.

We cannot, however, attribute to the sun any miraculous power of generating heat. That great body cannot disobey those laws which we have learned from experiments in our laboratories. Of course no one now doubts that the great law of the conservation of energy holds good. We do not in the least believe that because the sun's heat is radiated away in such profusion that it is therefore entirely lost. It travels off no doubt to the depths of space, and as to what may become of it there we have no information. Everything we know points to the law that energy is as indestructible as matter itself. The heat scattered from the sun exists at least as ethereal vibration if in no other form. But it is most assuredly true that this energy so copiously dispensed is lost to our solar system. There is no form in which it is returned, or in which it can be returned. The energy of the system is as surely declining as the energy of the

clock declines according as the weight runs down. In the clock, however, the energy is restored by winding up the weight, but there is no analogous process known in our system.

It was long a mystery how the sun was able to retain its heat so as to continually supply its prodigious rate of expenditure. The suppositions that would most naturally occur were shown to be utterly insufficient. We know that a great iron casting often takes many hours to grow cold after it has been drawn from the mould. If the casting be a sufficiently large one, the cooling will proceed so slowly that it will not get cold for days because the tardiness of cooling increases with the dimensions of the body. It was not, perhaps, unnatural to suppose that as the sun was so vast the process of cooling would proceed with such extreme slowness that notwithstanding the quantity of heat poured out every second, the annual amount of loss would be so small relatively to the whole store that the effect of that loss would be imperceptible in such periods as those over which our knowledge extends. This supposition, however plausible, is speedily demolished when brought to the test by which all such questions must be decided—the test of actual calculation. We can determine with all needful accuracy the store of heat that the sun would contain if regarded merely as a white hot solid globe. When we apply the known annual loss, we see at once that if the sun had merely the simple constitution here supposed, the annual expenditure would bear such a considerable proportion to the total supply that the effect of the loss would become speedily apparent. It is certain that the sun must under such circumstances fall some degrees in temperature each year. In a couple of thousand years the change in temperature would be sufficiently great to affect in the profoundest manner the supply of sunbeams. As, however, we know that for a couple of thousand years, or, indeed, for periods much longer still, there has been no perceptible decrease in the volume of solar radiations, we conclude that the great luminary cannot be regarded merely as a glowing solid globe dispensing its heat by radiation. There is another supposition as to the continuance of sun heat which must be mentioned only, however, to be dismissed as quite incapable of offering any solution of the problem. As we generate heat here so largely by the combination of fuel, it has been sometimes thought that a similar process may be in progress on the sun. It has been supposed that elements capable and desirous of chemical union may exist in the sun in such profusion that by their entering into association a quantity of heat is liberated sufficient to account for the continuous dispersal by radiation. Here, again, the test must be applied which is decisive of such pretensions. It may certainly be the case that chemical actions of one kind or another are going on in the sun, and among them are doubtless some of such a

character that they evolve heat. But we happen to know exactly how much heat can be evolved by the action of specified quantities of elementary bodies by whose union heat is generated. It appears clear from the figures that chemical action is a wholly inadequate method of accounting for solar radiation. To take one instance, we may mention that if the sun had been a globe of white-hot carbon, and if there had been a sufficient supply of oxygen to effect its combustion, the total heat generated by the entire mass would not supply the solar radiation for the period that has elapsed since the building of the pyramids. It is, therefore, clear that the supposition that the sun is a burning globe, like the supposition of the sun as a cooling solid globe, is quite inadequate to explain the marvellous persistence with which, for countless ages, the orb of day has distributed its beams.

There is another supposition which, though not itself providing the explanation that we are searching for, still points so far in that direction that I have kept it till the last. It has been sometimes suggested that the dashing of meteoric matter into the sun from outside may afford the requisite supply of energy. There can be no doubt that the plunge of a meteor into the sun's atmosphere with the terrific velocity which it will necessarily acquire in consequence of the attraction of the sun, is accompanied by the transformation of the energy of the meteor's movement into light and heat. The quantity of energy that a meteor thus carries with it is so vast that it is hardly credible until the figures which express it and the grounds on which they are based have received due attention. Let us think of a meteor which is moving, as such bodies do when near the earth, with a speed perhaps a hundred times as great as that of a bullet from a rifle, or even from one of the most finished pieces of artillery. The energy of the meteor, depending as it does upon the square of the velocity, will be, therefore, about ten thousand times that of the bullet of the same size. It seems that the energy thus possessed by a meteor one pound in weight is as much as could be developed by the explosion of a ton weight of gunpowder. Doubtless, in the vicinity of the sun, the meteors are more numerous, and they move with a higher velocity than the meteors near the earth. It is therefore plain that the quantity of energy contributed to the sun from this source must be large in amount. It can, however, be shown that there are not enough meteors in existence to supply a sufficient quantity of heat to the sun to compensate the loss by radiation. The indraught of meteoric matter may indeed certainly tend in some small degree to retard the ultimate cooling of the great luminary, but its effect is so small that we can quite afford to overlook it from the point of view that we are taking in this paper.

It is to Helmholtz we are indebted for the true solution of the

long- vexed problem. He has demonstrated, in the clearest manner, where the source of the sun's heat lies. It depends upon a cause that, at the first glance, would seem an insignificant one, but which the arithmetical test, that is so essential, at once raises to a position of the greatest importance. It is sufficiently obvious that the sun is in no sense to be regarded as a solid body. It seems very unlikely that there can be throughout its entire extent any portion which possesses the properties of a solid; certainly those exterior parts of the sun which are all that are accessible to our observation are anything but solid: they are vast volumes of luminous material floating in gases of a much less luminous nature. The openings between the clouds form the spots, while the mighty projections which leap from the sun's surface testify in the most emphatic manner to the gaseous or vapourous character of the outer parts of the great luminary. A gaseous globe like the sun when it parts with its heat observes laws of a very different type from those which a cooling solid follows. As the heat disappears by radiation the body contracts; the gaseous object, however, decreases in general much more than a solid body would do for the same loss of heat. This is connected with a striking difference between the manner in which the two bodies change in temperature. The solid, as it loses heat, also loses temperature; the gas, on the other hand, does not necessarily lose temperature even though it is losing heat. Indeed, it may happen that the very fact that the gaseous globe is losing heat may be the cause of its actually gaining in temperature and becoming hotter. This seems a 'paradox at the first glance, but it will be found not to be so when due attention is paid to the different notions that belong to the words heat and temperature. The globe of gas unquestionably radiates heat and loses it, and the globe, in consequence of that loss, shrinks to a smaller size. The heat, or what is equivalent to heat, that is left in the globe, is exhibited in a body of reduced dimensions, and in that smaller body the heat shows to such advantage that the globe actually exhibits a temperature hotter than before the loss of heat took place. In the facts just mentioned we have an explanation of the sustained heat of the sun. Of course we cannot assume that in our calculations the sun is to be treated as if it were gaseous throughout its entire mass, but it approximates so largely to the gaseous state in the greater part of its bulk that we can feel no hesitation in adopting the belief that the true cause has been found. To justify the adequacy of this method of explaining the facts I may mention the following result of a calculation. If the sun were to lose sufficient heat to enable it to shrink in its diameter by one-tenth-thousandth part of its present amount, the quantity of heat that would be available in consequence of this contraction would suffice to provide the entire radiation for a period of 2,000 years.

Such a diminution of the sun's bulk would be altogether too small to be perceptible by the most refined measurements that we can make in the observatory. Hence we are able to understand how the prodigious radiation of the sun during all the centuries of history can be accounted for without any alteration in the dimensions of the great luminary having yet become appreciable.

But there is a boundary to the prospect of the continuance of the sun's radiation. Of course, as the loss of heat goes on, the gaseous parts will turn into liquids, and as the process is still further protracted, the liquids will transform into solids. Thus we look forward to a time when the radiation of the sun can be no longer conducted in conformity with the laws which dictate the loss of heat from a gaseous body. When this state is reached the sun may, no doubt, be an incandescent solid with a brilliance as great as is compatible with that condition, but the further loss of heat will then involve loss of temperature. At the present time the body may be so far gaseous that the temperature of the sun remains absolutely constant. It may even be the case that the temperature of the sun, notwithstanding the undoubted loss of heat, is absolutely rising. It is, however, incontrovertible that a certain maximum temperature having been reached (whether we have yet reached it or not we do not know), temperature will then necessarily decline. There is certainly no doubt whatever that the sun, which is now losing heat, even if not actually falling in temperature, must, at some time, begin to lose its temperature. Then, of course, its capacity for radiating heat will begin to abate. The heat received by the earth from the great centre of our system must, of course, decline. There seems no escape from the conclusion that the continuous loss of solar heat must still go on, so that the sun will pass through the various stages of brilliant incandescence, of glowing redness, of dull redness, until it ultimately becomes a dark and non-luminous star. In this final state the sun will literally join the majority. Every analogy would teach us that the dark and non-luminous bodies in the universe are far more numerous than the brilliant suns. We can never see the dark objects, we can discern their presence only indirectly. All the stars that we can see are merely those bodies which at this epoch of their career happen for the time to be so highly heated as to be luminous.

There is thus a distinct limit to man's existence on the earth, dictated by the ultimate exhaustion of the sun. It is, of course, a question of much interest for us to speculate on the probable duration of the sun's beams in sufficient abundance for the continued maintenance of life. Perhaps the most reliable determinations are those which have been made by Professor Langley. They are based on his own experiments upon the intensity of solar radiation, conducted under circumstances that give them special value. I shall endeavour

to give a summary of the interesting results at which he has arrived.

The utmost amount of heat that it would ever have been possible for the sun to have contained would supply its radiation for 18,000,000 years at the present rate. Of course, this does not assert that the sun, as a radiant body, may not be much older than the period named. We have already seen that the rate at which sunbeams are poured forth has gradually increased as the sun rose in temperature. In the early times the quantity of sunbeams dispensed was much less per annum than at present, and it is, therefore, quite possible that the figures may be so enlarged as to meet the requirements of any reasonable geological demand with regard to past duration of life on the earth.

It seems that the sun has already dissipated about four-fifths of the energy with which it may have originally been endowed. At all events, it seems that, radiating energy at its present rate, the sun may hold out for 4,000,000 years, or for 5,000,000 years, but not for 10,000,000 years. Here then we discern in the remote future a limit to the duration of life on this globe. We have seen that it does not seem possible for any other source of heat to be available for replenishing the waning stores of the luminary. It may be that the heat was originally imparted to the sun as the result of some great collision between two bodies which were both dark before the collision took place, so that, in fact, the two dark masses coalesced into a vast nebula from which the whole of our system has been evolved. Of course, it is always conceivable that the sun may be re-invigorated by a repetition of a similar startling process. It is, however, hardly necessary to observe that so terrific a convulsion would be fatal to life in the solar system. Neither from the heavens above, nor from the earth beneath, does it seem possible to discover any rescue for the human race from the inevitable end. The race is as mortal as the individual, and, so far as we know, its span cannot under any circumstances be run out beyond a number of millions of years which can certainly be told on the fingers of both hands, and probably on the fingers of one.

ROBERT S. BALL.

THE COMING CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

NEARER and nearer comes the storm which, at no distant period, is bound to break over Morocco. The gates will roll asunder which have for centuries locked up mines of wealth and leagues of arable land. British capital, British emigrants, British invalids—the rich who can afford to pay and the poor who want to economise—will soon be forced, by an irresistible attraction, to rush towards a temperate coast to colonise a perennially summer land, only two days' from Plymouth, where money is turned over by scratching the soil, life is easy, toil lucrative, and health to be got for the asking.

For six hundred years this land, within eye-shot of Europe, and actually within cannon range, has been left a howling wilderness—tens of thousands of acres barren as the Phlegian fields. Incredible as it now seems, whilst the distant continent of America has been eagerly explored, Australia opened up, India subdued, even the Cape of Good Hope colonised, Morocco, the one country actually within sight of Europe—more fertile, more accessible, more scantily peopled, and more abounding in natural wealth than any other of similar dimensions—has been simply locked up. Tangier is the key of that country. Let us peep through the keyhole.

I see in the person of Muley Hassan, Sultan of Morocco, an irresponsible ruler similar to the Shah of Persia. His administration is also similar. Personally—as the Reefian tribes, according to the report of the Cherifa of Wazan, say—he is better than his father and grandfather, but he might be easily better than he is. He is surrounded by a set of pig-headed old counsellors, of whom he stands in awe because they served under his father. They will not let him move with the times. Had he been let alone, not only might the French have been allowed to get their railway quietly through Tonatt, but England might have been allowed a wire or even a road to Fez. Look at the executive. I see in every town unsalaried Caid and Bashaws, who have bought their offices and live by squeezing the people. Written law there is none. Prisoners languish in chains, some innocent, some guilty; but they are condemned without trial, or released only through bribery. I find no security for life or property. The rich deny or bury their wealth, which is unearthed by threats and confiscated by torture. The poor lie down and starve. I see tribes of hardy mountaineers in constant revolt against the Sultan. I cannot see that the Sultan, in any sense, governs anything or anybody. He makes no roads, builds no harbours, fosters no trade, administers no justice, he only keeps his place by

setting one tribe to plunder another, or by keeping whole populations in a state of starvation, and hence unable to resist his exactions. As he plays off the tribes within, so he plays off the nations without. He keeps out their influence by fomenting their rival jealousies. In Tangier itself, the diplomatic capital of Morocco, there is not a wheeled carriage. Why? Because there is not sufficient cohesion amongst the consulates and legations to get a carriage-road made. This is called the *status in quo*, and is sometimes lauded as an admirable policy. Look beyond Tangier. I see between ranges of metalliferous mountains, upon whose slopes herds of wild horses enough to set up the Continent with cavalry, or tame cattle for its commissariat, *could* be raised, vast alluvial plains, well watered, utterly untouched by industry, yet capable of bearing grain and fruit enough to supply half Europe—wheat, oranges, lemons, Indian corn, sugar, grapes, olives, dates, bananas, and every kind of vegetable. I see a great navigable river, the Lebon, down which all this produce might be floated, between Fez and the sea coast, for rapid export. Not a steam plough, or a harrow, or a threshing-machine will the Sultan permit; not a square foot will he sell; not a steamer or trading boat may ply upon rivers which should be at once the boundaries of teeming and prosperous provinces and the arteries of cosmopolitan commerce. The vulture on the lookout for a dying slave or a dead camel wings his dismal flight over a silent land, with here and there a few Arab huts, a wandering Jew, a bloated Bashaw, a stinking city, and a perfumed harem. How long is this to last? The relations between Morocco and Europe have always been strained—they are like to snap suddenly.

As late as 1856 some vessels were plundered by those hardy Moorish pirates whose long black galleys were for centuries a terror to all seafaring folk passing through the Straits. In 1814 the capture of European slaves, and in 1877 general piracy on the high seas were officially abolished, yet only a little further down the coast so illustrious a person as M. Leverrier, the astronomer, but lately dead, was captured and spent two years in slavery.

During the reign of Sir John Drummond Hay as British minister at Tangier, the first serious attempt was made to answer the question which is now being so urgently repeated: How shall we deal with Morocco? The answer given by Sir John had its merits, and it did for a time, but it will not do now. His plan was to avoid friction with the Moors by discouraging European enterprise. Shut nothing that is open, open nothing that is shut. Hold sacred the person and the property of his majesty's subjects; don't prevent them, but don't help them, to trade—to buy or to sell. Don't meddle with the Sultan or his subordinates; stand by him if other Powers show signs of aggression or interference, and in general keep things as they are. Thus from the moment that he had the presence

of mind to seize the only chair and seat himself in his first interview with the Sultan's minister, leaving that mighty Bashaw to stand, to the day of his retirement a few years ago, on the accession of Sir Kirby Green, Sir John Drummond Hay's influence with the Sultan, if not with the Powers, was naturally paramount. In fact, he was not only British minister at Tangier, but almost the Sultan's own minister for foreign affairs. He spoke the Moorish language, sketched his Cherifian majesty's policy, stood between him and the predatory diplomatists of Europe, and at last rendered him the signal service at the Madrid Conference of checking the abuse of consular protection which enabled the Powers to oppress the Sultan's subjects and impoverish the Sultan's treasury. Beyond this salutary attempt at reform, undertaken partly to vindicate the honour of European diplomacy, and partly to gratify the Sultan, Sir John Hay did not propose to go. No schemes of French ambition on the east, no readjustment of frontiers, no rumours of a British protectorate, still less of a joint French and British occupation, complicated by a Spanish invasion, ruffled the diplomatic calm of Sir John Drummond Hay's beleaguered reign. But since his retirement the plot has rapidly thickened. The Sultan, with his "blind man's buff government," is now seen by all Europe to be a scandalous anachronism; and at the present moment to leave things as they are is like leaving a lot of tinder about whilst the sparks fly upwards in a forge. The Madrid conference with its embarrassing disclosures has really broken up the diplomatic ring, which has for ever lost the charm of privacy along with the profit of speculation. At the same time, the pursuit of personal gain by mutual toleration and compromise having given way to a patriotic desire all round to prevent any one Power doing, or becoming, or getting anything in Tangier, diplomatic action has arrived at a sort of *impasse*, and the *status in quo*, if it means locking up Morocco, amounts almost to a *reductio ad absurdum*.

This is the psychological moment chosen by the French to commence an agitation on the eastern frontier, and practically to capture the Cherif of Wazan, whose influence with the Tonatt tribes they mean to use against the Sultan. At the same time, the Reefian hill tribes force the Sultan's hand at Tangier, get an obnoxious Bashaw dismissed, and show that they have the power and the will to dictate whom they will and whom they will not obey. To make confusion more confused, Italy clamours for Tripoli; Germany wants the Zaffarine and adjacent coast; Spain, out of bravado, bullies the Moors at Mebilla, and though almost bankrupt lays a submarine cable and blusters about being able to land troops, as she has undoubtedly been able to pour about 6,000 Spaniards, priests and all, into Tangier. And England? What have we got to do with it all? What have we, the merchants of the world, got to do with opening up "Morocco, the last market of the world"? What have we, the great colonisers,

organisers, governors got to do with a people only two days' from our coasts, groaning beneath more than mediæval oppression, perishing in a land of plenty for want of organisation and good government? What have we got to do with Tangier, which holds the Straits of Gibraltar, and which if in the hands of an enemy would destroy the Rock as a coaling station? Are not seven out of ten ships which go through the Straits English, and does not the high road to our Indian Empire run that way? What have English capitalists got to do with a country that offers close at hand an almost boundless field for profitable investments at cent per cent? Probably there is no country in the world but England that would even ask such a question as "what has England to do with Morocco?" Even should this apathy be indignantly denied, it cannot be denied that nine out of ten politicians one meets think that there is plenty of time, and that at the eleventh hour England will be able to step in and make her market. Well, *there is no time*. The French realise this; they know that in the inevitable coming struggle, diplomatic, military, or both, the advantage will lie with those who have taken the initiative. They accordingly claim without delay the doubtful territory of Tonatt, pronounced at the Berlin Conference to be *within the sphere* (delightfully diplomatic phrase) of French influence. They propose, merely for the sake of putting their foot inside Morocco, to support the claims of one quarrelsome Cabyle against another, and they actually seize the Cherif of Wazan, the head of one of the most powerful Moorish sects, and propose to commit him to a scheme of French aggrandisement at the expense of the Sultan; on the other hand, they are ridiculously sensitive to the slightest signs of British interference. We must not lay a wire or open a post office! The French have a policy. They aim at a great North African Empire similar to our Indian Empire—with Tangier if possible, without Tangier if necessary.

What is our policy? It is—may I say, more accurately, it has hitherto been—a Micawber policy. It is impossible to say of such a policy that it will not succeed because it is impossible to say exactly what it is. In the meanwhile consider what may happen at any moment—I had almost said what *must* happen—in Morocco. Even before these words are in type some decisive blow may be struck, and then consider what will become of a Micawber policy. "Put case," as Robert Browning used to say.

At any moment a Jew may be murdered at Fez Mequinay; a reprisal would of course take place. The Jews have everywhere the Moors in their debt. They are intensely unpopular, and often employ the Caids or magistrates to collect their arrears. A massacre of Jews would call for intervention by one or more of the Powers. Is England ready?

At any moment a drunken Spaniard in Tangier, one of the six

thousand, most of them the lowest of the low, might insult a Moorish woman or murder a Moor. This might lead to a fanatical massacre of the Spaniards, who are hated as much as the Jew, and would call for Spanish intervention. Spain would land troops and seize, under colour of her right to protect her own subjects, the best strategic positions in Tangier. So far from this being an imaginary case, Spain has, as I pointed out, actually had the bravado, even in her bankrupt condition, to lay a special cable from Tarifa to Tangier, in case we should suddenly close the Gibraltar cable to her, with a view of cutting her communication, and landing troops before her at the first rumour of a disturbance in Tangier. Are we ready?

At any moment the Sultan, distracted by his wars with hostile tribes, might be quite unable to protect Europeans in Tangier. Intervention would then be called for by or imposed upon the Sultan. France and England would both land troops. Have we agreed with France, who is to withdraw first, or what is to happen if France says, "*J'y suis j'y reste*"—at any rate, *until you clear out of Egypt*?

At any moment the Moors or the Hill Tribes, supposed to be under Tangier rule, might seek (as they actually did seek a month or two ago) English intervention to protect them from the oppression of the Bashaw of Tangier. It happened that the Sultan listened to English advice, and deposed the Bashaw. Suppose he had appealed to the French to support him in independent action, and had maintained the Bashaw; suppose the Hill Tribes, seeing no immediate force capable of resisting them, or perceiving the French and English at loggerheads, or, simply with a view of embroiling the Sultan with the Powers, had entered Tangier and massacred the Spaniards—was England ready with a policy? Supposing, under any pretext, even one so flimsy as a Cabyle squabble in East Morocco, the French were to land troops in Tangier—is England ready with a policy?

And now what do I gather to be our policy? I speak more or less speculatively and under correction. Suppose we go to Fez. We ask the Sultan to act in the spirit of Article XI. of the Madrid Conference—to open his ports, to let Europeans buy land, and build and trade and plant freely in Morocco. We get a concession here and there. Gradually English capital begins to circulate, but it takes time. The Sultan says to himself—Yes, you develop my land, I tax the produce; I get your money, but you take my land and you steal my people. My territory shrinks and shrinks; my authority is superseded. I am driven into a corner on the south and east: by the French on the north, and in my west coast towns by the English. No; your progress shall be *as slow as I can make it*. Meanwhile France takes up the land about Tonatt awarded her by the

Berlin Conference, runs her railway south to Timbuctoo, presently proposes to swallow up Morocco city, Mequinez, Mogador, and all the land south of the Lebon river; Italy helps herself to Tripoli; the Spanish population growing becomes 60,000 instead of 6,000, and imperatively clamour for a Spanish Protectorate in Tangier as they are hated by the Moors and in constant peril; and English capitalists, in the teeth of almost insuperable obstacles, continue to plant an orangery here and a cornfield there, perhaps even open a mine or clear a forest. But is that anything that can be called a policy? It is good as far as it goes, but the French go farther and fare better. We go no farther and certainly are likely to fare worse, unless we can face the situation with more than a merely finikin policy. This is not a question of jingoism. Indeed our aim should be not to shed a drop of European blood; but if ever we wanted something like a practical and imperial policy to protect our route to India and save our market in Morocco, we certainly want it now. We hear a great deal about French susceptibilities. Every move of ours, we are informed, is watched at Tangier, and questions are asked: Pray has England no right to susceptibilities? Have we no right to ask questions about the French rail through Tonatt, the spread of French influence in Morocco, the capture of the Cherif of Wazan, the French interference in Cabyle squabbles across the frontier?

When I speak of England's Micawber policy I do so without prejudice to anything that Sir Charles Euan-Smith may do or say at Fez. Sir Charles's policy is known to be firm but pacific and conciliatory. His knowledge of Orientals is profound; his sympathy with them is enlightened; his experience of them is, like Mr. Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar"; his success in dealing with them unequalled. Sir Charles is himself an unknown quantity, and the turns of the present situation are quite incalculable. It is a colossal game of battledore and shuttlecock; France and England are the battledores, and the Sultan of Morocco is the shuttlecock. But the Sultan will not live for ever, and the game must soon be played out. The difficulties which beset the British minister at Tangier, in any attempt to negotiate with the Sultan, are *immense*. Were that minister any other than Sir Charles Euan-Smith, and were his chief any other than Lord Salisbury, we should say, *insuperable*. The integrity of Morocco, in the present temper of the European cabinets, may be the only safe cry for England; but we shall be very much surprised if the negotiations now (April) or recently undertaken do not considerably clear the diplomatic atmosphere. And, whatever may be their result, it cannot be out of place at such a crisis to sketch the possible future of Morocco *vis-a-vis* England and France.

Let us say that Sir Charles Euan-Smith sincerely desires to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's empire; it is yet possible that it

may split up under his fingers. It really lies between England and France; the other Powers, even Spain, are almost neglectable quantities.

What does France want? She wants her rail through Tonatt to Timbuctoo, so as to divert the trade which went by Mogador, and bring her ostrich feathers, corn, and spices straight through French territory for shipment at Algiers. She does not need our support; she takes Tonatt and forces her rail wherever it suits her now. Will it be our interest to oppose her? France might also be able to establish her Protectorate in Morocco, Mogador, and Mequinez, and all the country south of the Lebon. It might not be worth our while to oppose that. But England wants Tangier. It is more important as a harbour and coaling-station even than Gibraltar. Gibraltar might go—but we don't mean to let it go—were Tangier ours. *It was ours, it might have been ours.* Any time during the Franco-Prussian war, had we run up the Union Jack on the Casbur, what European Power would then have pulled it down? *It must be ours because we cannot have the Indian route jeopardised and English commerce crippled.* France and the Powers are for maintaining the *status in quo* in Tangier, *i.e.* for maintaining the deadlock which keeps out foreign capital and prevents foreigners from buying land outside Tangier. Why? I answer this by asking who alone has the capital and the enterprise? Answer—the English. Therefore to open up Morocco to foreigners means to open it up to the English. They would buy up the country inland down to Lebon River—the best land with the best water-way. The people would eagerly sell (we know that much by experience) and retire further south into a boundless untenanted region. Tangier town would become the Brighton or Biarritz of Africa, crowded with English villas, its bay crammed with English yachts. Instead of going to Nice, a line of fast packets would land tourists in a model and not variable African climate. Tangier would become the rage, with noble sands for the children, fine bathing, and good hunting, riding, shooting, and pig-sticking on the Beni Hassan Hills. From Tangier to Fez the land is cut out fairly level and direct for a railway; the alluvial plains would yield enough to feed Gibraltar and Tangier, and provide such a lucrative trade that, after all exports had been taxed for the Sultan, the Tangier province from the sea to the Lebon would pay its expenses and yield a handsome profit. This is what England has a right to expect and what she must play for whilst yet there is time, before, that is to say, the Spaniards, who continue to swarm over, are a colony powerful enough to claim a Spanish Protectorate, or at least seriously to endanger British interests in North Africa.

But what is our great obstacle? France is our great obstacle.

Do we mean to fight France? No. To support France? Yes. We say to France, You have got Algiers—you can have Tonatt; when you propose further to protect Morocco, remember you must abandon all thought of landing troops at Tangier, if we propose to "protect" Tangier. "'Tis a bitter draught to swallow," says France, thinking of her African-Empire ideal; "what will you give us to take after the dose?" The French do not need our support in their Morocco enterprise. Egypt, were it ours to give, we should not give. There is but one sacrifice we could make, if it would be for the good of the world. Suppose the Morocco Empire crumbles to dust like an immemorial corpse on being exposed to the light and air of English trade and French organisation and culture. There is another rotten corpse too long embalmed by political opportunism—it is the Ottoman Empire. Let England abandon the disgraceful protectorate of Constantinople, and assume, with the consent of France, the glorious protectorate of Tangier, and say to France, in return for her withdrawing her opposition, "Take Syria." That is about the only thing which France wants, and which England has to offer. It is true Russia would then go to Constantinople, but sooner or later Russia will go to Constantinople—better as friend than as foe. There are signs, too, that the days of the Czar's autocracy are numbered; not that the future is with the Nihilists, no, but with a party far stronger, far more reasonable, far more highly organised, which has secretly riddled the Empire through and through—the Constitutional Socialists, under Schumaloff, who, unlike the Nihilists under Krapotkin, will go solid for a constitutional monarchy, just as the Garibaldian Republicans, unlike the Mazzini Republicans, went solid for Victor Emmanuel. The assured triumph at no distant period of this moderate party would remove many of the present objections to Russia's holding Constantinople. A long-standing sore would also be removed. In spite of all Crimean Treaty clauses, we cannot prevent Russia's having a fleet; she means to have a seaboard, and it is surely a legitimate aspiration. Give her Constantinople, and she would no longer threaten the Indian frontier, struggle for a seaboard on the Persian coast, or worry us with the prospects of a new and still more futile Crimean war in the south. There would be nothing left to quarrel about.

Enough of prophecy and speculation. Realities stare us in the face. Our present British minister's position at Tangiers is one of unequalled difficulty. He lives in a wasp's nest; the temptation when stung to sting back is almost irresistible. Yet if he does so, he blows up the whole nest and himself along with it. He has got, as the Americans say, "to worry through" and to come out with England's flag unrent. The French will oppose him when he pleads for the entrance of English capital into Morocco; the Spaniards will

fire up at the notion of English protection ; and the fact of his coming to Fez at all is enough to set up the backs of all the other Powers. If he is civil, the Sultan will think he is afraid, and will promise everything but do nothing. If he is severe, the French will outbid him and offer the Sultan a few more officers for his army and diplomatic assistance to keep up the paralysing *status in quo* at Tangier. If he does nothing but meet and part good friends with his Cherifian Majesty, we shall hear at the next elections how the country's money is squandered by a Conservative Government upon fruitless expeditions. Was ever a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary in such a fix ? Then at any moment the Sultan, though a person of iron constitution, herculean strength, and mercurial activity, may die. His favourite son of fourteen, who at present holds his court at Fez and poses as Muley Hassan's successor, will have to face the terrible opposition of the Sultan's one-eyed son, who is a mighty man of war and holds the army, and both will have to encounter the unrivalled popularity of the Sultan's brother, who has the reputation of being wise and good, able and merciful, and is therefore beloved by the people.

If the court goes for the boy, the one-eyed son will have a rough time ; but if the one-eyed son split the court-vote, then the beneficent brother might come in with a run ; at any rate, unless we agree with our adversary (the French) quickly, whilst we are in the way with him, whichever candidate we support, the French will support his rival, and the confusion will be worse confounded. This also is a contingency Sir Charles Euan-Smith may have to deal with. Truly the uneasiness of the head which wears a crown is not "in it" with the bed—quite the reverse of one of roses—upon which the Minister Plenipotentiary has to rest. There is one way out of it—a short way and a summary way. Let the Moors choose whom they will as successor to the Sultan, but when the smash comes, in order to ensure the general safety of the Algerian frontier and the Tonatt Railway—by that time possibly an accomplished fact—let the French proclaim a protectorate in Morocco over all south of the Lebon ; and for the safety of Tangier, let the English proclaim a protectorate in Tangier, extending from the coast to the Lebon River. A simultaneous movement of French and English troops would meet with no serious opposition from a distracted people, fighting amongst themselves ; and the heavy bribe which France would offer the South and England the North, of security of life and property, would probably be followed by a bloodless revolution in which North and South Morocco would range themselves naturally under the non-aggressive and non-oppressive protectorate of the two civilised Powers. Then the Morocco question would be solved—until next time.

H. R. HAWES.

RICHARD BROME.

If the futile and venerable custom of academic disputations on a given theme of debate were ever to revive in the world of scholarship and of letters, an amusing if not a profitable theme for discussion might be the question whether a minor artist of real and original merit is likelier to gain or to lose by the association of his name with that of a master in his art. And no better example could be taken than that afforded by the relation of Dick Brome to Ben Jonson. The well-known first line of the commendatory verses with which his master and patron condescended to play the part of sponsor to his first comedy must probably be familiar to many who care to know no more than that Ben had "Dick" for a servant once, and testified that he "performed a servant's faithful parts;" and further, that when Dick took to play-writing Ben encouraged him with sublime condescension and approval of the success attained by his disciple through dutiful observation of those laws of comedy "which I, your master, first did teach the stage." From this Olympian nod of supercilious approbation it might be inferred, and indeed has very probably been inferred by the run of readers, that Brome, as dramatist and humourist, was little or nothing more than a shadow or an echo, more or less definite or distinct, of his master's figure and his master's voice. And unquestionably he must have learnt much and gained much by such intercourse and such discipleship. His first play, *The Northern Lass*, appearing and succeeding as it did under the kindly if haughty patronage of his master, and deserving as it certainly was of that patronage and success, might perhaps have been better and might perhaps have been worse if the author's agile and active talent had been uninfluenced and unmodified by the rigid example and the imperious authority of Ben Jonson. The stage is so crowded and the action is so crossed by the coming and going of so many ludicrous and serious figures, that the attention if not the patience of the reader is overstrained by the demand made on it; and the movements of the figures through the mazes of a complex dramatic dance are not so happily regulated as to avoid or to avert an irritating sense of confusion and fatigue. But there are scenes and touches of character in it worthy of very high praise: the gentle heroine, tender and true (if somewhat soft and simple) as a "northern lass" should appear in compliance with tradition, is a figure very gracefully outlined, if not quite adequately finished or relieved: there is something more of sentimental interest or romantic suggestion in the ingenious if in-

composite plot than might have been expected from a disciple of Jonson's: and the direct imitation of his Bobadil and Master Mathew is too lively and happy to be liable to the charge of servile or sterile discipleship. And there are few scenes in all the range of serio-comic drama more effective and impressive on even a second or third reading than that in which the friend of an intending bridegroom attempts to break off his match with a woman whom he believes unworthy by denunciation of his friend's imaginary vices, and is fascinated himself by the discovery of her unshaken and unselfish devotion.

The modern reader of this play, the earliest attempt of its author and an excellent example of his talent, will probably be struck by the evidence it affords that Brome in our own day would have won higher distinction as a novelist than he did in his own as a playwright. Were he now alive, he would be a brilliant and an able competitor in their own field of work and study with such admirable writers as Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Norris. His powers of observation and invention were not, if I mistake not, inferior to theirs; and the bent of his mind was not more technically dramatic. In fact, his characters are cramped and his plots are distorted by compression into dramatic shape: they would gain both in execution and in effect by expansion, dilation, or dilution into the form of direct and gradual narrative.

The opening scene of *The Sparagus Garden* is as happily humorous and as vividly natural as that of any more famous comedy. Tim Hoyden is a figure not unworthy of comparison with Sir Mannerly Shallow in Crowne's excellent broad comedy of *The Country Wit*—as that rural knight may be held worthy to rank as a precursor, a herald from afar, a daystar announcing the sunrise, of Congreve's matchless and inimitable Sir Wilful Witwoud. But in Congreve's time, and even in Crowne's, the construction of a play—its carpentry, to use a French term beloved of the great Dumas—was too well understood for it to have been possible that a writer of brilliant ability and conscientious energy should have offered to the public a play so roughly put together—so loose on its hinges and so shaky in its joints. "It is no common play," says a friend of the author in a remarkably well-written copy of commendatory verses;

"Nor is thy labyrinth [? so] confused but we
In that disorder may proportion see."

That is, I should be inclined to add, on a second reading. The actual audience of that ideal time for dramatists and poets must have been as quick to seize the clue and follow the evolution of the most complicated plot or combination of plot with underplot or counterplot as to catch and relish the finer graces of poetry, the rarer beauties of style, the subtler excellences of expression. The influ-

ence of Jonson is here still patent and palpable enough ; but the incomposite composition of so vigorous and humorous a piece of work will recall to the mind of a critical reader, not the faultless evolution of such a flawless masterpiece as *The Alchemist*, but the disjointed and dislocated elaboration of so magnificent a failure—if failure we may diffidently venture to call it—as *The Devil is an Ass*. It is surely a very bad fault for either a dramatist or a novelist to cram into the scheme of a story or to crowd into the structure of a play, too much bewildering ingenuity of incident or too much confusing presentation of character : but such a fault is possible only to a writer of real if not high ability.

A Mad Couple well Matched is very clever, very coarse, and rather worse than dubious in the bias of its morality ; but there is no fault to be found with the writing or the movement of the play ; both style and action are vivid and effective throughout. That “ a new language and quite a new turn of comic interest came in with the Restoration ” will hardly be allowed by the readers of such plays as this. That well-known and plausible observation is typical of a stage in his studies when Lamb was apparently if not evidently unversed in such reading as may be said to cast over the gap between Etherege and Fletcher a bridge on which Shirley may shake hands with Shadwell, and Wycherley with Brome. A more brutal black-guard, a more shameless ruffian, than the leading young gentleman of this comedy will hardly be found on the stage of the next theatrical generation. Variety of satirical observation and fertility of comic invention, with such vigorous dialogue and such strong sound English as might be expected from a disciple of his master's, give to this as to others of Brome's comedies a quality which may fairly and without flattery be called Jonsonian ; and one of the minor characters is less a reminiscence of Juliet's nurse than an anticipation of Miss Hoyden's. No higher praise could be given, as no higher could be deserved.

The prologue to *The Norella* is really worthy of Dryden ; its Jonsonian self-confidence and defiance are tempered by a certain grace and dexterity of expression which recalls the style and the manner of the later rather than the earlier laureate. In this brilliant and audacious comedy the influence of Ben Jonson's genius and example is exceptionally perceptible and exceptionally happy ; for here it is the author of *Volpone*, not the author of *Bartholomew Fair*, who has inspired and guided the emulous ability of his servant. The metre and style are models of comic language and versification ; the action, if a little complicated and more than a little improbable, is as lively as in any of Fletcher's rather than of Jonson's comedies. The plot is as usual a little too exacting in its demands on the attention of reader or spectator ; there is not quite sufficient distinctness of out-

line in the various figures of seniors and juniors, pantaloons and harlequins, G rontes and L andres, to make it at first sight as amusingly easy as it should be to follow their various fortunes through so many rather diverting than edifying evolutions and complications; but, daring even to the verge of impudence as is the central conception of the subject, the tone or atmosphere of this Venetian comedy is less greasy than that of the author's London studies in vicious or dubious lines of life; a fresh point in common, I need hardly observe, between the disciple and his master.

In *The Court Beggar* and *The City Wit*, twin comedies of coarse-grained humour and complicated intrigue, we breathe again the grimier air of cockney trickery and cockney debauchery; but the satire on "projectors" or speculators in monopoly is even now as amusing as it is creditable to the author to have seconded in his humbler fashion the noble satirical enterprise of Massinger and Ben Jonson against the most pernicious abuses of their time. The three wits of the court, the country, and the city are good strong sketches in caricature; and there are passages of such admirable eloquence in such excellent verse of the higher or graver comic style as would not have misbecomed the hand of Jonson himself. The opening scene, for instance, in which the heroine remonstrates with her father for exchanging the happy and honoured life of a hospitable and charitable country gentleman for the mean and improvident existence of an intriguing parasite, is as fine an example of earnest or serious comedy as may be found in Shirley at his best: and the scene in the second act between the grave and eloquent dotard Sir Raphael and the unmercifully ingenious Lady Strangelove is even a better because a more humorous piece of high comic work; so good, indeed, that in its kind it could hardly be bettered. But *The City Wit* is the finer and shapelier comedy of the two; well conceived, well constructed, and well sustained. The conception, if somewhat farcically extravagant in outline, is most happily and ingeniously worked out; and the process or progress of the comic action is less broken, less intermittent, more workmanlike and easier to follow, than in most if not in all of the author's preceding plays. Even where the comic types are far enough from original, there is something original and happy in the treatment and combination of their active or passive humours.

The Damselle, a spirited and well-written comedy, is so inferior in tone and composition as to suggest a reversion on the author's part to the cruder and coarser effects or attempts of his dramatic nonage. Justice Bumpsey is one of Brome's very best and most original creations—so fresh, and so genuine a sample of comic or farcical invention that Jonson might have applauded it with less extravagance or perversion of generosity than his cordial kindness of

nature led him sometimes to indulge in. There are passages and scenes of genuine eloquence and of pathetic sincerity in this rough and wayward piece of dramatic composition or incomposition; but the presentation of the plot or plots is as clumsy and confusing as their evolution is awkward and confused; and the noisome villainy of a character at first presented as a possible object of sympathy, and finally as a repentant and redeemed transgressor, might have made Wycherley himself—or any one but Wycherley—recoil. But there is no sign of decadence in literary ability or inventive humour; indeed, if I mistake not, two or three better comedies than this might have been carved out of the material here compressed and contorted into the mould of one. In the first scene of the second act a dramatic and effective touch of satire will remind the reader of Mr. Pickwick's horror and Mr. Perker's protest against his horror at the existence—in his day as in Brome's—of witnesses whose oaths were as readily on hire as the principles of a disunionist politician—or, if the phrase be preferred, of a separatist statesman.

The Queen's Exchange is one of the last examples of its kind; a survival from the old school of plays founded on episodes of imaginary history and built up with incidents of adventurous romance; active in invention and agile in movement, unambitious in style, and not unamusing in result. The clowneries and the villainies, the confusions and the conversions of character and fortune, seem curiously archaic or old-fashioned for the date of this belated tragicomedy; but to lovers of the better sort of drama it will be none the less acceptable or tolerable on that account.

One of the most fanciful and delightful farces in the world is *The Antipodes*. In this charming and fantastic play a touch of poetic humour, a savour of poetic style, transfigures and exalts wild farce to the level of high comedy. The prologue to this, one of his latest comedies, is as remarkable for its exceptional quality of style as is the admirable dedication of his earliest, *The Northern Lass*. After a satirical apology for his inability to compete with the fashionable writers of plays

“that carry stato
In scene magnificent and language high
And clothes worth all the rest, except the action,”

he reminds his audience that

“low and home-bred subjects have their use
As well as those fetched from on high or far;
And 'tis as hard a labour for the Muse
To move the earth, as to dislodge a star.”

Had these two last lines been Dryden's, they would have been famous. And had the play thus introduced been Jonson's, it must have taken high rank in the second if not in the first class of his

works as a successful comedy of humours. Joyless and his wife, with the "fantastic" Lord Letoy, are faithful but not servile studies after the manner of the master who had been dead but a year when it came out, and as we learn from the author's postscript was generally applauded. The small part of the curate or chaplain Quailpipe might have been of service to Macaulay in a famous chapter of his history as an example of the humble if not contemptible position occupied in great households by men of his cloth or calling.

If Shirley may be described as a bridge between Fletcher and Etherege, Brome may be defined as a link between Jonson and Wycherley. But if some of his stage effects are crude enough in their audacity of presentation and suggestion to anticipate the tone and manner of the theatre under Charles II., the upshot of such a play as this pays at least a conventional deference to the proprieties and moralities. Virtue—of a kind—presides over the solution of a tangled and crowded intrigue, which might perhaps have gained rather than lost in clearness or vivacity of impression and effect by a little more reserve in the exercise or reticence in the display of ingenuity and invention. Perplexity and surprise ought hardly to be the mainsprings of comic art as displayed either in the evolution of intrigue or in the development of character. But no such fault, and indeed no fault of any kind, can be found with the play within this play. Even on a third or fourth reading it is impossible for even a solitary reader to reopen it at almost any part without an irresistible impulse to laugh—not to smile approval or appreciation, but to laugh out aloud and uncontrollably. The logic of the burlesque, its topsyturvy coherence, its preposterous harmony, its incongruous congruity of contradictions, is as perfect as its exuberance of spontaneous and various fertility in fancy and in fun is inexhaustible and superb. The delicious inversion of all social or natural relations between husband and wife, mistress and servant, father and son, poet and puritan, lawyer and client, courtiers and clowns, might satisfy the most exacting socialist; and the projects for the relief, encouragement, and support of criminals and scoundrels in general at the expense of the state could hardly be held unworthy of consideration by the latest and loudest apostles of professional philanthropy. Something of Jonson's influence is still perceptible in the conception and construction of this play; but in joyous ease and spontaneity of comic imagination and expression the disciple has excelled his master.

The English Moor, or The Mock Marriage, is an ingenious and audacious comedy of ill-contrived and ill-combined intrigue, at once amusing and confusing, which might have been better than it is if both characters and incidents had been fewer, but more neatly and

lucidly developed and arranged ; rich in good suggestions and good possibilities, but imperfect in evolution and insufficient in impression through overmuch crowding and cramping of the various figures and the complicated action. *The Love-sick Court* is such an example of unromantic romance and unimaginative invention as too often wearies and disappoints the student of English drama in its first period of decadence ; yet even in the decadence of the greatest and most various school of tragic and of comic poetry that ever this country or this world has witnessed there are signs of life and survivals of style which give to all but its very meanest examples a touch of comparative interest and a tone of comparative distinction.

In *The Covent-Garden Weeded* the studious though not servile imitation of Ben Jonson is obvious enough to explain though not to justify the sneer of Randolph at the taste of the audiences who were more contented with what Brome swept from his master than with the worst leavings and the flattest dregs of that master's exhausted genius and decrepit industry. This clever and ingenious comedy is evidently built more or less on the lines of Jonson's most realistic and gigantic farce : and the obligation is no less directly than honourably acknowledged by Brome at the very opening of the very first scene, where Justice Cockbrain, "the Weeder of the Garden," cites with all due accuracy, as well as all due respect, the authority of his reverend ancestor Justice Adam Overdo. It cannot, of course, bear comparison with that huge and unlovely though wonderful and memorable masterpiece ; but it is easier in movement and lighter in handling of humours and events.

The New Academy, or The New Exchange, is a tangled and huddled comedy of unattractive and improbable intrigue, not unrelieved by glimpses of interest and touches of humour ; worth reading once as a study of manners and language,¹ but hardly worth tracing out and unravelling through all the incoherent complications and tedious convolutions of its misshapen and misconstructed plot. The romantic tragicomedy of *The Queen and Concubine* is a rather pallid study in the school of Fletcher, with touches of Jonsonian farce and more than Jonsonian iteration of cheap humours and catchpenny catchwords : but it is not unamusing in its vehement exaggeration of wickedness and goodness, of improbable impulse and impossible reaction ; and there is still a certain lingering fragrance—the French word *relent* would perhaps express it better—of faint and fading poetry in the tone of style and turn of phrase, which no later playwright could regain or reproduce.

The best of all Brome's plays is curiously enough the only one that has attained any posthumous popularity or any durable cele-

(1) I have not met elsewhere with the quaint verb "to snook" ("over my wife at home," says "an uxorious citizen").

brity. It has nothing of such brilliant, spontaneous, and creative humour as flashes and vibrates through every scene of *The Antipodes*; nothing of such eccentric, romantic, and audacious originality as modesty-must blush to recognise and weep to acknowledge in *The Novella*; but for sustained interest and coherent composition of quaint, extravagant, and consistent characters with fresh, humorous, and plausible results, for harmony of dramatic evolution and vivacity of theatrical event, I doubt whether it could be matched, and I am certain that it could not be excelled, outside the range of Shakespeare's comedies and farces. The infusion of romantic interest and serious poetry in *Beggar's Bush* may give to Fletcher's admirable tragicomedy a higher literary place on the roll of the English drama; but the superiority of the minor poet as a dramatic artist, and not merely as a theatrical craftsman, is patent and palpable beyond discussion or dispute.¹

In the dramatic literature of any country but ours the name of Richard Brome would be eminent and famous: being but an Englishman, he is naturally regarded by critics and historians after the order of Hallam as too ineffably inferior for mention or comparison with such celebrities as Regnard or Goldoni. That such a character as Justice Clack is worthy of Molière in his broader and happier moods of humour could hardly seem questionable even to the dullest of such dullards if his creator had but "taken the trouble to be born" in France, in Italy, or in any country but their own. As it is, I cannot suppose it possible that English readers will ever give him a place beside the least of those inferior humourists who had the good fortune or the good sense to be born outside the borders of England.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(1) The text of Brome's plays, which, though reprinted with all their imperfections on their heads, have never yet been edited, might supply the English dictionary with several rare and noticeable words. In *The City Wit* a short dramatic entertainment or interlude is announced as a "ballot." In *A Jovial Crew* we find the word "gentile" (once used, and afterwards cancelled, by Ben Jonson):—"Provided your deportment be gentile" (a verse but too suggestive of Mr. Turveydrop and the Prince Regent); "gentily," or "gentilely":—"They live very civilly and gently among us"—act i. scene 1; "remore" as a verb:—"Should that remore us"—same scene; "rakeshame," a curious variant or synonym, of "rakehell":—"I had been good to have apprehended the Rakeshame"—act iii. scene 1. "Skise," apparently a variant of the Shakespearean word "skirr":—"Skise out this away, and kise out that away"—act iv. scene 1; "yawdes" for jades:—"Your yawdes may t'ke cold, and never be good after it"—same scene. In the first scene of the second act there is a curious mention of Bath, and of Captain Dover's games on the glorious Cotswold Hills:—"We are not for London.—What think you of the Bath then?—Worse than t'other way. I love not to carry my Health where others drop their Diseases. There's no sport i' that.—Will you up to the hill-top of sports, then, and Merriments, Dover's Olympics or the Cotswold Games?—No, that will be too publique for our Recreation."

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

THE influence of Japan has made itself felt in the last quarter of a century throughout our Western civilisation. As time goes on, so potent is it, that it will reach the deep waters of our existence. In the world of art, for reasons which are now beginning to be fully known, the admiration was spontaneous; the onslaught of the new ideas on the old was too vigorous to be withstood. But one is apt to think that Japanese influence has spent its force, that the area of its activity in the West is confined to art and has already been fully covered. One does not realise that a national spirit which has spread so far in one direction is at least likely to spread in other directions, if there are equally strong impulsive forces. Of these forces we know next to nothing at present. We still have curious ideas about the discovery of these distant islands, and fancy that they are inhabited by strange quasi-cultured barbarians. We still visit Japan to feel the fascination of a superficial attraction, and do not as yet comprehend that we are there in the presence of a perfect and complex civilisation. We are interested in the progress of the nation towards what we call civilisation, and take note of it with a kind of affectionate contempt; but we ignore the existence of a law of gravity which governs national intercourse, and is no less sure in its operation than the universal law which governs terrestrial and celestial bodies. By this law of mutual attraction Japan will influence Europe as surely as Europe is influencing Japan. A critic lately wrote of Japanese art in these terms: "On the whole, the effect of Japan on Europe in art has been civilising and improving." Civilising! Yes, that is the dominant note of the whole question. There is an attractive force on both sides in that aggregate of customs, manners, arts and application of sciences which is termed a civilisation and which exists in Japan as strongly developed as in Europe and America. In Japan this force is not confined to art; the repose of a civilisation, perfect in its conception and logical in its carrying-out, is everywhere visible throughout the land; and it is impossible for us to come in contact with it without receiving very marked influences from it; without, as the critic says, being "civilised and improved." At first, as one comes to notice the characteristics of Japanese civilisation more in detail, it reveals itself to cynical minds as something quite preposterous, as an altogether topsy-turvy, cart-before-the-horse sort of civilisation. When cynicism gives place to thought, the more respectful term, *ὑστερον πρότερον*, suggests itself; respectful, I mean, as suggesting the possibility and necessity of

reasonable examination and comparison with that other civilisation of which we who serve and teach form part.

Concerning one of the most valuable contributions to our stock of knowledge of the Japanese, a patient and exhaustive study of their homes, a foolish critic once wrote: "It must be admitted by candid criticism that the Japanese house is only a step or two above the savage's wigwam, and that the Japanese temple has the strongest resemblance to a large thatched barn. . . . There is also in the Japanese house a uniformity of arrangement which seems to indicate a civilisation checked for ever in its earliest stage. . . . Mr. Morse has much to say on the luxury of unsuperfluity in a Japanese house; but this luxury is obviously the result of an extremely limited civilisation which knows few wants. That which distinguishes Japanese art and house-building from those of real savages is, that, as far as they go, the former are products of true artistic consciousness." Concerning one of the products of that "extremely limited civilisation," the lustre of those mysterious metals, *shakudo* and *shibuichi*, another critic has written: "It is one or other of these agencies" (which he had accurately described) "that gives the patina to all Japanese metals, and they are understood by that nation in a way never arrived at by any other people."

These two short extracts from contemporary criticism are illustrative of the two ways—the foolish and the wise, the ignorant and the learned—in which we are accustomed to see Japan dealt with. I should like to know what he who wrote about the "few wants" knew of them. It has taken the patient author of the *Arts of Japan* many months of arduous study to unravel the means whereby one of those wants is satisfied, and he himself would be the first to admit that his investigations have but brought him to the threshold of the underlying science which is far more highly organised than that which creates the means of providing for similar wants in Western countries. The lustre of metals is only one example among the many delightful ways in which the want of things to charm the eye is satisfied.

Civilisation, then, means the satisfaction of the wants of existence; but as they vary with every change of latitude and longitude, and some form of satisfying them exists everywhere (for necessity begets her children all the world over), the term, as we understand it, has come to mean the highest form of satisfaction of the greatest number of wants.

Now, nothing, I think, is more astonishing with regard to Japan than the appreciation of her characteristics by Europeans when they at length understand them. Nor is it only the case with regard to wants peculiar to Japanese, but to those common to them and to us. Sir Edwin Arnold, publicly recording the first impressions of his

visit, said, "I feel that the impression will be enduring when I say that Japan astonishes, absorbs, delights, fascinates, and wholly contents me." We were disposed to cavil at what seemed the exuberance of post-prandial oratory; but what he said was absolutely and entirely true, and not of himself alone, but of everybody. The more we see and know of Japanese civilisation, the less we are able to deny that its methods, in a great number of points, are wholly satisfactory and entirely contenting; that they will be missed when we get back to "civilisation;" and that we shall probably introduce them for our own comfort and recommend them to our friends.

Of the pictorial art of Japan I need say nothing here. It came to us as something not far short of a revelation. I appeal to the judgment of the friendly critic. It has "civilised and improved" us, it has long since ceased to be merely curious, and though the pictorial art of Japan has limits, its decorative and ornamental art has none. In the West, in spite of Gothic masters and Renaissance pupils, in spite of fantastic æstheticism and Queen Anne revivals, we have long been compelled to admit that for beauty and grace, for flowing curves, for imagination and wealth of fancy, we are not the swift ones in the race. And of that other branch of decorative art which concerns itself with the setting-off of beautiful things in a beautiful way, a week in Japan is enough to teach the veriest Philistine that it is a subject of which we Westerns know next to nothing. The fancies and follies of our "high art culture" are only the germs, the barest rudiments of an exact science which the Japanese have created, and which is so widely diffused among the people that the coolie who draws you through the street is a past-master in it.

This art, which is the embodiment of all that is graceful in the national character, derives not a little of its charm from its power to weave into its purposes everything in nature which has a line of beauty. The simple natural wood decoration, which is so common in the Japanese house, is at the same time one of its most charming and attractive features. It is one of the things one longs to transport, and, not find, but make, a fitting place for in the wilderness of a modern British house. How strange it must sound to some ears! These houses, only one remove from the hovel of the ancient Briton, without a chimney too, with much clay plastered on the walls, and straw strewn upon the floor in the shape of delicate white mats, have not one but twenty attractive features. With our bazaar-like tastes we possibly find something wanting in its unadorned simplicity; and yet, after two or three days spent in this "hovel" there is not a traveller who has been to Japan but will descant by the hour on its perfections and the supremely harmonious taste of the whole.

When I pass through the sliding paper windows on to the veran-

dah, and find the stepping-stones set just where I want them to lead me to the garden, I at once lose myself in admiration of the mysteries of that science which trains the trees and flowering shrubs, and sets in order the features of the landscape garden. The principle which pervades it all is assuredly not an uncivilised one, namely, to let the eye wherever it may wander rest on something beautiful; not to ignore the smallest of nature's works, and to seek to obtain from everything something to add to the sum of a day's delights.

A beautifully-ordered garden, a house whose claim to our admiration lies only in its severe simplicity, relieved perhaps by a single spot of vivid colour, by flowers in a costly vase, and by an occasional suggestion of a hidden and neglected magnificence as the sunlight catches the mellowed gold of a screen, are these all? Surely the eye must weary in the end of these things; the lust of the eye must have been subjugated out of all existence if it can rest content here. Well, the Japanese know better than we do what is wearisome to the eye and what is restful. We have decided in favour of a heterogeneous accumulation of things, wherein the beauties of shape and texture are lost, where the colours annihilate one another, and where the skill of the individual workman yields to amazement at the length of purse which enabled the individual purchaser to "get together" so motley an assortment. The Japanese idea is the very reverse of this. If you would wonder at his purchasing power, he may by chance open for you the doors of his godowns, where you may count wooden boxes by the score; but his analysis of pleasure has led him to the conclusion that by emphasis alone can we arrive at the due appreciation of beauty in form and colour, and of the skill and craft to which texture of surfaces, minuteness of manipulation, and fineness of weaving bear witness. The treasures of the godown are not forgotten; they wait their turn to be set out and then receive their due meed of praise from honoured guests.

I pass rapidly from the arts to social intercourse, the degree of polish to which it attains being no small index of the perfection of the system which produces it.

A very little intercourse with the Japanese reveals one essential feature of civilisation, the existence of a system of social rules. When a greater familiarity with the people has been arrived at, the system is seen to include almost every conceivable subject, and to be worked out with an astonishing precision and minuteness; and, what is most remarkable, an universal acquaintance with, and obedience to it are observable on all sides.

We are fond of attributing characteristics to different nationalities: politeness to the Russian, vivacity to the Parisian, a certain liquid capacity to the German body, insularity to the British mind.

Englishmen, too, are prone to consider certain peculiar habits and virtues as essentially their own, not exactly in the manner of the Pharisee, for they are impressed, as he could never have been, with the fact that their unlikeness to other men is admitted by their friends of the civilised world. But there is nothing strictly accurate about these generalisations: they cannot be made the premiss of any argument. We cannot safely draw conclusions from them. Of the Japanese people, however, so general is their acceptance of the established rules of conduct, that it is possible to predicate with tolerable certainty how such an one will act on such and such an occasion, and how on another occasion he will not act. When, for example, we say that an Englishman would not sell his country for gold, we speak with hope; but when for Englishman we substitute Japanese, we speak with certainty.

Now the standard of polished social intercourse has been raised among the Japanese to so high a pitch that we are disposed to scoff at it, regarding it more as an eccentricity, charming for the moment, than as evidence of the existence of a highly cultured civilisation. The questions suggested by it are two: firstly, Is it well to have rules of conduct at all? secondly, Is it possible to have too many? The answer to the first query is, "Of course it is well." It is the boast of our system of education that it sets manners as high as learning. The leisure of a schoolboy's life is properly devoted to having "good form" knocked into him. There are many who not unwisely think that the social training of Alma Mater is worth many of her degrees. In our one word, "gentleman," a hundred mysterious unwritten rules of conduct lie hidden: one who has learned them without tears we call "nature's gentleman." We deny the axiom of some, that it is within a man's right to do what he thinks proper; and, *a fortiori*, that it is within a woman's right. We do not admit that everyone may be a law unto himself: we assert that we are the judges of conduct; that gentlemen, as well as officers, should "conform." Every profession has traditions of its own honour, their observance being enforced by well-known sanctions, of which "to be disbarred," "to be struck off the rolls," "to be unfrocked," "to be cashiered," "to be expelled," "to be cut," "to be sent to Coventry," are the familiar examples. The offences themselves bear no other definition than the military one, "conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman." In England we carry this principle into the official life of the nation, reposing in the Queen, aided by her ministers, the power of dismissing her servants without cause shown or given; or, as the turbulent would say, "without rhyme or reason."

The examples given above of our own rules in these matters are but germs of the real science. From some cause or other, whether

it be greater experience or a more extended power of observation, it has been left to the Japanese to elaborate and practise the exact science of the proprieties of life. A trivial example will explain my meaning. The scene, an English drawing-room: the time, after dinner: the persons of the comedy, an ordinary English family. "Let us have a little music. Sister Anne, sing to us a song of Araby." "I am afraid," sister Anne replies, "my music is in the country." Cousin Edith is nervous and would "rather not." Brother Jack breaks in that "girls always want such a lot of pressing." And so on, and so on: the excuses are made one by one, the music remains unsung, and the men at last betake themselves downstairs to the billiard-room, and the pipes which never yet refused them comfort. It is a common enough scene with us; but the Japanese know young female nature better than we do, and in their simple way prevent such things occurring. If you can play the *koto* and do not when you are asked, you are guilty of great rudeness towards your host, and no Japanese (except a young official) likes to be thought, much less to be, rude. The rule for *koto*-players is that they must always be ready "to oblige," and therefore they are taught their little plaintive melodies by heart, with much painful endurance on the part of the teacher and the taught, as I know to my cost. But the *samisen*-player, for reasons which I suppose are well-grounded, is allowed to plead that she has left her music behind; if, however, the host has the music she refuses no longer.

A curious confusion of *post* and *propter* I insert here parenthetically. The rule for *koto*-players never to refuse to play is given as the reason, not only for learning by heart, but also for the absence of any notation for *koto*-music. *

Yet another triviality. In the *Ladies' Treasury of Knowledge* a very precise rule is given for the way in which Japanese ladies should eat bean cakes: gentle pressure with the fingers on either side so that the contents of the cake should go into the mouth and not stay by the way on cheek or chin. I wonder how many people would deal successfully with a cream-cake at an English picnic, when spoons and forks were scarce. It is true that we have determined that peas are not to be eaten with a knife, but are we yet quite agreed on the subject of asparagus? The whole etiquette of eating is regulated in Japan in a manner which is almost alarming in its exactness.

Then there is the complicated science of flower arrangements, and those elaborate ceremonies connected with them, which have lately been set forth and explained for our edification by Mr. Josiah Conder, the architect to the Japanese Government. The strict injunctions which are laid on one who comes to view a floral composition; the tabulated terms of admiration which he is to use; the duties laid on

the host when a guest is invited to arrange some flowers; the correlative duties laid on the guest when the vase is a costly one, or the flowers are few or not all that could be desired, and that special one about leaving the scissors near to the flower arrangement as a silent and modest request for faults to be corrected — all these elaborate ceremonials provoke a smile, of course. They are unintelligible to us, and seem to be the refinement of a finikin courtesy. They are typical of a hundred other household ceremonies, and are worth a little examination. Some of the details are obviously devised for the purpose of ensuring the flowers being seen at their best, so that both guest and host may receive the greatest pleasure from them. These are but an application of the principles of the larger science of beautiful arrangement. Other regulations again are made so that everything may be done decently and in order, that there may be no fuss or hurry, and that the pure enjoyment of the flowers may not be marred by the want of something necessary at the proper moment. Others again are intended to prevent giving offence to susceptible people.

Should we think it singular if anyone wrote concerning the furnishing of a card table, that it should be of a certain size and shape; covered with cloth of a certain texture and colour; that the candlesticks should be in one place, the whist-markers in another; that there should be two packs of cards of different colours, and all the rest? As it is, the thoughts of the players are distracted by dirty cards; peaceful reflections concerning the fall of the cards are violently broken in upon when the host gets up, after the first deal, to look for markers, and sometimes finds one and sometimes none. The spirit of the game is lost; revokes, misdeals, all sorts of mistakes, are silently, and often publicly, set down to the offending host.

The Japanese know this just as well as we do, and the remedy better. Is it then ancient wisdom to make so much fuss over cards, and second childishness to take so much trouble over flowers? The Japanese have a soft spot in their nature which enables them to derive infinite enjoyment from the contemplation of flowers. They have studied the laws of beauty through and through, and in exemplifying them have elevated the arrangement of flowers into a fine art.

And, after all, there is nothing very extraordinary about the politeness which is ordained as suitable to the pleasant ceremony. There is, all the world over, a deference due to one who is in the high degree of host. And throughout the world there are laws of hospitality. The Spartan law so commands our respect that it has passed into a proverb. Looked at closer, there is in these regulated observances of the Japanese, something worth more than a passing smile. If we had so graceful a ceremony in the West, surely the

guest would beg to be excused from the risk of breaking a precious vase; and though the excuse is urged on the plea of diffidence, it is not unlikely that it rests on the fear of doing damage. He must not put his host to inconvenience or in an awkward position by asking for more flowers; even a Western barbarian would call that rude. Even a Western barbarian would try to find some complimentary phrases when so pleasant a task was completed, though the results might not be all that could be desired. I have in my mind three manners in which the true Briton expresses his opinion when a friend shows him anything. Firstly, the stolidly indifferent: this usually calls forth the disappointed remark from the friend, "He didn't seem to think much of it after all." Secondly, the conjunctive, as thus, "Yes, very nice. But—you should see Jones's; quite admirable, I assure you. He paid ever so much. . . ." And then follows a long dissertation on the virtues of Jones's "beauty." The consolation to be derived from this charming specimen of good manners is that you know your own cherished possession will be praised to Jones to the disparagement of Jones's on the first opportunity. On a par with this is the familiar specimen of drawing-room politeness, which surely must have been invented by the wildest savage who ever exulted in torturing poor human feelings, "How beautifully you sing; and what a charming song! Did you never hear Solvani sing it? Made quite a sensation, I assure you." Lastly, there is your candid critic; and he, without a word of warning, dwells wearily on all the imperfections of your boasted treasure. He is not a nice man. I think he is a "product" peculiarly our own; he does not exist in Japan.

There is, of course, another side to all this regulated politeness. In the presence of it one feels at first like the student of chess after a few weeks with the books. He is fain to exclaim with Jänisch: "After all this investigation and theoretical development, what branch of the game will ever remain, properly speaking, play?" And with what feelings of relief does he come to the sentence, "Here, then, is where, strictly speaking, commences the domain of practical play"! And so it is that in the presence of this great cloud of rules, which bear witness to the culture of Japan, we are tempted to ask: "Where does true feeling begin: is it not crushed out altogether by the burden of this studied civility?" To a certain extent it must be; and I believe that the Japanese would be the first to admit it, that it is possible to carry rules too far. To begin a visit to a near relative with stereotyped phrases; to receive with the approved formalities stereotyped answers; to rejoin, to sur-rejoin; to rebut politeness with politeness, and after all, perhaps, to leave the business in hand to the next interview, is gradually being recognised as a hindrance to genial intercourse. It is like the Turk who does not

let the dentist operate till the third or fourth interview. And yet it betrays a keen insight into human nature. The first moments of visit are never the most enjoyable; there is a certain stiffness in the brain muscles which must be worn off before things run smoothly. The *mauvais quart d'heure* is unknown in Japan; the quaint device of some new sweet gives the much needed subject for conversation.

Compare, too, that piteous appeal, "What shall I do to be known?" of a householder newly settled in Brixton, which appeared some time ago in the papers, with this Japanese antithesis: "There is another grouping of six houses for social purposes."

But to revert to the rules. They must have sprung from somewhere; they cannot be a spontaneous growth from barbarism. They are crystallised from the behaviour of olden times, and they are evidences of the original politeness and grace of the national character, and not of the reverse. They are the product of the national love of precision, and perhaps have been over-elaborated. We are not altogether the best judges of this. Those who have a more intimate knowledge of the people than one who was but as a traveller resting among them, say that the old grace of character does in fact still remain, and really lies at the bottom of the willing obedience to these formal rules of conduct.

But it is not, as I have said, on one thing alone that the perfection of Japanese civilisation depends; it is in the fact of the existence of a system which cares for all things, and regulates them on corresponding principles. I have spoken of the floral arrangements—the laws of beautiful arrangement have been carried out even to greater perfection in the garden.

At first sight their gardens appear to us fastidious to a degree. But a better acquaintance with them reveals delicacies of beauty and suggestion which appeal, though quite unconsciously, to us. They appeal to us because of that secret of presenting perfect rest to the eye, so that they never weary but grow in delight every time we gaze upon them. What is so wonderful about it is that, with such care have the rules been elaborated, that even the coolie can and does convert the square yards of his "back-garden" into a thing of beauty no less than the *daimio* his square acres. I am tempted, even at the risk of being wearisome, to dwell upon these rules, and on the sentiments which they seek to emphasize. In the poet's garden, seclusion, solitude, virtue, self-abnegation; in the philosopher's, meditation and patient retirement from the world; in the statesman's, ambition and so forth, to illustration of the fundamental canon of the art, which Mr. Conder gives as follows: "Gardening should be undertaken from a genuine love of nature and with a desire of enjoying the beauties of natural scenery; and gardens should be so arranged that the four seasons may each contribute in turn to their artistic excellence. They should be pleasant retreats

for hours of leisure and idleness; places to stroll in when aroused from sleep." The *parterres* of Versailles, the lawns and mazes of Hampton Court, were assuredly not laid out with any more simple view than this. And then we find rules laid down with the same precision as before, showing how the great result can be arrived at; rules as to the use of blank spaces and suggestions of mountains; as to the use of water, and the use of stones; and the same quaint names occur as before. For instance, those for islands—the Elysian isle, the windswept isle, the master's, and the guest's: and those for stones—the mountain-summit stone, the way-side stone, the angling and the torrent-breaking, the clear-moon and the mist-enveloped, the cave and the propitious cloud. So it is with the lanterns, and with the trees and flowers; and so it is with the stone water-basins, and the bridges, and the stepping-stones; with the walls, the fences, and the ledges.

Is the existence of these rules a mere matter of curiosity, then? why should they excite surprise and often merriment? We have ourselves similar rules and plenty of them on other points. To the student mind, imbued with that strong sense of its own originality, which is genius in the germ, what so irritating as the necessity for a rigid observance, for example, of the laws of harmony? Says the student, "why must consecutive fifths and octaves always be wrong? Why must the seventh 'rise' if I want it to fall? Why need I remember those terrible rules about resolutions? I am convinced that it is all mere convention, and will have none of them!" And the doctor will answer, "Know this now, young man, or you will know it never. If those long ears cannot tell you of discordant noises, assuredly they will scarcely hearken to what I strive to pour into them. Learn first what the accumulated wisdom of the years has to teach, and then your own small wit may add to the common stock some trifles which shall not be altogether valueless. In your first year, and in your second year, in your third, and even to your last, you must be as a little child in teachableness, and then you may be able to instruct others for a space. This accumulated wisdom of which I have spoken teaches us concerning concords and discords, sequences and resolutions. It says that some things are good, and that some other things are bad. And when wisdom speaks, there is no gainsaying her. Go to, you are not quite a fool—learn and be wise."

The accumulated wisdom of years of patient observation of causes and effects, of effects and causes, has brought the science of flower arrangement—to take one example out of many—among the Japanese to the same pitch of perfection to which it has brought the equally mysterious and pleasure-giving science of harmony—to take one example out of many—among Western nations. And so, when we smile at the deliberate punctilio of the *harakiri*, we forget the

polished ceremony of the salute of the duel. Both are a tribute to the god of honour, differing only in the *corpus vile*.

The multiplicity of rules, however, must not be confused with the almost incredible extent to which the giving of names is carried, and which is not the least interesting feature of Japanese civilisation. Every single thing, and every detail of every thing is the result of critical study and reflection, so that, the resulting idea being presumably worth preserving, it is christened with some fanciful name by means of which it can easily be remembered. Of upright bamboo flower vases alone Mr. Conder has enumerated forty-two principal varieties—the lion's-mouth, the singing-mouth, the goose's-gate, the monkey, the mantis, the icicle, the flute, the cascade, the ascending dragon, and so on. Then there are the boat-shaped hanging vases also of cut bamboo stems, in which streamers of flowers are arranged to suggest oars, masts and sails—the homeward-bound ship, the outward-bound, the ship entering port, the becalmed ship, the ship in a mist, and so on. Then again, the harmony between the flowers and the kind of vessel employed is worked out in ten distinctive characters; and the arrangements themselves in eleven special varieties, among the curiosities of which may be noticed the two styles of arrangement in a sand-basin and "horse-tub" vessel—also the "fish-travelling," so-called when the stems are arranged side by side, and the "fish-sporting," when one stem is lower than the other.

As we turn the pages of Mr. Conder's elaborate studies we find lessons in the science of taste scattered broadcast through them. "Strong colours must be divided by softer colours." "Colours which do not harmonize are separated by green leaves or white flowers." "Flower compositions should partake of the character of the seasons in which they are used." "Spring arrangements should be simple and powerful in line and feeling like the growth of young and early vegetation. Summer arrangements must be full and spreading, while autumn arrangements should be spare and lean, and those of winter withered and dreary." The hundred and one rules of taste which we find here cut and dried, are so true and so simply expressed that the wonder is that we have remained so long in ignorance of them; or, if we are not ignorant of them, that we have so long allowed them to remain in abeyance. There are also elaborate catalogues of "flowers suitable for felicitous occasions," and of "flowers prohibited on such occasions"; of "appropriate and objectionable combinations," of "flowers for a wedding," of "offerings to a deity," of "flowers for the coming of age," "for the occasion of starting on a journey," "for the sick," and twenty others which remind us of somewhat similar poetical ideas which our grandmothers have handed down to us as traditions of olden times.

The elaborate minuteness of these rules is clear evidence of the

nervous finish to which the Japanese have brought their civilisation. This over-elaboration, as it seems to us, is observable in everything they do. The extraordinary perfection of their lacquer work, the marvellous minuteness of their metal work, in both of which the magnifying glass may detect beauties which the eye cannot see, are referable to the same cause. We may also trace its influence in the order of their houses, in which the rule of "a place for everything and everything in its place" holds absolute dominion. Again, it is precisely the same cause which has made them masters of that science, to which I am never weary of referring, of beautiful arrangement, which is the chief characteristic of their decorative art. No detail is too minute to be considered, no trouble too great to achieve the end in view, namely, the perfect rest of the eye when it seeks pleasure in beauty.

To mention one small thing among many, this "over-elaboration" has led to that superfluity of wrappings which seems so curious to us. A beautiful silk wrapper is used for a beautiful box, and then a box for the beautiful silk, and then another wrapper for that box, and a box for that wrapper, and then the ante-penultimate box, and the penultimate wrapper, and the ultimate box, and the outside wrapper for it all, each in descending order of magnificence.

It is this perfection of finish which makes the surroundings of their civilisation so splendid where splendour is permissible. Again I note a very trifling feature, not only because it is in trifling things, as we know, that character so often reveals itself, but because it is in the multitude of such trifling things that the Japanese so greatly differ from ourselves. This feature is the voluptuous use of silken cords and tassels, which in turn has led to a regular science of knot-tying. The lacquer clothes-boxes are tied with great ropes of red or orange silk. The exquisite painting on the long letter-boxes is more than half hidden by the cords which are bound round it. Weights are hung on *kakemono* by bright coloured tassels. The *kokyū* bow has a great purple and white knot and tassel which sways with the motion of the dainty hand that wields it. The *samisen*, too, has its purple cords; the reading-desk its pale blue tassels. The crossed poles, on which flags are hung at every door on national holiness, are tied with an elaborate bow of purple cord. The picture on the wall has its two bright cushions to rest on, and they in turn their tassels. From this characteristic it came about that honour was in old times attached to the different colours of these silken appendages. Two or three kinds of small drums are tightened with orange silk ropes; but the drummer of the first rank was accorded the privilege of having lilac silk, while he of the second rank had pale blue.

The curious side of Japanese civilisation still remains—the topsy-turvy-ness of a great deal of it—the *ὑστερον πρότερον*, to which I

have already referred. Of this I may call attention to the following contrarieties with which one comes in contact almost every day.

The greater number of carpenter's tools, such as saws and chisels, are set on a principle precisely opposite to ours. The workman, too, planes towards his body, not away from it. I fancy this is one of the first things noted by the stranger as evidence of the "oussedness" of the people. The seamstress is contrary too; she stitches away from her. The fiddler bows with a great bundle of loose horsehair, instead of with a few tightly stretched. In classification the first is the lowest class, and not the last, as with us. The first string, too, of the *samisen* and *kokyū* is the lowest, and not the highest. The first volume of a book is at the right, and not at the left. In the language of the hands, when they beckon we dismiss.

In their sports and games, too, many of which resemble ours, the same radical differences always prevail. Wrestling is loose, and training induces the formation of great mountains of flesh, to be hardened afterwards with much pummelling. And even in the human "cock-fight," mirth-provoking pastime of lazy hours, the trussing-stick is dispensed with, the fighting leg being left entirely free. Japanese archery is point-blank, the arrow being shot from below the centre of the bow. In chess, the pieces taken come over to the captor's army and fight their former fellows.

Now, in all these cases, reason, or sport, or good workmanship, are in favour of the Eastern principle. Their joinery work is without equal in the world. Their arrows fly with unerring aim from a hundred feet at a target three inches in diameter. You can watch the ponderous forms of the wrestlers, *instar montis*, tumbled in the sands, or thrown about like very shuttlecocks, for six hours at a stretch, with scarcely a feeling of weariness. The cock-fight is altogether excellent. The *kokyū* is not a Cremona, but the loose horsehair produces a tone not much inferior to that drawn from a Western fiddle by ordinary mortals, though the Japanese have little skill in the science of sound-producing bodies, woods, and varnishes. The arrangement of the volumes of a book comes to them naturally, because their books begin where ours end, and, as we should say, work backwards. But let any one who loves the symmetry of well-ordered bookshelves ask himself whether he has not over and over again been puzzled as to the proper position of Volume One. Put it on the left in the shelf, and the pages run, for example, thus:—From left to right, 359 to 1, 744 to 360, 1090 to 745, and so on; and when the books are laid on the table, either Volume Three comes to the top, or this curious sequence of pages must be preserved. At least the logic of convenience is not on our side.

And then look at our system of classification; it is undetermined yet. The sixth form and the first class may both be at the top of

the tree, the first form and the twelfth class at the bottom. I think the "form"—classification is the only example of *ὑστερον πρότερον* commonly adopted in the West. But, then, is not logic in its favour? When we assume that the first must be the best we assume that there can be nothing better. If anything better should be found, the whole classification must be degraded; the original first, being no longer the best, must become "number two," to allow room for the new degree of merit. But, on the other hand, if we begin with the lowest first, then we get the true, at least the natural, degrees of comparison, bad, better, best, instead of the unnatural, good, worse, worst.

I am bound to confess, however, that there is a sort of invertible quality in the Japanese which comes into marked prominence when they have anything to do with Europeans; the quality which makes them, for example, train their horses to gallop uphill, and impels the coolie invariably to select of two roads the wrong one. This is not, however, the true principle of *ὑστερον πρότερον*, but only a mongrel offshoot from it. If there is a straight road and a crooked one in front of him, one which clearly leads somewhere, and one which apparently leads nowhere, the coolie does not take the crooked one or the one which leads nowhere simply out of the sheer perversity of his mind, but because in his dealings with foreigners he has come to realise that they always do things topsy-turvily. They insist, for instance, on walking up hill to ease the *jinrikisha*-man of his burden, which no Japanese would ever think of doing, much less two Japanese riding in the same *jin. kisha*. So the coolie sees at once that foreigners are curiously constituted; that they do and require curious things; and he cannot bring himself to believe that they would wish to do so simple a thing as travel along the straight road. Many strange daily occurrences are therefore attributable to the fact that both my coolie and myself have made the same observation with regard to each other, namely, that our actions are influenced by one principle alone, that of *ὑστερον πρότερον*.

But the "to-day" of Japan contains a problem of greater moment to her than the business of proving the excellence of her past. She is up to her old tricks, and she is borrowing from the West as she borrowed ages ago from China and Corea. The question is, What will she do with her loan? Will the old graciousness of the past die utterly away? There are some Japanese, very young blood indeed, who earnestly desire it. With what we lend her, will she make anything at all worthy to be preserved? There is many a young Japanese who will tell you, though he wears broadcloth and a white necktie, that in a few years the foreign craze will pass away and the result will be nothing.

F. T. PIGGOTT.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN MODERN LIFE.

SURELY at no other period have women had the same incentives as at present to reflect upon their position, their rights, and their duties, as wives and mothers in our modern world. The various formulas, customs, institutions, prejudices which for centuries have hemmed them in are by degrees being either more liberally interpreted or being done away with altogether. The more and more expansive character imparted to modern life by the effects of material progress, the greater facilities of intercommunication, and the ever-increasing degree of social independence gained by man has, among other causes, affected woman's position in this much, that she is now almost entirely freed from the bonds which once held her captive, a slave to the conjugal hearth. The era of woman's emancipation has commenced.

Yet it cannot be denied that the march of woman towards a larger and more legitimate social development has been far slower and more embarrassed than man's during an equal lapse of time. Man to a great extent has triumphed over the long oppression of caste, and, in his turn, has ceased to oppress woman so heavily as before; but he has never taken any steps to associate her with himself in his demands for the recognition of his rights. And woman, in the timidity and uncertainty born of ages of subjection, does not dare to press her just claims for herself. The door of her cage is open, but she is still held in awe by the bars.

The health, happiness, and beneficent action of any and every organism are in direct ratio to its state of conformity with the natural laws of its being, and consequently, with the general law of all. Now the modern woman approaches by no means so closely to this condition of natural conformity as does the modern man, whether it be that, as in certain countries, like the United States, she tends to become man's social and intellectual superior, or whether, as in France for example, she acts as a drag upon the wheel of progress. In France woman unconsciously revenges herself for not having been suffered to participate in the benefits of the Revolution by exerting a retrograde, ultra-Conservative influence, which at the present day works as a perturbing element in French society.

It is a fact now generally recognised that all things on earth follow a natural progression on the lines of utilisation of force, co-ordination of faculties, and development of productiveness. The very history of our globe, whose final destination was to become the habitat of

man, gives evidence of the prolonged phases of perturbation through which things must pass on the way to their appointed goal. But, on the other hand, the more a sphere, a society, a caste, a sex begins to approximate to its true reason of being, its normal motives of activity, the more of power, of virtue, of stability will it acquire. If, then, the natural, moral, and social conditions regulating the existence of individuals were more thoroughly understood, and more strictly observed, it would soon be perceived that all oppressors are themselves oppressed through the effects of that very despotism they exert, and that abuses always recoil upon their authors. In all cases, under all circumstances, the final interests of the minority will be found to correspond with those of the greatest number. The effort made by social groups and by separate individuals to possess themselves of what they feel to be their rights becomes excessive in exact proportion to the resistance of those who deny the rights in question. Injustice breeds injustice. Thus woman, whose mission in society and in the family circle is one of beneficence, becomes a maleficent influence in direct consequence of the abasement to which she has hitherto been subjected.

In ancient life we see Aspasia and the other Greek courtesans seizing upon the social influence which was denied to Grecian wives and mothers; and yet a Greek wife, by eloping with the seducer Paris, had already shown that the triple portals of the gynæceum cannot confine a woman against her will. And, strangely enough, all Greece was drawn into a war which imperilled its very existence through the action of her who had rebelled, however wantonly, against the oppressive restrictions then imposed upon members of her sex.

Rome was contented, austere, temperate in her ambition and ignorant of defeat just so long as the matron's rights were respected and her position secure. But from the day when the Republic, with all its virtues, disappears, under the Cæsars woman is only regarded as a plaything. Corruption stalks abroad, and the empire totters to its fall.

Under the feudal system woman is pent up in the manor house; chivalry is born, and the feudal knights scour the country in search of ideal love. The wife is regarded as a chattel, while that ideal entity, the ladye-love, is placed on a pedestal.

Warlike peoples are prosperous so long as their women are brave, fond of war, and lead the life of the camp. But the nations which immure their women in harems, lose in those very harems the last vestiges of manly virtue; and the greatest Oriental empires have sunk into decrepitude through the effects of intrigues set on foot by female slaves. When woman is not permitted to exercise her organising powers, she becomes a disorganising influence.

If, however, woman attempts to transcend her legitimate sphere of action by breaking away from her natural limitations, the result can only be to subject her to new conditions of social inferiority. In any society or among any people where woman is despised by man, he himself becomes despicable through his sharing in the degradation and corruption to which he has condemned her. We have seen how the slave of the harem in her turn enslaves the enslaver. In more advanced societies, such as that of France during the eighteenth century, if man relegates woman to the sphere of gallantry and frivolity alone, the nation itself becomes merely gallant and frivolous. But should man, on the other hand, concede to woman an unduly wide influence in society, should he place himself in such a position of inferiority as to be no longer anything but an instrument to her luxurious tastes, she will drift away from him in disdain, will form a privileged class, an aristocracy, and thus wealth comes to assume a factitious importance, imperilling the moral conditions of society and relaxing the former closeness of the family tie.

Danger in these respects must still exist, even now that woman is no longer entirely a minor, whenever man declines to recognise her independence, refuses to treat her as a partner and companion and to grant her, at least in the home, rights not identical with his, which she could exercise to no good effect, but rights equivalent in all the fields of her activity, rights proportioned to her powers, and bringing with them their meed of legitimate responsibility and control.

In certain countries and at certain periods man has reduced woman to the level of a beast of burden. Under these conditions she ages rapidly, and man, consequently, is impelled towards polygamy. The barbarous treatment she encounters has the effect of degrading man to usages of primitive barbarism. If, again, man experiences nothing but mere physical desire for woman, if he fails to recognise or awaken her moral personality, she, without scruple, will dishonour him in return. She only sees in the husband a lover to whom naught but physical compliance is due; and should he cease to love, the tie is broken, the bond annulled. Happy if the husband be not regarded as a tyrant, to be deceived whenever occasion offers!

Woman ever is woman's avenger. The measure of her influence is constant; but if she be not allowed to wield it for good, she will devote it to evil. Observe how, even in matters of detail, this truth is made manifest by the inexorable logic of facts. The artisan, for example, who shirks the responsibilities of the marriage bond, turns to the prostitute, who degrades him and reduces him to want; whilst in the superior classes of society, the man who deceives his wife with a wanton is deceived by the latter, and thus is himself made to play the part which he has imposed upon another. Suppose again,

the case of a man of superior intelligence who should seek the society, not of the superior woman best qualified to be his natural mate, but of some woman of lower type; he, too, will become enslaved, and be dragged downwards sooner or later.

If the real value and social utility of woman be not duly recognised and allowed, she will inevitably seek to obtain dominion through her wiles, and may come to exercise a truly diabolical influence. Throughout the ages, woman has been formed and moulded by man as a species of instrument conducive to his pleasures and comforts. She has been sedulously adapted to fit in with masculine prejudices, desires and conventions. What wonder then if the instrument should often have wounded the hand that had so misused it? Thousands of legends are extant regarding the perversity of woman; but by whom was she rendered perverse in the first place? Misunderstood and oppressed, she naturally became imbued with all those faults and failings that grow out of misapprehension and oppression.

Whenever woman has been enabled to act as the companion, the associate, and the equal of man (his equal, I repeat, not from the point of view of identity, but from that of equivalence) she has actually shown herself superior to the majority of men and more benevolently disposed, for benevolence is the primary trait of woman's real nature. Among the peasantry, when the wife receives such treatment, as in France, where the countryman calls his companion *not' dame*, and concedes to her the whole interior management of the household and consults with her, moreover, concerning every circumstance of his exterior life, her children, even if they be sons, never being set above her head, peace and plenty come to enrich the humble homestead. Among the *bourgeois* class, when a perfect community of thought exists between the husband and his wife, when the husband does not go to his *cercle*, leaving *monnaie* to "religion" or to gossip, when they both plan and act together, when the children are not brought up separately—the sons under the father's control and the daughters under that of the mother—when there are not two opinions as to the proper direction of the family interests, then the wife becomes a most potent factor of good for husband and children. In the sphere of retail trade woman displays the most valuable aptitudes, and, as we say in France, it is she who "makes the house." In commerce, if women be allowed to play an active personal rôle, they—as many examples go to show—are perhaps on the whole more likely to be eminently successful than men. And, finally, rising to the topmost social spheres, is it not singular to observe how many out of the comparatively small number of female sovereigns have been great? Not that I would be understood as deeming the superiority of women over men a desideratum. On the contrary, I consider there is as

ch danger involved in the superiority of women over men as that of men over women.

in the arts, in letters, in trade, in commerce, in politics, Frenchmen, after severe and protracted struggles, have finally succeeded in securing the rank due to their talents and their faculties. Indiv-
 idually, moreover, they have contrived to overcome the somewhat won-
 derful reputation attaching to any exceptional woman. But they in-
 as yet well-nigh powerless to protect the exceptional woman at
 her *début* against the irony of her compatriots. The male sex in
 France is "gallant" enough to feel indulgently towards a woman
 who has fallen. It is not so indulgently inclined towards a woman
 who is struggling to rise. The explanation perhaps is that the fallen
 woman becomes an easy prey, whilst the others escape through
 their superior elevation. I speak with regard to the present and
 the future rather than the past, for too many of the women who
 in former generations rendered themselves famous, in letters more
 especially, instead of claiming for themselves and for women in
 general certain equivalent though not identical rights, appeared
 desirous rather of adapting themselves to the free and easy customs
 of masculine life. This is, perhaps, one reason why women engaged
 in trade, commerce, agriculture, or finance find it easier to command
 the respect of French society than those who cultivate literature or
 the arts.

The campaign Englishwomen are now engaged in for the conquest of their civil and political rights is being followed with the profoundest interest in France. Frenchwomen are not as yet prepared to engage in such a struggle. But the example of the course pursued in this respect by the women of England will be of great value to us, when the time comes for us to try and carve our way through the inextricable thickets of Gallic prejudice.

In my travels in most parts of the world I have observed that woman's moral plane rises as that of man's declines. Europeans at the present day are given over almost entirely to the pursuit of pleasure, to the gratification of the appetites, to the indulgence of unhealthy and degrading tastes, such as that for tobacco and drink. Plunging fiercely into the social *mêlée* in order to procure the means of luxury for woman, whom he refuses to treat as an equal and who consequently drives him like a slave, whom he hesitates to make his confidant, and who makes use of him as a beast of burden, he dwindles and weakens, whilst woman's ascendancy increases. He fears to make of her the partner of his existence, and she becomes his severest judge, without the least indulgence for weaknesses which she either condemns or else takes advantage of, according to her degree of morality.

At the present day more than ever before, it has become a matter

of necessity that the activity, the faculties, the influence, the powers of woman should be brought to bear upon the proper adjustment of the social equilibrium. The laws regulating the world, with its human life and societies, plainly indicate that any force must be allowed its natural expansion, or else it will work the gravest disturbance. Woman nowadays is a force, and as a force must find her suitable employ. Her full and due share must be allowed her in social action, and social rights, duties, and benefits. She can no more be indefinitely withheld from her public duties than she is exempted from taxation. The longer the delay in according woman her rights, the more disastrously will she make felt the influence of her defects. The exercise of certain rights and duties has been known to have within the space of a few years a moralising effect upon whole classes and castes. Excluded, as though they were pariahs, from all participation in public affairs, many women have naturally come to regard themselves as enemies of the existing order of things. Allow them their just share of influence, and civic virtues will be added to their personal ones, as has always been the case during periods of great national distress. In woman, admitted at last to the exercise of her full social duties and the enjoyment of her full social rights, the coming century may undoubtedly, if it wishes, find the material for a relative social regeneration. The time has already come when woman, in every class of society, may begin to take possession of her proper place and rank, and work for the achievement of her definitive redemption through the affirmation of her beneficent influence. The moment is more propitious than has ever before been the case.

Man, solely with a view to his own aggrandisement, has exalted the power—a purely masculine one—of the State in a measure injurious to that of the family; he has set altogether too high a value on mere instruction, disregarding almost totally the early home-training which in all classes of society must serve, so to speak, as an alluvium for the soil of the mind. In none of the modern conceptions of public life has woman been allowed a share. Yet had this been done there is every reason to believe that, through the effect of her peculiar gifts and virtues, many errors might have been avoided; measures of too harsh a nature might have been softened under her feminine touch, over-hasty and sweeping resolutions might have been held in check owing to her spirit of conservatism, whilst some practical steps in aid of those who suffer would have surely been taken at the instigation of her sensitive and tender spirit. One of woman's chief duties at the present hour is to strive to defend her male children against the excess of mere education, apart from the sphere of home influence. The prevailing masculine tendency is to transform the youthful brain into a mere thinking-

machine, which takes no account of the claims of sentiment or the higher attractions of the ideal, under the pretext that the ideal is not a thing reducible to logic. How can young men, educated according to these modern tenets, be expected to regard otherwise than with disdain the fund of moral notions which have been accumulated by the wisdom and experience of the ages but appear to them as nothing more than a mass of sophistries? They will only believe what their own knowledge tells them, and will not swallow, as they express it, anything else. The fact; the "document"; examples, tangible examples, drawn from the observation of animal nature: they care for nothing else, and prefer, they say, to stoop earthwards than to dream with their eyes lost in the clouds. The manifestations of mere force interest them more than does the impalpable. They are assuredly not "psychical;" they are, indeed, not even human, for has not humanity always drawn the better part of its subsistence from truths which escape analysis and mathematical demonstration? "We are scientific," they declare, and in the superior elevation of their "scientific" spirit, it may be readily imagined how they look down upon the "follies" which occupy their mothers' and sisters' minds. The father, open-mouthed in admiration at the knowledge of his sons, knowledge all the more obvious for being so material, is no longer interested in the "childish" bringing-up of his daughters, while the mother deems herself incompetent to follow the scientific instruction of her sons. And so another cause (besides their fondness for smoking) arises to draw our young men away from the society of worthy women into that of the unworthy.

Now the mother, who, if she be a woman possessing any degree of intelligence, will have done all that in her power to keep in intellectual touch with her husband, should not hesitate to keep pace, if possible—inducing also her daughters to follow her example—with the higher degree of instruction imparted to her son. Women assuredly—this has been proved—are as capable as men of entering into the higher circles of knowledge. Mothers and sisters have bowed down before the cigarette, and now they should similarly give way to the spirit of science. They must add to the sum of their intellectual power, if only for the purpose of meeting brothers and sons on a more equal footing and thus detaining them more surely within the household circle.

At present so wide a gap exists between the entire form and nature of man's ideas and thoughts and those of woman, that men think themselves justified in deriving none of their conceptions from woman. Against this tendency woman must strive by every means in her power. "I never speak to my mother about my plans and ambitions, for I am sure she wouldn't understand them." So say many young men, with the full approval of their fathers.

Similarly, many men hold that it would be wrong for them ever to speak to their wives concerning their business, but that it becomes them better as good husbands to leave the wife entirely to her little household affairs and her round of social frivolities. Now, it is for women, by their own endeavours, to modify men's judgment in this respect; and, in general, to gain influence over them by exhibiting their better qualities of heart and mind. No new decree or fresh law is necessary to effect this object; it will suffice for women to seek all occasions of offering sensible advice and rendering useful services, and to abandon their old ideas, even though in some points these may be preferable, in favour of the newer ideas of the age. Thus a broader, higher family life may be evolved, in which woman's influence shall be as great as or greater than ever before.

To unify, as it were, the minds of her sons and daughters rather than allow them to remain in different spheres; to inspire her husband with the desire to make her a sharer in his conceptions and enterprises; to seize every occasion of participating, within the measure of her capacities, in masculine ambition and effort—such should be the first steps henceforth taken by woman towards a future where her position and her influence will be duly recognised and more accurately marked.

JULIETTE ADAM.

MACCHIAVELLI'S *MANDRAGOLA*.

IN the letters of Amabel, which Voltaire gave to the public as a translation by the Abbé Tamponet, is a short but lively account of a play which was represented before Pope Leo X., depicting an amiable, good-looking man, turned into an earthly god through a mistake of a somewhat delicate nature, of whom Amabel tells us all the women were distractedly fond. This play is elsewhere described by the same author as one which alone was perhaps of more value than all the pieces of Aristophanes. One of our own ablest essayists has said of it that it is superior to the best comedies of Goldoni, and only inferior to the best of Molière. These complimentary passages of Macaulay and Voltaire have their counterparts among the critics of Italy and Germany. The comedy, performed at the Vatican more than three centuries and a half ago, has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. This comedy is the *Mandragola* of Macchiavelli.

The author had probably already fallen on what he considered evil days when he wrote it. It was, we may believe, like the far greater part of his literary work, the outcome of his enforced ease. Had Milton retained during his life the situation of Latin Secretary of England, the world had never known *Paradise Lost*. Had Macchiavelli retained his situation of Secretary of Florence, we should have had more legations and missions in place of the *Mandragola*. The fire of these legations has long grown cold, the little diplomatic lies and quarrels of the past are now a heap of white ashes, but before the leaping flumes of one of the first and best of Italian comedies we may yet warm our hands. What cares the world in general for the subject of a legation to Pandolfo Petrucci at Siena? or to Giovanni Baglioni, wherever he may be? Not a whit more than for Milton's letters to Cardinal Mazarin or the King of Denmark. But all who speak the English tongue are, or at least profess to be, entranced by the sublime language of the greatest poem of England's greatest poet, and there are but few who can behold with indifference how skilfully our common nature has been reflected by the mirror held in Macchiavelli's hand.

The very title of the *Mandragola* sets an edge to two of the sharpest of human passions, fear and curiosity. For it is the sacred root which cannot be torn from its native soil without its utterance of a grisly shriek, and the punishment of a speedy death to him who tear it: the magic plant, which can only be safely obtained by tying to it one end of a rope and the other to a dog's neck, who is pelted with sticks and staves, and brings up the herb with a jerk,

as a brewer's horse a beer barrel from a publican's cellar: the invincible armada against all ills to the man detaching it from the wretched dog, who shortly after succumbs in untold agonies. What will the drama tell us of this dread and mystic thing? The reader who has patience enough to peruse these pages will know.

The play is prefaced by a short song of nymphs and shepherds, and a prologue. The date of the composition of the song or ante-prologue is certain, from a letter addressed by Macchiavelli to his magnificent Francis, or Francesco Guicciardini, the well-known historian. This letter, dated Florence, 3 January, 1525, which is, of course, in the new style 1526, is concerned with a lady called La Barbera, who, with her company of singers, sustained the musical part of the entertainment. Says Macchiavelli, "We shall get this lady at some disadvantage, because she has certain lovers here who are likely to stand in our way, but with a little care we shall be able to pacify them. As earnest of the advent of La Barbera and myself, we have composed five new songs for the Comedy, which have been set to music to be sung between the acts." These songs are forwarded, with the letter for Guicciardini's consideration. In conclusion, the historian is requested to send one of his servants with two or three sumpter mules for the lady's convenience. In a subsequent letter he is asked to prepare a lodging for her among some monks, who will be sure to be mad about her, and to do all that is in his power for her delight, "for," says Macchiavelli, "I am much more anxious about this lady than about the Emperor." Thus we find the great diplomatist and historian busied about La Barbera, bestowing on her for her pretty face immortal fame, such as Merlin gave to that idle baggage, Vivien. Men, as women say, are such fools.

It is, then, fairly certain that the *Mandragola* was not played at Modena, of which place Guicciardini was governor, till after January, 1525. The ante-prologue we may suppose to have been sung by the Barbera at the next carnival. It is an epicurean song, of which the burden is, that since life is short and full of trouble and anguish it is well to follow our own sweet wills, as in the Abbey of Thelone. He who, scorning pleasure, lives laborious days of ambition, little knows the miseries by which all its votaries are sooner or later oppressed. To avoid these La Barbera and her companions have chosen a life of solitude in the country, and have come to-day to the city, only in honour of the festive society there gathered together to hear Macchiavelli's play.

The ante-prologue concludes with a piece of panegyric, of which its author, had his soul not still hankered after those flesh-pots of Egypt, his restoration to political power, would have doubtless been ashamed. We have come here also, sings La Barbera, led by the name of him who is your governor, in whom are seen collected

all the goods which are in the face of God. For such supernal grace and happy state you may well rejoice, and thank him who has bestowed them on you. This governor is not Guicciardini, from whom the author had little to gain, but Pope Clement the Seventh, one of his old enemies, the Medicis, with whom he now desired to curry favour. The famous *Prince* is disfigured in its last chapter by a like flattery.

The prologue was probably written at the time of the composition of the play, or shortly afterwards. This is evidently the opinion of Hallam, who draws an argument from some lines in it, that the play was born in the fallen fortunes of its author. The year 1515 is perhaps the best date to assign to its production. Shortly after this was that exhibition of it at the Vatican to which Voltaire refers. La Barbera having yielded her place to one of the actors, the Prologue begins. "God save you, good folk," cries he, "since this goodness depends on our giving you pleasure, only keep still, and you shall hear something new. There on my right hand is the house of a doctor, who has learned in Boethius many a law. The street in that corner is Love's street, in which he who falls rises not again. By the habit of a friar you will know what sort of an abbot it is who dwells in the church opposite you. On the left hand lives a young fellow called Callimaco Guadagni, just arrived from Paris, a thorough gentleman. He is in much love with a clever young lady whom he deceives. The fable is called *Mandragola*, the cause of which name you will understand in the sequel. The author is of little fame, but if you are not amused he is ready to pay the reckoning. So your diversion for to-day will be an unhappy lover, a doctor with little gumption, a friar of ill life, and a parasite the very darling of malice. If you think this matter too trifling, for its author, pardon him, for with these idle shadows he would fain enliven his wretched hours. Other virtues he is not permitted to show by other deeds, he has no other occupation, no other reward for all his labours. A man's guerdon is now mockery and defamation, all the world blames him. Why then should he take a thousand troubles over a work which a cloud will conceal or a wind destroy? But," concludes the Prologue, speaking with the mouth of Machiavelli, "let those talk evil who will, and let us turn to our business. Here is Callimachus coming out with Syrus his servant."

The reader will see that this prologue is precisely in the style of Plautus and Terence. There is the same personal remonstrance of the author, the same description of argument as in the *Adelphi* or in the *Amphitryon*. It was to be expected that in this new birth of the Italian drama some features of its ancestors should still be recognisable. They are indeed to be found far later, as in the *Comus* of Milton, in which play the spirit explains to the

audience directly the reason of his appearance. This grave dramatic fault, from our modern point of view, is avoided by Machiavelli. Callimachus tells his servant Syrus—and the author ingeniously introduces a reason for his telling him—what has brought him on a sudden to Florence from Paris, where, having been sent thither to be educated at ten years of age, he has been living for the last twenty years. The experienced reader will guess that what has brought him is a woman. Before hearing of the fair Lucrezia, the wife of Nicias Calfucci, equally celebrated for her beauty and her behaviour, Callimachus had spent his time with more or less ease, comfort, and philosophy, in study, business, and pleasure, not allowing any one of these, very greatly to his credit, to interfere with any other. But on a day an unlucky dispute arises whether the French or the Italian ladies are the prettier. One of the disputants, being a trifle heated by the argument or the wine, says that if all other women in Italy were monsters of ugliness, a lady he knows would still obtain the victory for that country by her excessive beauty. This lady is Madonna Lucrezia. With her, before seeing her, Callimachus falls incontinently into the deepest love. There are many difficulties in the way of his passion, but two things are in its favour. First, the stupidity of her husband, who, though a Doctor of Laws, is the biggest fool in Florence; and secondly, his desire of having a child; in other words, to retain his property—for he is a rich man—in some sort after his death. All this is by way of prologue, in the old Aristotelian sense of the word. The play really commences with the endeavours of a certain parasite Ligurio, formerly a marriage broker, whom Callimachus has engaged by a bribe in his service, to induce Nicias to go to the baths for certain medical reasons in May. Nicias is introduced to the spectators grumbling, like a British paterfamilias in August, about the trouble of moving. He has had some experience of foreign travel, and has even seen the ocean at Leghorn. "How large is it?" asks Ligurio. "How much bigger than the Arno?" "Four times as big, ay, even six or seven," answers Nicias. "One sees nothing but water, water, water, water!" This naïve description reminds us of the experience of the French *bébé*. Ligurio suggests Callimachus as a good doctor, from whom to ask advice, and the first act concludes with a canzone by La Barbera, in praise of the power of Love.

The second act shows us Ligurio telling Nicias what a large practice Callimachus had in Paris. Nicias is then introduced to Callimachus, who sprinkles his speech with barbarous Latin, like the doctors of Molière, and affects Nicias with ever-increasing admiration of his abilities. After a diagnosis of some delicacy, a common custom of that period, Callimachus suggests, instead of the

baths, a certain potion made of mandragola, which had the reputation in the old physiology of removing barrenness. "Had I not prescribed this," says Callimachus, "the Queen of France would be without children to this hour, and an infinite number of princesses would be in like condition." "Is it possible?" asks Nicias, with open mouth and uplifted hands. "Nothing is more certain, but there is one little difficulty. We cannot expect unmixed good in this world. The man who first caresses the patient, after her taking the medicine, will infallibly die within eight days." Upon hearing this, Nicias manifests some not unnatural repugnance to the proposed remedy. Callimachus bids him be of good cheer. By introducing to his wife some poor devil or other out of the streets, who will draw all the venom to himself, Nicias may escape danger. "Il nous faut faire," says La Fontaine, in his well-known adaptation of the story—

"Il nous faut faire *in anima vili*
Ce premier pas."

Surely Nicias may follow the example of the King of France and many other noble knights. "Good," at last says the gull; "since kings and princes have acted thus, I am content to do likewise." It is arranged that the potion shall be given that very night, since the moon is well disposed. Lucrezia's consent to the plan is to be gained by the united exertions of her mother and her confessor. La Barbera's canzone follows, hymning the happiness of a fool.

The third act introduces the most amusing character in the comedy, Brother Timothy. He is soliloquising about the ~~ladies~~ ^{ladies}, with one of whom he has just had an interview. They are, says he, the most tiresome, and yet the most charitable folk in the world. If you avoid them, you avoid advantage and trouble; if you court them, you court trouble and advantage. True it is, there is no honey without flies. A droll scene succeeds, in which Nicias counterfeits deafness. In this scene Ligurio having promised to grease the friar's hands by making them the holy distributors of a certain sum in charity, asks his help in an imaginary difficulty for the purpose of sounding him. Here we are reminded of the able political negotiations of the author. The friar declaring himself willing to become an accomplice in a scheme for procuring an abortion, for the love of God, is then let into the real circumstances of the case. He promises to persuade Lucrezia and vouchsafes a boy to Nicias. Lucrezia enters. He tells her he has been hard at his books for two hours, studying the present business, and has found many things, both in general and in particular, which should induce her to act in accordance with her husband's wishes. Her end is a good one, which is to content her husband and fill a seat in Paradise with an immortal soul. Every

action is to be judged by its end. He then quotes the Bible, and swears on the cross that there is as little matter of conscience in this as in eating meat on a Wednesday, a sin to be absolved by half a dozen drops of holy water. Finally he promises to pray to God and the angel Raphael for her sake, and a canzone in praise of successful deceit concludes the act.

Callimachus begins the fourth act with a fine soliloquy on Fortune. She holds a pair of scales, of which, while good weighs down one, evil rises in the other. He is like a ship vexed by two contrary winds, which becomes the more anxious the nearer it is to the harbour. The simplicity of the husband bids him hope, but the prudence of the wife makes him fear. He considers with admirable philosophy how far greater is the imagined than the real good in any mortal quest. However, he concludes, the worst that can happen to him is to die and go to Hell. So many have already died, and so many good fellows are in Hell, that he need not be ashamed to go there also. Ligurio enters, looking for him. "If I had been the bearer of bad news," he says, "I should have met him at once. But these lovers have quicksilver in their legs." At last he sees him. "The blessed friar!" cries Callimachus, on hearing that things have been arranged satisfactorily. "Oh, blessed friar! I will pray to God for him always." Ligurio suggests that the friar will not be content with prayers alone. Callimachus promises money, but breaks off suddenly with a cry of dismay. It had been arranged that Nicias, Ligurio, and himself were to catch some one in the street to absorb the venom. How then is Callimachus to be caught if he be himself one of the catchers? "We will," says Ligurio, "disguise ourselves, and the Friar shall take your place." Callimachus is to put on a beggar's rags, to take a lute in his hand, and to pass by the corner of Nicias's house singing. It might excite suspicion if he wore a mask, so he is simply to put on a false nose, and distort his face as much as possible. In the mean time a tumbler of hippocras has been sent to Lucrezia in place of the mystic potion of mandragola, with a notice, that the sooner she takes it after supper the better.

Soon the friar comes in disguise. "Oh friars! friars!" exclaims Callimachus, "he who knows one of you knows you all." Then Ligurio arranges his little army. The Friar Brother Timothy is to lead the right horn, Ligurio himself will conduct the left, and between the two horns the worthy doctor is to take his stand. The watchword is St. Cuckoo. Who is St. Cuckoo? asks the simple Nicias. He is the most honoured saint in all France, is the reply. Nicias then expresses a fear lest they should catch some weak old gentleman of no service, so that the next night all their work would

have to be done ever again. However, the right man is caught, blind-folded, and taken into the house to draw out the venom, and Brother Timothy goes off to the convent to read his prayers in the Breviary. The canzone, which follows, on the sweetness of love's fruition, is the most beautiful, perhaps, of all the author's songs. It is spontaneous, it is natural, it is moreover full of feeling, not too often found in Macchiavelli.

The fifth act, instead of being, as it should be according to the rules of the drama, the richest, is the poorest of all. It is mainly composed of two narratives, that of Nicias to Ligurio, touching the behaviour of Callimachus, and that of Callimachus to the same person touching the behaviour of Lucrezia. In the former, Nicias tells how he put Callimachus into proper condition with a good supper and other matters; in the latter, the lover tells how the lady is at last convinced by him that she is doing her bounden duty, which a heavenly disposition has so ordained. Some little difficulty was to be expected from a character thus described by La Fontaine:—

“ Calface et Dieu savaient que de tout temps
Elle avait craint ces dévoirs complaisants,
Qu'elle endurait seulement pour la forme.”

She is, however, at last persuaded, and makes her lover in his own language the happiest and most contented man in the world. “And should this happiness fail me not through death or time, I shall be the most of a saint of all the saints, and the most blessed of all the blessed.” As to the venom which will cause his death, that, as he explains to her in La Fontaine, is her unkindness only. *Tout le reste est folie.*

In the meantime, Brother Timothy has hastened to the church, where he can, he boasts, sell his goods at the best price. Nicias brings thither his wife to be churched, *andar in Santo*, as the Italians say, seeing that she is, as it were, on that day new born. Meeting Callimachus, he introduces Lucrezia to him, as one through whose good advice they are likely to have a staff to support their old age. Lucrezia desires he may be of their best friends, and her husband, overjoyed, asks him at once to breakfast, and offers him a room in his house. Thus *exit* Nicias, good easy man, fully persuaded that all is for the best in this best of worlds of ours, and laughed at by the honourable body of spectators, as Shylock, in his bitter distress, is ridiculed now. The concluding address is set in the mouth of the friar. Having reminded Nicias of the money promised him “for his poor,” a very old piece of ecclesiastical cant, he ends by saying, “and now let us all go to church and say our prayers,” and so
Valett.

The moral of this play may be left to the reader. *Heureux sont*

ceux qu'on trompe à leur profit seems to have been that of La Fontaine, and perhaps after all he was not far wrong. The best happiness in the world is surely that of being well and successfully deceived without ever waking to the bitterness of disillusion. We may suppose that Nicias never knew the means by which the dearest wish of his life was accomplished, but that content with the result of the magic potion he died in the fulness of time with feelings of pious gratitude and delight.

The comedy shows, in short, how an illicit love, assisted by the sordid venality of a parasite and a friar, makes a foolish husband the victim of his own trusting folly, a virtuous wife the victim of a foolish husband, and both husband and wife the victims of a silly desire to increase by the birth of a child the possibilities of suffering in a world of sorrow. The play is strikingly original and impudently sarcastic. The intrigue is novel, the dialogue vivacious. The characters are clearly distinguished and well preserved. The carnal lover who is willing to try everything to gain his end, to embrace any means, foul, as he himself says, inhuman, or accursed; the ignorant mother who whispers in her daughter's ear that a widow childless is little better than a beast without a home, and abandoned by all; the treacherous parasite, caring only for his own interests, but professing himself the bosom friend both of the deceiver and the deceived; and the reprobate friar who consents to favour abortion and adultery, for the sake of money to be bestowed "upon the poor," attest the close and exact observation of their creator. Macchiarelli has here emphasized the vices of the private individual, as in his better known work the errors of the diplomatist. He has proved himself as able to describe the weeds floating on the surface of the social, as the reefs lying at the bottom of the political sea.

It is indeed said that the main circumstances of the play actually occurred at Florence. If so, the comedy had the additional interest of a social scandal, a piquant advantage which, doubtless, in no manner lessened its success. The idea is supported by the introduction of the family names of the lover and the husband, Guadagni and Calfucci, in other respects as unnecessary, as much *ripio*, as the Spaniards say, as "the lad able to handle the pruning hook" who appears once in the opening chapter of Don Quixote, but never again. The matter is of little moment now; Macchiarelli, though he may have reflected to the Florentines a particular family, holds up for us his mirror to the wide family of Nature, and shows us a Timothy and a Nicias, as Molière a Tartufe and a Sganarelle.

Macaulay's favourable opinion of this play has been already noticed. He considers it deserves attention as the work of a man

who, if he had devoted himself to the drama, would probably have attained the highest eminence and produced a permanent and salutary effect on the national taste. The chief excellence of its author on which he mainly founds this remark is his exact and careful delineation of character, his knowledge that the first purpose of the drama is the correct exhibition of human nature. This he shares with Shakespeare, but not with Sheridan, than whom, according to the essayist, no writer, with the exception, perhaps, of Congreve, has injured the Comedy of England more deeply. The unnatural brilliancy of epigrammatic rejoinder which is poured by these writers upon all their characters in indiscriminate profusion is not indeed to be found in the *Mandragola*, but when Macaulay goes on to say that it is without the least ambition of wit, it seems only in this narrowly limited sense of wit that his observation is true. Whether wit be defined as the mental power of fancy or of judgment, there is surely enough of it and to spare in the drama of the Florentine. The dialogue abounds with it, especially the speeches of the *spirituel* Ligurio, who is very far removed in this respect from the Gnathos of preceding comedy. Nor is it easy to agree with the critic in his estimation of old Nicias, the glory, as he calls him, of the piece. Macaulay holds him for a fool positive, that is, without any definite ruling folly. But Nicias is that particular kind of fool which apes the wise man. Nicias' folly consists chiefly in thinking others fools. Very early in the play has Macchiavelli shown us this. "Your mouth is full of milk," he says to Ligurio who is laughing at him behind his back. It is this precise trait which gives the salt to his ready falling into the snare. In an ordinary fool such a circumstance would hardly elicit a smile. But when the cunning *savant* is taken in, the tables are turned. Moreover, he, like M. Jourdain, is a man with a fixed idea. To obtain a very doubtful advantage, he is willing to put up with a sure inconvenience. Children, says the widow Wadman, are certain sorrows, and very uncertain comforts.

Timothy again, according to Macaulay, is the original of Friar Dominick in Dryden's celebrated play. But the two characters differ considerably. Such a sentence as the following moral reflection of Timothy could never, as inconsistent with his character, have proceeded from the mouth of the Spanish Friar: "Truly they say well who say that bad company brings a man to the gallows, and one as often ends ill by being too easy and good-natured as by being the reverse—God knows I never thought of doing harm to anybody. While at peace in my cell, saying my prayers, busying myself with my flock, down comes this devil of a Ligurio on me, making me dip my finger into a fault, into which I have now sunk

over my head." Nor is there much likeness in the destiny of the two churchmen, for Dominick is put to open shame by Dryden, who, as Collier said, was willing to give the laity the pleasure, and the clergy the punishment. The friar of Macchiavelli was the original of Friar Dominick in no other sense than that in which he was the original of Tartufe.

The gross licentiousness of the intrigue, which is something more than what the French call *un peu risqué*, has not been noticed by Macaulay. This, however, has been considered one of the main objections to the play. Had it not been for this, says a French critic, the *Mandragola* would have been not only the *renaissance*, but the perfection of modern comedy. That it was the first fruit of a new dramatic era is generally allowed, but it is very far from being the perfection of the many excellent pieces of which it may be called the procreant cradle. Its indecency accorded with the taste of its epoch. It agreed in this point with all the comedies of its age. The people for whom Macchiavelli composed his *Capitolo per una bizzarra compagnia* were not so *collet monté* as the people of the present. In those old impudent days pieces rivalling the Atellane farces in their boldness of language were recited openly on the public stage, and not reserved for private reading in the closet.

Nor was this altogether an evil. Vices by their exposure may have been in some degree removed. Husbands may have been rendered more alert against the wiles of unscrupulous lovers, devotees less credulous in their reception of religious advice. The portrait of Timothy may have done more good than the sermons of Savonarola, his naive soliloquies may have had more salutary effect than many declamations of Luther and of Calvin. It is possible that the sacred phalanx which proclaimed a *guerra al cuschillo*, to quote the phrase of Patafox, against the works of Macchiavelli, were animated less by their professed horror of the maxims in the *Prince*, than by a burning desire to avenge the insult offered to their illustrious body in the famous friar of the *Mandragola*.

Lastly, Macaulay has compared Nicias with Calandrino and master Simon da Villa, two stupid characters in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, whom he resembles in no greater degree than he resembles gossip Pietro or any other fool in that collection of tales. Simon da Villa indeed shows himself on one occasion much more of a knave than a fool. But there are many and curious coincidences between the Certaldese and our author. The medicine which Simon da Villa gives to poor Tessa's husband is the very same hippocras which Callimachus gives to Lucrezia. Ligurio

presents to Nicias, before they catch Callimachus with his lute, a pill supposed to be a ball of wax to disguise his voice. Nicias spits and makes wry faces. Ligurio, apologising for his mistake, gives him another which makes his condition still worse. The pills turn out to be made of aloes. In exactly the same way Bruno gives two aloe pills to Calandrino in Boccaccio's tale to show him guilty of stealing his own pig. The wisdom of Timothy reminds the reader of that of Friar Onion of the order of St. Anthony, who beguiled the people with the coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled, instead of with his parrot's feather from the wing of the angel Gabriel. So too the education of Callimachus at Paris, the curious mixture of piety and profanity, and the dispute about the beauty of the French and Italian ladies, all have their counterparts in the author of the *Decameron*.

One of the chief difficulties in the *Mandragola* is the number of Florentine idioms, proverbs unknown elsewhere, and allusions to particular usages of that people. The obscurity of some of these may be guessed by a letter of Macchiavelli to Guicciardini, in which he allows their number, and explains two in particular, which the great historian himself was quite unable to understand. Much of the wit of the comedy is beyond question bound up by these linguistic locks, of which the keys have been lost too often. When in Boccaccio the poor painters Bruccio and Buffalmacco impose on the doctor Master Simon, promising him that he shall have the Countess di Civillari, the fairest thing in the world, for his mistress, whose barons Tamagnin della Porta, Don Meta, and Manico di Scopa are well known in every street-corner, these Florentine names, though they share the wit, share not the darkness of those introduced into his play by Macchiavelli.

To some particular passages in the piece attention may be called. In a speech of Ligurio we find a curious anticipation of Bentham. "I believe," says the parasite, "that to be good which does good to the greatest number." Occasionally there are bits of low farce, as in the giving of the aloe pills to Nicias, and again where Ligurio is instructing Callimachus as to his disguise. "You must twist your face awry," he says, "open your mouth, and grin like a dog. Shut one eye; just try, now." "Will this do?" asks the lover, making a grimace. "No," says the parasite; "try again," and so on, which doubtless raised many a laugh in that audience of three centuries and a half ago. There are also in the play examples of eloquence. "I must," says Callimachus, in a soliloquy of loving impatience, "I must try everything, be it scandalous, be it dangerous, be it damnable. 'Tis better to die than to live thus. Could I but sleep o' nights, could I but eat, could I but talk, could I but take

delight in any single thing, I might be patient and endure, but as it is, I have no remedy, and if I have not soon some occasion for hope, I must needs die!" At another time he cries out, "I am assaulted on every side by so great a desire to be with her I love, that from the sole of my foot to my head, I am become another man. My legs tremble, my bowels yearn, my heart leaps from my breast, my arms hang listless, my tongue is mute, my eyes are dazzled, my brain reels"—it is difficult to know where to stop in the quotation. Not the least curious part of the play is what may surely be called its open impiety and disregard of religious decorum. The religion of that time, says Voltaire, "*n'avait rien d'austère, elle respectait peu la pudeur et la piété.*" So long as no direct attack was made on the power or dogmas of the Catholic faith, all went merry as a marriage bell. The Papal Conclave was no more scared by the open display of sacerdotal immorality in the comedies of Ariosto and Macchiavelli, than were the old Greeks and Romans by the exposure of the peccadilloes of their gods in the plays of Plautus and Aristophanes. There was, if Hallam may be credited, a tacit agreement that men should laugh at things sacred within the theatre, but resume their serious faces outside. When and where this agreement was first entered into, the historian does not inform us. It is probably of very ancient date, and in place almost universal. It has not yet apparently been broken by desuetude, and in spite of its age shows considerable vivacity at the present hour. It was doubtless this tacit agreement—or shall we say cruel hypocrisy?—which enabled the good priests at Rome to smile, when Ligurio, in answer to Callimachus's question, "Who is to get the Confessor on our side?" says, in so many words, "Yea, I, money, our wickedness, and his own." Or, again, when the same Ligurio calls the priors "a cunning folk, as indeed they ought to be, seeing that besides their own sins they know ours also." When Nicias, complaining about a good-for-nothing priest pestering his wife at morning mass at the Servites, the church of those fathers at Florence, says, "It is sad to think that they who ought to set us a good example should act thus," and when Brother Timothy utters, in the beginning of the fifth act, the following soliloquy, it would have been fine to see the faces of the Pope and Cardinals and all the fashionable court assembled in the Vatican and gathered together. "I have not been able," says Brother Timothy, "to sleep a wink to-night from my curiosity about Callimachus. To pass the time away, I have said matins, read a life of the Holy Fathers, set a light to a lamp that had gone out in the Church, and put another veil on our Madonna who works miracles. Now how often have I bid these friars of ours keep her clean! and yet they don't and won't, and they wonder at the falling off of devotion!

Why I bide the time, when my lady had five hundred images, and now she hasn't a score. And whose fault is it but ours, who have not kept up her good fame? We used once to go to her every evening in procession after complines, and every Saturday sing her the Lauds, and put fresh images before her ourselves, and exhort others in confession to do likewise. Now nothing of this kind goes on, and yet we wonder that religion grows cold. Oh, what little brains have these brothers of mine!" It is this plain-speaking Timothy that is the mainspring of the play. It is he who chiefly induces Lucrezia to fall into the snare laid for her. It is he who is set in high relief by the playwright, as the advocate and auxiliary of adultery and abortion. Nor is our sense of his wickedness at all lessened in any admiration of his wit. He has some capacity for his own advantage, but that is all. He reminds us little of Goethe's *Reineke*. He is more like the Don Abbondio in the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni, the timid curé whose selfishness stands out so clearly in the philosophical conception of the great Italian romancist, by his contrasting it with the courage and divine self-forgetfulness of Father Cristoforo.

JAMES MEW.

WHISTLER TO-DAY.

"L'autre critique est toute une science. Elle exige une compréhension complète des œuvres, une vue lucide sur les tendances d'une époque, l'adoption d'un système, une foi dans certains principes; c'est à dire, une jurisprudence, un rapport, un arrêt. Ce critique devient alors le magistrat des idées, le censeur de son temps; il exerce un sacerdoce: tandis que l'autre est un acrobate qui fait des tours pour gagner sa vie, tant qu'il a des jambes. Entre Claude Vignon et Lousteau se trouvait la distance qui sépare le métier de l'art."

WHERE, in the columns that have been supplied to their editors by the ladies and gentlemen of the critical press on the subject of Whistler, in 1892, is to be found the comprehension, the faith, the priesthood, of the exercise of which Balzac speaks? Grudgingly, and with a bad enough grace, acknowledgment of qualities that painters and connoisseurs have seen in the work of this master for over thirty years has been wrung out of them by sheer punishment and exposure.

There is a suggestive passage in one of Byron's letters to Moore which might have been written with admirable appropriateness to Whistler. He says:—"You are, single-handed, a match for the world, which is saying a good deal, the world being like Briareus, a very many-handed monster; but to be so, you must stand alone." And Mr. Whistler has stood alone, and, not only unaided, but opposed by that instinctive conspiracy which leads the second-rate, like the gods in Homer, even when they live in different suburbs, to know each other very well; has wrung from the nation and from the world acknowledgment that his place in art is with the great of all time.

A critic in the sixties or seventies spoke of the colour in "The Little White Girl" (38) as generally grimy grey. Thirty years have really made very little difference. To-day the critic of the *Daily Chronicle*, with "La dame au brodequin jaune" (41) staring him in the face, misses in the collection at Goupil's the portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell. The *St. James's Gazette* gravely fixes Whistler's best period—sixty to sixty-four. The art critic of the *Times* regrets that a man capable of painting the "Symphony in White, No. 3," should waste his time on comparatively unimportant trifles like the "Nocturnes." The *Daily News* writer mistakes a picture of a grey day for a nocturne, and speaks of conscientious labour as if it could only be manifested in the accumulation of detail. He is also apparently ignorant of the fact that the portrait of Mr. Whistler's mother is unavailable for exhibition in London, not because it has been previously exhibited here, but because it hangs in the Luxembourg.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article which looks suspiciously as if it had come from the pen of the second best critic, cannot find the "Nocturnes" poetical without an apology for laying themselves under a suspicion of cant. An article in *Truth*, which is by way of being appreciative, still hints at the existence of pictures by Whistler which are "artistic jokes," and are not included in this exhibition. It would require Mr. Whistler's own intolerable insistence and iron physique—

"One moment on the mightiest, and the next
On little objects with like firmness fixed"—

to travel, point by point, through all the irresponsible stuff that has been written in the last week on the subject of the little exhibition in Bond Street. I do not propose to do this, but to present a few main considerations which have been entirely lost sight of, so far as public utterance is concerned.

The fact that Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother has been bought by the Luxembourg has not in any way altered the canvas which was only saved from rejection at the hands of the hanging committee of the Royal Academy by the intervention of Sir William Boxall, and the accident of his personal friendship with the family of the painter. Purchase by the Corporation of Glasgow of the portrait of Carlyle has altered neither the drawing nor the colour of the work which Sir Coutts Lindsay, or his assistants, Messrs. Carr and Hallé, considered proper decoration for a passage, while canvases by the latter gentleman basked complacently on the line in the Grosvenor galleries. Two proofs of etchings by Whistler, bought by an acquaintance of mine for £1, and sold for £71, are the same as they were on the day when they left the press of Delatre or of the painter. The oil painting in the present exhibition, bought some thirty years ago for £80, for which the owner is asking, and will get, £800, is no better than it was when it left the studio in Lindsay Row.

Let us, then, frankly face the fact that as a nation it has required these and a hundred similar purely commercial indications to convince us of truths which our eyes have not been sufficiently educated to perceive for themselves.

Had we confined ourselves to a purely agnostic or indifferent attitude, our position would have been unattackable. We should in no way have stultified ourselves, and we should owe no apology; but we have done nothing of the kind. We, or what amounts to the same thing, our servants in the press—for they admittedly produce their matter in accordance with the laws of supply and demand—have, more perhaps in ignorance than malice, persistently interfered to hinder the artist to whom, with Charles Keene, England of the nineteenth century will owe whatever of enduring fame in

painting is destined to be hard. Reflect upon it. As if the difficulties and disappointments of the work itself were not more than sufficient, our ignorance must needs vent itself in ribaldry, which would have extinguished a man who was merely mortal. Even his sitters—at a date, be it remembered, when the more exquisite achievements of the new journalism had not been dreamt of—were subjected through his work to personal impertinences, so that the rôle of a patron of Whistler's some fifteen years ago required not only discrimination but some personal courage.

Truly we owe him some amends, and they should be made honourably and ungrudgingly, with a sense of gratitude that he is still with us to receive them.

It was Gautier, I think, who said, "*Les journalistes aiment toujours mieux ce qu'on a fait que ce qu'on fait.*" How often have I encountered the three fatuous platitudes which sum up the opinion of the well-bred indifferent on the subject of Whistler! The first step is, "Do you admire Whistler?" to which the answer is, "As an etcher." The next step invariably is the assertion of the superiority of his early Thames etchings over the later Venetian, Dutch, Belgian, Parisian, and London ones, if indeed the speaker has ever heard of these latter. If the master be admitted at all as a painter the conversation takes this turn—"he gave great promise in the sixties"—in fact, the verdict somewhat tardily bottled by the *St. James's Gazette*, and referred to above.

These three propositions are no whit less ignorant and stupid than the dictum that we have on record, dated November 16th, 1878, of the art critic of the *Times*, to the effect that the nocturne in black and gold is not a serious work of art. Even those who imagine themselves to have been at last properly drilled into orthodox appreciation, betray themselves in their estimate of the early work. Take, for instance, the "*Lange Liezen*" (5), perhaps the earliest painting, now in Bond Street. That picture, besides containing passages of astonishing excellence and refinement, is supremely interesting because it is by the painter of, say, "*The Little Sweetstuff Shop*," in the possession of Mr. Wickham Flower, or "*The Angry Sea*." It is the work of a boy, a boy of genius undoubtedly, but to cite it as representative of Whistler's best period would be much as if we were to exalt the pothooks and hangers with which Shakespeare probably began his studies in literature to the disadvantage of *Hamlet*. In the same manner the early Thames etchings have a double value. They are intrinsically in the same category with the work of Rembrandt, but they are historically interesting as the stations by which the artist reached the consummate achievement of the "*Rialto Steps*."

Those who do not know Whistler's work must not imagine that

these two rooms contain in any sense a summary of it. They contain rather extracts from some chapters; and, in view of the educational aim which Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. have evidently set themselves, they have done wisely to prelude what I hope is destined to be something approaching to a complete unfolding before the eyes of London of the genius of its greatest painter, by a collection of some of the landmarks in his career, which have already obtained a measure of acknowledgment, and which, from the fact of their being earlier steps in his progression, are more likely to be appreciated by the few who are born with the eye to see and the brain to understand.

The earliest pictures furnish interesting evidence of the fact that the qualities which have made of the masterpieces of Whistler the wonder of the artistic world were asserted from the first stroke of his brush, and have been invariably present through all the different stages of his strange and versatile development. Note in "The Music-room" (12) the unerring hand of the etcher in the drawing of the patterned curtains, the divine eye for colour in the difference between those curtains and their reflection, in the vase and its reflection, in the marble of the mantelpiece. Note, at a period when the painting world had a tendency to substitute on all shoulders the same tiresome conventional face of this or that sub-school for the infinite variety and unexpected charm of nature, the relentless grasp of personal character in the heads in this picture, in the "Little White Girl" (33) and in "The Gold Screen" (14).

One quality there is about fine painting—it leaves nothing to be said. It is just as stupid to try to describe a Whistler as to etch a Velasquez, or to copy in charcoal the fragments of the Parthenon. In the large gallery you are conscious at once that the works give to four bare walls an atmosphere of repose and grandeur, suggesting in no way a shop or an exhibition. The great tall, dark canvases make exquisite backgrounds for figures—no palace can command a finer *mise-en-scène*. To move in the atmosphere created by them is to catch involuntarily something of the grace and distinction, of the nobility and dignity which they exhale. In this they fulfil their first function of superbly decorating the house. Where else in modern work can we see as we see here that paint is itself a beautiful thing, with a loveliness and charm of infinite variety? Does that ever occur to us in any other modern exhibition? Are we not rather wearied into a loathing of the leathery matter with which the annual acres of canvas are loaded or smeared with mechanical regularity? Look at the revel of the brush on the coarse threads of the portrait of Lady Meux (43). Is it not beautiful and exhilarating in itself, and is it not a marvel how the living, breathing woman in that dainty gown is built up by passages of brushwork,

which in no way copy the dress, but express it in a language of inspiration? Then the exquisite enamel of "The Falling Rocket" (No. 10)—perfect form, exquisite colour, and that peculiar triumph of execution which consists in the complete absence of all appearance of labour. It has no more technique than the night sky itself, or the scattering sparks, or the cold, dark grass. How beautiful the very threads of the canvas are in the "Nocturne in Blue and Gold—Battersea Bridge" (4), drenched in the fair opaque blue—how charming the sweep of the brush horizontally across the whole picture in the "Blue and Silver—Chelsea" (18)! Look at the flowers in the "Little White Girl" (33) and the tray with the *saké* cups in "The Balcony" (40)! That is what it is to be a painter! To know and love your material, as a rider knows his horse or a violinist his fiddle.

Higher, perhaps, even than this quality is the grandeur of conception which has dictated such a composition as the nocturne in blue and gold—"Old Battersea Bridge" (4). The great T formed by a segment of the bridge and its solitary support, the eternity of sky it encloses, the track of fire, Chelsea crowned by the old church tower, and, far away, the lights of Vauxhall nestling low down on the fairy river!

The "Nocturne in Blue and Silver—Bognor" (24), again, can never be surpassed. The blue of the summer sea, growing black with intensity at the horizon, the silent stars, the ghostly wreaths of cloud trailing in the watery sky. Four little boats hover like great moths and melt their phantom sails in a dusky sea. Three show lights that glimmer on the water. Though it is night, it is light enough to see the white foam turned over by the bows of the two nearer boats. That on the far right is going ~~about~~ under your very eyes, leaving a white track in the wondrous water. The waves creep in while they seem not to move, except where they curl and break and tumble at your feet on a dusky shore. You are conscious, at the water's edge, of shadowy figures going about their mysterious business with the night. All these things and a million-fold more are expressed in this immortal canvas, with a power and a tenderness that I have never seen elsewhere. The whole soul of the universe is in the picture, the whole spirit of beauty. It is an exemplar and a summary of all art. It is an act of divine creation. The man that has created it is thereby at once immortal a thousand times over. Who are we that we should scribble and nag at him?

WALTER SICKERT.

DEATH AND PITY.

IN the recent interesting study, by that most sympathetic of critics, Mr. Edward Delille, of the works of that Breton artist in words (whom in deference to his desire we are bound to call Pierre Loti), no mention has been made of the volume entitled somewhat fantastically, *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*, the latest and, in some respects, the most touching and the most precious of the works of Loti. I would think this little volume, so small in bulk, so pregnant with thought and fact, could be translated into every language spoken upon earth, and would like an electric wave over the dull, deaf, cruel multitudes of men. It is not that Loti himself needs a larger public, he possesses it. All who have any affinity with him know even without his writing. Despite the singular absence of all scholarship in his works—for, indeed, he might be living before the birth of Cadmus for any allusion which he ever makes to letters—a perfect instinct of style, like the child Mozart's instinct for harmony, has led him to the most exquisite grace and precision of expression, the most accurate, as well as the most ideal realisations in words alike of scenery and of sentiment.

His earlier works were not unjustly reproached with being *trop décousu*, too impressionist; but in his later books this imperfection is no longer traceable, they are delicately and beautifully harmonious. Mr. Edward Delille says, perhaps rightly, that those long night-watches on the sea, the long isolation of ocean voyages, and the removal from the commonplace conventional pressure of society in cities and provinces have kept his mind singularly free, original, and poetic. But no other sailor has ever produced anything beautiful, either in prose or in verse; and the influence of the Armorican coast and the Breton temperament have probably had more to do with making him what he is than voyages which leave sterile those who with sterile minds and souls go down to the deep in ships, and come back with their minds and their hands empty. He would have been just what he is had he never been rocked on any other waves than the long grey breakers of the iron coast of Morbihan, and, to those who from the first have known and loved his poetic and pregnant thoughts, even the palm leaves of the first intellectual Academy of the world can add nothing to his merit, nay, they seem scarcely to accord with his soul, free as the seagull's motion, and his sympathy wide as that ocean which has cradled and nursed him. But it is not of himself that I wish to speak here. It is of this last little book of his, which, so small in compass, is yet vast as the universe in what it touches and suggests. All the cultured world has, doubtless, read it; but

how little and narrow is that world compared to the great multitude to which the volume will for ever remain unknown, and to that, alas! equally great world to which it would be, even when read, a dead letter: for to those who have no ear for harmony the music of Beethoven is but as the crackling of thorns under a pot. He knows this, and in his preface counsels such as these to leave it alone, for it can only weary them.

Indeed, the book is in absolute and uncompromising opposition to the modern tone of his own times, and the bare, bald, hard temperament of his generation. It is in direct antagonism with what is called the scientific spirit and its narrow classifications. It is full of altruism of the widest, purest, and highest kind, stretching its comprehension and affection to those innumerable races which the human race has disinherited, driven into bondage, and sacrificed to its own appetites and desires. To its author the ox in the shambles, the cat in the gutter is as truly a fellow creature as the mariner on his deck, or the mother by his hearth; the nest of the bird is as sacred as the rush hut of the peasant, and the cry of the wounded animal reaches his heart as quickly as the wail of the fisherman's widow. No one can reproach him, as they reproach me (a reproach I am quite willing to accept), with thinking more of animals than of men and women. His charities to his own kind are unceasing and boundless; he is ever foremost in the relief of sorrow and want. It cannot be said either that he is a "mere sentimentalist." He is well known as a daring and brilliant officer in his service, and he has shown that he possesses moral as well as physical courage, and that he is careless of censure and indifferent to his own interests and prospects when he is moved to stand against the tyrannies of the strong over the weak. Here is no woman who has dreamed by her fireside or in her rose garden until her sentiment has overshadowed her reason, but a *brave des braves*, a man whose life is spent by choice in the most perilous contest with the forces of nature, a man who has been often under fire, who has seen war in all its sickly horror, who has felt the lightnings of death playing round him in a thousand shapes. His noble and rashly expressed indignation at the barbarities shown in the taking of Tonquin led to his temporary banishment from the French navy. He does prove, and has ever proved in his conduct as in his writings, that to him nothing human can be alien. But he is not hemmed in behind the narrow pale of humanitarianism: he has the vision to see, and the courage to show, that the uncounted sentient, suffering children of creation for whom humanity has no mercy, but merely servitude and slaughter, are as dear to him as his own kind.

In a century which in its decrepitude has fallen prone and helpless under the fiat of the physiologist and bacteriologist, this attitude

needs no common courage. Browning had this courage, Renan has it not. In an age when the idolatry of man is carried to a height which would be ludicrous in its inflated conceit were it not in its results so tragic, it requires no common force and boldness to speak as Loti speaks of the many other races of the earth as equally deserving with their tyrants of tenderness and comprehension, to admit, as he admits, that in the suppliant eyes of his little four-footed companions he can see, as in a woman's or a child's, the soul within speaking and calling to his own.

"She" (she is a little Chinese cat which had taken refuge on board his frigate) "came out of the shadow, stretching herself slowly, as if to give herself time for reflection. She came towards me with several pauses, sometimes with a Mongolian grace; she lifted one paw in the air before deciding to put it down and take a farther step; and all the while she gazed at me fixedly, questioningly. I wondered what she could want with me. I had had her well fed by my servant. When she was quite near, very near, she sat down, brought her tail round her legs, and made a very soft little noise. And she continued to look at me, to look at me *in the eyes*, which indicated that intelligent ideas were thronging through her small head. It was evident that she understood, as all animals do, that I was not a thing, but a thinking being, capable of pity, and accessible to the mute entreaty of a look. Besides, it was plain that my eyes were really eyes to her, that is, they were mirrors in which her little soul sought anxiously to seize some reflection from my own.

"And whilst she thus gazed at me, I let my hand droop on to her quaint little head, and stroked her fur as my first caress. What she felt at my touch was certainly something more than a mere impression of physical pleasure; she had some sentiment, some comprehension of protection and sympathy in her forsaken misery. This was why she had ventured out of her hiding-place in the dark; this was what she had resolved to ask me for with diffidence and hesitation. She did not want either to eat or drink, she only wanted a little companionship in this lonely world, a little friendship.

"How had she learned that such things were, this stray, hunted creature never touched by a kind hand, never loved by anyone, unless, perhaps, on board some junk, by some poor little Chinese child who had neither carresses nor playthings, sprung up by chance like a sickly plant, one too many in the grovelling yellow crowd, as unhappy and as hungry as herself, and of whom the incomplete soul will at its disappearance from earth leave no more trace than hers? Then one frail paw was timidly laid on my lap, with such infinite delicacy, such exceeding discretion! and, after having lingeringly consulted and implored me through the eyes, she sprang upon my lap, thinking the moment come when she might establish intimate relations with me. She installed herself there in a ball, with a tact, a reserve, a lightness incredible, and always gazing up in my face . . . and her eyes becoming still more expressive, still more winning, said plainly to mine:

"In this sad autumn day, since we are both alone in this floating prison, rocked and lost in the midst of I know not what endless perils, why should we not give to one another a little of that sweet exchange of feeling which soothes so many sorrows, which has a semblance of some immaterial eternal thing not subjected to death, which calls itself affection, and finds its expression in a touch, a look?"

In the dying hours of another cat, the charming Moumoutte Blanche, whose frolics we follow, and whose snowy beauty we know so well, the same thought comes to him.

"She tried to rise to greet us, her expression grateful and touched, her eyes showing, as much as human eyes could, the internal presence and the pain of that which we call the soul.

"One morning I found her stiff and cold, with glassy orbs, a dead beast, a thing men cast out on to the dust heap. Then I bade Sylvester dig a little grave in a corner of the courtyard, at the foot of a shrub. . . . Where was gone that which I had seen shine in her dying eyes, the little flickering anxious flame from within: where was it gone?"

And he carries her little lifeless body himself down into the open air.

"Never had there been a more radiant day of June, never a softer silence and warmth crossed by the gay buzzing of summer flies; the courtyard was all blossom, the rose boughs covered with roses; a sweet country calm rested on all the gardens around; the swallows and martins slumbered; only the old tortoise, Suleima, more widely awake the warmer it became, travelled merrily without aim or goal over the old sun-bathed stones. There was everywhere that melancholy of skies too fair, of weather too fine, in the exhaustion of a hot noonday. All the plants, all the things, seemed to cruelly shout their triumph over their own perpetual new birth, without pity for the fragile human creatures who heard that song of summer, weighed themselves with the consciousness of their own impending unavoidable end.

"This garden was and is to me the oldest and most familiar of all the places of the earth in which all the smallest details have been known to me from the earliest hours of the vague and surprised impressions of infancy. So much so that I am attached to it with all my soul; that I love with a singular force and regard almost as my fetish the venerable plants which grow there, its trellised branches, its climbing jessamines, and a certain rose-coloured diclytra which every month of March displays on the same spot its early-burgeoning leaves, sends out its flayers in April, grows yellow in the suns of June, and, at last burnt up by August, seems to give up the ghost and perish. . . . And with an infinite melancholy, in this place so gay with the fresh sunlight of a young year, I watched the two beloved figures with white hair and mourning gowns, my mother and Aunt Claire, going and coming, leaning down over a flower border as they had done so many years to see what blossoms were already opening, or raising their heads to look at the buds of the creepers and the roses. And when the two black robes went onward and became farther away in the far perspective of a long green avenue, I saw how much slower was their step, how bent were their forms. Alas for that time too close at hand when in the green avenue which would be ever the same, I should behold their shadows no more! Is it possible that a time will ever come when they shall have left this life? I feel as if they will not entirely depart so long as I myself shall be here, to invoke their benevolent presence, and that in the summer evenings I shall still see their blessed shades pass under the old jessamines and vines, and that something of their spirit will remain to me in the plants which they cherished, in the drooping boughs of the honeysuckle and in the rosy petals of the old diclytra!"

He feels, and feels intensely, the similarity of sentiment between himself and all other forms of sentient life. He is not ashamed to perceive and acknowledge that the emotions of the animal are absolutely the same in substance as our own, and differ from ours only in degree. Could this knowledge become universal it would go far to make cruelty impossible in man, but as yet it has only been realised and admitted by the higher minds of a very few, such as his

own, as Tennyson's, as Wordsworth's, as Browning's, as Lecomte de Lisle's, as Sully Prudhomme's; it requires humility and sympathy in the human breast of no common kind; it is the absolute antithesis of the vanity and egotism of what is called the scientific mind, although more truly scientific, that is, more logical, than the bombast and self worship of the biologist and physiologist.

Loti sees and feels that the little African cat from Senegal which he brought to his own Breton home, is moved by the same feelings as himself, and in a more pathetic because a more helpless way, and he has remorse for a momentary unkindness to her as though she were living still.

"It was one day when, with the obstinacy of her race, she had jumped where she had been twenty times forbidden to go, and had broken a vase to which I was much attached. I gave her a slap at first; then, my anger not satiated, I pursued her and kicked her with my foot. The slap had only surprised her, but the kick told her that it was war between us; and then she fled as fast as four legs would take her, her tail like a feather in the wind. When safe under a piece of furniture she turned round and cast at me a look of reproach and distress, believing herself lost, betrayed, and assassinated by one beloved into whose hands she had entrusted her fate; and as my look at her remained hostile and unkind, she gave vent to the great cry of a creature at bay. Then all my wrath ceased in one instant: I called her, I caressed her, I soothed her, taking her on my knees all breathless and terrified. Oh, that last cry of despair from an animal, whether from the poor ox tied to the slaughter-place, or of the miserable rat held in the teeth of a bull-dog—that last cry which hopes nothing, which appeals to no one, which is like a supreme protestation thrown in the face of Nature, an appeal to some unknown pity floating in the air. Now all which remains of my little cat, whom I remember so lively and so droll, are a few bones in a hole at the foot of a tree. And her flesh, her little person, her affection for me, her infinite terror that day she was scolded, her great joy of anguish and reproach—all, in a word, which moved and lived, and had their being around these bones—all have become but a little dust!"

"What a spiritual mystery, a mystery of the soul, that constant affection of an animal, and its long gratitude!" he says in another place; and when, meaning to act mercifully, he gives chloroform to a poor sick stray cat, he is haunted by the fear that he has done wrong to end for it that poor little atom of joyless, friendless life, which was all that it could call its own.

This is its story:

"An old mange-eaten cat, driven away from its home, no doubt by its owner, for its age and infirmities, had established itself in the street on the doorstep of our house, where a little warmth from a November sun came to comfort it. It is a habit of certain people who call their selfishness sensibility to send out to be purposely lost the creatures which they will not take care of any longer, and do not desire to see suffer. All the day he had sat there piteously huddled in a corner of a window, looking so unhappy and so humble! An object of disgust to all the passers by, threatened by children, by dogs, by continual dangers, every hour more ill and feeble, eating Heaven knows what rubbish, got with difficulty out of the gutter, he dragged out his

existence, prolonging it as best he might, trying to retard the moment of his death. His poor head was covered with scabs and sores, and had scarcely any fur left on it, but his eyes remained pretty, and seemed full of thought. He had certainly felt, in all the frightful bitterness of his lot, that last degradation of all, the inability to make his toilette, to polish his coat, to wash and comb himself as all cats love to do so carefully. It hurt me so to see this poor lost animal that, after having sent him food into the street, I approached him and spoke to him gently. (Animals soon understand kind words, and are consoled by them.) Having been so often hunted and driven away, he was at first frightened at seeing me near him; his first look was timid, suspicious, at once a reproach and a prayer! Then soon comprehending that I was there from sympathy, and astonished at so much kindness, he addressed me in his own way: 'Trr! Trr! Trr!' getting up on his politeness, trying, despite his mangy state, to arch his back in the hope that I should stroke him. But the pity I felt for him, though great, could not go so far as that. The joy of being caressed he was never to know again. As a compensation it occurred to me that it would be kind to end his life as gently by giving him a gentle dreamful death. An hour later Sylvester, my servant who had bought some chloroform, drew him gently into our stable, and induced him to lie down on some warm hay in an osier basket which was designed to be his mortuary chamber. Our preparations did not disturb him: we had rolled a card into a cone-shaped form, as we had seen the ambulance-men do; he had looked at us with a contented look, thinking he had at last found a lodging and people who had pity on him, new owners who would shelter him.

"Despite the horror of his disease, I stooped over him and stroked him, and, always caressing him, I induced him to lie still, and to bury his little nose in the cone of cardboard; he, a little surprised at first, and sniffing the strange potent odour with alarm, ended however in doing what I wished with such docility that I hesitated to continue my work. The annihilation of a thinking creature is, equally with the annihilation of man, a cruel and responsible thing, and contains the same revolting mystery. And death, besides, carries in itself so much majesty that it is capable of giving grandeur in an instant to the most tiny and finite creatures, as soon as its shadow descends on them. Once he raised his poor head to look at me fixedly; our eyes met, his with an expressive interrogation, an intense anxiety, asked me, 'What is it that you do? You whom I know so little, but to whom I trusted—what is it that you do to me?' And I still hesitated; but his throat inclined downwards, and his face rested on my hand, which I did not withdraw; stupefaction had begun to steal over him, and I hoped that he would not look at me again.

"And yet, yes, once again! Cats, as the village people here say, have their lives united to their bodies. In one last struggle for life his eyes met mine; across his mortal semi-sleep he seemed now to perceive and understand; 'Ah! it was to kill me then? Well, I let you do it! It is too late—I sleep!'

"In truth, I feared I had done ill! In this world, where we know nothing surely of anything, it is not even allowed us to let pity take this shape. His last look, infinitely sad, even whilst glazing in death, continued to pursue me with reproach. 'Why,' it said, 'why interfere with my fate? Without you I should have dragged my life on a little longer, had a few more little thoughts. I had still strength to jump up on a window-sill, where the dogs could not reach me; where I was not too cold in the morning, especially if the sun shone there. I still passed some bearable hours watching the movement in the street, seeing other cats come and go, having consciousness of what was doing round me, whilst now there is nothing for me but to rot away for ever into something which will have no memory. Now I am no more!' Truly, I should have recollected that the feeblest and poorest things prefer to linger on under the most miserable conditions, prefer no matter what suffering to the terror of being nothing, of *being no more*."

And he cannot forgive himself an act which was meant out of kindness, but in which the regard of the dying animal makes him see almost a crime. This tenderness for every breathing thing, this sentiment of the infinite intense pity and mystery which accompany all forms of death is ever present with him, and nothing in its hour of dissolution is too small or too fragile, or too mean or too miserable, in his sight not to arouse this in him.

Read only the story of the *Sorrow of an Old Galley Slave*.

This old man, who has been in prison many times, is at last being sent out to New Caledonia. "Old as I am, could they not have let me die in France?" he says to our friend Yves (Mon Frère Yves), who is gone with his gunboat to take a band of these prisoners from the shore to the ship in which they are to make their voyage. Encouraged by the sympathy of Yves in his impending exile, the old felon shows him his one treasure; it is a little cage with a sparrow in it.

"It is a tame bird, that knows his voice, and has learnt to sit on his shoulder. It was a year with him in his cell, and with great difficulty he has obtained permission to carry it with him to Caledonia, and, the permission once obtained, with what trouble he has made a little cage for it to travel in, to get the bits of wood and wire necessary, and a little green paint to brighten it and make it look pretty!"

"Poor sparrow!" says Yves to me afterwards when he tells me this tale. "It had only a few crumbs of prison bread such as they give to convicts, but he seemed quite happy all the same. He jumped about gaily, like any other bird."

"Later still, as the train reaches the transport ship he, who had forgotten for the moment the old man and the sparrow, passes by the former, who holds out to him the little cage. 'Take it,' says the old prisoner, in a changed voice. 'I give it to you; perhaps you may like to use it.'"

"No, no," says Yves astonished. "You know you are going to take it with you. The bird will be your little comrade there."

"Ah," answers the old man, "he is no longer in it. Did you not know? He is no longer here."

"And two tears of unspeakable grief rolled down his withered cheeks."

"During a rough moment of the crossing the door of the cage had blown open, the sparrow had fluttered, frightened, and in a second of time had fallen into the sea, his wings, which had been clipped, not being able to sustain him."

"Oh, that moment of horrible pain! To see the little thing struggle and sink, borne away on the tearing tide, and to be unable to do anything to save him! At first, in its natural movement of appeal, he was on the point of crying for help, of begging them to stop the boat, of entreating for pity, for aid; but his impulse is checked by the consciousness of his own personal degradation. Who would have pity on a miserable old man like him? Who would care for his little drowning bird? Who would hearken to his prayer? . . ."

"So he keeps silence, and is motionless in his place while the little grey body floats away on the frothing waves, quivering and struggling always against its fate. And he feels now all alone—frightfully alone for ever more, and his tears dull his sight, the slow salt tears of lonely despair, of a hopeless old age."

"And a young prisoner chained to his side, laughs aloud to see an old man weep."

Loti stretches to a nobler and a truer scope the *nihil humani a me alienum puto*. To him nothing which has in it the capacity of attachment and of suffering is alien; and it is this sentiment, this sympathy which breathe through all his written pages like the fragrance of some pressed and perfumed blossom. It is these which make his influence so admirable, so precious, in an age which is choked to the throat in suffocating creeds and vanities, and bound hand and foot in the ligaments of a preposterous and purblind formalism of exclusive self-adoration. Can any reader arise from reading the page which follows without henceforth giving at least a thought of pity to the brave beasts of the pasture who perish that the human crowds may feed?

"In the midst of the Indian Ocean one stormy evening when the wind began to rise.

"Two poor bullocks remained of a dozen which had been taken on board at Singapore, to be eaten on the voyage. These last had been saved for the greatest need, because the voyage was protracted and the ship blown backward by the wicked monsoon.

"They were two poor creatures, weak, thin, precious to see, their skin already broken about their starting bones by the rude-making of the waves. They had journeyed thus many days, turning their backs to their native pastures, whither no one would ever lead them again; tied up shorthly by the horns, side by side, lowering their heads meekly every time that a wave broke over them and drenched their bodies in its chilly wash; their eyes dull and sad, they munched together at bad hay, soaked and salted; condemned beasts, already struck off the roll of the living, but fated to suffer long before they would be killed—to suffer from cold, from blows, from sickness, from wet, from want of movement, from fear.

"The evening of which I speak was especially melancholy. At sea there are many such evenings, when ugly livid clouds drag along on the horizon as the light fades, when the wind arises and the night threatens to be bad. Then when one feels oneself isolated in the midst of these infinite waters, one is seized with a vague terror that twilight on shore would never bring with it even in the dreariest places. And these two poor bullocks, creatures of the meadow and its fresh herbage, more out of their element than man on this heaving and rolling desert, and not having like us any hope to sustain them, were forced, despite their limited intelligence, to endure in their manner all this suffering, and must have seen confusedly the image of their approaching death. They chewed the cud with the slowness of sickness, their big joyless eyes fixed on the sinister distances of the sea. One by one their companions had been struck down on these boards by their side; during two weeks they had lived alone, drawn together by their loneliness, leaning one against another in the rolling of the ship, rubbing their horns against each other in friendship.

"The person charged with provisioning the ship came to me on the bridge, and said to me in the usual formula: 'Captain, they are about to kill a bullock.'

"I received him ill, though it was not his fault that he came on such an errand. The slaughter of animals took place just underneath the bridge, and in vain one turned away one's eyes or tried to think of other things, or gazed over the waste of waters. One could not avoid hearing the blow of the mallet struck between the horns in the centre of the poor forehead held down so low to the floor by an iron buckle; then the crash of the falling animal, who drops on the bridge with a

clashing of bone upon wood. And immediately after it is bled, skinned, cut in pieces; an atrocious nauseous odour comes from its opened belly, and all around the planks of the vessel, so clean at other times, are soiled and inundated with blood and filth.

"Well, the moment had come to slay one of the bullocks. A circle of sailors was formed round the iron ring to which it was to be fastened for execution. Of the pair they choose the weaker, one which was almost dying and which allowed itself to be led away without resistance.

"Then the other one turned its head to follow its companion with its melancholy eyes, and seeing that its friend was led to the fatal corner where all the others had fallen, *it understood*; a gleam of comprehension came into the poor bowed head, and it lowed loudly in its sore distress. Oh, that moan of this poor solitary creature! It was one of the most grievous sounds that I have ever heard, and at the same time one of the most mysterious. There were in it such deep reproach to us, to men, and yet a sort of heart-broken resignation, I know not what of restrained and stifled grief, as if he, mourning, knew that his lament was useless and that his appeal would be heard by none. 'Ah, yes,' it said, 'the inevitable hour has come for him who was my last remaining brother, who came with me from our home far away, there where we used to run together through the grass. And my turn will come soon, and not a living thing in the world will have any pity either for him or me.'

"But I who heard had pity.

"I was even beside myself with pity, and a mad impulse came over me to go and take his big, sickly, mangy head to rest it on my heart, since that is our instinctive caress by which to offer the illusion of protection to those who suffer or who perish. But truly indeed he could look for no succour from anyone, for even I, whose soul had thrilled with pain at the intense anguish of his cry, even I remained motionless and impassive in my place, only turning away my eyes. For the despair of a mere animal should one change the direction of a vessel and prevent three hundred men from eating their share of fresh meat? One would be considered a lunatic if one only thought of such a thing for a moment.

"However, a little cabin boy, who, perhaps, was also himself alone in the world, and had found none to pity him, had heard the cry—had heard it and been moved by it like myself to the depths of his soul. He went up to the bullock and very softly stroked its muzzle. He might have said to it, had he thought to do so:

"'They will all die too, those who are waiting to eat your flesh to-morrow. Yes, all of them, even the youngest and strongest, and maybe their last hour will be more terrible than yours, and with longer pain. Perhaps it would be better for them if they too had a blow of the poleaxe on their foreheads.'

"The animal returned affectionately the boy's caress, gazing at him with grateful kind eyes, and licking his hand."

The cynic will demur that this compassion for cattle will not prevent the human eater from consuming his *bœuf à la mode*, or his slice from the sirloin, with appetite. But even if cattle must be slaughtered, how much might their torture be alleviated were men not wholly indifferent to it. The frightful infamies of the cattle trade on sea would be ended were none bought after a voyage. The hideous deaths by drought and by cold, all over the plains of South America, would be no more. No longer would a single living bullock endure thirty agonising operations on his quivering body, when fastened down to the demonstrating or experimenting table of veteri-

nary students. It is not so much death itself, when swift, sure, almost painless, which is terrible, as it is the agony, protracted, infinite, frightful, incalculable, which is inflicted for the passions, the pleasure, or the profit of men.

Were such sympathy as breathes through the *Book of Pity and of Death* largely felt, all the needless cruelty inflicted by the human race, that mere carelessness and indifference to which the world is so full, would gradually be reduced until almost in time cease entirely. The cruelty of the rich to horses from mere want of thought alone is appalling. Few know or care how their stables are managed, what is the maxim of work which should be demanded of a horse, and what the torture inflicted by certain methods of breaking-in and harnessing and driving. Frequently are to be seen the advertisements by carriage-makers of "one-horse broughams, warranted for hill work and to carry four persons, with, if desired, a basket on roof for railway luggage." That these abominable loads are given to one horse continually there can be no doubt, as these announcements are frequent in all the newspapers, and never seem to elicit any wonder or censure. A shabby and vicious economy constantly gives, in this extravagant and spendthrift generation, a load to one poor horse which would certainly in a generation earlier, and undoubtedly in a century ago, only have been given to a pair of horses or even to two pairs with postillions. Speed, also, being insisted on, no matter what load is dragged, the race of carriage-horses grows weaker and weaker in build and stamina. What woman, either in any capital of the world, thinks for a moment of keeping her horses out in rain and snow, motionless for hours, whilst she is chattering in some warm and fragrant drawing-room, or dancing and flirting in some cotillon? No attention is ever given to the preferences, tastes, and affections of animals, which yet are undoubtedly of great strength and tenacity in them, not only towards their owners, but often, also, towards their own kind. I am at the present moment driving a mare who was always driven with her sister, who died eighteen months ago. She does not forget her sister, and the stable companion given her instead she hates, and endeavours, with all her might, to kick and bite across the pole and in the stalls. I have also a pony so attached to his comrade that they could live in the same loose-box together, and when the companion died, this pony was miserable, whinnied and neighed perpetually, lost health, and in a few months died also. In life he was the humble and devoted slave of his brother, would fondle him, clean him, follow him about in all directions, and show to him every testimony of affection possible in one creature to another. Yet such feelings as these, although very common in animals, are never remembered or con-

sidered for an instant, and animals of all kinds are sold from owner to owner, and hustled from place to place, with no more regard than if they were chairs and tables. What they suffer from strange voices, new homes, and unfamiliar treatment no one inquires, for no one cares. Convenience and profit are all which are considered. There is little or no remembrance of the idiosyncrasy of each creature: The ecstatic, ardent, nervous temperament of the dog, the timid, imaginative, impulsive mind of the horse, the shrinking shyness of the sheep, the attachment to place and people of the wildest or silliest creature when once kindly treated and long domesticated—all these things are never recollected or considered in dealing with them. Hard and fast rules are laid down for them by which they, in their various ways, are forced to abide. Their natural instincts and desires are treated as crimes, and their longings and preferences are unnoticed or thwarted. Who ever thinks of or cares for the injustice and cruelty concentrated in that single phrase, "*The hounds were whipped off,*" or its pendant, "*The fox was broken up,*" &c., &c.? They are sentences so common, and so often used, that the horrible cruelty involved in them has altogether passed out of notice. Men and women grow up amidst cruelty, and are so accustomed to it, that they no more perceive it than they do the living organisms in the air they breathe or in the water they drink. Were it otherwise they could not walk down Ludgate Hill or up Montmartre without unbearable pain. The grief of the ox driven from his pastures, of the cow divided from her calf, of the dog sent away from his master, of the lion torn from his desert or jungle, of the ape brought to die of nostalgia in cold climes, of the eagle chained down in inaction and gloom, of all the innumerable creatures taken from their natural life or their early associations, because the whim, the appetite, the caprice, the pleasure, or the avarice of men is gratified or tempted by their pain, never moves anyone to pity. They are "subject-creatures" in the human code, and what they may suffer, or may not suffer, is of no import. Of less import even than the dying out of the Maoris, or the dwindling away of the Red Indian tribes, or the death of African porters on the caravan routes. It is said that there is less cruelty now than in earlier times, because some public spectacles of cruelty have been put down in many countries. But since this age is the most exacting in small things, the most egotistic, the most silly, and the most nervous which the world has seen, it is probable that its increased interference with animal liberty, and its increased fear of them (not to mention its many increased means of animal destruction and torture, whether for sport or experiment), have diminished their freedom and multiplied their sacrifice. Freedom of choice and act is the first condition of animal as of human happiness. How many

animals in a million have even relative freedom in any moment of their lives? No choice is ever permitted to them; and all their most natural instincts are denied or made subject to authority.

If old pictures and old drawings and etchings are any criterion of the modes of life of their own day, there can be no doubt that animals were much freer and much more intimately associated with men in earlier times than they are now. In their representations we see no banquetting scene without the handsome dogs stretched upon the rushes or before the dais, no village fair without its merry mongrels running in and out between the rustics' legs: no triumph of emperor or ceremonial of cardinal or pope without the splendid retriever and the jewel-collared hound: in the pictures of the Nativity the animals are always represented as friendly and interested spectators: in scenes from the lives of saints the introduction of animals wild and tame are constant: therefore, as we know that all these old painters and etchers depicted invariably what they saw around them, it is certain that they were accustomed to see in their daily haunts animals made part and parcel of men's common life. They were roughly treated, may be, as men themselves then were; but they were regarded as comrades and companions, not as alien creatures to be despised and unremembered except for use and profit. When the knight offered up his falcon his heart was rent, as in parting from a brother most beloved.

It is a fearful thought that were not animals considered to contribute to the convenience, the profit, and the amusement of men they would not be allowed to live for a half-century longer. They would be destroyed as ruthlessly as the buffalo of the United States of America has already been, and all birds would be exterminated as well without remorse. There is no honour, no decency shown in the treatment of animals and birds by men. When Menelek sent the other day, as a gift to Carnot, his two tame young lions, who had been free in his rude African palace, and were only eighteen months old, the receiver of the gift could give them nothing better than a narrow cage in the Jardin des Plantes.

Even the lovely plumage and the great agricultural utility of the thistle-seed-eating goldfinch does not save him from being trapped, shot, poisoned, caged, as the ignorance, greed, or pleasure of his human foes may choose. Nothing is too large or too small, too noble or too innocent, to escape the rapacity, the brutality, and the egotism of men; and in the schools all the world over there is never a syllable said which could by suggestion or influence awaken the minds of the attendant pupils to a wider, gentler, and truer sense of the relations of animals and birds to the human race. Indeed, it would be almost ridiculous to attempt to do so when no princeling makes a

royal visit or an Eastern tour without slaughtering by hundreds and by thousands tame birds and untamed beasts; when in every market and every shambles the most atrocious suffering is inflicted openly and often needlessly; when the *grands de la terre* find their chief diversion and distraction in rending the tender flesh of hares and pheasants, of elk and chamois with shot and bullet, and when the new scientific lexicons opened to them teach children how to make a white rabbit "blush" by the severance of certain sensitive nerves, and bid them realise that in the pursuit of "knowledge," or even of fantastic conjecture, it is worthy and wise to inflict the most hellish tortures on the most helpless and harmless of sentient creatures. To sacrifice for experiment, or pleasure, or gain all the other races of creation is the doctrine taught by precept and example from the thrones, the lecture-desks, the gun-rooms, and the laboratory-tables of the world. It is not a doctrine which can make either a generous or a just generation. Youth is callous and selfish of itself, and by its natural instincts; and all the example and tuition given from palace, pulpit, and professorial chair are such as to harden its callousness and confirm its selfishness. Even the marvellous sagacity, docility, and kindness of the elephant do not protect him from being slain in tens of thousands, either for the mere value of his tusks, or for the mere pleasure and pride taken by men in his slaughter. Even so inoffensive a creature as the wild sheep of the hills of Asia is mercilessly hunted down and shot by European sportsmen, although his carcass is absolutely of no use or value whatever when found, and it is usually lost by the shot creature falling down a precipice or into some inaccessible nullah. Nearer at home the chamois and ibex have been so treated that they will ere long be extinct on the European continent. To wild creatures there is no kind of compassion or of justice ever shown. I have known an officer relate without shame how, when he was once sleeping in a tent on the plains of India, a leopard entered between the folds of the canvas, and as he awoke stood still and looked at him, then quietly turned round and went out again: he stretched out his arm for his revolver, and shot, as it passed out into the air, the creature who had mercifully spared him. There is no decency, no common ordinary feeling or conscientiousness in men in their dealings with animals. They publish their advertisements without compunction of "geldings" and "bullocks," and inflict castration wholesale whenever they deem it to their profit or convenience to do so, whether their prey be a bull or a cock, a colt or a puppy. When the gourmand feels his "belly with fat capon lined," the atrocious suffering by which the capon has been swollen to unnatural obesity never troubles him for a moment, nor when he eats

his pâté de Strasbourg has he any feelings or remembrance for the geese with their webbed feet nailed down to the boards before the sweltering fires.

England has lately lamented the loss of a young man of royal birth and of gentle and kindly disposition, who died under circumstances of pathetic interest which touched the national sentiment keenly. Yet this young man, of whom it is said that he would not have willingly wronged a living being, passed his last days on earth, the days in which he already felt the chills and languor of impending sickness, in the slaughter of tame birds. There is something shocking in the thought that, during the last hours in which an amiable youth enjoyed the gladness of the air and the freedom of the woods, he should have been solely occupied in taking the life of innocent and happy creatures, reared merely to offer this miserable diversion to him and his. This degraded sport, the curse, the shame, and the peril of England, has never had passed on it a commentary more severe, a sarcasm more scathing than the words, "*There will be no shooting until after the royal funeral*" which have been announced at and of innumerable country-house parties: the sacrifice of the idolised amusement being emphasized as the most complete expression of woe and regret possible to the nation. It would be ridiculous, were it not sickening, that in a land where men prate from morning till night of public duty, and make boast of their many virtues, public and private, no shame is attached to the shameful fact that all its gentlemen of high degree, all its males who have leisure and large means, find no other pursuit or pleasure possible in autumn and winter than the innocent slaughter or maiming of winged creatures, reared merely to furnish them with such diversion.

It is inconceivable that reasonable beings, who claim to exercise preponderance in the influence and direction of public affairs, should not perceive how injurious and debasing as an example is this foolish and cruel pursuit which they have allowed to obtain over them all the force of habit and all the sanctity of a religion. Common rights are sacrificed, harmless privileges abolished, old paths blocked, pleasant time-consecrated rights of way are forbidden through copse and furze and covert, all wild natural woodland life is destroyed by the traps, poisons and guns of the keepers and their myrmidons, and incessant torture of woodland animals and incessant irritation of rural populations go on without pause or check in order that princes, gentlemen, and *rastaguouères* may pass week after week, month after month, year after year, in this kind of carnage which is delightful to them, and at which their women unashamed are encouraged to assist. "Walking with the gun" has now become a favourite and fashionable feminine amusement. In

the middle of the day both sexes indulge in those rich dishes and stimulating drinks, which are their daily fare, and carry typhoid fever into their veins; and after luncheon, replete and content, they all return to the organised slaughter in the leafless woodlands, or the heather-covered moors, or the "happy autumn fields." The gladiatorial shows of Rome might be more brutal, but were at least more manly than this "sport," which is the only active religion of the so-called "God-serving classes." It is hereditary, like scrofula; the devouring ambition of the baby-heir of a great house is to be old enough to go out with the keepers; and instinct against such slaughter, if it existed in his childish soul, would be killed by ridicule; example, precept and education are all bent to one end, to render him a killer of creatures wild and tame. If he make later on the tour of the world, his path over its continents will be littered by dead game, large and small, from the noble elephant to the simple wild sheep, from the peaceful and graminivorous elk to the hand-fed pheasant. There is no escape for him; even if he have little natural taste for it he will affect to have such taste, knowing that he will otherwise be despised by his comrades, and be esteemed a *lusus naturæ* in his generation. He dare not be "odd"; the gun is the weapon of the gentleman, as in other days was the rapier or the sword; the gun-room is his *Academe*; he is learned in the choice of explosive bullets, and can explain precisely to any fair companion the manner in which they rend and tear the tender flesh of the forest animals.

Read this exploit of sport printed by a Mr. Guillemard, apparently without the slightest sense of shame. He is in the pursuit of "big-horn" (*ovis nivicola*), animals perfectly innocent and harmless, living in the wilds of Kamschatka.

"One, which appeared to carry the best horns, was more or less hidden by some rocks, but the other stood broadside on upon a little knoll, throwing up his head from time to time. . . . Resting my rifle on the ground, I took the easier shot. There was no excuse for missing, and as the bullet made the well-known sound dear to the heart of the sportsman I saw that it had broken the shoulder, and the animal, staggering a yard or two, fell over seawards and was lost to view."

It is lost irrevocably. The joy of having slaughtered him is not, however, the less.

A little farther on the sportsman suddenly comes upon "a very much astonished bighorn: a fine old ram of the fifth or sixth year."

"I fired almost before I was conscious of it, but not a moment too soon, for the beast was in the act of turning as I touched the trigger. It was his last voluntary movement, and the next instant he was rolling down the precipice. . . . The fun was not yet over, for, perched upon a bare pinnacle, stood another of our quarry. The animal had been driven into a corner by some of our party

on the cliff above. The next instant, after a vain but desperate effort to save himself, he was whirling through four hundred feet of space. . . . On going up to him I found one of the massive horns broken short off, and the whole of the hind quarters shattered into a mass of bleeding pulp. . . . Our decks were like a butcher's shop on Boxing Day."

And the scene seems so beautiful to him that he photographs it.

This is the tone which is general and which is considered becoming when speaking or writing of the brutal slaughter of harmless creatures. No perception of its disgusting consciousness, its foul unseemliness, ever visits writer or reader, speaker or hearer.

When men kill in self-defence it is natural; when they kill for food it is excusable; but to kill for pleasure and for paltry pride is vile. How long will such pleasure and such pride be the rule of the world? They have the strongest justification that Anarchists can claim. If the heart of Tourguenieff could be put into every human breast, the quail would be a dear little feathered friend to all; but as the world is now made, the story of Tourguenieff's quail would be read in vain to deaf ears, or, if heard, would be drowned in peals of inane laughter. Could that sense of solidarity of community between animals and ourselves, which is so strongly realised by Pierre Loti, be communicated to the multitude of men, cruelty would not entirely cease, because men and women are frequently horribly cruel to each other, and to dependents, and to children, and to inferior and subject human races, but cruelty to animals would then be placed on the same plane as cruelty to human beings, would be regarded by society with loathing, and punished by the severity of law, as cruelty in many forms to human creatures is now punished. Whereas now not only are all punishments of cruelty, other than to man, so slight as to mean hardly anything at all, in fact totally inefficient and wholly inadequate, but the vast mass of cruelty to animals, the daily continual brutal offences against them of their owners and employers is placed, perforce, entirely out of reach of any punishment whatsoever.

A man can chain up his dog in filth and misery; the rider may cut his horse to pieces at his caprice; the woman may starve and beat her cat; the land-owner may have traps set all over his lands for fur and feather; the slaughterer of cattle may bungle and torture at his pleasure; the lady may wear the dead bodies of birds on her head and on her gown; the mother may buy puppies and kittens, squirrels and marmosets, rabbits and guinea-pigs, to be the trembling plaything of her little children, tormented by these in ignorance and in maliciousness till death releases the four-footed slaves: all these and ten thousand other shapes and kinds of cruelty are most of them not punishable by law. Indeed, no law could in

many instances find them out and reach them, for the cruelty often goes on behind the closed doors of house and stable, kennel-yard and cattleshed, nursery of the rich and garret of the poor. No law can reach it in its aggregate; law is indeed, as it stands, poor and meagre everywhere, but cruelty could not, by any alteration of it, be really abolished. To be destroyed it must become a revolting thing in the eyes of men; it must offend their conscience and their love of justice. It would do this in time, could such a sense of unison with animals as is the inspiring motive of the *Book of Pity and of Death* become general in humanity. There is little hope that it ever will, but the world would be a lovelier dwelling-place if it could be so.

Rome, it is tritely said, had no monument to Pity. Yet it was the Romans by whom the man was stoned who slew the dove which sought refuge in his breast. The multitudes of the present day are, all over the world, below those Romans in sentiment. Their farmers shoot even the swallows which build confidently beneath the eaves of their roofs. Their gentry cause to be trapped and slain all the innocent birds which shelter and nest in their woods. The down of jays' breasts flutters on the fans of their drawing-room beauties, and *locophares* and *colibri* sparkle in death upon their hair. If in a mob of Londoners, Parisians, New Yorkers, Berliners, Melbourners, a dove fluttered down to seek a refuge, a hundred dirty hands would be stretched out to seize it, and wring its neck; and if any one with the pity of old Rome tried to save and cherish it, he would be rudely bonnetted, and mocked, and hustled amidst the brutal guffaws of roughs, lower and more hideous in aspect and in nature than any animal which lives. There is no true compassion in that crowd of opposed yet mixing races which, for want of a better word, we call the modern world. There is too great a greed, too common a selfishness, for the impersonal and pure feeling to be general in it. Yet, as children are born cruel but may often be taught, by continual example and perception, kindness and self-sacrifice, so perchance might the multitudes be led to it were there any to teach it as Francis of Assisi taught it in his generation. Were there any to cry aloud against its infamy with the force and the fervour of a Bruno, of a Bernard, of a Benedict, as insistently, as passionately, St. Francis would have walked with Loti hand in hand through the olive-trees with the good wolf between them; and what beautiful things they would have said to each other!

But the Churches have never heeded the teaching of Assisi; they have never cared for or inculcated tenderness to the other races of creation in which, whether winged or four-footed, the preacher of Assisi recognised his brethren. They have been puffed up with the paltry pride of human self-admiration; and they are now being

outbid and outrun for influence and popularity by the teachers of that still more brutal, more narrow, and more vainglorious creed which calls itself science, in which so many crimes are perpetrated as in the name of liberty.

As all religions reign awhile, then pass and perish, so will the reign of science ; but very possibly not before its example and demands will have destroyed on the face of the globe all races except man, who in his turn will become nought on the exhausted surface of a dead earth. But, meantime, whilst those whom we call inferior creatures are still with us, while the birds people the air which would be so empty without them, and the beasts live around us with their pathetic eyes, their wise instincts, their long, patient, unrewarded forbearance, we are nearer to the secret mystery of life when we feel, with Francis and with Loti, the common soul which binds ourselves and them, than when we stand aloof from them in a puffed-up and pompous vanity, or regard them as the mere chattels and chores of a bondslave's service.

QUIDA.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA AND THE MOMBASA RAILWAY.

THE vote for £20,000 to survey the route for a railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria, which passed the Committee of the House of Commons on Friday, March 4, gave rise to perhaps the most important debate affecting the question of slavery which has arisen since the cause of the African negro was so gloriously and successfully championed sixty years ago by Brougham, Buxton, Clarkson, Macaulay, Wilberforce, and others.

It must be the sincere desire of all who have a knowledge of the horrors of slavery, and who have witnessed the vast tracts of fertile lands laid waste by the cruel and relentless slave hunter, to see the extinction of slavery worked out before the close of the present century. This, at least, must be effected by us within our protectorate over the Sultanate of Zanzibar, which is the head-quarters of the Arab slaver on the East coast, and further throughout the entire sphere of British influence in East and Central Africa, for which we have become responsible by excluding others ready, for sake of the advantages, to accept the responsibilities if we draw back. Although but barely seven years remain before the advent of 1900 to accomplish so desirable an object, it is my conviction that the present is an exceptionally favourable time to take such a work energetically in hand, with every prospect of bringing it to a successful issue.

The following remarks were offered on certain points upon which the House seemed to require fuller information.

Mr. Buchanan, the Member for Edinburgh (West), is reported to have stated that:—

“If it were alleged that the repression of the slave trade would be specially served by the construction of the railway, there was no information to support that view. The slave routes did not go through the territory of the British Company, but were to the south of it. There was no traffic in slaves from the Victoria Nyanza to Mombasa. The slave routes were by Kilimanjaro. That was a good route for a railway, but it was an impossible one, because it was through German territory. We should have to construct military posts for the defence of the railway. It was a country which not only presented great physical difficulties, but was also inhabited by savage people. The trade routes with rich and prosperous Uganda were not in the direction of this railway, but they were either north, through the Nile valley, or south, through territory which was now under German influence.”

The answer to this is that the slave chart referred to in the debate shows nine routes debouching on the east coast. Two of these run through Portuguese territory, four through the German, and three through

the British sphere of influence ; but the source of one of the routes through German territory being Uganda (which is within the sphere of British influence), there are more routes to be controlled by the British than by either the Portuguese or the Germans, and Germany could well denounce us as co-signatories of the Brussels Act, if we permitted our sphere to remain a centre of the slave trade on their border. Although it is understood that 25 per cent. of the slaves in Zanzibar and Pemba come from the Nyassa district, slave hunting goes on equally in the north. The slave route that passes Kilimanjaro lies chiefly in the British sphere before it crosses the frontier ; but an important road branches off from it to the British coast, south of Mombasa. This route as well as that from Uganda would be intercepted by the proposed railway.

The survey of the route from Mombasa to Kikuyu has already been completed by Captain Macdonald, R.E., the special surveyor selected by her Majesty's Government, who reports that the 350 miles surveyed out of a total of about 500 miles present no difficulties. The ruling gradient being 1 in 66, the cost of construction and equipment of the section surveyed he estimates at about £3,000 per mile. This easy route from the coast to the healthy highlands of the interior passes wholly through the British sphere ; that through the German territory being, on the contrary, everywhere mountainous and difficult. The inhabitants of the country already surveyed by Captain Macdonald are peaceable agriculturists, and through the protection afforded by the Company the roads have become safe for small parties of natives, who now pass to and fro without fear of being kidnapped as slaves. There is a saving of several hundred miles by following the route to the lake and Uganda from Mombasa, which is more direct than the old trade route through German territory, which passes from Bagamoyo through Mpwapa, crossing swamps and mountains on the way. The route to Uganda by the Nile is long and uncertain, the river being closed to navigation for one or more years at a time through the formation of the "sud." This fact was recognised by General Gordon, who advised the Egyptian Government that, if they wished to retain the trade of the equatorial provinces, they must obtain a footing on the Zanzibar coast. To effect this, Mackillop Pasha was dispatched at the head of a costly naval expedition and seized the ports of Brava and Kismayu on the east coast, the latter of which is now within the British zone ; he was compelled to withdraw through the intervention of her Majesty's Government, acting on behalf of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Before doing so he reported to General Gordon and the Egyptian Government, that the true port to command the trade of the Equatorial Nile Valley was Mombasa.

Mr. Bryce, the member for Aberdeen, is reported to have stated :—

"He believed there was little or no evidence of any slave trade at all within the territory of the East African Company. Captain Lugard, too, said, in describing his proceedings in Uganda, that the slave trade was practically non-existent now in that place. He described a considerable portion of the country as being practically uninhabited, and for the rest it was inhabited by very savage tribes, who were not likely to furnish what was called 'remunerative local traffic.' How was this railway to be made? There were no means of obtaining indigenous free labour to make this railway. They would have to import coolies from India, or Chinese, to make the railway, or make it by slave labour. There were warlike tribes along the route, to whom the iron would be as valuable as a gold mine. Nothing less than a line of forts would be sufficient to protect this railway."

This is in direct contradiction to statements made by Mackay, of Uganda, who tells us of 4,000 slaves, the result of Uganda slave raids, sent yearly to the coast. From personal observation, and judging by the reports of the Company's officers, I have no hesitation in saying there is every evidence that the internal slave trade is as active within the territory assigned for the East Africa Company as elsewhere in Africa where there is no legitimate commerce open to the people. No time should, therefore, be lost in grappling with this evil and effectually stamping it out, now that we can deal with it at its sources. This, I believe, can be done effectually, now that we have a right to act on land, at a cost to the National Treasury but trifling compared with the vast sums hitherto fruitlessly expended with this object.

In South Africa slavery is kept in check by the settled European population and the local industries that are springing up. The partitioning of Africa into spheres of influence makes it incumbent upon our neighbours, Italy, Portugal, and Germany, to adopt the measure necessary to guard their districts, relieving us of all obligations in these parts. It remains, therefore, for her Majesty's Government to deal with the direct British Protectorates and the territories taken over and recognised by the British Government, as included under British Charters. At present labour on the coast is supplied largely by the Arab slave trader. Where, then, are those slaves obtained? Can it be supposed at the present day they are brought in by sea to Zanzibar, Pemba, and Mombasa from the Portuguese possessions in the South? We know that only 25 per cent. of the slaves in Zanzibar come from the Nyassa district. The island of Pemba, the great market for local slave labour, by which 12 million pounds weight of cloves are grown yearly, lies opposite to Mombasa, and is reached by crossing a narrow channel that can be traversed in the night. Consular reports show that slaves are transported across the channel in open boats to supply these clove plantations, and that our navy has never captured over 5 per cent. of slaves that are shipped. The Arab is a keen and astute trader. If one or two of his canoe loads of slaves are occasionally captured, the remainder ensure him such

profit that he is content to incur the risk. It is absolutely impossible for the slave cruisers thoroughly to blockade all the small inlets and creeks along the mainland opposite to Pamba, where slavery is still recognised as legal on shore. When this is so, is there not every encouragement held out for the continuance of this brutal trade, and are we not bound in honour as the promoters of a combined international action, as also by old traditions of which we are proud, to see the slave trade stopped in the limited field for which we remain responsible to the world?

Captain Lugard, after crossing the Tazvo (when proceeding to Uganda) surprised and ran into a slave caravan on its way to the coast. They endeavoured to disappear into the jungle, and he only realised what they were on coming upon fifteen girls and one man in slave sticks, several very young children (infants) being carried, together with one woman and three young children, two of whom were emaciated by starvation. These he took on with him and released. Two of the leaders and a boy of superior rank he took prisoners as evidence of their crime, and subsequently sent to the coast, having elicited that the owners and leaders of the caravan were all Mombasa men.

At various places within British territory there are communities of slaves (estimated to number from 50,000 to 60,000 souls) who, having escaped from their masters, have congregated in independent village communities, but are afraid to go far from home. Are these not proofs of the existence of the trade in that quarter?

Captain Williams, writing on 4th October, 1891, of the slave trade in Uganda, says:—

“It may interest you to know that a few days ago I got the King to issue orders against the sale of slaves across the border. Messengers were sent all over the country, and yesterday a case was brought up to be dealt with at the next *baraza* (council).”

This only corroborates what we already know from Mackay and other missionaries, and is supported by the slave chart already referred to, showing that the trade does exist there.

If a railway is not at once constructed to reduce the cost of transport to and from the coast, rendering the present system of human portage unprofitable, the danger is, as already evidenced in the populous districts of Usoga, that by the opening up of new districts through the mere agency of roads an impetus will be given to raiding by Arab ivory and slave traders in fresh fields, hitherto exempt from the baneful presence of the slave hunter. The portion of the country described by Captain Lugard in one of his reports as being practically uninhabited is a small district near the coast along the Sabaki Valley, a country fertile in many parts, but depopulated by the enslaving of the Galla tribes, who till lately ruled the country. This is not the route Captain Macdonald proposes the railway to

follow, although it possesses much fertile land, and would, under a protecting Government, rapidly be again peopled by agricultural and pastoral tribes, who have feared to settle there because it is the water route taken by the marauding bands of Masai on cattle raids. The dread of meeting these bands has not only depopulated the country, but forced the trade route to cross a desert belt which the Masai, unable to drive their stolen cattle along without water supply, never visit. Late reports state that since the occupation by the Company the people of Malindi and elsewhere show indications of settling again in the Sabaki Valley, and as the Company's influence extends so will the Masai be kept in check. The attitude of the Masai is referred to elsewhere.

The experience of the Company's officers who have now crossed the country in all directions is that no savage tribes capable of offering serious opposition even to a small body of men occupy the proposed line of railway. On the contrary, it is for the most part peopled by extremely peaceable and industrious tribes, who cultivate large tracts and raise considerable herds of cattle, industries that could be greatly extended were the people afforded the necessary protection and a market for their produce.

Although slave labour is the common form of labour in the islands and on the coast, where the Arab is predominant, the Wagirama, Wanyika, and the other tribes along the line of survey would undoubtedly work for wages as free men on the railway. When the harbour works and the pioneer line of railway were under construction at Mombasa I have found myself, when acting for the Company, unable to provide employment for all who applied. And on some days the service of one hundred to two hundred free people had to be rejected, being in excess of the Company's requirements. The Company has always found abundance of free labour to carry out its public works, and has in every case paid the wages to the labourer himself. Such labour is not of the same quality as Indian native labour, but if the construction of the railway should afford employment to a number of our British Indian fellow-subjects now suffering from over-population in their own country, and if the fertile soil and congenial climate of East Africa induced those immigrants and many others to settle as cultivators of the soil, is this to be regarded as an objection to the construction of the railway? It rather seems to me to prove that such a line will produce more widely extended benefits than are generally contemplated, and bestow them on a deserving people who are sorely in need of them, and in whom we are directly interested.

There are, as has been said, no warlike tribes along the line able to place any serious obstacle in the way of railway construction. Those who now covet iron wire (not rails, for to them steel rails are

useless) for the manufacture of spear- and arrow-heads would, with the advent of the railway, speedily convert their spears into plough-shares, and learn that the trader, by means of the railway, could supply agricultural implements from Europe at a cheaper rate than they could themselves manufacture them. Although wire is now an important article of commerce, the Company has not observed that the people cut or steal the telegraph wire in the district through which the telegraph now passes. The idea, therefore, that the "iron rails would be to them as valuable as a gold mine" is an imaginary bogie, which need not be seriously considered.

Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said—

"There is the statement upon which Lord Salisbury relies, and upon which the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Goschen) relies, that we are called upon to proceed in fulfilment of the obligations of the Brussels Conference. We are not called upon in fulfilment of these obligations. The Brussels Conference included no reference to the subject whatever, and by necessary inference it excluded this subject, and shows that it has nothing whatever to do with the proposal of her Majesty's Government."

It is the chief purpose of this paper to supply information on points with which I have become personally acquainted while administering the affairs of the British East Africa Company during a two years' residence at Mombasa and along the coast-line of the British sphere of influence.

I will not, therefore, comment upon what may or may not be the obligations undertaken by this country under the Act of Brussels to which the right honourable gentleman refers. I observe, however, he only quoted the first article of Chapter I. of the Act. Had he read on it would be seen that the third and fourth articles of the very Chapter he pointed to, declare, as "among the most effective means for counteracting the slave trade in the interior of Africa—

"3. The construction of roads, and in particular of railways, connecting the advanced stations with the coast, and permitting easy access to the inland waters, and to such of the upper courses of the rivers and streams as are broken by rapids and cataracts, in view of substituting economical and rapid means of transport for the present means of carriage by men.

"4. Establishment of steamboats on the inland navigable waters and on the lakes, &c."

Mr. Gladstone went on to say:—

"It is a most singular thing that, according to this report of Captain Lugard, almost without an exception, all these people who are at variance with one another yet are agreed in being hostile to the administration of British troops. There are strong religious influences at work. There are Roman Catholic missionaries in this sphere of influence; and it appears that the East Africa Company takes upon itself to inform French missionaries where they may go and where they may not go, and assumes over them a Governmental control. They happen, however, to be a very powerful body, and between them and the Protestant missionaries, who are much fewer in number, there is rivalry, and

the Protestant missionaries welcome the influence of the right honourable gentleman, hoping, doubtless, that it will be backed up by force of arms; whilst the Roman Catholics, on the contrary, who are the large majority, are very averse to it."

The right honourable gentleman was not fully informed or he could not have quoted that extract from Captain Lugard's report to represent the true state of feeling in Uganda. The Company's officers first entered Uganda at the urgent request of the king and the English missionaries to restore order and prevent the overthrow of the king and the flight of all the missionaries, Roman Catholic and Protestant alike, as had happened before, and to save this independent and nominally Christian State from reverting to Mohammedanism and heathenism. Captain Lugard and Captain Williams have both acted with such praiseworthy impartiality in the trying situation in which they have been unwillingly placed, that it is the Protestant party who now complain that the Roman Catholic party is being unduly favoured by the Company's officers. As the personal bias of these officers might be expected to lean towards their co-religionists, could there be more convincing proof of the justice of their action? Very properly they seek to hold themselves aloof from religious questions, and have by their impartial behaviour so impressed the king that, as Captain Lugard wrote in a later report, Mwanga—

"Announced in *baraza* that he had never fully believed in our impartiality and professions until now; but now he was completely convinced that we had come for the sole purpose of bringing peace and order to his country. Now we had saved the country when nothing else in the world could have done so, and that without loss of a single life; and he then publicly declared his intention of following my advice in everything."

In reply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who stated that "all along the route treaties have been made with the chiefs," Mr. Gladstone said:—

"Show us those treaties. If the forms of the Committee allowed of it, a motion ought to be made for the postponement of this vote. Show us those treaties, I repeat. Are these treaties with the Masai? They are on the route. But I have so far got the names that I know that these Masai—if I can trust Sir G. Molesworth—are on the route, and I know that Captain Lugard has expressly stated that it is absolutely useless to attempt to make any treaty whatever with the Masai, and that you must put them down. You see, from what Sir G. Molesworth says, that hostilities are to be looked upon as certain."

Mr. Gladstone's remarks on the assumed hostility of the natives are based on the report of Sir Guilford Molesworth, who with no personal means of judging, framed his report of the country from the description of Mr. Joseph Thomson and other early travellers, which refer to a state of things no longer in existence. For three years the Company's caravans have been passing and repassing

through the country of the "bloodthirsty Masai," and not once have they been met by force. When three years ago the first caravan was sent up country the directors, influenced by the same accounts of the people on which Sir G. Molesworth formed his opinion, thought it unsafe for the party to carry less than five hundred rifles. The last caravan sent to Uganda consisted of only forty natives, who had not the least hesitation in undertaking the journey through the once dreaded Masai country. As conclusive proof that the condition of the country has now wholly changed, I may mention that last year Mrs. French-Sheldon, accompanied only by her European maid and sufficient Zanzibar porters for the conveyance of her personal baggage, visited the Masai tribe at their stronghold near Kilimanjaro, where she was well and kindly received; she speaks in the highest terms of their treatment of her party. I may add that the East African Scottish Industrial Mission, under the Rev. Dr. Stewart (of Lovedale), has been established on the Kibwezi River, about two hundred miles from the coast. The little settlement is on excellent terms with the people, who welcomed them and readily sold land to them to form a mission settlement. The people have already solicited their good offices to settle tribal differences, which have been satisfactorily settled. The Masai tribe owns the authority of no paramount chief, unless perhaps that of a sort of priest or "medicine man," called Mbatien, who lives at Kilimanjaro, but whose authority would not be recognised by the people in the British Masai country. There is no central power among the Masai, nor are they under the rule of permanent chiefs; they are therefore subject to no controlling or regulating influence but that of their medicine man, or of their temporary leaders when on a cattle raid. Captain Lugard explains the reasons why he declined to attempt making any treaties with them as follows:—"The Lëgonani, or chiefs of the bands of Morans (warriors) are responsible to no one, and are under no control whatever by any chief or by the older men." Therefore there is no use in making treaties with them. It is only the young unmarried men of the tribe (the "El Moran") who go on the cattle raids, and these are terrible only when in greatly preponderating numbers against a weak, defenceless tribe. On one occasion a single European officer of the Company, with only two Zanzibaris to support him, routed a party of over eighty of these "warriors," whom they met raiding not far from the coast. When on the war-path these bands of "Morans" undoubtedly exhibit most bloodthirsty traits of character. Their object is to carry off the herds of cattle and to strike terror into the minds of the people upon whom they prey. It is on such occasions their custom to massacre all men, women, and children alike, and carry devastation and ruin along their path. To root out and check such inhuman practices is one of

the tasks which the British Company is most desirous of accomplishing equally with that of the suppression of slavery. The task is not viewed as a difficult one. The elders or married men of the tribe never participate in these raids, but settle down in their districts, attending to their flocks and herds. Already the Company's officers have done much to establish peaceful relations and civilising influences over those with whom they come in contact. Quite recently a party of four hundred Masai left their country in company with a coast trader, with a view to coming down to the coast to "make friends" with the Company; and the administrator is now engaged in making arrangements for employing these people as postal runners on the line to Uganda through their own territory, and for drilling a body of one hundred as soldiers in the Company's service.

Mr. Gladstone's "presumptions converge to show that what you have to expect from the mass of population in this region of Africa is bitter and, generally speaking, united hostility." The practical experience of the officials of the Company, I am able to reply, goes emphatically to show that there is no foundation for such a presumption, and that in return for protection and fair treatment the natives everywhere have shown themselves most willing and anxious to maintain friendly relations with Europeans.

Mr. Gladstone made a strong point in connection with treaties, which he represented as obtained without valuable consideration given in return; but the form of treaty used by the Company, read to the House by Sir Lewis Pelly, shows that it is in return for protection that the people transfer to the Company full rights of sovereignty. It must always be borne in mind, when considering the motive that favours the negotiation of these treaties, that protection is the greatest desideratum in a country of tribal warfare where the weak are constantly the victims of the strong, and there can be no doubt that the presence and action of the Company have done much to give confidence to the industrious and peaceful tribes.

Mr. Labouchere states :—

"There had been a most deliberate intention on the part of the Government, and to a certain extent on the part of the Company, to conceal from the House the facts that were in their possession."

That accusation was fully met by the answer Sir W. Harcourt gave in reply to the question put to him by Sir Lewis Pelly, to which I shall have to refer later on.

When on 1st March Mr. Labouchere asked the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—

"Whether he would lay upon the table of the House a list of the first subscribers to the capital of the Company, the amount subscribed by each, all subsequent transfers, the annual balance-sheets of the Company since its forma-

tion, the names of the directors of the Company, and the amounts received each year by them in fees, salaries, or otherwise, &c., &c.

he was told that he might apply to the Company. He did so, and although in no way called upon to supply this information, so willing were the Directors of the Company to disclose to the House the facts in their possession that a letter was addressed by the Secretary of the Company to Mr. Labouchere, giving him the information he applied for to the Under Secretary of State, and a full copy of this letter appeared in the *Morning Post* of 3rd March; only a brief portion of the letter, however, was given to the House by the Hon. Member for Northampton.

Mr. Labouchere is reported to go on to say:—

“Assuming that the railway was made, there was nothing to convey by the railway. It was said that ivory at present cost £300 per ton for conveyance to the coast, and that when the railway was made it would cost only £3 a ton. Was maize to be charged £3 a ton for carriage to the coast?”

In reply to this I would say that maize and such bulky products would not have to be charged £3 per ton freight.

The statement to which Mr. Labouchere's remarks had reference was based on the calculation that £3 per ton average on the carriage of only 12,000 tons per annum of merchandise of all sorts, whether export or import, would, it is estimated, be sufficient to meet the cost of working the line for that bulk of carriage; but it is a mistaken assumption that maize and such like would be charged the same freights per ton as ivory and other valuable and less bulky exports; or as imported cotton goods, woollen goods, cutlery and so forth. The better freights procurable on valuable exports and imports should render possible the carriage of bulky grains at such rates as would put them on home markets in competition on fair terms with similar products of any foreign country.

An estimate of 12,000 tons per annum in all for exports and imports to a railway tapping a country for 550 miles in the most part rich and fertile, and capable of producing two crops per annum, and further draining extensive territories beyond and serving a population of, say, even 6,000,000 souls, is surely safe. It would, I think, not be extravagant to assume an export of grain alone of 65 tons per annum per mile of line. Such export at even £1 per ton (as against a rate of £1 2s. 6d. from Delhi to Bombay, for instance) would in itself yield the sum necessary for working expenses, leaving whatever might accrue in addition from carriage of hides, india-rubber, cotton, beeswax, ivory, coffee, and ultimately tea, and so forth, largely to the good; and this, too, leaving out of account altogether the valuable import trade in British manufactures which would assuredly result. A large demand is known to exist for blankets and

woollen goods, prints and other cotton goods, hardware and implements of all kinds; and there will be a corresponding demand for other manufactures as wants are created. It has been roughly calculated, that if but one-third of the estimated population trade to an extent that will yield the line but one shilling per head per annum, there will be ample revenue to relieve the Government wholly of the guarantee which it must, in the first instance, be asked to provide; and this is the experience of all the railways which in the earlier years in India had to be guaranteed by Government.

Sir W. Harcourt and other speakers on the Opposition side of the House, seem to have implied that it was the desire to suppress much information contained in Captain Lugard's report relevant to the railway. Such could not have been the case, for it will be observed from the answer given to the question put by Sir Lewis Pelly to Sir W. Harcourt, that the copy of the report, from which he quoted so voluminously, was put by the Directors of the Company, not only into the hands of the Right Honourable Member for Derby, but into those of other members on the Liberal side of the House, so far back as July last year; that is, as soon as possible after the report had been received. So that there was no desire of withholding any information that the report contained; and as regards that report, all who took part in the debate, for or against the vote, were placed in the same position. The report, however, being one addressed by Captain Lugard, as a servant of the Company, to his directors, contains private and personal allusions (in no way bearing on the question of the railway) which would make it unfair both to the writer and the parties he mentions, to lay the report, as it stands, upon the table of the House as an official document.

Sir W. Harcourt in representing that the treaty made by Captain Lugard with the King of Uganda was extorted by force, should in justice to that officer have quoted other passages from the report in his hand, which showed that the various clauses of the treaty had been fully discussed with the chiefs and accepted by them before being submitted to the king; that Captain Lugard "had every point fully brought out," and that it was *thoroughly rendered* into Swahili. Also that many of the men spoke Swahili fluently, and corrected the interpreter when he erred in conveying the true sense. Sir W. Harcourt rather disingenuously suppressed this passage which he had before him, as he did the source from which the report reached him, and began his quotation so as to convey the impression that the treaty had been obtained by force. It is important to bear in mind that the Company did not enter Uganda on a mission of conquest, but in compliance with urgent requests from the king and chiefs to afford them and the Christian party aid and protection against their enemies, the Mohammedan party, and the people of

Unyoro. It was not to be supposed that the Company would do this without taking adequate securities that its action, very costly to itself, should not merely result in benefit to others. If Sir W. Harcourt had made known the terms of the treaty which he represented as an instrument of oppression, his rhetoric would entirely have missed its effect. On December 13, Captain Lugard arrived at the confines of Uganda, and the moment the king heard that he had come, he dispatched to him a letter of welcome. With regard to the general method of concluding treaties with native chiefs, and the steps taken to guarantee that the chief or chiefs signing them have the power to act for their people, a reference to the descriptions given by Captain Lugard of the treaty-making which he had done on the way to Uganda would have shown that the methods of force were not, as Sir W. Harcourt says, "how treaties were obtained."

In reply to Sir W. Harcourt, who said, "he understood that one of the chief objects of the Company was to promote colonization and to acquire land for settlement," the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated :—

"Yes but there were two ways of doing that—one was by taking the land, and the other was by paying for it. And this was one of the great merits of this Company—that they introduced the custom of paying for everything they wanted. . . . It should be remembered that their object was not to take away their lands from the natives, and that the natives had suffered under the harrowing of Bedouins and of the Masai. . . . The East Africa Company had a blameless record in that respect. There was no case where it had ever been shown that they had acted with precipitancy in such matters."

Objections raised to the construction of a line of railway from the East Coast to the Victoria Nyanza on the plea of an unhealthy climate, poor soil, &c., or hostility of the natives, are shown to be groundless.

On the other hand, the construction, through the British sphere of influence, of such a line either from political, humanitarian, or commercial considerations, could not fail to raise this important portion of the African Continent, for which we are accountable, out of the present depths of degradation and misery which it would be a disgrace for any civilised nation to tolerate.

As regards slavery within the British sphere. There are edicts of the Sultan of Zanzibar which already make the status of slavery unknown to law in Kismayu. The treaty which the people of Witu signed with the Company abolishes slavery in 1896. The principal coast Arabs have signed treaties with the Company which prohibit the holding as slaves any members of the tribes of the interior who have placed themselves under the protection of the Company. Any so held, it is agreed, shall, on discovery, be confiscated without compensation of any kind. The scheme for general emancipation is thus already well advanced. What we have chiefly to deal with

now are the recognised domestic slaves, many of whom refuse to leave their masters; and there must always be difficulty in preventing fresh acquisitions of these so long as slavery exists and there is no official register of slaves held. The principal Arabs along the British coast-line have further signified readiness to permit their slaves to redeem themselves on payment of 25 dollars (£3 10s. 8d.); the difficulty is to provide them with the means of doing so. The construction of a line of railway, such as is proposed, would enable them to earn wages which they might either draw or leave partly on deposit to purchase their freedom. Under proper regulations all abuses would readily be prevented. If, simultaneously with the construction of the railway, notification was made that on the 1st January, 1899, an enactment similar to Act V. of the Indian Legislature would be passed, no doubt the most effectual remedy would be applied to meet the case of all slaves, especially those in the, at present, unexplored interior, who might be employed to convey produce on the roads leading to the railway. In the interval, the sea trade and importation into Pemba being seriously taken in hand and effectually stopped, no hardship would be inflicted on the Arabs, ample free labour would be available for the cultivation of their plantations, contracts being entered into and registered at regularly established courts along the coast. Confiscation would be avoided and time given to the people to adapt themselves to the altered conditions without suddenly dislocating the present relations existing between master and slave; and in the end a considerable saving would be effected to the national treasury.

The slave cruisers at present employed on the East Coast are variously estimated to cost from £100,000 to £200,000 per annum. The service, of necessity, has to be conducted by them in a manner that sacrifices many valuable lives of officers and men of her Majesty's navy through fevers contracted watching, as they must do, the approaches to Pemba for days and nights together, exposed in open boats to the drenching rains of a tropical climate and the burning rays of a tropical sun.

The direct effect of the Mombasa-Victoria railway upon slavery in that quarter would assuredly be to render unnecessary the present expensive and trying modes employed to check the slave trade there, while the traffic over so vast a field as would be drained by the railway would probably in the space of a very few years so develop as to prove more than sufficient to provide for the guarantee.

It must be borne in mind that the immediate effect of the line reaching the Lake Victoria would be to render practicable the navigation of that inland sea by steam-vessels, and likewise justify an extension of line to the Albert Lake and steamers thereon to ply on the Nile as feeders to the trunk line. Cart roads no doubt would be

made at different points, spreading out on either side of the line, and so civilisation and commerce would be extended in a way that can alone be effected by a railway.

The natural features of the British sphere in conjunction with the proposed railway afford every facility for the rapid extinction of the slave trade concurrently with the development of the territory. On its northernmost frontier there is the important navigable river Juba, running up to the confines of Abyssinia, two hundred miles farther south there is the river Tana, both waterways admitting of cheap navigation and superseding the necessity for human portorage. One hundred and fifty miles south of the Tana is the proposed railway. These three lines running parallel to each other, roads would doubtless in time cover the intervening territories. It is idle to talk of abolishing slavery by decrees, unless the fatherly and protective hand is extended to provide means of building up a new and higher form of life, as the old and debasing one is being demolished, and this is the key-note of the Brussels Act.

British East Africa, if but properly and judiciously taken in hand, will prove, and that shortly, a valuable field for the enterprise and commerce of this country, and future generations will have cause to bless the statesmen who secured to them such an inheritance.

During the debate it was admitted by parties on both sides of the House that the question should not be argued as one for party consideration. This attitude I trust may be maintained. It should not be overlooked that Mr. Gladstone's Government shares the credit for the development of Africa with that of Lord Salisbury. It should be remembered that, as pointed out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was the action of Lord Granville that began the creation of the "spheres of influence," which is the subject of this paper, and if the present Government is responsible for granting the charters to the British East and South African Companies, they but follow the policy approved by the House of Commons and the nation when Mr. Gladstone granted the charters to the Niger and Borneo Companies.

When the greater question of the railway from Mombasa to Lake Victoria comes under discussion, it may be hoped that it will be fully realised that the moderate amount requisite to provide the guarantee to carry into execution a work that must extinguish slavery, which can be the only security for the abolition of the slave trade, is a work that at the same time secures a vast and valuable new field for the commerce of this country, and, eventually, will effect the saving of a large sum now, and for many years past, annually granted under the Slave Vote.

GEORGE S. MACKENZIE.

THE GLADSTONE-HARTINGTON CONTROVERSY.

TWELVE years is no very long period in political history; and it might be supposed that whatever happened in public affairs as recently as 1880 could hardly become a matter of misrepresentation on both sides of a controversy in 1892. Yet we have seen, by a fierce little dispute that broke out about a month ago between some high Gladstonian and Unionist authorities, that such things may be; and since the result of the controversy has been to obscure the truth on both sides, and since the *vérité vraie* affords a brilliant illustration of the amiable deceits and friendly concealments by which a whole nation is oftentimes led into error, it will be no waste of paper to expound the said *vérité*.

The dispute to which I allude has been rinsed out of memory by some gossip members, by some significant debates, division and discontents in the House of Commons, and other matters of less importance which have the advantage of being fresher by at least thirty years. But the question whether the Duke of Devonshire (who, as Lord Hartington and leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons) was or was not desirous of preventing Mr. Gladstone from taking the post of Prime Minister in 1880 was discussed with great ferocity while the discussion lasted, and its details will be easily recalled to memory. The affirmative was defended by the Gladstonian *Speaker*, in an article that had all the appearance of inspiration little short of divine—an article which was generally believed, indeed, to have descended in rough draft from Heaven. It was immediately answered by resounding contradiction in the *Times*, Liberal Unionist. For many days the quarrel raged. The *Speaker* was positive, though seemingly timorous of challenging inquiry into the ground of its allegations. The *Times* was hot, and its auxiliary correspondents (highly authoritative persons, to all appearance) raged with indignation: and all the while neither party was right. Or, to speak more accurately, perhaps, neither told the public, whom both were so anxious to instruct, the real facts of the case.

What the Gladstonian wished us to believe was that, with all his unquestionable titles to respectability, Lord Hartington did not play a fair game exactly, during a certain week in April, 1880. At that eventful time he was not so faithful to *les idées Gladstoniennes* as the true Liberal could desire, or, indeed, as most Liberals fancy. In point of fact, the great electoral victory of 1880 having been won by Mr. Gladstone alone (that is the assertion), Lord

Hartington would have kept him out of the new Government:—did, indeed, try to form an Administration behind Mr. Gladstone's back, or over his head, or whatever may be the most condemnatory description of such an endeavour. Thus the Gladstonian champion. What the candid reader had to gather from the other side was that never for an instant did Lord Hartington wish to obtrude himself before his venerable leader. Not for a moment did he think it right or wise that Mr. Gladstone should remain in retirement from office after the triumphs he had achieved for the Liberal Opposition in the spring of 1880. On the contrary (Mr. Brett, who is supposed to know, for he was Lord Hartington's private secretary at the time, wrote most positively on this point), Lord Hartington was as anxious as anybody that Mr. Gladstone should take the post that was naturally his, and where he would be so eminently serviceable to his party and his country. In the end, the Liberal Unionist disputants prevailed; though, for that matter, Mr. Brett is not a Unionist, I believe. When the controversy terminated, the all but universal impression was that the Gladstonian editor was entirely wrong, and his opponents superlatively right. As a matter of fact, that impression is a false one in both particulars; and it should be corrected not merely for the sake of historical truth, but for the moral and the lesson which the facts convey.

To understand them thoroughly, it is necessary to remember one thing which the Gladstonians have done their utmost to ignore, to obscure, and, when challenged upon it, to deny. They will never acknowledge the conditions under which the elections of 1880 were taken. Even by Conservative politicians it seems to be forgotten that the dissentient Liberals are not a new party. That party came into existence not six years ago, but about twenty years; that is to say, between 1870 and 1874. Though the dissentients from Gladstonism had at that time no organisation, no leadership, no distinctive name, they overthrew Mr. Gladstone in 1874, and never repented afterwards or ever changed their minds. From 1874 to 1880 this party had a recognised leader in Lord Hartington. He was understood to represent them specially—to be their own man; and they were strengthened as a distinct sect throughout that period by the sense that what the Gladstonian temper had destroyed the Liberal temper had rebuilt. The re-edification of the party which Mr. Gladstone broke up, its restoration to self-respect and efficiency, was due to the Moderate Liberal spirit working in Lord Hartington and themselves, who were dissentients from Gladstonian works and ways. And not less was this party reunited and confirmed by the excessive ravings of Mr. Gladstone in the Bulgarian-atrocity time, and by alarm at the headstrong, uninquiring sentimentalism in foreign affairs which flared out of

him from Midlothian platforms. As a consequence, the Hartingtonians (to give them a name which they would not have rejected) drew together more closely as the septennial period from 1874 ran out and the date of another General Election approached. All through the later years of the decade the two sections of which the Opposition was composed moved farther apart—the one asserting itself more defiantly as Radicals, the other more emphatically as Moderate Liberals. It presently appeared that these last-named men and voters distrusted Mr. Gladstone as much in 1879 as they did in 1873. If at the earlier date they longed to get rid of him, at the later they were anxious that he should not return, and, what is more, meant that he should not.

This is no mere historical inference drawn from subsequent revelation, or the piecing together of obscure evidences. Though the actual state of things in the spring of 1880 seems to be no longer remembered, it was a matter of universal knowledge at the time. The existence of an anti-Gladstonian party amongst the Outs was as well known as the dissidence of Liberal dissent at the present day. When the elections were about to begin, the objection of thousands of Liberals to Mr. Gladstone as ministerial leader was an acknowledged factor of the highest moment. There was some delicacy about declaring it, of course, just as at this hour a considerable number of Conservatives hesitate to proclaim their dissatisfaction with the Radicalising of Lord Salisbury's Government; yet the Liberal dread of Mr. Gladstone's return to office came out in all directions, and was imported into every discussion of party prospects. The Radicals (Gladstonians) were forced to admit that unless the hesitations of their Liberal comrades were overcome the election would be lost. The feeling of insecurity on that ground was so great that at a critical moment the *Daily News*, the most influential Opposition journal, was constrained to publish an article acknowledging that Lord Hartington's services to the party entitled him to a continuance of its leadership, and declaring that his deposition in case of success at the polls would be ungrateful and impolitic. In short, the fears of the Moderate Liberals—the men who determined Mr. Gladstone's rejection in 1874—were soothed by every available means; and nothing was more notorious at the time than that great numbers of them voted who would have abstained from the polls but for a persuasion that Lord Hartington would remain to guide his party with the wisdom and steadiness that had so signally marked his career as leader.

When these things are remembered, it will be seen that the Hartingtonian Liberals were not a new party in 1886; that they were brought into existence by Mr. Gladstone, not in that year, but in 1874; that they were a strong party in 1880; and that in that

year they had a right to hope, and were even taught from the Radical ranks to believe, that if the Conservatives were upset Lord Hartington would not be deposed. And it is obvious that these facts have a strong bearing on the controversy that was started by the *Speaker* and continued in the *Times*. The disputants on the one side were anxious to make out that there was something peculiarly disloyal in Lord Hartington's (alleged) endeavours to form an administration without Mr. Gladstone. On the other hand, the more eager and pretentious of Lord Hartington's apologists (it is convenient to speak of him by the name he was known by till lately) professed amazement that he should be accused of harbouring any such desire. But in view of the history of the Liberal party from 1874 to 1880, and its actual conditions when Lord Beaconsfield dissolved Parliament in the latter year, this amazement is itself rather amazing.

There are various kinds of loyalty in State affairs. There is a personal loyalty, loyalty to a chief, such as persuaded many a Jacobite into foolish and ruinous courses. There is a loyalty to principles, which may righteously predominate over personal loyalty even to the cashiering of a chief, as was seen in 1874 and 1886; and this sort of loyalty may be strengthened by a belief, a perception, that party shibboleths are not so much in danger as national tranquillity or national safety. And when these things are considered, who can say that Lord Hartington would have been "disloyal" if he had done his best to form an administration without Mr. Gladstone in 1880? At the moment I do not say that the then leader of the Liberal party had a wish that his old chief should return to the seclusion which had proved so extremely beneficial to his friends and followers six years before; but suppose the wish strong in him, why must it be called disloyal? The word is not of imperative application, nor would it be if Lord Hartington had consented to any regular and blameless means of fulfilling his desire; unless, indeed, there be but one kind of loyalty in the world, and that a personal loyalty, recognisant of some sort of divine right.

This, at any rate, cannot be said. It cannot be said that the administration which was formed in 1880 proved any man wrong who wished that Mr. Gladstone had gone back to his books. The history of that Government was so fiery and eventful that its every incident is well remembered even now; and there are not many Radicals who do not shudder at the recollection of them. It cannot be pretended, of course, that anyone foresaw the extraordinary series of shames, dangers, and humiliations which the autocrat of that Government contrived for his country. But it can be said (and now we are coming to the point of these remarks) that if these achievements were not foreseen, the remarkable capacity of their hero for

going wrong was known to every considerable personage amongst his colleagues—known to them and dreaded by them, according to their own acknowledgment. I am not speaking of 1886, but of 1880; not of enlightenment after the disorders, the disasters, and disgrace of the Gladstonian administration which ended in 1885, but of the judgment already formed by most of the Liberal leaders when the chieftainship of that administration was yet undetermined. It will be a surprise to many readers of this Review that at that time, the time embraced by the controversy originated by the *Speaker*, the prospect of Mr. Gladstone's return to office was viewed with distress and misgiving by nearly every man of mark who afterwards served with him in the new Government. But so it was, as some could testify who heard the expression of their hopes and fears from the lips of those gentlemen themselves.

If the editor of the *Speaker* ever believed, as at one time he seems to have believed, that Lord Hartington went about on a round of intrigue, endeavouring to get up a backstairs combination in order to prevent the return of Mr. Gladstone to office as Prime Minister, he was mistaken. All who held to the belief when the distinguished Gladstonian journalist explained that he did not mean so much as that were equally in error. But, on the other hand, they were wrong—and, knowingly or unknowingly, did deceive the public while pretending to disabuse it—who replied to the effect that Lord Hartington and his colleagues delighted in the great man's return to power, and would on no account have wished him anywhere else in the momentous year eighteen hundred and eighty. Both assertions were erroneous; but though the first of the two has been withdrawn, or very nearly reduced to the innocent truth, the other remains to perpetuate what seems to me a public injury. As to that we may have a word to say farther on; meanwhile let us get to the facts of the case, as the veracious historian of Party Government in the Nineteenth Century will set them forth by-and-by.

We have just been reminded that even while the General Election of 1880 was going on, the whole body of Liberal voters were in doubt as to who would be Prime Minister should they gain the victory. It remains to be said that their official chiefs were in no certitude on that point either. Like the Moderates in their rank and file, they wished that Lord Hartington should remain at their head; or, to put it another way, that Mr. Gladstone should not officially be placed there. It was suggested in the course of the recent dispute that Mr. Gladstone had made an early intimation of his desire to resume the leadership should the Opposition triumph; but there is the highest authority for believing that he did nothing of the kind. Apart from this testimony, we are to remember that there are victories and victories. The Opposition did win on that

occasion by a vast majority; they might have won by a very small one—less than a score. All was uncertain on either side till the polling was well started; and a prudent statesman, at liberty to advance a claim to office or go back to honourable retirement amidst thunders of applause, would naturally await the upshot, regardless of the question, “Is it a good working majority?” But whether Mr. Gladstone did or did not reserve his choice in that affair (and it would be a blameless reserve if he did) as a matter of fact the leader of the winning party remained ignorant as to whether the Member for Midlothian proposed to supersede him or not at the moment when the victory was complete. The polling was all over—except for one Hebridean return, if memory serves—on a certain Saturday in April. It was not known then, where it should have been known first of all, whether Mr. Gladstone had definite expectations (= determinations) of taking command in the new Government. No doubt, all who were concerned with his decision had a pretty clear opinion as to what it would be; but of absolute knowledge there was none. Then began certain goings to and fro, pending the somewhat tardy “message from the Queen;” and it is upon the interim confabulations of Lord Hartington with his friends—natural and innocent conference upon any hypothesis of his desires—that the accusation of “disloyalty” was raised.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the incidents of that momentous week of Cabinet making; and, indeed, some of very great significance will not bear relation yet awhile; they must be allowed to recede a little farther into the domain of history before they are brought into print. But it is not too soon to say that, though there was no such Liberal intriguing as we have heard of to prevent Mr. Gladstone's re-admission to office as Prime Minister, yet the *Speaker* would have been right if it had maintained that neither Lord Hartington nor any other great official member of the Liberal party wished for his return. They had no such longing. On the contrary, their desires ran strongly the other way. Had he taken the course that would have been most serviceable to his reputation, retiring again to Hawarden when the battle was over, they would have rejoiced; though not, of course, because their first care as British statesmen was for Mr. Gladstone's place in history. Neither can any Radical suppose in his calmer moments that envy, malice, or selfseeking in any shape inspired their hopes that Mr. Gladstone would not insist on his advantages; for we are speaking of men like Lord Hartington, and of him chiefly. The simple truth is that they thought his resumption of office as Prime Minister (no other post being possible for him, of course) would be bad for the country, and bad for the party. To my own knowledge that was the belief or the fear of nearly all the Liberal leaders whose names were most

honoured and whose judgment was most trusted by Liberals themselves. For a hundred fine qualities of heart and intellect—some real, some imaginary—they admired the man as much as ever; but they dreaded his reappearance as Prime Minister. They could but ponder certain utterances of his on foreign affairs; they were forced to consider the divided state of the party, and the disgust which so many Liberals would feel on discovering that they had voted him into power again; and they had direct intimations of mischief to come if he insisted on forcing himself into their leadership officially. One of the foremost two amongst them said with unwonted emphasis in my hearing, "If he does come back he will smash the party once more." This prophecy was uttered a week before Mr. Gladstone "kissed hands"; for the next five years he never ceased from justifying his friends' misgivings, and then the prophecy was outrageously fulfilled.

"But this story can hardly be true," some of its readers will say, "because, apart from the recent testimony of two or three authoritative persons in the *Times*, we remember that Mr. Gladstone's appointment as Prime Minister was hailed with hearty satisfaction by the very men you are talking of. They celebrated his courage, his eloquence, his wisdom in every public place where they appeared; giving us to understand that their own confidence in him was without a flaw, and that we might consider ourselves lucky in having such a man for Minister instead of any inferior person like themselves." I remember, too, and with better reason, perhaps. It was quite as the gentle reader says. These praises of Mr. Gladstone, these expressions of boundless confidence in him as the country's guide and caretaker, were poured into the ears of every audience which these same gentlemen addressed from political platforms after the new Government was formed. And yet in the foregoing paragraphs there is no misrepresentation of their sentiments as otherwise expressed. Of course, the explanation of the puzzle is, exigency of party organization. Nevertheless, the facts in this case seem to raise the question of loyalty in a rather complicated form. By any one who knew why Lord Hartington and his colleagues preferred that Mr. Gladstone should not take office disloyalty cannot be imputed to them on that ground. For he had no claim to office that was superior to considerations of the public good; and it was precisely because (wisely as it turned out) certain of his comrades gravely feared that as Prime Minister he would be a public calamity that he was not wanted by them in that post. Yet with this fear upon them (coupled, no doubt, with anxiety lest they should import contention into "the party") they took no measures to avert the dreaded misfortune, or none that were in the least degree likely to avail. If Lord Hartington or Lord Granville was

"sent for" by the Queen when Lord Beaconsfield resigned, it was not in consequence of the Tory leader's advice, nor because of any caballing between the Whig lords, nor—for that also seems to be believed—because her Majesty had a personal dislike to putting the Government into Mr. Gladstone's hands. There would have been no impropriety in such a dislike, if it existed; but the simple explanation of the course that was taken by the Queen was that it was the regular course. Lord Hartington was the official leader of Opposition in the House of Commons, Lord Granville in the House of Lords; and something more than etiquette required that one or other of those gentlemen should receive the first commission of the Crown to form a new Government. But neither etiquette nor any obligation of the kind obliged either of them to decline the honour till it had been offered to Mr. Gladstone and refused by him. Yet this was done—partly in anxiety to avoid complications in their own camp, but also from sentiments of loyalty to "the Grand Old Man." They felt, no doubt, that if Mr. Gladstone wished to take official command, it would be more than useless to oppose his desire; but they also felt that, as men of honour, they could not expose themselves to the accusations of "intrigue," of "disloyalty," that would certainly ensue if they endeavoured to keep out of office a man whom yet they regarded as more or less of a public danger.¹

All this is perfectly intelligible, and the upshot of it is that Lord Hartington is completely absolved from the particular charge of disloyal intrigue that was aimed at him. But what of loyalty to the country? Or for that matter, what of loyalty to party?—which is not all comprised in a dozen men of Cabinet rank, any more than the king is the nation. But for these questions it would hardly be worth while, perhaps, to return to the dispute over Lord Hartington's conduct in 1880; though it is not unimportant that

(1) It has been said that Lord Hartington was extremely desirous of resigning his leadership to Mr. Gladstone in November, 1879—when the Opposition campaigning was still in full swing; and this desire has been advanced not only as a proof of "loyalty to Mr. Gladstone," in the personal sense, but as clear evidence that Mr. Gladstone was regarded by Lord Hartington as the fittest man to govern the country. It admits, however, of a different explanation. Lord Hartington is an eminently fair-minded man; and he may well have thought that since success at the next elections would probably be followed by Mr. Gladstone's re-appearance at the head of affairs, it was only right that the country should know betimes what to expect. No Liberal would then go to the poll under an impression that he was voting for anybody but Mr. Gladstone, or in hope that his party would still be guided by the men who had redeemed it from destruction in 1874. From the same hand that informs us of Lord Hartington's wish to resign the leadership at the end of 1879 we also learn that the desire was disallowed by Mr. Gladstone, on the ground that resignation would probably bring disunion into the party. The meaning of which is that the indisposition of many Liberals to vote for Mr. Gladstone was well recognized; and we know that since Lord Hartington did not resign they went to the polls under the illusion which it seems he would have spared them.

future chroniclers should be led into the belief that the Opposition leaders of that period neither attempted to put aside Mr. Gladstone, nor wished him to remain out of office. Far more important is it, however—far more important as an example of the way in which the country is sometimes deceived by those whom it trusts the most—that these gentlemen studiously concealed their desire for Mr. Gladstone's exclusion, and the grounds for that desire. They had their excuses for doing so, but that is what they did. And was not their first responsibility to the country? I repeat that in the declared opinion of at least three or four of the most eminent and influential of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues—men whose judgment was held in high esteem, and whose unselfishness was never questioned—the return of that gentleman to power would prove a national misfortune. Moreover, at least one of them foresaw and foretold that the party itself would again be smashed by him if he took the conduct of it; and that alone must have seemed to them a great public misfortune. That their apprehensions were well founded we know by the melancholy history of the years 1880—1886; but not a word of them was allowed to reach the nation in general or the party in particular. They knew Mr. Gladstone. With all their admiration of his splendid gifts, they could not conceal from themselves that he was a dangerous man at the head of affairs; yet they not only shrouded their judgment on that great matter from public view, but incessantly exhorted their fellow-countrymen to believe Mr. Gladstone a paragon of genius—the greatest and most trustworthy of living statesmen. Some of them have talked very differently since—amidst changed circumstances but not with changed minds. And it surely must occur to them that it would be far more easy to persuade the people now that Mr. Gladstone is no safe guide if they had not laboured so hard at other times to exalt him to the highest. The present inconvenience of their laudation in the past must press upon them heavily. They must needs reflect that if he has so strong a hold upon the popular mind it is very much their own work, and must blame themselves accordingly. But while they see that they have done themselves so much injustice, I wonder whether they would admit a further guilt, and allow that for years they wronged all who listened to them trustingly? They must know that they deliberately strengthened in many of their rank and file what they believed to be an erroneous and unwarrantable faith. They cannot be unaware that many Liberals, for many years, took Mr. Gladstone almost on trust from themselves. He was for ever revealing his imperfections—his dangerous defects of temper, his vindictiveness, his incomplete veracity, the amazing self-persuasion that led him to believe anything true and good, or vile and false, that would suit him to uphold or to destroy. These were

obvious demerits of an all but fatal sort; and over and over again they must have shaken the faith that was built in many a mind upon his supposed sincerity of character. But faith being shaken, then were heard the praises of him, the protestation of profound confidence in his wisdom, that his colleagues raised on every side; and the natural comment of the just doubting one was this: "Of course, something must be allowed to Gladstone, which proverbially has its vagaries. And who are Mr. Gladstone's nearest friends and most faithful captains? Here are half a dozen who are no geniuses, but men of judgment and veracity, who are not in the least degree likely to go out of their way to speak what they do not feel. And while I have no personal knowledge of Mr. Gladstone, these keen observers have; and since they continue to declare that he has not his match for wisdom, foresight, courage, and all the loftier attributes of statesmanship, that should be enough for me." The doubter was satisfied. Will they who satisfied him say that he was not deceived? that he was not wronged? that there was no disloyalty to the trust they knew he reposed in them? Suppose they had let out their real opinions and exposed their misgivings. Since they were all believed in as sincere and honest men, would Mr. Gladstone's position in the country have been what it was, and would not the country and "the party" have been happier and more fortunate than either has been able to call itself since the year 1880? Of course we are now postulating the actual consequences of what was thought loyalty to Mr. Gladstone, and what at the same time seems to be unquestionable disloyalty to the nation. Those consequences might not have been so bad; yet we have a right to bring them into the account, and, with or without them, to ask whether no wrong is done when a certain order of statesmen imposes beliefs and confidences upon the people which are to themselves perilous matters of doubt. Does loyalty to a leader as leader make it right? Is it loyalty to a party to confirm it in present error and leave it to the chances of future destruction for the sake of an interval of peace? Such questions as these arise upon the controversy that forms the text of these remarks, and I do not for a moment pretend that they need debate before one party alone. A vast deal that is going on amongst the dozen men who rule the country to-day forbids any such partiality.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRENVILLE meanwhile had secured for himself at least one luxury—solitude. The emotions of men and women show themselves in different ways. A woman suffering as he did, would have cried, or have broken down somehow. Grenville at first did nothing but sink into a chair by his writing-table—bite his lips, and listen to a sigh which he could not suppress, and which only quivered under his vain attempt to do so. But this pain called for some fuller relief than this. Lying on his writing table was his diary. He had written nothing in it for days. He now opened it, hastily seized a pen, and the paper was soon sounding under its rapid vindictive strokes.

"I don't know," he began, "if Hell is a real place; but if it is, I know the nature of its torments; for during the last three days, I have suffered them. They have nothing to do with hot tongs, or the fire-place. The fire and the burning iron are supplied by one's own soul. They consist of the sense of sin, together with the constant commission of it—and sin is the act of being separated from one's true self; and also from that to which one's true self is devoted. If we were separated from this once for all, if one's belief in its value once for all died, then one might be at peace: but in Hell this belief is always coming to life again, only that one may feel the torture of again making oneself unfit for it. It is a never-dying, ever-reviving death. This sounds like a fragment from some book of theology. It is really the literal confession of an ordinary man of the world; whose thoughts are busy immediately not with God, but a woman—and a woman whom, according to theologians, he has no business to love. But with an extraordinary fidelity this secular experience of mine, embodies what theologians say. To me this woman represents everything that is good—everything that is high and beautiful; and knowingly and deliberately I have estranged myself from her, committing against her daily acts of treachery. And my will has consented. But here is the strange thing:—it has, as it were, consented against my will; and whenever this has happened—what monkish specialist will lend me an image savage enough?—a red-hot knife has gone through the tissues of my soul, cutting away from me all that in myself I respected, and leaving my life dead. Now for the first time in its fulness I know what guilt means. I remember a certain morning when I thought for a time I knew it. I thought I was convicted by my own conscience and abased before it. I know better now. What menaced me on that occasion, as if it were a sense of guilt, was really terror or distrust of an untried situation. For so far as this woman is concerned, I was absolutely true, absolutely single-hearted: and for the first time in my life I was beginning to realise what absolute devotion to another human being meant. Theologians and moralists may say of me what they like; but I swear by all that

they think sacred, that a new inward light was that morning dawning on me. But now, if that light is darkness, how great the darkness is!

"Irma," he continued, "I know that you have been strange and hard to me. You have tried me. But what of that? What must be worth, if I could not bear such trials? How often have I said to you that I longed to suffer for you; and here at the first acute suffering, I fall away! And yet—— Why have you left me without a single word? Are you going to take your own way to heaven, without so much as saying one good-bye to me?"

Here his pen arrested itself. Seizing a piece of blotting-paper, he placed it on the page, and abruptly shut up the book; and having reflected for a few moments, he set himself to write a letter. It had no formal beginning. It ran thus:

"I want your opinion on a matter, which is of great importance to me: and I hope you will be good enough to read what I say patiently, and not be angry with me for venturing thus to trouble you. What would a woman say, if a man wrote like this to her?—would there be anything in it to touch or appeal to her, and soften her heart towards him, if, having cared for him, she had driven him away from her? Read this, and tell me. If—the man says—you feel that your relationship with me sets you at variance with yourself, or sullies you, or destroys your peace, I will not ask you to let me again come near you. But I will ask you one thing, both for your sake and mine. In cutting yourself off from the past that we have shared together, even whilst you condemn it, be just to it. As for your own heart you can speak better than I can. What I want to do is to tell you about mine—to tell you some things which perhaps you hardly realize, and which will not only (so I venture to hope) make you think more kindly of me, but will also prevent your thinking too hardly of yourself. I want to lay bare to you all that I have become, and been, and am, so far as my life has relation to your own; and if in this you see anything that is good and true, I ask you not only to reflect a little towards myself, but to remember that this truth and goodness is due to your influence, and is a reflection of your own nature. Well—as the truth is not a man's truth to a woman, shown by what he sacrifices, in order to live true to her? Well—for your sake, I have renounced everything. As to worldly advantages, I have retained only enough of them to keep me in such circumstances as admit of my being your companion. Forgive me for alluding to this. You know it. But I doubt if you do know how completely, in other matters, I have made a parallel sacrifice. I have made myself, for your sake, without any friend but you. I don't say that I did this voluntarily: but it has been the natural result of the affection with which you have filled me. Every one else has seemed to me strange and distant. No—not every one. There have been a few old friends, to whom I still could naturally have talked with confidence; but since I have known you, I have never done so. I have been filled with a sense that any intimate thought of mine should be revealed to you only, and shared with you only. I have made myself for, your sake, except for you, altogether alone. Whilst you remained with me, you more than made up to me for everything; but now that you have left

me, I know how complete my loneliness is. Believe me: I am not exaggerating. Over every throb of my pulse, over every thought, over every look, I have kept watch, so that everything which is worthy in me might belong entirely to you; and all that was unworthy shrivelled away and disappeared. For your sake all my sense of aspiration revived; my intellectual interests became keen again. Why do I talk? You know it. Ask your memory. Tell me this—am I so degraded and vile, that I am not fit to be near you? Perhaps if you knew all, you would not say that I am so. For shall I tell you what I have done? As you drove me away, I have tried to be unfaithful to you. It was the only way I could think of to make my exile tolerable. I have tried to obliterate your image by that of another woman. I have laid myself open to all the charms that beauty—that mere beauty—could possess, and with the set purpose of being charmed by them. What will you now say to me—me who boasted of my faith to you? And yet—and yet—I have this left to tell you. This woman could not charm me. My effort was all in vain. The pleasure I felt in her company was torture more than pleasure. Your image could not be obliterated. It is part of me. I cannot get rid of it. I am yours, and yours always. Why do you drive me away from you? If you do not scorn me for this degrading test to which I have put myself, you will see how it at least proves the strength of my love for you. But perhaps the very strength of this love will make you scorn me yet farther. If it does, do me at least one kindness. Let me see you once again, and veil your contempt in pity. Think of our past. Does all our past mean nothing? Even now I cannot bring myself to believe this, when I remember the words your lips have whispered in my ears, your eyes with all your soul in them as they married themselves to mine, and all the transfiguration of your face.

“‘Ah, dear, but come thou back to me!
 Whatever change the days have wrought,
 I find not yet one lonely thought
 That cries against my wish for thee.’”

This letter he sealed up in an envelope, on which he put no address, but merely the word “Private”; and this, having written the following few lines to accompany it, he enclosed in another, directed in all due form.

“Dear Mrs. Schilizzi, pray forgive me for troubling you; but you will find, I think, that the enclosed belongs to you. It is evidently strictly private; so I enclose it in a sealed envelope, in order that if, by accident, it fell into other hands, there should be no chance of its being read inadvertently. Pray look at it, and let me know by the bearer if you recognize it as belonging to yourself. Sincerely yours, R. Grenville.”

Summoning his servant, he asked him to procure a horse, ride to Lichtenbourg, and deliver the packet personally. “It contains,” he said, “important papers, and must be put into the lady’s own hands. You must learn from her maid when she is disengaged, as it wants an immediate answer: and unless you can find her alone, and able to attend to the matter, don’t leave the papers at all; but bring them back to me. Fritz!” he said, calling him back, “should she happen to be out for the day, you had better remain the night, and come back to-morrow morning.”

The rest of the afternoon passed anxiously. At one o'clock he presented himself in the drawing-room, silencing the inquiries of the others by declaring himself much better, but securing an immediate for a certain abstraction and listlessness by letting the impression prevail that he still was suffering. And, indeed, as the hours wore on, he began to suffer in reality. All through dinner, whenever the door opened, he turned round nervously in expectation of a letter for himself, and the tension of his nerves increased at every fresh disappointment. Afterwards they went to the billiard-table, and asked him if he were well enough to play. He began to fear that they might suspect his malady to be mental, and even—fear is so unreasonable—that they might actually suspect the cause of it. He accordingly made an effort, and laughingly took a cue. He surprised himself also by playing extremely well—only the smallest noise outside distracted him so completely that several of his best strokes he made with the wrong ball. At last the folding-doors were opened with a crash. Grenville dropped his cue. A servant with a tray came straight and quickly towards him, and on the tray was a letter. He felt that the others were observing him. Truthful as he usually was, he hid his confusion by saying, "It is a letter from the doctor in Lichtenbourg. It will keep. I sent my servant to him to get some directions about some medicine." He resumed his play, and though his spirits had really risen, he did his best to repress all signs of recovery.

The moment he was alone he tore the envelope open. It contained but these few lines: "You don't know what I have suffered since you left me. Are you coming back? Does your letter mean that? Will it be—could it be—to-morrow? As to your enclosure, my opinion of it is this—that a woman would have a heart of stone who was not touched by it."

Fritz next morning again had his work cut out for him. He was sent at eight o'clock to a town about three miles distant for a carriage, in which he was to return. He sent a note to his host, who was not an early riser, saying—and here most casuists would have acquitted him of untruth—that, although in his state of health there was nothing at all alarming, the note received last night made him wish to return to Lichtenbourg. This note, which was garnished with every necessary civility, he did not send till he learnt that the carriage had arrived; and having waited to receive an effusive message from the Pasha, he drove away from the castle as fast as the horses would take him, without the embarrassment of an adieu either to Miss Markham, or to anybody.

At first his spirits were cheered beyond his own control. The air blew freedom in his face, and his only discontent was that he could not outstrip the carriage. But then, for some cause which he could not himself explain, his state of mind changed like a day rapidly overclouding. "Why should this be?" he asked himself almost angrily. "What is it that thus changes our moods so incalculably? Are we masters of ourselves? Or are we anything more than an effervescence of succeeding thoughts, of which we are mere spectators?" An unbidden change, at all events, did take place; and, instead of looking forward to the meeting so close before him, he began to look critically at himself, and examine himself from a new stand-

point. He was conscious of the keenness of the pains he had lately gone through; now there was a sudden lull in them; and he began to ask himself whether there was not in them something unreal, and whether in the very fact of his being so distracted by them, there was not something contemptible. "Perhaps," he reflected, "when I am no longer divided from her, I shall find that I no longer care for her. Nothing can redeem my conduct except the reality, the enduring quality, of my main motive. If I find my motive fails me—if I find this affection of mine to have been a mere caprice, or a piece of sentimental self-indulgence, I shall hardly know which to do first—to fall on myself as a brute who has trifled with her life, or laugh at myself as the fool, the self-made pauper, the deliberately obscure man who has ruined his own. I sometimes doubt whether, after all, our conventional moralists may not be right, and whether a man who acts as I have done is ever sincerely unselfish; whether he will ever attest the love, of which he makes so much, by any serious sacrifice—for as to giving up fame and fortune—I can't tell; but it is just beginning to dawn on me that this may be thought to resemble recklessness more than heroism."

When he reached the hotel however, these new and formidable misgivings were for the time, at all events, dissipated by an unlooked-for piece of intelligence. As he entered the hall the first person he encountered was Mrs. Schilizzi's maid, who was just coming out of the office. She started and smiled at the sight of him, and hastened up to him to say, that she had just been sent down by Madame to find if he had yet arrived; and that if he had, Madame hoped he would come and breakfast with her. "Where?" asked Grenville. There was something in the message that surprised him. "In her own salon," said the maid. This surprised him further, as, since the departure of the Princess, she had had all her meals in the restaurant. He had no time to reflect, however. It was nearly twelve already, and, following the maid, with a beating heart, the door of the salon was being presently opened for him, and Mrs. Schilizzi was rising from a sofa to meet him. There was a smile in her eyes, half reproachful and half deprecating, and in the drooping poise of her head there was something that pleaded timidly. They looked at each other for a moment or two without speaking. Then everything else gave way to gladness. They moved towards each other. She was close to him; but suddenly some solemn influence seemed to arrest her gently. She took his hand meekly. There was no passionate embrace, but, hanging her head, she offered her soft cheek to his lips.

"Bobby," she began, with her eyes looking on the ground. She faltered. She naively showed how little she could command her words. "Bobby—I want to tell you something. Here—come—sit down."

They sat together on the sofa, and still she said nothing. He, with the tide of returning tenderness overwhelming him, put his arm about her and tried to draw her towards him. At first she yielded. Her eyes went out to meet his; and then, sharply but not roughly withdrawing herself, "Don't," she exclaimed, "don't, I can't bear it. Oh, Bobby, why do you distress me? Why do you tempt me to be so wicked?"

He was startled. Her reproach, which was one he never had heard

before, coincided strangely with his late accusation of himself; but he was conscious of one thing for which he had not just now credited himself—the reality of his own pain at the mere thought of having wounded her. All he could say was, “I don’t know how to answer you. Forgive me.”

“I suppose,” she said, “you must think me very odd and capricious. When Paul is well, and able to take care of himself, I don’t so much mind what I do; but when he is ill I can’t take advantage of that.”

“Ill,” he exclaimed, quietly moving away from her. “Irma, I quite agree with you. But you never told me he was ill.”

“Didn’t I? No, I suppose not. But he is; and both the children—they are poorly too. The doctor doesn’t know yet what the illness is, but I have been very anxious, and busy too—nursing all of them. As for Paul, I annoy him if I am much in his room; but he likes me from time to time to go and take his orders. He finds I attend to them better than any one else; and if anything goes wrong, he has more pleasure in abusing me. But as for the children, I am with them nearly all day. If it hadn’t been for this, I should have written to you sooner; and then,” she added, looking at him with an odd smile, “in spite of everything I was expecting that you would write to me. Dear, sit away, please, a little farther still. I hear them. They are coming with the luncheon.”

He asked her during the meal about the several symptoms of the invalids. The children, she said, seemed merely to have caught some chill—they were suffering from stiff necks, and had been ordered to keep their beds. But Schilizzi had nothing so definite to complain of. “I fancy,” she said, “it may be his liver, for he constantly feels drowsy, sometimes he is sick, and altogether he has no strength for anything, except to read novels as he lies in bed, and drink champagne, and eat any delicacies he fancies—which oddly enough the doctor lets him do. You see, Bobby, I have brought you back from your castle to see nobody except a poor sick-nurse—and even of her you will only see a little. And oh!” she said, “tell me this—I was so glad to see you, I had forgotten all about it. That other woman—tell me that you don’t love her. You do. I believe you do. If you desert me now, you will kill me.”

A waiter at this moment entered, and asked her if she could receive the doctor. “Of course,” she replied, “instantly.” And then, turning to Grenville, “I must ask you,” she said, “to go. I shall be busy for I don’t know how long. But if you will come back at five, I could see you for half an hour and give you some tea, and we could then speak about dinner. Good-bye. Don’t wait a moment longer.”

He went. He got rid of the hours as best he could. He was touched and troubled by her anxieties but he could not feel unhappy. In the first place, the doubts with which he had tormented himself during the drive, as to the reality of his own attachment to her, had been dispelled by his experiences in her presence. “Whenever I am near you,” he said to himself, “all my doubts vanish. My life melts into yours.” But besides this, satisfaction from another source welled up in his heart, and lifted him to a level of peace to which he had been long a stranger. This was derived from the sight of her in the midst of her trying duties. The mere fact of her

performing them was hardly in itself remarkable, but the complete self-forgetfulness, the almost religious devotion with which, from his knowledge of what each shade of manner meant in her, he saw she was giving herself to their performance, elated him with a consciousness of her depth of truth and goodness. She was vindicating his own judgment of her, when she had felt doubtful of herself. She was showing him that he had not been soothing his anxieties with sophisms when he told her that whatever the world might think of her, whatever at moments she might be tempted to think of herself, her faith to him had not divided her from her duty to others, and that everything in woman which is true and noble had been kindled and developed, not extinguished by her loving him. He thought of that first expedition he made with her—of that drive to the Pasha's Castle, and of the way she had impressed him by her sensitiveness to the beauty of nature—by her solemn and hushed delight in it. The suffering of those belonging to her seemed to touch her in a corresponding way. Just as beauty roused in her a craving prayer to appreciate it, so suffering roused in her an impulse of the same kind to spend herself in the service of relieving it. As he left her room after luncheon he had met her maid in the corridor, who told him that for three nights Madame had hardly slept.

Returning at the time she mentioned, he found her awaiting him at the tea-table. She was flushed and agitated, and there was a trouble in her lips and eyes, exactly like that of a child lost in the crowd. "Oh, Bobby," she said, "I'm so glad you've come; and yet I don't know if I ought to allow you near me. Paul's illness has declared itself. It's the worst form of diphtheria. If you're not afraid of me, sit down, and advise me. I'm half distracted."

"Afraid!" said Grenville with a laugh, which he saw was a spark of comfort to her. She smiled faintly but gratefully. She poured him out some tea, and then went on more slowly.

"The doctor suspected what was the matter, but he could not be quite sure, and he did not wish to alarm me. I've so much to tell you. Let me speak about Paul first. You remember a woman—don't you—that he admired here? Well, even although my continued presence annoyed him, I should have been with him more than I have been if the doctor had not informed me that his constant companion was this woman. Of course, neither Paul nor she had a notion of what was the matter with him; and he used to make her presents to induce her to sit and talk with him. Weak as he was, he used to laugh and chatter with her. But now, as the doctor says, of course she will not return—not only because of the danger, but because the symptoms are not agreeable. Poor creature!" she went on, "I was sorry to see him coughing. I've been wiping his lips and doing all sorts of things for him, but the worst of it is that the fact of my doing them seems in itself to irritate him. I don't mind for myself, but I could see it was so bad for him. He struggled to raise his voice, in order to find fault with me—especially when for a second or two I think I must have closed my eyes, for I am very tired—and that did something to his larynx, and his cough got worse than ever."

"How is he now?" asked Grenville, hardly knowing what to say.

"The nurse is with him now. With her, I fancy, he will be quieter. When she came into the room he smiled at her; and to me, without looking at me, but as if he was speaking to his pillow, 'My dear,' he said, 'you can go.' I went. There was nothing else to do; and anyhow soon I should have had to go to the children. But now about them—do you know what the doctor says? What they have had has been just the same thing—diphtheria. It has, however, been a very mild attack; and now they are fast recovering. He knew about it before, and he told me not to kiss them, because, he said, they might give me a cold. He thought they would soon be well, and he didn't wish to frighten me. He's a kind man. But—oh, Bobby, tell me, do I bore you?"

She looked into his eyes searchingly. He tried to shape an answer, but his lips only trembled. She understood him. Her eyes told him so. She leaned towards him and continued. "All this," she said, "is only the preface to my troubles. The children, though they are supposed to be recovered, are still, according to the doctor, in a very delicate state; and the great thing for them soon—not to-morrow, perhaps, but next day—will be change of air. They will want most careful watching for weeks and weeks. The doctor has lent me a book. For the last ten minutes I've been reading it; so far as I can see, it may be two months before we can be sure that they are really strong again. Tell me—what am I to do? Where am I to send them? And must I go with them too? It would kill me to leave them; but then—Bobby—can you tell what I am thinking of? If I don't leave my children, I shall have to desert Paul. Give me your advice. Help me. Think for me. I am bewildered."

"I should like," said Grenville, "to share all your troubles, except your bewilderment. It is lucky I don't share that. I think your course is clear. Your children require you far more than your husband does. At all costs you ought to remain with them."

She walked to the window, turning her face away from him. He watched her. He heard a slight sob, and a slight movement showed that she was gulping down some emotion. Returning to him with swimming eyes, "Ah," she said, "but I feel this." She came close to him. She laid her face on his shoulder. "I feel this," she went on with difficulty: "I have never wronged my children, but I have wronged Paul; so I want to repay him over and over again." She looked up at him with a sudden momentary smile. "I shall make myself in that way more worthy of you. Don't be shocked at what I say. I daresay you don't agree with me; and so far as my thoughts go, I can't think I have wronged him. But from habit, from the way one's been brought up, from the way even conventional opinion has somehow got into our blood, I feel that I have wronged him, though I daresay the feeling is irrational; and I want to cauterize this feeling by suffering for him—by wearing myself out for him."

"Irma," he said, "whatever my thoughts may be, I, too, at times have a feeling resembling yours. Till now I have been shy of telling you of it; but I can never again have a secret from you. Little Irma, I understand you entirely. But come, whatever we feel, our business is to be practical. Let us just consider first what it is possible to do about the children. The most obvious course would I think be to send them to the Princess."

"No," she said. "No. They are never well at the castle."

"Well," he said, "then let the Princess take them somewhere. I have it. I happened to hear at the Pasha's that the Count's hotel in the forest is now formally opened, and that he has secured an excellent doctor, who is to live there during the season. One would not wish to bring a chance of infection to the hotel, but I could get Count T—— to put the lodge at your disposal. You would send the children with nurses, or, if you liked, you could take them yourself there; and whether you would stay there or come back to your husband, you would be able to settle afterwards."

A nurse here entered, asking Mrs. Schilizzi if there were any further questions which she wished to ask the doctor. "I wish to ask him one," Grenville answered quickly; and, springing up, he hastened out into the passage. He came back in a minute or two. "I am glad," he said, "that I spoke to him, for he told me something, which to you he could not have put so strongly. He has seen Mr. Schilizzi again, and he feels particularly anxious that you should leave him for the next twelve hours to the care of the two nurses. If you are there—as you have told me—from time to time he excites himself. Nothing is so bad for him as this, and therefore, for his sake, just at this juncture it will be kindest not to go to him. Will you promise me not to do so?" She looked at him doubtfully, as if she thought he was trying to deceive her.

"He's not worse, is he?"

"No," said Grenville, "no. You may keep away from him with a perfectly clear conscience."

"Well," she said, "if it's for his good, I will."

"That's right," exclaimed Grenville with an accent of great relief. "And now about the children; what I propose to do is this. If you approve I will at once go to Count T—— (he's at home, I happen to know) and will ask him about the lodge. Then by the evening train I will go on to the Princess. I shall reach the castle before she has gone to bed, and I will be back here in the early morning, having arranged everything."

"Will you really," she said, "do all this for me?"

Her wondering incredulity, which melted as she spoke into gratitude, profoundly touched him. "Do me one little kindness," he said. "Lend me the doctor's book—I should like to look at it during my journey."

She gave it him and he was gone. He found the Count at home, who received him with the greatest courtesy, and at once placed the lodge at the disposal of himself or of his friends. He then hurried on to the train, which was to take him to the Princess. On the way he studied the book. He fancied that with more or less accuracy he could make out the general course which this disease, varying so in various cases, was taking with Paul Schilizzi. Whatever the mother had done and suffered for her children, would not have surprised Grenville, though it might have moved him afresh to some new act of reverence for the beauty of her passionate maternity: but with regard to her husband, towards whom, as he knew well, patience was the highest feeling, and indifference the kindest, which his conduct and character made it possible for her to entertain or cultivate—with regard to her husband the case was quite different. That she should

see him properly cared for and supplied with the best attendance, that whatever he wished her to do she should do and do willingly, this was natural enough. But what she had been doing, still more what she wished to do, went far beyond this. So far as his wishes went, his illness made few claims upon her. To him a nurse's care would have been just as welcome as hers; and the only thanks she received were either neglect or anger. And yet, in spite of this, she longed to do for him whatever was hardest—whatever to herself was naturally most repugnant; and what it was to which she was thus devoting herself, Grenville realised now, for the first time, as he read the account of the disease, and the attentions which were required by the patient. She had mentioned to him lightly that the symptoms were not agreeable. He now saw, from something else which had been told him by the doctor, and fixed his attention on certain special paragraphs, that "these not agreeable symptoms" really comprised everything which could try and nauseate constitutions far stronger than hers. The infected air alone would for her be physical martyrdom; and there was nothing to sustain her, not even the sense that she was wanted—nothing but the passionate wish to be true to an ideal of duty. And for the sake of this she had not only watched and suffered, but had done so, despite all provocation, with a tender and unflinching patience. These thoughts possessed him during the whole journey, not so much multiplying, as expanding themselves and taking possession of him. "*Quia multum amavit*," he several times exclaimed to himself; and once he said, "Let me only be worthy of her—let her only love me till I die—and I shall not be afraid of death."

The Princess had been forewarned by telegraph, both of his coming and of the cause of it. The children were her idols. She was awaiting Grenville impatiently. He told her of the scheme he had proposed for sending them to the Count's hunting-lodge, together with all details as to the neighbouring doctor. She approved highly, praising his readiness of resource; and when he asked her if she herself were coming, she answered petulantly,

"Of course I am," as if she resented its being doubted. "My maid will see about packing my things to-night; and if the children can be moved to-morrow, I shall be ready to go with them. But the lodge—will that be ready?"

"Yes, it will," said Grenville. "There is a train which passes your station at three o'clock in the morning. I return by that. I shall reach Lichtenbourg by seven. I will ride over to the lodge. I can get there by half-past ten; and I'll engage that by to-morrow afternoon the whole place is fit for you."

"My poor friend," said the Princess with motherly pity, "you're almost dropping with sleep. You look yourself as if you'd been ill enough for all three of them." Grenville laughed and roused himself, for he was indeed nearly exhausted. "I'll tell you," said the Princess, "who causes me most anxiety. That's Irma herself. Of course in remaining with her husband she incurs the very gravest danger; and from what you tell me, her husband does not require her."

"I can't tell," said Grenville, "how far she realises the risk; indeed I

myself till this afternoon knew very little about it; but I made her promise me that, at all events till I returned, she would stick to her children, and leave him to the doctor and the nurse."

"I," said the Princess, "will write her a note for you to give her. Any scrap of paper will do. I have one here. Will you lend me a pencil? Read it," she went on when she had finished. "There's no need for an envelope."

"I shall be with you," the note ran, "by the middle of the day tomorrow. You know I'm an expert nurse; and you know also that I'm a very determined old woman; so I may as well tell you exactly what I mean to do. I am coming myself to take charge of your husband, and leave you free to do what is your only and obvious duty, and that is to be off at once with the children. For their sakes you have no business to run the smallest risk of becoming ill yourself, and unable to look after them. Every time you go into Paul's room—at all events after you get this letter—I shall consider that you are doing by them a cruel and unjustifiable act. I must speak strongly, because what I know I have to overcome in you is a temptation supplied by your goodness: but you must resist it. If you don't, you will show yourself unpardonably selfish. There—I have done. Take that for a parting dig, which your old aunt gives you too soon, that she may not have to give it to you too late."

"Will that do?" said the Princess, screwing her eyes up, and a little pleased through her anxiety, with the kind causticity of the ending.

Grenville said it was excellent.

"By the way," said the Princess, "you too had better be careful. Nothing makes a person so liable to take the infection as this exhaustion from which you are now suffering."

She looked at her watch, and advised him to take some rest on a sofa in an ante-room near the door, and gave orders that the porter should sit up to awake him.

When he found himself again in the train day was already breaking, and the damp grey morning was scented with leaves and grass. He told the guard to wake him at the proper place; and, lulled by the freshness of the air, lost his trouble in sleep. A carriage was awaiting him at his station. He slept again during the drive; and it was not yet seven by the time he was back at the hotel. Maids and waiters were scrubbing the floors and door-steps; last night's tobacco smoke was floating over the premises, and a smell of soap was mixed with it. To his great relief Fritz appeared in a moment, whom he begged to go instantly to Mrs. Schilizzi's maid, and inquire if her mistress was up, or if, at any rate, she were awake. An instant message was returned to him, asking him to go into her salon. He had not to wait long before the door of her bedroom opened; and with grave, floating eyes, and a diaphanous flush in her cheeks, which a rose-coloured dressing-gown turned to a spectral pallor, she softly came towards him.

"I have," he said, "settled everything." He spoke eagerly, and, as he hoped, reassuringly. "The lodge is at your disposal for the children, and your aunt will be here by midday. She sees how to settle everything. Here is a letter she has written you. All is explained in that."

She read it through. As she did so her colour deepened. She sank on the sofa.

"Sit down here," she said to him. "I have something to tell you. I wonder what you will say to me." As she spoke she was close to him, but suddenly starting back, "What am I doing?" she exclaimed. "I may give you this horrible illness."

"Nonsense," he said, suddenly drawing on his invention. "The infection can only be taken from a person in whom the illness is developed."

She moved again towards him and took his hand.

"Listen!" she gasped. "Do you know what it is I've done? I've broken my word to you; and I've been again with Paul. He didn't know I was there; so I didn't excite or irritate him. His bed has curtains. I sat in a chair behind them. It was at night, and the room was dark; and I let the nurse sleep for an hour or two, and without his recognising me, I did whatever there was to do. In some ways it's dreadful; only in seeing another struggling on, one forgets what one feels oneself; but I suppose one's body doesn't. For after two hours I fainted, and I was carried back to my room. But I couldn't keep away; and oh, Bobby, I can't now."

"Irma," he said, "were you only concerned, I would not try to dissuade you. But you know that I plead not for yourself, but for your children. I understand the reasons which commend to your own mind the other duty in preference to this. To do that duty seems to you a form of self-sacrifice. It is a form of self-sacrifice also to give it up. You will do most good to yourself by choosing what does most good to others."

"To be with the children," she said, "that in itself is heaven; and it seems to me now like running away from pain; and yet, when you speak of them, you disarm me. I have not the resolution to leave them; though—don't you think this?—for a week or so they could do without me?"

"You quite forget one thing," he urged. "You might by remaining here make yourself unable for many a week to go to them, or, Irma, perhaps for ever. Have you any right to run that risk? Have you the heart to do it? You wouldn't run the risk of leaving them alone in the street. Can you bear the thought of leaving them alone in the world? As for your husband, you may safely commit him to the Princess; and I will remain here also, to do whatever I can do."

"I yield," she said. "I see that you must be right. To be away from that sick-room costs me far more than to remain in it. Go, dear friend, and arrange things as you please for me."

A horse was ordered for Grenville, whilst he ate a hasty breakfast; and soon once more he was at the familiar hunting-lodge, making all necessary arrangements for Mrs. Schilizzi's arrival. Nothing escaped his forethought. Various provisions he ordered over from the hotel, and some articles of furniture which the manager kindly lent him. He had also a long interview with the doctor. Returning to Lichtenbourg, he found that the Princess had arrived, who was delighted—so far as the circumstances per-

mitted of such an emotion—at finding her advice had been taken, not dreaming that it had needed seconding. Carriages were ordered by the ever-useful Fritz; and almost before Mrs. Schilizzi knew what had been done, her boxes had been packed and sent on with a couple of servants; whilst a capacious landau, specially constructed for invalids, was waiting at the door in the warm afternoon sunshine, ready for herself, a nurse, and the two children. The briskness of the Princess's manner was of great service on the occasion. She told her niece she was “silly and wrong and selfish” for having any reluctance to do what so clearly was pointed out to her, not only by duty, but by ordinary common-sense; and with a semblance of anger, which acted like a moral tonic, and was sweetened at the same time by an undercurrent of deep kindness, she almost drove her out of the house into the carriage, where she carefully packed the children, kissing them as she did so; and as the party drew off she stood waving her wrinkled hand at them, and forcing a cheerful smile, till a turn in the road hid them; and her hand found sudden occupation in brushing tears from her eyes.

“Schilizzi,” she said to Grenville, as they turned indoors together, “is going on much the same. I have not yet seen him. I refrained from doing so till my niece was off of the way. I give you fair warning that in another hour I may be infectious; and so if you are wise you will avoid me as a dangerous character.”

“My dear Princess,” said Grenville, “I am not going to leave Lichtembourg till you and all belonging to you are completely free from your anxieties. I only wish I could help you more than I can.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

CERTAINLY at that moment he was incapable of doing anything. He had had no sleep, except in unrefreshing snatches, since he left the Pasha's castle, and now that the chief object of his exertions was secured, physical weariness, long held at bay, asserted its rights at last, and he slept soundly till the evening. His first care on waking was to ascertain where the Princess would dine, in order that he might keep her company, and not seem to desert her. He was told that she would dine in her sitting-room, where he was at liberty to dine also, and she would be glad of his company, though she advised him not to give it her. They met. The Princess retained her spirits wonderfully. She said that the invalid had every comfort possible, and that the badness of his temper gave her great confidence in his strength. She then turned the conversation to general matters, and sat down opposite to him, slightly smelling of disinfectants. The moment the meal was over she left him to his own devices, and he wandered out into the gardens restless and discontented.

With the departure of Mrs. Schilizzi the whole place had become different. The gardens had lost their beauty, the whole place had lost its interest. Everywhere there was a flatness and a vacancy. But this was not the case with regard to the place only. He felt it to be the case also with the state of his own mind. His high-strung ideas of the duty of pain relaxed them-

selves, and resolutions that had soared high in the morning now came fluttering down with nerveless wing.

Whether the devil is a real person or no, it is easy to see how, without any external evidence, a belief in his reality may have arisen; for there are certain trials or adventures in the history of most minds, which, though they may be accounted for otherwise, can yet hardly be vividly described, except by representing some alien spirit as an actor in them. Through such a crisis Grenville passed this evening. The devil spoke to him in a tone of insidious languor, telling him that now he might let things take their course, arguing that he had done already far more than was needed of him; that to hang about the sick man's room, and live habitually with his nurse, was a mere Quixotic madness, endangering himself, and pleasing nobody else. "Wait quietly," said the devil, "and the sick man will most likely die. You could not save him; you will have nothing with which to reproach yourself, and then life will be plain for you, and Irma will be yours for ever. Ah, my friend, I can see," the voice continued, "that you still are moved by the example of an emotional woman, and you still fancy that by emulating that example, you will be achieving some higher and closer union with her. You say you will be worthier of her. My friend, you will be simply a fool. The best service you can render her is to keep yourself in good health, so that whatever happens you may be able to cheer her and protect her." The thrust of each fresh suggestion Grenville resisted passively; but he felt that they weakened, even if they did not wound him. Then the devil seemed to slip into his very self, speaking with his own voice, and telling him he was a fool and a dreamer—that all his passion was nothing but a wicked weakness, that all the duties which seemed to arise from it were fantastic, and that if he were a man he would once for all break free from it and lay his heart open to some other and healthier love. Then the devil, with a low whispering laugh, noiselessly left him, not dissatisfied with his work.

There are probably moments in the lives of the best of men when every efficient force in them is corrupted, except the will. Grenville's will in this case had not been conquered; but as he wandered on listlessly, he felt that it was weak and faint. Still it had force sufficient, after no very long interval, to turn him back to the hotel, and prompt him to inquire for the doctor. Before he could see him he had a considerable time to wait. He was hardly conscious what he should say to him when he did so; and, going into the reading-room, which he very rarely entered, he began stupidly to study the Austrian papers. At last the waiter told him the doctor was in the hall. He went out, and when he began to talk his voice sounded to him like that of another person. He had a sense of curiosity as to what he should say next. He inquired for Mr. Schilizzi, and was told that the case was serious. Then he said, "Is there no way in which I can help? Can I be of any help to the Princess, and take anything off her hands?"

"No," said the doctor, "I honestly don't think so, unless you will go to a house about half a mile distant, and see if it is possible to engage another nurse. I am sorry to tell you that, in coming up the stairs in the

dark, the Princess has sprained her ankle, and it has been necessary to put her to bed."

Grenville suddenly laid his hand on the doctor's arm. "Come with me," he said, "outside for a moment. I can talk to you better there. Is a man no use? Can I not act as a nurse? The Princess is my oldest friend. I am nearly connected with the family. If you can, my good friend, for God's sake make use of *me*."

The doctor looked at him. "Are you at all aware," he said, "of the duties you would have to perform, or the conditions you would have to perform them in? I doubt if physically you could endure it. Have you had any experience of illness?"

"Listen," said Grenville; "I'll tell you what the conditions are—I'll tell you what I should have to do." And he rapidly ran through the various details with which the book he had studied had now made him familiar. "As for my nerves," he said, "don't trouble yourself about them. When a man is as anxious as I am, he's no time to be sick."

The doctor considered for a moment. "Well," he said, "till a second nurse could be got, your help would, no doubt, be valuable. You could at least relieve for an hour or two the woman who is with him now. She'll tell you what to do, and she can then get some sleep in a chair. But stay—the patient is often extremely irritable, and a face that he knows—one can't tell why—might excite him."

"Stay," said Grenville, "I will tell you what I will do. I happen to have with me a false beard and whiskers, which were got for me under very different circumstances. They will quite disguise me, and I can pass myself off as your assistant."

"Well," said the doctor, "in this case talk German. He understands it perfectly, and he will never detect your accent."

The disguise was not one that required long for adjustment, and Grenville presently, under the doctor's guidance, was crossing the garden to the annexe where the sick man lay. His will by this time was vigorous and wide awake; and though his imagination menaced him with disgust, and though every nerve was shrinking, his resolution never wavered.

When, however, he entered the bedroom, the doctor who watched his face, saw an involuntary change in it; and snatching up a bottle of salts, made him smell them, whispering,

"You won't be able to stand it."

"Nonsense," said Grenville, with an effort. "I'm perfectly right already. Tell the nurse who I am, and let me be shown my duties."

They were not difficult, though not a few of them were repulsive: and in one sense, they were made doubly so, by the fact of their object being a man who was repulsive to him, even when in health. But there was at work in him a species of spiritual lever, acting on some undefined fulcrum, which, the more physical disgust pushed against one extremity, urged him on in an opposite direction, with the other. Sharply awake as he was to the various offices required of him, of his other physical circumstances he became but half conscious. The dim light falling across the bed-clothes; the collection of bottles, glasses, handkerchiefs, and basins by the bedside,

and the discoloured face of the sufferer, on which suffering had but emphasized a leer, together with the oppression of the atmospheric conditions, all this became for him like some frightful dream, merely oppressing his senses, but leaving his mind untouched. As the hours wore on, he felt that he hardly knew himself. An instinctive and tender awkwardness was actuating his arms and hands; his eyes and ears were unreasonably watchful; he shrank from no office no matter how repulsive. Whether the sufferer was, or how the sufferer was connected with him, almost escaped his mind. He saw merely a man who, antipathetic to him in health, was now more antipathetic now—who touched him with no sense of compulsion, except as a human being, with any sense of compassion. And yet of this man no mother could have watched more carefully, listening to his breathing, which seemed gradually growing more difficult; and raising him with an arm, when a sudden spasm woke him.

It was long past midnight, when the door softly opened, and the doctor again appeared. Grenville was watching. The nurse was still sleeping.

"Not another nurse to be had," the doctor said in a whisper. "If he ever thanks anybody, he ought to thank you."

Struggling with a fit of suffocation the sufferer started up in his bed. Instinctively in an instant Grenville's arm was supporting him.

"Let me," said the doctor, "take your place for a moment."

He sat close by the bedside, and made his various observations. He put some medicine to Mr. Schilizzi's lips, and applied some ice to his throat. Then drawing Grenville aside, he shook his head.

"It's a grave case," he whispered. "It takes its course slowly: but the false membrane continues to increase in the throat. Stay—let us wake the nurse. You have relieved her long enough; and I will finish what I have to tell you outside."

He touched the sleeping woman, who opened her eyes instantly, and resumed with a mechanical readiness her former station by the bed; and having given her a few instructions, he went out with Grenville.

"Are you, Herr Grenville," he said, "a relation of Herr Schilizzi's?"

"No," said Grenville, with a feeling of contemptuous indignation at the question. "My sole knowledge of him, or interest in him, is due to the family into which he married."

There was something in his tone which seemed to relieve the doctor, who said,

"Then in that case, I suppose I may speak quite freely. Herr Schilizzi's case is grave for certain peculiar reasons. He was not in a healthy condition when this disease attacked him, and he voluntarily admitted the fact to me, making a joke of it as he did so. He'll find that it's no joke now. Herr Grenville, I may tell you this: his body is at this moment a mass of complicated corruption. He may pull through this attack. I shall judge better to-morrow; but I think it probable that within a very short time from now, we may be driven to an operation on the trachea. If that is so, it will give us one hope more, and our only hope, though one which is too frequently disappointed."

They were by this time in the garden : and touching Grenville's arm, the doctor said kindly,

"And now let me prescribe for you. Go to bed at once. It's a prescription which I shall follow myself."

For a time, however, tired as he was, Grenville had no wish to do so. One delight in the middle of trouble was overwhelming him : and this was the delight of tasting the pure night air. There was dew on the leaves and the beds of sleeping flowers. He approached his face to a rose-bush, and the drops of the night baptized it. He was conscious of a scent of jasmine. Suddenly exhilarated, he walked away rapidly to remoter parts of the garden. There was more light than the stars, though the sky was full of them, would account for. He thought there must be a moon somewhere ; but having looked for its disc in vain, he recognised the pallor of the morning, stealing up already over the heights of the stirred foliage.

Thanks to the faithful Fritz, who had slept in the hall to wait for him, he easily gained his room, when his rest was profound and dreamless.

His first care next morning was to inquire about the condition of the Princess. He learnt that she could not move, but would shortly be carried to her sofa. He sent word to her that he would come to her as soon as she could receive him, and bring the doctor with him, who would tell her all the news. He wrote at the same time a note to the doctor himself ; so as to decide before making the visit, how the news might be most judiciously told.

"I find," said the doctor, who came to Grenville's bedroom, "that the patient is going on precisely as I predicted : and in the course of to-day I think it is quite possible that nothing will be left for us, but the operation of which I spoke to you. Everything will be in readiness ; and it happens that only last week, I had a new apparatus from Vienna, for removing through the tube the particles of false membrane,"

"Has not something of the same kind," said Grenville, "been done by the mouth of the operator?"

"The operator," replied the doctor, "who did that, might as prudently swallow poison. His danger would be infinitely greater than that from which he relieved the patient."

"Well," said Grenville, "we need not sicken ourselves with discussing the question. Let us go to the Princess ; and this is what I wish you to tell her ; that Mr. Schilizzi, though dangerously ill, has developed no unexpected symptoms. The disease is running its course, say—anything to keep her quiet. And above all, tell her that—not that she is not wanted, but that all her own instructions are being carried out to the letter."

The doctor was an excellent diplomatist ; he even bettered the suggestions made to him : and the Princess, though she looked worn, smiled when he had finished his communication.

"And now," said Grenville, appealing to her, "do you think you could do this—write a note to your niece, which I will send by my servant, begging her not to worry herself, and enclosing a note from our friend here—I am sure he will kindly write it—saying again what he has just said to you, and

telling her that even were she here, there would be nothing whatever for her to do."

The two notes were written; and Grenville added one of his own.

"And now," said the doctor, as soon as they had left the sitting-room, "I'm sure, Herr Grenville, you had better to-day take a drive or ride into the country. Later in the day, no doubt I should be glad to see you again, but if you wish to take care of others you must first take care of yourself."

Many people who are subject to sea-sickness, feel the touches of the malady before they have set foot on their vessel. The thought of the sick-room, and all its unwonted incidents, affected Grenville now in a very similar way. He was brave enough in enduring it for the first time; because past experience had supplied him with no terrors of anticipation: but now the case was different. Still, without knowing why, he stood his ground; and declared that at all events, before walking or riding, he would in his former disguise, personate the doctor's assistant, and visit the patient in his company.

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "Is not that your servant looking for you?"

"It is," said the doctor. "I see by his face he wants me. Come, Herr Grenville; if you mean to come you must be quick about it."

At the top of the stairs, outside the bedroom door, was a man who said in a whisper,

"I have here the case of instruments. You have the key yourself. It seems to me they will be needed."

Through the thin door came the sound of a violent paroxysm of coughing, followed by a straining for breath that was like a prolonged groan; and a moment or two later the sufferer had sunk back exhausted, and, as Grenville thought, dead. The doctor, however, knew otherwise.

"Herr Grenville," he said, moving presently from the bed, "I am glad that you insisted on coming with me. It relieves me of a certain responsibility. The course of the disease has surprised me by the rapidity of its development. I wished, as I explained to the Princess, to have had a consultation this morning, but for that now there is absolutely no time. If I do not act instantly, Herr Schilizzi may be dead in half an hour. His only chance lies in my operating at this moment. You can be of no assistance; you will be only trying your nerves. You will therefore forgive me if I recommend you to leave the room."

Very slowly Grenville was preparing to do so; when a low exclamation from the doctor's assistant startled him. The box had been opened, and though the requisite tube was there, the suction apparatus of which the doctor had spoken was missing.

"Mein Gott!" the assistant exclaimed. "It was taken out in order to have one of the screws adjusted. I will hasten and fetch it instantly."

"Instantly!" repeated the doctor. "Twenty minutes at the shortest. Listen—he is choking again. He'll be dead before you are back again."

Before more could be said, Grenville unexpectedly interfered. Seizing the attendant by the arm, "Go to the patient;" he said, and then addressing himself to the doctor, "Don't discompose yourself," he said. "My

mouth shall be the apparatus. Not a word—I insist. I know precisely what I am doing. Have no scruple in using me. You have a family dependent on you; no one depends on me. Quick—quick!—out with your tools, and begin about it.”

“I tell you,” said the doctor, “you might just as well drink poison. At best the chance of saving the patient is small; but it is large as compared with the chance against your saving yourself. Besides, it is an operation of considerable delicacy and difficulty.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Grenville. “I order you to let me have my way. Delicacy!—difficulty! By God! man, do you take me for an idiot? I can spit through a tube—I can blow peas through a tube. Do you mean to tell me that sucking is less easy than spitting?”

“You,” said the doctor, overcome by his determination, “are able to answer for yourself; that man on the bed is not. I should not be justified in refusing this last chance you offer him; though I still hold to my opinion that you are not justified in offering it.”

The room for a time was full of subdued sounds. At last the assistant exclaimed, “See, he is breathing freely!” And the doctor was pressing a glass to Grenville’s lips, saying, “Take this—take it; and wash your mouth out thoroughly.”

Grenville was docile. He did exactly as he was bidden; but before he retired, as he did almost directly, “Promise me,” he said to the doctor, “to say nothing to the Princess of what I did; nor write anything about it to Mrs. Schilizzi either; at all events, not till we see that I am none the worse for it. I am not anxious myself, but it might add to their anxieties if they knew. You’re a good fellow, so promise me to be faithful in this.” The doctor promised. “And now,” Grenville continued, “as soon as I have changed my clothes, and done all the little things that you advise, I shall tell the Princess that the patient is now much easier, and ride over to the hunting-lodge, and give the same news to his wife.”

“You couldn’t do better,” said the doctor. “Tell your news while it is true.”

The second relief from the tainted atmosphere; the conviction, which he could not distrust, that he had himself done his utmost; the hurry of his toilet, and the bracing luxury of his bath; the bearing of his news to the Princess, and his preparation for his ride left him at first but little time for thought; but so soon as he was by himself, riding rapidly through the forest, with the resinous smell softly blowing against his nostrils, and with the motion exhilarating his nerves, and filling him with the joy of living, the question at last began to confront him strangely, “Am I carrying in me the seed of death? Is not this my last week of the air, the forests, and the sunshine?” It was a question he could not answer, but he managed to elbow it aside; or rather, against his will, it was elbowed aside by another—a question relating to the probability not of his own death, but that of Mr. Schilizzi. This had occurred to him again and again before, but he had resolutely refused to dwell on it, or the prospects which lay beyond it; and absorbed as he had been in practical and painful effort, he had repelled it easily. But now it presented itself to him more importunately and

vividly; and he felt he had earned a right to speculate on the consequences of a death, which he had risked, and perhaps forfeited, his own life to avert. This mood, however, did but last for a moment or two. He had hardly yielded to it before it shocked and disgusted him; and he presently exorcised it by sending his thoughts forward to the relief, if not to the pleasure, which he would be bringing to Mrs. Schilizzi, by news which pointed to the recovery, not the death of her husband. He soon forgot everything else in this. The pleasure to himself even of being once more in her presence, and of reading the secret in her eyes, which swam in them through all her trouble, was a prospect which gave place in his mind to the pleasure of seeing the relief, which, unconnected with himself, would come to her from the news he brought her. As he approached the lodge, the first thing that caught his eye was her red dress and her parasol, motionless by the border of the lake. At the sound of hoofs she suddenly turned round, staring at him, as if doubtful as to who he was or what was his errand. As he drew near, however, and she recognised his face and his expression, she eagerly came forward with a smile of hope and of inquiry.

"I have come," he said, "to relieve you of the anxiety which I know must have been wearing you out here. You got the note which I sent over this morning."

"Yes," she said. "How good of you. It arrived two hours ago."

"Well," he continued, "I have a later bulletin for you. He was far easier when I left him than he has been for the last twelve hours. You need not fret yourself because of your being here. There is nothing you could do for him that is not done by his attendants; and your presence might excite him; whilst with them he is quite quiet."

"And has he," she said, "not asked for me?"

"He has asked for no one," said Grenville. "He has not mentioned your name."

He wondered as he told her this whether she would be hurt by hearing it. A sound came from her that seemed to be a sigh of relief; and yet a faint meaning of sadness was given to it, when she said,

"Of course he didn't know how I sat up half the night with him; and how, had nothing prevented me, I would be at his bedside still." Then her face brightened and softened into a smile, as, laying her hand on his arm, she said, "Come in and see the children. Have your horse put up, and I'll tell them to make some coffee for you."

She went with him to the stables; but on turning back to the lodge,

"I think," he said to her, "I had better not see the children. I have been in his room; and though I have changed my clothes, one never knows if there may not be some chance of infection. I hardly know, indeed, if I ought to remain with you."

"Bobby," she exclaimed, "don't go, I implore you. You won't hurt me; and even suppose you would—if I had to consider no one except myself, I would say to you now, Give me death with your lips. Bobby, do you think that I am very wicked and inconsistent? And you want to see him, did you? And you sat by his bedside? Darling, wait a little with me. We won't go in to the children. We will have our

coffee outside, under the beech-trees, as we have done before. Do you remember?"

When he said good-bye he gently held her at a distance from him. He kissed her hand. This had been their sole endearment. In spite of this interview, however, or, to speak more truly, because of it, he rode back under the burden of a deeper gloom than he had brought with him. He had just been seeing a vision of all that life held for him; what it might give him fully if Paul Schilizzi died; what it might give him partially if Paul Schilizzi lived: and the terrible thought settled down on him like a cloud, that at this moment he was probably a doomed man, or that, worse still, if he was not doomed to death, his life would be blighted by some frightful and nameless taint. The slightness of his medical knowledge allowed him to exaggerate his apprehensions; and he passed through the woods like Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But even now he was not conquered, or dispossessed of the spirit which had brought him into his present straits. Once or twice mentally he cursed Paul Schilizzi; but he sharply checked the temper which prompted the passing outburst, and never for a moment allowed himself to complete the wish that anything which he had done during the past day and night had been not done. He even prepared his mind, should he find this to be required of him, for another vigil at the suffocating and odious bedside.

So as to give himself no time for finching, the moment he reached Lichtenbourg he sent to inquire of the doctor if he could be of any further assistance; and, whilst waiting for an answer, he hastened to the sitting-room of the Princess, in order to give her a good account of her niece. She received the news with a smile, but it struck him as a rather indifferent one; and setting it down to the pain of her sprained ankle, he asked her how it was, saying at the same time, "I suppose you have not been able to see Mr. Schilizzi."

"You haven't heard, then?" she said, with a certain severity of accent. "And yet how should you? I suppose you have seen nobody. Paul Schilizzi died about an hour ago. There was another doctor present during the last moments; and it seems, at all events, that the best that could have been done was done. Had it not been for the operation performed on him, they tell me he must have died this morning. I'm sorry," she went on, as if anxious to relieve herself by finding fault with something, "I'm sorry that you should have troubled yourself to raise poor Irma's spirits, merely to make this heavy shock the heavier. Hush!" she said, "that is the doctor's voice in the passage."

"I sent to him, to inquire," said Grenville. "I suppose he has come to ask for me."

His voice as he spoke had a curious tremor in it. The Princess looked sharply up at him. He was standing near the open window, and she saw that he was shivering as if with cold. "Don't," she said, "stand in the draught, having made yourself hot with riding. Call in the doctor, and let us speak to him here."

The doctor entered, and answered Grenville's questions, giving him an assurance which he had already given the Princess, but which she, never-

theless, was pleased at hearing repeated, that Mr. Schilizzi at the end had had little conscious suffering, that he had expressed no wish to see any friends or relations, that he had missed the presence and had noticed the absence of nobody.

"I hope," said Grenville, "that you will assure Mrs. Schilizzi of that. Her natural impulse will be to reproach herself bitterly for having left him."

"If she had not left him," said the doctor, "I promise you I will assure her of this—that she might easily have had one of her children leaving her. Herr Grenville, what's the matter with you? It seems that you have taken a chill."

"That's what I tell him," said the Princess. "Herr doctor, you must make him take care of himself. Send him off to his room, and give him a hot bath."

This, indeed, the doctor presently did, telling Grenville that, after the danger he had incurred, it was impossible for him to be too careful, as even a common cold might develop into something which he else would escape completely. "As for this, it is nothing. Dine in your own room. I'll send you a draught which will give you a sound sleep; and to-morrow morning, I promise you, you shall be quite yourself again."

"One word," said Grenville. "As to Mrs. Schilizzi, she will have, of course, to be told. Will you go to the Princess and advise her as to writing a letter, and, if necessary, add a line of your own, emphasizing the points I mentioned?"

Grenville, for his own part, followed the doctor's advice, though, when the morning came, he hardly fulfilled his prophecy. He had, indeed, the comfort of a dreamless sleep, so he escaped the ferment of thoughts consequent on the new situation; but as to his physical condition, though he no longer shivered, he felt languid and unwilling to rise, and he realized gradually that he had a certain soreness in his throat. He did his best to convince himself that this was only fancy; and, though it cost him an effort, he at last got up and dressed. He had just finished his toilet, when the doctor made his appearance, partly to bring some news to him, and partly to visit him professionally. Having questioned and examined him as to his symptoms: "Ah," he said, "I don't think this will be much. You need not alarm yourself, but you ought to be very careful. I should have preferred that you had stayed in bed to-day, and, indeed, I should advise that presently you went back to it again. But, as you are up, you will be doing no great harm to yourself if you will come down with me for a minute or two to the Princess. She wants to see you before Frau Schilizzi's arrival."

The Princess was better. With the aid of a stick she could walk a little, and she sat up instead of lying down on the sofa. The alertness, however, which was visible in her whole expression, Grenville saw at a glance was largely due to nervousness, and the questions she began to put to him showed him the same thing.

"I want you," she said, "to tell me once again exactly what you told Irma yesterday about her husband. It seems to me you must have spoken to her much too hopefully; and if you did the shock will be all the worse. When she comes I shall want both of you to be present—you, Herr doctor,

especially—in order to assure her that she could have done no good by being here."

Grenville was proceeding to explain for a second time what it was he had said—and he felt himself, as he did so, that he had perhaps erred in the way the Princess declared he had. "But it was," he continued, "precisely because I knew how much her sensitive nature was suffering under her enforced absence, that I wished, since there was no question of bringing her back here, to relieve her from the tension of an anxiety that could do no good to anyone."

The Princess had no time to reply to this; for he was still speaking when the door of the room opened, and Mrs. Schilizzi herself entered. Haste and some overwhelming emotions were visible in her eyes and cheeks, and in her lips, which were at first compressed and then opened as if gasping.

"And is it true?" she said, as they all looked in silence at her. "Is there really no hope?"

"Doctor," said the Princess, "you explain it all to her."

The doctor, without mentioning the operation, quietly explained to her that the course the disease had taken, though not unusual, had been in this case unexpected; and again assured her that her presence would not only have been no help to her husband, but would have been unperceived by him. The words seemed however to make but little impression upon her.

"If," she said, speaking to the Princess, "I had only been with him when he died—if I were only at this moment tired and ill with having watched by him—it would be different. But now—you have all of you kept me away. You have made me guilty of desertion, for which I can never forgive myself, and for which I can never atone." Her voice suggested pain rather than ordinary grief. There was silence for a moment, then the Princess prepared to speak; but before she had delivered herself of more than a premonitory cough, Mrs. Schilizzi sharply turned to Grenville, and, with a hardening voice, said to him, "And you—you completely took me in. You told me he was better. You told me not to be anxious. If it hadn't been for you I might have reached him in time. He was dying when you came to me; and with a lie you kept me away from him."

"Perhaps," said Grenville to the doctor, speaking with obvious difficulty, "you had better explain all to her—nothing, you understand, that respects myself: I merely refer to Mr. Schilizzi's illness. I told her that when I left the condition of the patient was easier."

"Frau Schilizzi," said the doctor, turning to her with great gravity, "Herr Grenville told you nothing but the truth. He forbore, by my advice, to go into needless details: but if you wish it, I may as well explain them to you. Yesterday morning, your husband's condition became such, that the only hope left us was to perform an operation on his throat, commonly resorted to in such circumstances. But for this, he must have died five hours earlier. The operation was successful, and had his health been good otherwise——"

But Mrs. Schilizzi would not suffer him to continue. "An operation!" she exclaimed. "He had suffered an operation and you, Mr. Grenville, told

me nothing at all about it!" He was leaning against the wall. She rose up, and she went over to him. "Do you know," she exclaimed, "what you have done? you have taken my last chance from me. You have forced me to neglect him; you have allowed him to be neglected by others. You have killed him yourself, and the reproach of his death is mine. Speak to me, can't you! I advise you to do so now: for never again shall I give you an opportunity."

She seemed hardly to know what she was saying. One stinging sentence seemed to beget another. He looked at her fixedly with an expression of painful wonder. He tried to speak, but at first he had no voice; then a word or two came, hoarse and accompanied by a cough.

"Oh," she exclaimed ironically, "and so you have a cough now, have you. Much good that will do! you may at least muster voice to answer me."

Here, however, there was a murmur made by the doctor. He had been watching Grenville intently, and listening to the sounds emitted by him: and now going up to him, and taking him forcibly by the arm, he led him out of the room with a promptitude that ensured compliance. "Go to your room," he said, "and get back to bed directly. In a few minutes I will be with you. Your life may depend upon your prudence."

Almost stupefied by the scene he had just gone through, Grenville went to his room with a dull mechanical resignation: and the doctor returned to the other two, before either of them had uttered another syllable. He shut the door with a bang. In his cheeks was a flush of anger. He strode up to Mrs. Schilizzi, and confronted her with a look that terrified her. "Madame," he said, "that gentleman who has just left us, has indeed done what you taxed him with, and kept back from you—and begged me to do so also—the most remarkable incident connected with your husband's illness. Seeing however the manner in which you treat him, it will be best for you—it will be best for everyone, that I tell you the whole truth. I cannot allow you to be ignorant of it. Herr Grenville, madame, whom you charge with having killed your husband, and to whom you say you will never again speak, when your aunt, the Princess was disabled, and one of the nurses failed me, attended your husband himself during the most trying night of his illness, with a nerve and a care which few trained nurses could have equalled: and when, madame, that operation took place, which you blame him for having concealed from you, it was solely his heroism which enabled it to take place at all. With his own mouth," said the doctor, his voice rising, "he performed the desperate function of removing through the tracheotomy tube, the membrane that was suffocating your husband. No man walking up to a cannon's mouth took his life in his hand, more surely than did Herr Grenville then; he did it knowing that the danger was worse even than I dare explain to you: and events will have treated him with a favour which he had no right to reckon upon, if he is not now laying himself down in his bed, to await the death from which he struggled to save your husband."

"Doctor," cried the Princess shrilly, "stop—I order you to stop." Look at my niece. Can't you see what you are doing to her?"

Mrs. Schilizzi's face had indeed undergone a change. Its expression had softened into one of helpless sorrow. Her eyes were wide and appealing: then they became vacant. "Don't let him die!" she gasped as her strength failed her: and the doctor in another moment had placed her, unconscious, on a sofa.

"You need not be alarmed," he said quietly, turning to the Princess. "She will come to herself presently."

The Princess showed by a look that she was sufficiently aware of this: and said with an anxious sharpness, "Is it really true that you are alarmed about Mr. Grenville?"

"He has," said the doctor, "taken a slight chill which, as I have seen during the last ten minutes, has already affected his throat: for seven days he will probably be a prisoner in his own room; but I hope, as we have certainly taken the disorder in time, that he may escape any serious consequences, though the escape will be very narrow. If you will permit me to summon Frau Schilizzi's maid, I will go to a patient, who needs my attention more."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WEEK later, sitting up in his bed, bearing traces at once of weakness and of returning health, Grenville was listening to the doctor's welcome announcement that he might leave his room, and enjoy the luxury of a drive; whilst a day or two later, if he wished, he could leave Lichtenbourg. As soon as the doctor was gone, he turned to a little pile of notes, which were lying on a table close to him. It was evident that they had been read already. He began re-reading them.

The first consisted only of these few words. "Forgive me—forgive me. They will not let me come near you. They tell me you will soon be well. I wish I could kneel to you, and once more say, 'Forgive me.'—Irma."

The second, which was dated the following day, was longer. "Your servant gave me your message. It was only 'Thank you. Write again.' I believe you meant to show me that you are at all events not implacable. I must have been mad—mad—when I spoke to you as I did. This morning Paul was buried. All the world seems suddenly so hushed and strange to me that, just as in a church one is afraid to speak or laugh, I am afraid to let myself think or feel. But at least I may tell you I hope you are not suffering. I may comfort myself with the confidence—the doctor gives me this—that your recovery will be rapid: and—once more—oh, forgive me."

Then came these, of which every day had brought one.

"The Princess goes home this afternoon. Her ankle is almost well. I too must leave. I am obliged to rejoin my little ones. Thank you for your few words, which I could see you wrote with difficulty, telling me that my letters soothed and did not disturb you. I shall drive over to-morrow, perhaps taking the children with me, to enquire after you. And now shall I tell you one thing? Dare I? Will you think ill of me for it, considering what took place yesterday? Will you think—I don't know what I mean

but I will tell you something that I did. Last night I was told you were sound asleep. My maid had just heard this from your servant, when I asked about you. She was in the passage outside your room. I asked her to look in. Yes—you were sleeping. I came in myself on tip-toe, just to have one look at you: and then I stooped down and gave you one kiss on your forehead. I saw my little scribbles lying on the table, amongst your medicine glasses. It made me cry to think that such little things could please you."

"I am," ran the next note, "writing this in your hotel. I have driven over, with my two children, to ask for you, as I said I would. Send me a line—a word or two: or else a mere message. I hear you are much better. Oh if I could only see you! But it would not be allowed me; and under the circumstances, I ought not to ask it. Oh, to be with you again, and to hear your lips say, and to see your eyes look, the forgiveness that you have written to me! When I see you again will you be quite the same? Are you sure you will? I shall not be. I shall be changed: but if you still can care about what happens to me, it is not a change that will displease you."

Weak though he was, he had written her a short answer, as hers of the next day showed. "You tell me," she wrote, "that the doctor says you may move soon. Where will you go? You will think I am very selfish, for the first thought in my mind when I ask that question is whether you mean to go, without seeing me or saying a word to me. Don't do that, Bobby. Tell me all your plans. Need you go far away? I hardly know what I write. This air agrees with the children wonderfully. They are getting quite strong again. The loss they have suffered made them curiously quiet at first; but the return of health makes a kind of spring in their minds; and they are beginning to play in the forest, as in the days which you remember. Send me a line—one line even is better than nothing: and tell me that you are getting stronger."

Her next day's note, and the last of the collection, was this. Grenville had just received it, and it was dated the previous night. "Fritz arrived with yours, only an hour ago. Yes. Come here. How can I say No? I could not have ventured to make the suggestion myself, but I was hoping and dreaming that you might be moved to make it. Come to the hotel. I will order the best rooms for you. Would you like to have those that once upon a time were mine? Oh Bobby, when I think of all that you have gone through, and when I now know that each day you are growing stronger, a duplicate of your health seems to be springing up in me; only the name of the plant in my soil is not health but happiness. Any day now, I will expect you: but if you can, give me a few hours' notice. I still am nervous and shaken; and even a pleasure that took me by surprise would be a shock to me."

As Grenville was finishing his reading, Fritz entered the room, with towels and hot water, and, opening the window a little, admitted a whisper of leaves, and a breath of sunny air scented with early summer. Grenville felt like a soul entering Paradise, as the freshness reached his nostrils; for what stole into his mind was not the summer only, but the prescience also

of an unbelievable something into which his own life was expanding. By midday he was breakfasting in the sitting-room lately vacated by the Princess. Then followed his drive. His last excursion in the environs of Lichtenbourg had been the walk he took on the morning when Mrs. Schilizzi had explained to him that she wished he would rid her of his company, and banish himself to the Pasha's castle. That morning he had hardly known where to wander, for every road held some happy memory of her which would then have taunted him in his misery. But now to these roads he was again licensed to return—the happy memories again were becoming part of his own life. His only difficulty now was, what road to choose. It was a choice between pleasures, and he lingered over it throughout his meal. When at last he found himself in the carriage, the whole world seemed bright with blossoms. High laburnums bosomed themselves on clouds of leafage. Thorn trees had broken out into masses of white and pink, and their faint, but penetrating scent, was straying in vagrant courses, and his own memories were blossoming and floating everywhere, like the blossoms and like their scents.

The doctor that evening gave him the unexpected information that, if he chose to do so, if he would take proper precautions, and if he would not travel too far continuously, he might leave Lichtenbourg next day. "And where," he asked presently, "would you think of going?"

The question caused in Grenville a certain amount of embarrassment, but, without any actual untruth, he managed to get out of it creditably. "The Princess," he said, "will have me whenever I wish to go to her; but, before doing that, I must see Mrs. Schilizzi; so I thought of going first for a day or two to the hotel in the forest."

The doctor declared that nothing could be better than this, as the air there was healthy and bracing to an extraordinary degree. "In fact," he said, "I should advise you to remain there till you are quite strong again."

"And now," said Grenville, "I must ask you an important question, and I trust you to answer candidly. Do you think that my health in any way has suffered, or is likely to suffer, from what I have gone through. I say *in any way*; and you will not misunderstand my meaning."

"Herr Grenville," said the doctor, "had your health been less sound than it was some ten days ago, my answer might have been either a doubtful or a painful one. I cannot say that what you have suffered has left absolutely no effect on you; but the effect, I can tell you confidently, will be no more than this: your throat may be more delicate than it was before—more liable to the attack, say, of some form or other of laryngitis. I must advise you then to take great, though not excessive, care of yourself, and not to neglect precautions at which otherwise you might have safely laughed."

The first thing next morning a messenger was sent to the hunting-lodge with the announcement that Grenville would follow in the course of the afternoon. He did so; but the carriage being heavy, the journey was slower than he had anticipated, and it was five o'clock before the manager of the hotel was showing him into the sitting-room, with which he was so vividly familiar. Lying on the table was a note. It said,—

"I will wait in for you. Will you come over and see me? I wonder if you would be able to dine with us?"

He sat down, fatigued a little with the drive, and looked about him for a minute or two. Every vase or jar which would hold flowers was filled with them. Some were wildflowers, but there were others—especially some roses—which he divined must have come from a certain neighbouring garden, which he himself, wading amongst grey dew, had once rifled in the hush of a dim dawn.

He longed to hasten to the hunting-lodge. He longed to say that he would dine there. But not only prudence, but an actual sense of weakness, prompted him to write and despatch the following note instead:—

"I must not come this evening. I am not very strong yet. You must dine here, and must bring the children with you."

An answer was brought back to him on a folded scrap of paper.

"Yes," it said, "we will come."

An hour or so later, as he was still resting in his chair, he heard in the passage a pattering of light feet. There was a light knock at the door, and in came the two children. They came close to him, and gave him their faces to be kissed. He looked for their mother. They had left the door open. He knew she must be coming. She stood presently in the doorway. Above her soft black dress her face once more to Grenville suggested the petal of a pale geranium. There was in her attitude as she stood there a moment's gentle hesitation, and what her eyes suggested to him was the clear shining after rain. Their meeting was made easy by the children's presence. There was no passion perceptible in it—nothing but a gentle and profound quiet.

"Rest," she said, "rest. I am not going to have you standing. Go back to your chair, and I will bring mine beside you."

She asked him how he was. She told him about the health of the children. Then in a low tone she said a word or two about the funeral, and added,—

"I know now that I could really have been of no service. The doctor told me that I had nearly been very ill myself. That was the thing which really at last quieted me. It was a witness borne by my body that I really had done my best. I wouldn't believe my soul, though that said the same thing. I fancied it was deceiving me. I couldn't bring myself to believe it. Why should the witness of one's body be so much the more trustworthy?"

In their voices, as they spoke together, there was no note of sorrow, but there was something subdued and hushed—a tribute of reverence to the solemnity of a recent human catastrophe. Then came dinner and the ripple of the children's talk, in which not even the knowledge of death could silence the laugh of childhood. Their mother and Grenville had to talk to them about their food. One child had an absurd struggle with a chicken-bone; the other, by-and-by, a miniature tragedy with her gravy; and the conversation, as it flitted from one such trifle to another, though still subdued, gradually became more natural. The two small mouths were

busy and getting sugary with sweetmeats, when the nurse arrived to summon them back to bed.

"Let them," said Mrs. Schilizzi, "have a little run on the way, and I will watch them from the balcony. Go—children—go. Mother will come soon; and if you can, catch a fairy to show her. Only mind, it must be a good fairy."

She and Grenville went into the balcony, and watched the two small forms sitting about below them. Presently from a clump of log-myrtle rose a large pale-winged moth, to which the children instantly gave chase, jumping into the air, and reaching their hands towards it. As she watched this incident, Mrs. Schilizzi laughed. The sound was that unconscious ripple which Grenville knew so well. He turned to her. Her face was bright with a happy smile. It was a smile like the year's first snow-drop.

"Bobby," she said, "you mustn't stay out too long. You look so worn and tired. You had better come in now. Take my arm; you are not too proud to lean on me."

She closed the window so as to keep the draught from him. She seated herself beside him on a sofa, and looked at him gravely and in silence. At last her form made a slight movement towards him. In an instant, gently and closely, like the tendrils of a noiseless plant, his arms were about her neck, and his lips were whispering in her ear, "Irma, from this day, I will never, I will never leave you."

"Hush, oh, hush!" she exclaimed, softly disengaging herself. "I will never leave you either, if you will let me remain with you. But for a little while you must let me watch over you like a mother. You are very weak still, and I must treat you like my little child. You are not strong enough yet even to catch a fairy."

"To-morrow," he said, "if it is warmer, let us go again into the forest, and sit again at the foot of that same beech-tree. Do you remember the blue flowers? Irma, we still have some difficult points to settle."

"Have we?" she murmured, looking down at him, for she had risen to go. "But one thing is settled—you won't unsettle that—that you are never going to leave me."

As they had arranged, in the warmth of summer sunshine, they drove together, with the children, through the remembered track in the forest, and found the very beech-tree against whose shining stem he once had seen the contrast of her red dress and parasol.

"Tell me," she said softly, as soon as they had composed themselves on the moss, "what the things are we must settle. I know of many; but I want you to speak first." Grenville hesitating, she presently went on. "After all, Bobby, we still have something to settle with our consciences."

"Have we?" he said. "Sometimes I think so, and sometimes not. I at least have offered mine the utmost payment I could make to it."

"And I, too, to mine," she said, "wanted to pay my debt. Do you think that the payment is complete enough?"

"Fate, or the course of events," he answered, "or what I should like to call a Deity, has gently given us back what we both gave it to take. If to

God, or to law, or to our souls, there is still a payment due, let us remember that we have been willing to make payment with our deaths, and since that was not accepted, let us now make it with our lives. Irma," he went on, "it often seems to me that we may go astray, or may show as little fortitude, in accusing ourselves, as we often do in excusing ourselves. Let us learn together, Irma, our religion and our philosophy of life, and let us strive for an equal courage in giving ourselves blame and pardon. But all this," he went on, "is not exactly what I was thinking of, when I said last night we had some difficult points to settle. I was thinking of our immediate future."

"Yes?" she said anxiously. "Don't say you're going to leave me."

"If I did," he answered, "I should trust you not to believe it. But before we are able, without offending the world, to establish a relation between ourselves which the world can recognise, some time must elapse. If we alone were concerned, such a question need not trouble us. I can never be yours more truly than I am at the present; but, just as one dresses oneself in order to go into the street, so, if our relationship is to be shown to the world eventually, it would be an outrage not to dress it in the world's prescribed formalities. With me, then, the practical question is this. How, till this is done, can we best remain together? Shall I tell you what I have thought of?"

"Tell me."

"Do you remember how often I have talked to you about Italy? If we find it suits the children, shall we travel for some months there—say till the winter? And then, when at last we can openly share a home together, we might find some villa, either by the sea or in Florence. This could be done without causing the least remark. Whenever it was desirable, we might stay at different hotels. There need be no division between us, except to the outer eye; and if we are only wise in choosing our times and seasons, we need encounter no eye that would have any interest in observing us. What do you say, Irma? Speak to me. Tell me your opinion."

"Oh," she said at last, "it is all too delightful. Why, Bobby, I wonder if you will understand me. I don't feel that just yet it is right even to think of it."

"Never mind," he answered. "Think of it when you like. I daresay we are none of us in a condition to travel yet; and meanwhile, whilst we rest here, I will remember I am your child, and afterwards, as long as you wish it, remember I am your brother."

The following evening, as they sat together in the twilight, the charm of the future set free their tongues and fancies, and the scenes glimmered before them which they soon hoped to visit. "Have you forgotten," she said—"I have not forgotten it—the momentary pictures of Italy with which once you stirred and dazzled me. I remember your very words—boats gliding on lakes with sails like the breasts of swans, the marble peaks of the pure Carrara Mountains, rising out of violet mists, and glittering in a sky of primrose colour, the notes of the Angelus trembling from craggy villages amongst the Apennines."

"Yes," said Grenville; "we will see them all. We will sit together

above Como, in an arbour of which I know, whilst the banksia roses round us are fretting the purple twilight."

"And I," she said, "will not trouble you with questions about our past. Whatever we ought to think of it we shall learn to think. Our united lives will teach us."

"Yes," said Grenville, "and if our future is good, we shall not condemn too completely the past out of which it sprang. We have broken that outer law, which changes from age to age, and which would never be needed if it were never broken. We have ventured on a sea where there was nothing to guide or save us, but the inner, unwritten law, of which each must be his own interpreter; and whether we have read it truly our lives must show, in what we have won, and in what we were ready to lose."

It is never safe to say of a man before his death that he was happy; in certain cases it is safe to say so after it. A year later it might have safely been said of Grenville, who even now, though he did not know it, carried the seeds of death in him. Time, however, was given him for the fulfilment of all his dreams—for the wanderings he had planned with his companion, and the peace of a home shared with her. As for her, what her life owed to him, and what it could not lose even with his loss, may be guessed from the fact that after she was left alone—alone except for her children—her chief solace, and her most constant occupation, was studying the papers and diaries in which his devotion to herself was recorded, and, step by step, comparing her own with them; and gradually forming them into something that resembled a coherent history, she prefixed to her manuscript the following dedication:—"To the sole and only begetter of this volume.

"You by whose side I shall lie, in a wicker coffin like yours, with whose bones my bones shall mingle, and whose flesh I shall meet again in the sap of the violets above our grave, I have done my best, whilst waiting to come back to you in death, to perpetuate in this book neither your life nor mine, but that one single life into which both our lives were fused. Were my power as a writer equal to my love as a woman, that life should live in these pages, as it lived and breathed once in our now lonely bodies. I would make it live—all of it; I would keep back nothing; for perfect love casts out shame. But if anyone should think that I ought to blush for what I have written, I should be proud if, in witness of my love for you, every page of it were as crimson as a rose."

W. H. MALLOCK.

* * * *The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

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THE IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Irish Local Government Bill of Mr. Balfour has been the cause of disappointment upon both sides of the Channel. English Unionists had been taught ever since 1886 to look forward to it as containing a practical solution of the Irish problem. Coercion they were told was merely a "hateful expedient" necessary for the moment, and the real Irish policy of the Government would be found in the proposals which were promised on the subject of Local Government, which would give the Irish people the practical management of their own affairs, which would place them upon a footing of equality with the people of England and of Scotland, and which would completely satisfy whatever was genuine and honest in the demand for Home Rule. To people who had formed anticipations of this kind, the Government Bill must have come with a keen sense of disappointment. The idea that it would satisfy any demand or any person of any party in Ireland was abandoned from the outset by Mr. Balfour himself. The ambitious policy of attempting to satisfy the claim for Home Rule by giving Irishmen substantial self-government has disappeared, and the Irish Local Government Bill, which was regarded by so many Englishmen as the great climax to which the Ministry was slowly but surely advancing during the last six years, was calmly declared by Mr. Balfour himself to be of less value than the Light Railway Scheme for Connemara, and of infinitely less importance than the Perpetual Coercion Act of 1887. The principle of applying equal laws to England, Ireland, and Scotland has been thrown to the winds, and those Englishmen who expected to find in the new measure some honest attempt to fulfil the election pledges of the Conservative party in 1886 must feel that a great opportunity has been lost, and their disappointment must be keen.

In Ireland, I do not hesitate to say, there is a very general sense of disappointment at the Bill. Not that anyone expected a thorough or complete measure of self-government. The attitude of the Con-

servative party in Ireland prevented the possibility of that. The grand jury system is the last remnant of the old power and ascendancy of the landlord class. Under its working they still possess considerable power, influence, and patronage. Any proposal to substitute popularly elected bodies for the present grand juries was therefore certain to meet their deadly hostility. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that the so-called "loyal minority" in Ireland would probably prefer Home Rule itself to any thorough or complete scheme of local self-government. Knowing this, the Irish people did not expect an entirely satisfactory bill, even if the Government honestly intended to carry out their earlier policy of endeavouring to wean Irishmen from Home Rule by granting them large powers over their local affairs. But still most Irishmen expected a bill which their members could endeavour to amend in committee, and which they could in the end accept for what it was worth. The attitude of Irish Nationalists towards Local Government is essentially different from their attitude towards Home Rule. On the latter subject we do not believe in the policy of accepting half a loaf in preference to no bread. We believe the granting of Home Rule will be regarded by Englishmen in the nature of an experiment; that very many of them will in the end be influenced by the thought that, England having failed so lamentably in the government of Ireland, it cannot do much harm to see whether Irishmen themselves will be able to do better. It will be in the minds of great masses of Englishmen an experiment. Ireland's right and title to self-government, which we hold to be inherent and inalienable, will therefore be decided in the minds of Englishmen by the success or failure of this experiment. This being so, we feel bound to take care that the experiment is made under conditions which do not preclude the possibility of success. Any measure of Home Rule which is not thorough in principle, which does not confer upon Ireland supreme authority in the management of purely Irish affairs, or which weights her with a larger share of imperial taxation than she can fairly bear, would inevitably break down. The anticipation of its breakdown would prevent different classes in Ireland from joining together, as they certainly would under a thorough and final settlement, in an honest effort to improve the material and industrial condition of the country, and the experiment would be a failure. For these reasons, amongst others, we feel bound to adopt a somewhat cast-iron attitude in the question of Home Rule. Not so, however, in the question of Local Government. On this subject our attitude is entirely different. It is plainly a matter for compromise, for taking what we can get, provided the measure to be accepted does not violate essential principles, and for seizing the first opportunity afterwards to strengthen and improve our position.

It was in this frame of mind that large masses of the Irish people were prepared to receive and consider the Government measure. They did not expect a perfect or a logical bill; they were willing to make the best of it even though by so doing they might be assisting the Government to make some political capital for themselves in England. To them the provisions of the Bill came as a surprise and a disappointment. The Bill was not merely illogical: it was absurd and grotesque; it was not merely halting in its attempt to remove the present grievance: it was in itself the enactment of gross and flagrant injustice; it was not merely a disappointment to Irish hopes: it was a wanton insult to Irish sentiment. It was radically wrong. It was a local government bill framed upon the principle of coercion. It was no longer a question for Irish Nationalists of amendment of the Bill in committee, or acceptance of it for what it was worth. It was a measure based upon the principle of distrust of the people, framed upon the supposed inferiority of the Irish race; its principle was insulting and vicious, and the House of Commons witnessed, on the occasion of its introduction, an ominous union of Parnellite and anti-Parnellite repudiation and denunciation. This was the first impression made upon the minds of Irishmen by Mr. Balfour's speech introducing the measure. The Bill has now been printed and published. Sufficient time has elapsed for a calm and careful study of its details. It has been discussed from every point of view, and in every Irish circle. It will probably therefore be of interest to consider whether, in this instance, first impressions were correct, and whether the Bill is capable of such amendment in committee as would make it acceptable as a useful measure to the Irish people.

Few people outside of Ireland have, I think, a correct knowledge of the complex system of local government which for so long has existed in that country under the grand jury laws. It is a system intricate, anomalous, and utterly indefensible in logic. It has no parallel whatever in either England, Scotland, or Wales. Under its working, the Irish people have been completely divorced from any share of responsibility in the management of the local affairs of their country. No doubt we have municipal government upon an absurdly high and narrow franchise in Irish towns, but as regards the great bulk of the population, four-fifths of the whole, who do not reside in towns, they have been permitted to take no part whatever in local government, and have never had a chance of a training in the art of ruling themselves. The entire county government of the country has been in the hands of a class alien in sympathy, and for the most part in religion, and bitterly hostile in politics to the people. As has always happened in the case of similar ascendancies elsewhere, these powers have been used for the benefit of themselves

and their friends, amongst whom all patronage and emoluments have been carefully preserved. The Irish grand juries are purely landlord institutions; they are entirely non-representative of the people whose taxes they assess and spend, and whose business they transact according to their lights or their caprices. Their mode of nomination is sufficient of itself to condemn them. The sheriff of the county is nominated by the Lord Lieutenant, and he selects the grand jury. In his selection he is absolutely unfettered, save that in certain cases he is compelled to select large landed proprietors. These bodies, so created, are charged with all the business of the county. They levy annually in the shape of county cess a sum of about one million and a half. In the case of all agricultural lettings, made prior to the Land Act of 1870, the whole of the county cess is payable by the occupier. In lettings made since that date this cess is payable half by the occupier and half by the owner, unless a special arrangement to the contrary is entered into between landlord and tenant. The great majority of the lettings existing in Ireland to-day were made before 1870, and in most of those made since that date, the occupiers have contracted to pay the entire cess. So that, speaking broadly, it may be said this sum of a million and a half levied and spent by the grand juries, is paid by men who have absolutely no voice whatever in its expenditure. In addition to the assessment of taxation and its expenditure, to the appointment of all county officials, to the repair and maintenance of public works—roads, bridges, court-houses, and bridewells—the grand juries are charged with judicial functions of a most difficult and responsible character, for the proper fulfilment of which it may safely be said no worse tribunal could be devised by the wit of man. They exercise a discretionary power to levy the tax entirely unknown outside Ireland and known there by the name of “the blood money,” whereby compensation may be given in certain cases for murder or maiming of the person, and the sum so agreed upon may be levied upon either the county at large or upon a particular barony. Section 135 of the Grand Jury Act, 6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 116, gives them in addition the power of granting compensation for fires, or in a word for almost any injury to property which they chose to consider “malicious,” and enables them to levy the amount upon either “the county at large or any barony, parish, district, townland or sub-denomination thereof,” as they think fit. It is unnecessary to point out that powers such as these which are not possessed by any existing tribunal in Great Britain, could under no circumstances be safely vested in an irresponsible, non-representative, and grossly partisan body such as the Grand Jury. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the grand juries abused their powers, were swayed by political and personal motives, and earned the detestation of the mass of the Irish people. It is one

of the most unanswerable arguments in favour of Home Rule that this unjust and anomalous condition of things has been permitted by the Imperial Parliament to continue in existence down to the year of grace 1892. There never was a period of its existence when any responsible Minister dared openly to defend it. One of the demands of O'Connell, when he was in alliance with the Whigs, was the establishment of representative bodies to transact the business of the counties, and from that day to this the present system has lingered on without a defender or an apologist. Surely the first and greatest of all necessities when dealing with the question of local government in Ireland is to abolish the present system altogether. Nothing good can be grafted upon the grand jury system. The parent trunk is not merely barren; it is poisonous and must be rooted up. And this is the one thing Mr. Balfour's Bill does not do. It continues the grand jury in existence, it preserves intact its chief fiscal and all its judicial powers. This is the one great and unpardonable defect, which so pervades every section of the scheme that it is difficult to see how it can be amended in committee.

The powers of the grand jury may be roughly divided under three heads. First, its fiscal and administrative functions; second, its judicial functions; and third, its functions as part of the machinery of the criminal law of the country. In all of these departments I maintain its power is retained almost untouched under Mr. Balfour's scheme. Let us see if this be so. The third class of functions I have mentioned is the least important, and I will deal with it first.

The sending of indictments up to grand juries, and the necessity for the finding of true bills by them, before accused persons can be put upon their trial, are of very ancient origin. It was a provision wise and necessary at the time for the protection of prisoners. In the present state of society, and in the present condition of the criminal law, it is little short of a useless and irksome formality; protection to the prisoner it is none. Modern legislation has provided for the investigation of all criminal accusations by a bench of magistrates, and no man can be put upon his trial unless this tribunal decides there is a *prima facie* case against him, and formally returns him for trial. The proceeding before the grand jury is, therefore, an absolutely unnecessary formality. If grand juries are to be kept in existence at all then, I admit, the leaving of this power of finding true bills in their hands is harmless and unobjectionable. But to keep grand juries in existence simply because, according to the present criminal law, indictments must be sent up and true bills found, seems to me, with my strong bias in favour of abolishing these bodies root and branch, little short of absurd. If this be the only function reserved for them, and if the function itself

be obsolete and utterly useless, then, I say, abolish the grand jury and the function along with it. This, however, is the least important of all the powers retained by the grand juries under Mr. Balfour's Bill. Of far greater importance is the power of granting compensation in certain cases for murder and maiming, and for all classes of malicious injuries to property. This is a power which, as I have already said, does not reside in any tribunal whatever in Great Britain. Its exercise by a body such as an Irish grand jury, so long as human nature remains what it is, must give rise to jobbery and wholesale dishonesty. The way in which this law works at present is a crying scandal in every county in Ireland. I could fill whole pages with instances of gross and fraudulent transactions, and of open and bare-faced acts of political partisanship, perpetrated from time to time in the exercise of these powers. A worse tribunal for their exercise could not be devised, but I am free to confess that in my opinion it is difficult to conceive any tribunal which could be devised to which with safety could be committed the wide discretionary jurisdiction in question. These provisions of the law are in themselves thoroughly vicious; they must of necessity lead to fraud and dishonesty; while the injustice of enabling a grand jury to punish and perhaps utterly ruin the inhabitants of a particular parish or townland by placing upon them a heavy fine for, say, some malicious fire caused no man knows how or why, cannot be denied. The law as to compensation for malicious injuries should be repealed; but, if that be not done, then it is little short of ludicrous to propose, in a great scheme of Local Government, to leave the power of administering this law in the hands of a tribunal so utterly unfitted as the grand jury has proved itself to be. I do not go the length of saying that these powers should be given to an elective county council. Such a body would, in my opinion, be a better tribunal than the grand jury. It would, at any rate, be representative of the people who would have to pay the tax. But still, I freely admit it would be in many respects unsuitable. If this law of compensation is to be preserved, then, in my opinion, the power of administering it should be withheld alike from grand jury and county council, and it should be vested in a judge of assize, with a jury, and the matter should be tried out as any civil action would be, with a right to either side to demand a special jury, which would ensure a tribunal of intelligence and independence. This proposal is not without precedent, even as the law now stands. By section 138 of the Grand Jury Act it is provided that in case any presentment for compensation be opposed by a ratepayer, he may apply to the Judge of Assize for permission to enter a traverse, and, if the permission be granted, a jury shall forthwith be impannelled to try the issue. If the right of appealing from the grand jury to a judge and petty jury were an absolute one,

much of the injustice of the present system would be corrected; but it will be observed the right depends upon the permission of the judge, and the invariable practice of all the judges of recent years has been, when application for leave to enter a traverse is made, to try the case themselves on that application, without a jury, to take the evidence and decide the issue, the result being that if the decision be against the ratepayer, leave to traverse is refused; and if, on the other hand, the decision be in his favour, the grand jury are informed of the fact, and, of course, accept it. In this way the right to a decision by a petty jury is filched from the ratepayers. If the Bill of the Government is to satisfy any one in Ireland, the grand jury must be absolutely divested of this power of dealing with compensation for malicious injuries, and, if this law of compensation is to remain in existence at all, I think the only fair tribunal to deal with the matter would be the one I have suggested, namely, a judge of assize, and a jury, common or special, as the parties may desire.

I now come to what is the great and damning defect in Mr. Balfour's Bill. Not only does he preserve the criminal jurisdiction and judicial powers of the grand jury in the manner I have described, but he leaves the grand jury in practically supreme control over the county council in all the most important matters of finance and county administration. It is provided by clause 4 of the Bill that there shall be a permanent joint committee appointed by the grand jury and the council of every county, consisting of seven members chosen by each body, with the sheriff of the county as an ex-officio member. We know who the sheriff of an Irish county is. He is a leading representative of the landlord class, and usually a regular attendant upon the grand jury, except when he is in office. In this way the grand jury is given a permanent majority on the joint committee. This joint committee is to have practically supreme powers over the county council. No capital expenditure can be entered upon, no capital liability can be incurred, no loan for any purpose can be negotiated, no guarantee can be given, no public work can be undertaken by the council—that is, by the elected representatives of the ratepayers—save by the express consent and permission of the standing committee—that is, of the grand jury. Not alone that, but the power of appointing their own officials even is not to be trusted to the council. The committee—that is, the grand jury—is to have power to appoint the secretary to the county, to fix his salary, and, if they so choose, to remove him from office. The general employees are to be appointed in accordance with a scheme prepared by the council and approved by the Local Government Board, and only to be varied by consent of the committee—that is, the grand jury. The county surveyor even holds his appointment at the will not of the representatives of the cesspayers, but, at the

will of the committee, and no single officer, from the highest to the lowest, can be appointed by the council of its own authority. A more humiliating proposal was never made to any people. It does not spring from what might be, perhaps, a natural fear that at first the body elected by the people would require training in the arts of self-government. The provisions are not of a temporary character. They are to be permanent. They spring from a rooted distrust of the people. This is the one radical and all-pervading defect in the Bill. Once take it for granted that the people are totally unfit for self-government, that they are absolutely unworthy of any trust whatever, that they are fraudulent, oppressive, and dishonest, that in addition to all this they are a set of fools who would at once proceed, if permitted, to squander their own money, and it then becomes a sheer impossibility to frame any scheme for the conferring of local government upon them which will not be absurd, illogical, and ineffective. This is the rock upon which Mr. Balfour has split. He candidly tells Irishmen, in effect, that they are only fit to be governed by a perpetual Coercion Act, that he believes them to be dishonest, bigoted, and stupid. He is forced, it is true, by a foolish public opinion in England to make a show of granting them self-government; but, in order to make his scheme "safe," he has been forced to hedge it round with restrictions which, of necessity, rob it of all value in their eyes, and make it absolutely repugnant to their self-respect. This proposal of a joint committee, it is needless to say, has no place in the English Local Government Act. It has a parallel, though not an exact one, in Scotland; but it is worth noting that this provision was inserted in the Scotch Act in spite of the opposition of an overwhelming majority of Scotch representatives. The cases, however, are far different. In Scotland the proprietor pays half the county rates, and might, therefore, have a claim to a special voice in their expenditure. As I have shown, in Ireland the occupier, as a rule, pays the whole of the county cess. The sheriff, who is to have the casting vote on the committee, is in Scotland a judicial officer. In Ireland he is the nominee of the Crown, and in a special manner is the representative of the landlords, and his presence on the committee gives a permanent majority to the class which at present holds power, and which, practically speaking, pays none of the rates.

The first and chief objection which Irishmen have to Mr. Balfour's Bill may therefore be summed up in these words. Instead of abolishing the grand juries, which for nearly half a century have been objects of distrust, and, indeed, I might say, of absolute detestation to the people, he perpetuates them; he leaves them their criminal jurisdiction which is unnecessary, their judicial functions which are of a most delicate and responsible kind, and which they

have grossly and notoriously abused, and above all, he leaves them practically supreme control over the councils elected by the ratepayers to carry on the fiscal and administrative work of the counties. Unless the Government boldly remodel the whole of their scheme, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying that Irishmen will feel their duty to be, not to endeavour to amend in small particulars, but to do their best to defeat and destroy the measure.

The particular portion of Mr. Balfour's Bill which has most struck the imagination of the public has yet to be considered, though, indeed, it may be dismissed in a few brief sentences. The proposal, contained in what has come to be called the "put 'em in the dock" clause, is one which of itself would be quite sufficient to kill the Bill. Any twenty cesspayers of a county, it is provided, may apply to a judge of assize for leave to petition the High Court for the removal of the entire county council on the ground of corruption, malversation, or oppression, or of persistent disobedience to the law; and if the judge is of opinion that a *prima facie* case has been made out, such leave is to be given. The petition when presented shall be tried by the judges on the rota for the trial of election petitions, who shall have power to remove all the members of the council from office, in which case the Lord Lieutenant shall appoint five persons to act for a period not exceeding three years as council for the county in question, and to exercise all the powers attaching to that body. When this proposal was unfolded to the House of Commons it was received with shouts of laughter upon the one side, and abashed silence upon the other. People asked themselves, Was it seriously intended? A more grotesque proposal to make, under the guise of a scheme for conferring the right of self-government upon a country, was never heard of. Needless to say, the Government did not dare to make any similar proposal in the English or Scotch Local Government Bill. Not alone does this clause place the very existence of the county councils at the mercy of a couple of judges, but it invents specially for their benefit a new crime. "Oppression" is one of the offences for which councils are to be put "in the dock," and upon conviction of which they are to be summarily suppressed. What is "oppression"? There is no such crime known to our law. Where are we to look for a definition of its meaning? There is no such definition in our criminal law, or in the Bill. It is, I suppose, to be left to be interpreted at their own sweet will by "the judges on the rota for the trial of election petitions." A nice proceeding surely, at this period of the nineteenth century! What would have been said had Mr. Ritchie proposed any such penal clause for English ratepayers? The Government would hardly have survived its proposal for a week. But for Ireland it is quite different. The Irish people are mere "Hottentots." It may be necessary, in order to

satisfy an inconveniently conscientious class of English voters, to go through the form of giving them a Local Government Bill to make good the election pledges of 1886, but in their case the Bill, in order to be "safe," must be a sham and an insult. But it may be said if there is no fear of oppression or corruption on the part of Irish county councils, this clause will remain a dead letter, and can do no harm. If that argument is a sound one in the case of Ireland, it is also a sound one in the case of England, yet no sane man would venture to say that the English people would tolerate such a clause for twenty-four hours. County councils in England are subject to the complete control of the High Court of Justice. If they by the breadth of a hair outstep their limits or their powers—the Court of Queen's Bench and the Court of Chancery have ample jurisdiction under the Common Law to restrain, by the use of ancient and well-known methods, under pain of fine and imprisonment, any irregular or illegal action of their part. Here, without any grotesque and absurd proposal for the "trial" of a popularly elected body, without the creation of any new crime unknown to our law, a complete safeguard is to be found against any such dangers as may be feared from newly elected and endowed popular bodies. These powers, which are considered sufficient in England and in Scotland, must be sufficient in Ireland. To say that further and larger powers of restraint and control are necessary in Ireland is to stamp our people as inferior in intelligence and in common honesty, and we should be less than men if we did not resent such treatment, not merely as an injustice, but as an insult. What reason exists for thus branding the Irish people as stupid, dishonest, or oppressive? How do such representative bodies as we have been permitted to possess compare in these respects with similar bodies in England? It is not long since a Commission held an inquiry into the Metropolitan Board of Works in London, a body which one would have thought from its constitution consisted of the very salt of the earth. The result of the inquiry was to expose to the world a spectacle of incompetence, recklessness, and, indeed, of corruption, which shocked the public and led to its speedy destruction. What similar instance can be pointed to in Ireland since the reform of the municipal corporations?

The action of certain boards of poor-law guardians from time to time in Ireland may be instanced as proof of the need of some reserve power to deal with recalcitrant elective bodies. It is true that the Local Government Board in Ireland has of recent years more than once dissolved boards of guardians and appointed paid guardians to do their work. These, however, have simply been incidents in the political and agrarian war. There is no instance that I know of, of any Irish board of guardians, or any Irish repre-

sentative board whatever, being guilty of "corruption, malversation, or oppression." In almost all the cases the boards have been dissolved because of granting outdoor relief to evicted tenants when they had no authority in law for so doing. These were incidents in the revolution which was on foot. Of course, if Englishmen look forward to a state of war as being the normal condition of Ireland in the future, they may be right in surrounding every power given to the people with extravagant safeguards. Though indeed in that case I think it would be wiser and more consistent not to go through the farce of pretending to give local government to Ireland at all. But to us, who hope, before this century ends, to see the Irish land question at rest, and to witness the union of all classes of our country in an honest effort to rule ourselves in national as well as local affairs, these restrictions seem quite unnecessary and intensely offensive. Certain boards of guardians in two or three districts of Ireland may have endeavoured, in moments of popular passion and in the course of a fierce social war, to outstep their limits and powers. This forms no justification for a proposal which is based upon the supposed probability of county councils being corrupt and oppressive. There is nothing in the Irish character, nothing in the history of Irish representative bodies, to justify the belief that county councils in Ireland will be one whit less honest and capable than those bodies which have been granted, free from all offensive restrictions, to England and to Scotland. It is said that this clause was not in Mr. Balfour's Bill as he originally drafted it, that it was the invention of the Irish supporters of the Government, and was forced upon the ex-Chief Secretary. I can well believe it. If this be really so there may be some probability of the clause being dropped by the Government. Of one thing I feel quite sure—they must either drop the clause or drop the Bill. A careful study of the remaining details of the measure discloses very many other more or less objectionable provisions, but none, with one single exception, which could not be fairly left over to be thrashed out and amended in committee.

There is just one other proposal in the Bill which raises a grave question of principle, the enactment of which would of necessity be vigorously resisted by us. I mean the proposal to deprive those ratepayers who are unable to read of the franchise. It is, I submit, too late in the day to discuss the question as to whether the franchise is to be regarded as a right, or merely as a privilege to be extended to those who have educational or other qualifications. It is too late to dwell upon the likelihood of illiterates being easily deceived or bribed or intimidated. The whole bent of modern thought and modern legislation has been in the direction of manhood suffrage. It is impossible in a matter of this kind to retrace our steps. For good or ill the parliamentary franchise has been conferred upon

illiterates. No sane man believes that that is a step which can ever be retraced. Every one knows, on the contrary, that the legislation of the future will have for its object the removal of all those remaining obstacles which still stand in the way of an absolutely universal suffrage.

The proposal to restrict the franchise in the case of elections for county councils, and to deprive a man who is qualified to vote for a member of Parliament of the power of voting for a county councillor, is simply puerile and cannot seriously be defended. We legislate not for the mere present, but for the future. The absence of elementary education amongst a considerable percentage of the adult population of the country is a matter to be deplored and to be vigorously dealt with. Education has made gigantic strides in this generation. Let this problem of educating the children be boldly grappled with in Ireland. Let us not be afraid to apply, where need arises, the principle of compulsion, and in a very short time there will be no need of vexing our souls by considering the justice or wisdom of conferring the franchise upon illiterates.

Meantime we cannot, even if we would, retrace our steps upon this question of the franchise. Illiterates in England and Scotland are entitled to vote for county councillors. Illiterates in all three kingdoms can vote for members of Parliament. But Mr. Balfour proposes that illiterates in Ireland shall be deprived of the right to vote in county council elections. It cannot be done. Amend the Ballot Act, if need be. Strengthen the protection it affords to illiterate voters. Increase the precautions against any possible interference with the voter, or intimidation of his free will, if indeed it be possible to do so; but to take a retrograde step on the question of the franchise at this period of our history is to attempt to turn back the tide, and even in the case of Ireland this is an impossibility.

Mr. Balfour's friends claim that his Irish administration has been a success. I do not desire to deny that during his term of office some useful Irish measures have been passed into law. The Land Act of last year is not, it is true, working as smoothly and rapidly as was anticipated. Its defects, admitted with practical unanimity to-day, were pointed out with clearness during the committee stage of the Bill in the House of Commons by Mr. Parnell and others. As usual, however, English members thought they knew what was good for Ireland far better than Ireland's representatives did. The provisions objected to by Mr. Parnell were retained, and we see the result to-day. These defects, however, are now known, and can be easily remedied. In spite of them it must be acknowledged the Land Act of last year is a great measure, and for my part I don't grudge Mr. Balfour any meed of praise he may be entitled to on its account. His attempt to deal with the problem of the congested

districts is, I believe, doomed to failure, but it is better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all; while his scheme of light railways brought money and employment to an almost starving population in the West. For each and all of these things he is entitled to credit. But he himself would be the last to deny that the measure by which his administration will be remembered, and by which it must be judged, is the *Perpetual Coercion Act of 1887*. By the permanent suspension of trial by jury and other sacred rights of the Constitution he sought not only to put down temporary disorder, but to provide a remedy for political discontent and traditional disloyalty. The panacea was not original. It had been tried by every English ruler of Ireland from the days of the Union. Since 1800 close upon seventy Coercion Acts have been passed for Ireland by the Imperial Parliament. The necessity which Mr. Balfour thought he found for the Act of 1887 constituted conclusive evidence of the failure of all those which preceded it. Has the Act of 1887 been a success? I deny it. It may be said the agrarian movement against which it was directed has subsided. If so, that subsidence is the direct result of the split in the national forces, and in no sense whatever the result of Mr. Balfour's coercion. It is true to say that every man and every agrarian combination against which the rigours of the Coercion Act were directed, gained in strength and popular favour in direct proportion to the amount of coercion applied to them.* It has lessened the respect of the people for the law, and has intensified disloyalty to English government as it at present exists in Ireland. Mr. Balfour, in introducing the Local Government Bill, spoke of it as an insignificant measure compared with the Coercion Act of 1887. Quite so. Land Acts, light railways, reforms of local government—these were mere incidents; the one great and abiding policy of the Government for Ireland has been a permanent suspension of the British Constitution. For this it will be remembered for all time in Ireland. If Mr. Balfour has any lingering desire to mitigate the resentment with which his Irish administration must be remembered, I would say, Let him throw overboard the insulting and useless provisions of his Local Government Bill to which I have alluded in these pages, and Irishmen will be only too glad to assist him in making it a useful measure, and to acknowledge that his connection with the government of their country has been marked by at least one enactment based upon the principle of equality between the peoples of England and of Ireland.

J. E. REDMOND.

HUMAN ELECTRICITY.

THE investigations of physicists make it highly probable that all movements of matter, even those of a molecular character, are linked with electrical phenomena. Friction, even the brushing of the wind over the surfaces of things, the falling of rain-drops from the sky, the action of light and heat, the production of flame, and all the molecular chemical changes that are silently going on in inanimate nature, are associated with changes in the electrical state. It follows that our modern methods of producing electricity, by friction, by induction, by heat, by chemical action, are but specially contrived imitations of processes carried on throughout the ages. Such considerations would naturally lead one to expect that electrical phenomena would also be associated with those finer molecular changes on which life depends, and that it is only a matter of experimental detail to demonstrate the existence of an animal electricity. It seldom, however, happens in science that we see far before us, and even acute minds miss recognising facts that to their successors are everywhere apparent; the usual procedure rather is that we look backwards and find an intellectual satisfaction in tracing the gradual unfolding of any department of knowledge, while we have some difficulty in even imagining a time when such knowledge did not exist.

All this is true of animal electricity. Thus electrical fishes have been known from early times. The benumbing effects experienced by a fisherman in the Adriatic, when he drew a torpedo from his net, were familiar to Aristotle.^c An Egyptian inscription, executed about five thousand years ago, shows figures of the well-known *Malapterurus*, the thunderer fish of the Arabs, a fish having such electrical properties as could not have escaped the attention of the ancient people. It was not till 1773, however, that Walsh first demonstrated that the shocks of the torpedo were truly electrical. Thirteen years after, namely, in 1786, Luigi Galvani, professor of anatomy and physiology in Bologna, noticed that the limbs of recently killed frogs became convulsed when brought near a frictional electrical machine in action. This famous observation marks a new epoch in the history of science. He found that the convulsive twitches occurred only when a spark was emitted from the conductor, and only when some metallic substance was in contact with the nerve. Recognising the sensitiveness of the frog's nerves to electric shocks, he used them in investigations into the phenomena of atmospheric electricity; and, on the 20th of September, 1786, he

suspended, by copper hooks, three frogs to the iron trellis-work on the roof of his house, and saw, as the limbs were blown about by the wind, that convulsions occurred when the toes touched the iron railing. This proved that an electrical machine was not required, but while Galvani recognised the fact, he missed the true explanation. We now know that the twitches of the frogs' legs were caused by electrical currents that came, not from the sky, nor from the animal tissues themselves, as Galvani imagined, but from the contact of the copper hooks with the iron railing. About this period the old and ever-recurring question of the nature of life was in an acute stage, and it is not wonderful that the physiologist of Bologna thought, from this and numerous other experiments, that he had detected the "nervous fluid," the something which, if not life itself, was at least inseparable from it. This is now an old story; and all the world knows that the famous controversy between Galvani and his followers and Volta, the professor of natural philosophy in the University of Pavia, led to the invention of the voltaic pile in 1799, and still more to the discovery of the production of electric currents by the contact of dissimilar metals, more especially when one of them is acted on chemically by certain fluids. For a long time the brilliancy of the results flowing from the investigations into voltaic electricity threw the discoveries of Galvani into the shade; but by-and-by, as experimental methods became more delicate, it was found that there is in truth an animal electricity, the existence of which was doubted by Volta and his followers.

We know now that in some of Galvani's primitive experiments the electric currents that caused muscles to contract were undoubtedly produced by the living tissues themselves. It was next to impossible, at that time of day, to prove the fact. The apparatus for the detection of extremely feeble currents had not been invented. The next step was made by Oersted, in 1820, when he discovered the influence of a current of electricity on a magnetic needle, and the construction of a galvanometer thus became possible. Five years later, in 1825, Nobili constructed such an instrument for physiological purposes, and by means of it he demonstrated that a current could be obtained from a frog's muscle. He prepared a frog, introduced its two legs into two glasses of salt water, placed in each vessel a strip of zinc, connected the two strips with the galvanometer, and obtained a deviation of the needle to the extent of 10° to 30° . He showed that Galvani was right in maintaining the existence of an animal electricity, while he was wrong in holding that the contact of two metals with the tissues gave a proof of this. On the other hand, Volta was right in his statement that the twitches of the frog's muscles in Galvani's experiments were independent of an animal electricity, but he was wrong in denying, as

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he did, that electrical currents existed in the tissues. Matteucci, about 1837, enriched the subject by many beautiful investigations, and by joining the thighs of frogs in a special way, he made a living voltaic pile, which produced effects similar in character to the piles built up by physicists with discs of metals and intervening discs of paper or cloth. Then came du Bois-Reymond, the present venerable professor of physiology in Berlin, and the successor of Johannes Müller, who was the intellectual godfather of such men as von Helmholtz, du Bois-Reymond, Virchow, Brücke, and Reichert. In 1841, du Bois-Reymond, who combines, as his ancestry would lead us to expect, Celtic fervour with Teutonic thoroughness, took up the subject of animal electricity with rare enthusiasm, and since then has laboured on it with much success. One feels, after reading any one of his numerous monographs, that he has left little for the gleaners in this field of research. Electro-physiology has attracted many able workers during the fifty years that have elapsed since du Bois-Reymond entered on it, and much has been accomplished, more especially in examining the properties of the electrical fishes. It may not be uninteresting now to inquire as to what can really be demonstrated.

In the first place, by using a sensitive galvanometer, or the ingenious capillary electrometer, a kind of electric manometer, invented by Lippmann, in 1873, and by connecting tissues with the unpolarizable electrodes of du Bois-Reymond (a contrivance by which contact can be made between the galvanometer or electrometer and the tissues without the risk of generating currents by chemical action), it can be shown that all living tissues show differences of potential, at different points, or, in other words, that electrical currents pass through the instruments when the tissues are placed on the electrodes. With such sensitive appliances, a bit of skin, a morsel of muscle or nerve, a fragment of such an organ as a gland, an eye, or a heart, show electrical currents. Although a normal muscle, absolutely uninjured, is isoelectric, that is, gives no current because all points of its surface have the same potential, it is often impossible to place on the electrodes a muscle, or, indeed, any living tissue, *not* to show currents by the movement of the needle of the galvanometer. Careful examination, however, proves that the strongest currents are manifested when certain surfaces are brought into contact with the electrodes. For example, in the case of muscle, the strongest current is obtained when one electrode touches the centre of a transverse section, while the other touches the uninjured surface of what may be called the equator of the muscle, that is, a line encircling it in the middle of its length, and it can be shown that the surface is always positive to the transverse section. The same is true of nerve. If a frog's eye is placed on the electrodes, the centre

of the cornea is positive to the transverse section of the optic nerve, and the internal surface of the retina is positive to its outer or choroidal surface. Again, if a small piece is snipped off the apex of the ventricle of a frog's heart, this surface is negative to any other surface, while the heart is at rest and does not make a beat. All of these currents are, of course, due to differences of potential; and as they exist while the tissue or organ is at rest, they may be called resting currents, and they are usually due to the injured surface undergoing molecular changes causing it to become of a different potential from that of any part that has not been injured. If living matter has a fresh surface exposed by an incision, the surface begins to die, that is to say, it rapidly undergoes molecular changes, and the dying matter becomes of lower electrical potential than the matter that is not dying, so that if the dying surface is connected with one electrode while the non-dying surface is connected with the other, a current passes through the galvanometer from the non-dying to the dying. Another way of expressing the same fact is to say that any local injury to living matter always disturbs electrical equilibrium, because the injured part becomes very quickly of lower potential. Now, it is evident that chemical action, as occurs in dying of tissue, will be greatest on the injured surface. We may suppose that this surface, acting like the zinc, the positive, plate in a Daniell's cell, generates currents which pass through the muscle to its surface, issue from the surface (thus the positive pole) to the galvanometer, and back from the galvanometer to the injured surface, which thus represents the negative pole. Such currents, therefore, are evidently not of much physiological importance, except that they differentiate between different planes of vitality.

But the case is different when the tissue or organ discharges its normal function. This will be readily understood if we examine what occurs in a contracting muscle. The normal function of a muscle is to contract, that is to say, there is a movement of its protoplasm by which it shortens in length while it increases in thickness. Now, suppose a muscle laid on the electrodes so that a "resting" current is manifested by the deflection of the needle of the galvanometer; let the nerve supplying the muscle be irritated so as to cause contraction of the muscle; instantly the needle of the galvanometer moves in the opposite direction, and it may pass even beyond the zero point. This is due to the generation of a new current in the muscle, in a direction opposite to that of the resting current. The proof is this: let us compensate the resting current before causing contraction of the muscle, by sending a portion of a current from a Daniell's element in the opposite direction, so that the galvanometer is brought to zero; then cause the muscle to contract, and the new current, the action current, as it may be called, sends the galvano-

meter needle to the opposite side of zero. This phenomenon of a new current in the opposite direction is known technically as the negative variation, and it is of importance physiologically because it is the indication of changes occurring in the muscle that are associated with its contraction. It is a vital phenomenon because it can only occur when the muscle is alive. The action current may be accounted for by supposing that at the nerve terminations in the muscle there is some kind of local change, just as occurs on the cut surface of a muscle. This local action, probably chemical, generates a current which passes through the muscle in the reverse direction to that of the resting current; that is to say, it flows to the cut surface, passes out by it to the galvanometer, and returns from the galvanometer to the point of entry of the nerve. The cut surface, therefore, during the action current, becomes the positive pole, while the uninjured surface is the negative pole of the little muscle battery; exactly the reverse state of matters to what obtained while the muscle was at rest.

Early observations seemed to show that this negative variation was a kind of wave of negativity that swept through the muscle, and was over and gone before the muscle contracted; but recent experiments of Burdon Sanderson, in which he simultaneously photographed the movement of the muscle and the movement of the mercury in the capillary electrometer, demonstrate that the negativity extends into the time of the contraction, or, in other words, that the two phenomena go closely together. The electromotive force between the longitudinal and transverse sections of the resting gastrocnemius muscle of a frog is from .03 to .08 volt, and the negative variation may amount to as much as .04 volt.

Similar action currents occur in nerve. A nerve has a resting current; but when the molecular disturbances which, for want of a better term, we call a nerve current, passes along it, there is a negative variation.

Electrical phenomena may also be discovered in the central nervous organs. If we bring the electrodes of the galvanometer into contact with the surface of the brain, electrical changes occur when light falls on the eye. Recently, Gotch and Horsley have explored the spinal cord with electrodes connected with the capillary electrometer, and they have found electrical variations in the motor strands of the cord when motor centres in the cerebral cortex were irritated. Thus, in a sense, they tapped the wires of the living telegraphic system and got information as to the paths in the cord along which motor, and even sensory, impulses travel. It seems to be only a matter of experiment to discover electrical changes in all the cerebral nervous organs. Could we picture to ourselves the changes in the brain when its higher centres are in a state of molecular disturbance,

as when one is thinking rapidly in a lecture, now adapting his words to his ideas, now thinking ahead as to what he will say next, now noticing the effects of his words on the audience, now becoming conscious that he is obscure, and again that he is succeeding in making things plain, now watching the clock and noting the inevitable flight of time—could we, in such circumstances of mental turmoil, examine the phenomena of the brain, we would, in all probability, obtain evidence of rapid changes of potential, and of currents flashing in a thousand directions, pursuing paths the intricacies of which are many times greater than if all the telegraphic and telephonic wires of London were concentrated in one vast exchange.

Take another illustration. Place a frog's eye on the electrodes; we at once obtain a resting current, as above indicated. Keep the little eye in the dark, and the resting current becomes less and less as the tissues die; but allow light to fall upon it—even a flash of light lasting the thousandth of a second, or the light of a vesta at a distance of several yards—and there is usually, first, a positive variation, then a falling off, if the light is allowed to act; and, lastly, if the light is suddenly cut off, there is almost invariably a second (positive) increase, followed by a (negative) diminution of the current (Holmgren, Dewar, and the writer). It is highly probable that similar electrical phenomena are related to the action of stimuli on all the terminal organs of sense.

The skin of all animals shows a current passing from the surface inwards. This has been supposed to be due to abrasion of the surface, and the skin current must be distinguished from that due to secreting glands in that organ. Thus the skins of fishes show a true skin current, although they contain no glands. The glands of the skin, however, produce currents, and it can be shown that when the secretory nerves of the glands are irritated, there is a positive variation or increase coincident with the secretion of sweat. Such electromotive phenomena connected with secretion have been demonstrated in the pad of the cat's foot, which contains numerous glands, and also in the submaxillary salivary gland. Thus the phenomena of secretion are undoubtedly connected with electrical changes.

One of the most interesting demonstrations of electrical phenomena in living structures is that of the variations connected with the beat of the heart. If the heart of a frog be laid on the electrodes, so that one electrode touches the base while the other touches a cut or injured surface at the apex, the needle of the galvanometer immediately begins to swing backwards and forwards, and it is easy to show that the swings are coincident with the beats. This remarkable phenomena has received much attention. It is almost impossible to trace the direction of the currents while the heart is beating; but if the

rhythmic beat is arrested by applying a ligature around the heart at the junction of the sinus venosus with the auricle, as was first shown by Stannius in 1852, it is then possible to bring about a single beat by stimulating the heart either at the base or at the apex. Suppose, now, that the heart was connected with the galvanometer, or, still better, with the capillary electrometer, and that we stimulate at the base, there is a contraction, the base becomes negative to the apex, and the next instant the apex becomes negative to the base. This is what occurs with a normal beat. On the other hand, if the apex is stimulated, the apex becomes first negative to the base, and then the base negative to the apex. Evidently, then, in a normal beat, the contraction commences at the base and travels to the apex. But the electrical change does not occur in the same phase throughout the heart at one moment; on the contrary, the wave of negativity travels to the apex. An instant afterwards, however, the contraction change at the base has disappeared, while it still remains at the apex. At this moment the apex is negative to the base. There are thus two phases with each contraction, and the phenomenon is termed a diphasic variation. Hence the swinging of the needle of the galvanometer. It is driven alternately in opposite directions. Similar phenomena have been noticed in the isolated mammalian heart. By far the most beautiful demonstration of this kind, however, has been recently given by Dr. Augustus Waller, of St. Mary's Hospital, London. Using the capillary electrometer, he has succeeded in showing electrical variations in man, without the necessity of making even an abrasion of the epidermis. Deeply placed as the heart is in the chest, full as it is of blood, and surrounded by the chest walls composed of bone, muscle, and skin, yet by placing one electrode, say in the mouth, and the other on the left foot, or even by placing them on opposite sides of the heart on the chest wall, the electrical variations with each beat can be demonstrated. Each beat of the human heart shows different electrical potentials if two points are connected with the capillary electrometer, one on each side of an axis passing, roughly speaking, from the left shoulder obliquely downwards to the right side. Thus the body may be divided into two asymmetrical electrical districts, so far as the beat of the heart is concerned, one including the head and right upper extremity, and the other the three remaining extremities.

We have seen that electrical variations occur in connection with muscular contraction, and at once the question arises of whether any such changes can be demonstrated in the human being. Suppose we have a very sensitive galvanometer. Take two shallow vulcanite troughs, and fill them two-thirds full with a $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. solution of common salt. Dip a perfectly clean slip of platinum into each trough, and lead wires from the strips to the galvanometer.

Connect the two troughs with a strip of clean white blotting-paper wet with the salt solution. As a rule, if precautions have been taken to have everything absolutely clean, no current will pass through the galvanometer. Then wash the hands thoroughly and place one in each vulcanite trough. At first there is usually a swing of the galvanometer, but it soon comes to rest. Then contract powerfully the muscles of the right arm. There will be a swing in one direction, say to the right. Next throw the muscles of the left arm into contraction. The needle of the galvanometer will now swing in the opposite direction. By alternately contracting the muscles of the right and left arms the needle of the galvanometer can be caused to swing rhythmically. This experiment, first made by du Bois-Reymond, demonstrating what he calls the man-current, is of great interest. Careful examination shows that when the muscles of the right arm are contracted an electrical change passes through the body from the right to the left arm, out from the left arm to the galvanometer, and back from the galvanometer to the right arm. When the muscles of the left arm are contracted the reverse occurs; or, in other words, a current passes through the body from the contracting to the passive arm, and through the galvanometer from the passive to the contracting arm. Some have supposed that this is a skin-current, or rather a current due to a change in the cutaneous secretions, and it has been stated that it will not occur if the secretory nerves have first been paralysed by atropine. As excitation of secretory nerves gives a positive variation, it is difficult to account in this way for the negativity that occurs in the actively contracting muscles, while the remarkable uniformity in the results that one, by careful experiment, obtains by alternately and rapidly contracting the muscles of the two arms, is in favour of the view that the man-current is due to electrical changes occurring in the muscles themselves.

Enough has been written to show that in all probability all vital phenomena are associated with electrical changes. Up to the present time, however, there is no absolute proof that these changes are caused simply by the chemical phenomena happening in the tissues, and on which it is usually assumed the phenomena of life depend. It is possible that the electrical changes may be of a different order, and that what we call vitality is dependent, not only on physico-chemical changes, but also on those more subtle phenomena which we call electrical. Electricity, in its essence, is just as mysterious as life, and we are yet far from being able to correlate the two classes of phenomena. We may be helped towards this consummation by a careful study of what is known of those living electrical machines, the electric ray (*torpedo*), the electric eel (*gymnotus*), and the thunderer of the Nile (*malapterurus*). This must, however, be reserved for another time.

JOHN G. MCKENDRICK.

AMONG THE CHIEFS OF BECHUANALAND.

BECHUANALAND is about as big as France, and a country which has been gradually coming under the sphere of British influence since Sir Charles Warren's campaign, and which in a very few years must of necessity be absorbed into the embryo empire which Mr. Cecil Rhodes hopes to build up from the Lakes to Cape Town. At present there are three degrees of intensity of British influence in Bechuanaland, in proportion to the proximity to headquarters:—Firstly, the Crown Colony to the south, with its railway, its well-to-do settlements at Taungs, Vryberg, and Mafeking, and with its native chiefs confined within certain limits. Secondly, the British Protectorate to the north of this over such chiefs as Batuen, Pilan, Linchwe, and Sechele, extending vaguely to the west into the Kalahari Desert, and bounded by the Limpopo river and the Dutchmen on the east. Thirdly, the independent dominions of the native chief Khama, who rules over a vast territory to the north, and whose interests are entirely British, for with their assistance only can he hope to resist the attacks of his inveterate foe, King Lobengula of Matabeleland.

As for the country itself, it is but a sorry one; down by the Limpopo and wherever there is water it is fertile, but these places are barely sufficient to support the natives themselves, who cannot, taken altogether, amount to eighty thousand souls. The chief area of Bechuanaland is dry and waterless, even after the rains; a long elevated plateau covered for the most part with scrubby bush, featureless and intensely wearisome to travel through.

Two roads through Bechuanaland to Mashonaland were open to us from Mafeking: the shorter one is by the river which, after the rains, is muddy and fever-stricken; the other is longer and less frequented; it passes through a corner of the Kalahari Desert, and had the additional attraction of taking us through the capitals of all the principal chiefs: consequently, we unhesitatingly chose it, and it is this journey which I now propose to describe.

We may dismiss the Crown Colony of Bechuanaland with a few words. It differs little from any other such colony in South Africa, and the natives and their chiefs have little or no identity left to them. Even the once famous Montsoia, chief of the Ba-rolongs of Mafeking, has sunk into the lowest depths of servile submission; he receives a monthly pension of £25, which said sum he always puts under his pillow and sleeps upon; he is avaricious in his old age, and dropsical, and surrounded by women who delight to wrap their

swarthy frames in gaudy garments from Europe. He is nominally a Christian, and has been made an F.O.S., or Friend of Ally Sloper, the latter title being much more in accordance with his tastes, and he points with pride to the diploma which hangs on the walls of his hut.

From Mafeeking to Kanya, the capital of Batuen, chief of the Ba-Ngwatsetse tribe, is about eighty miles. At first the road is treeless, until the area is reached where terminates the cutting down of timber for the support of the diamond-mines at Kimberley, a process which has denuded all southern Bechuanaland of trees, and is gradually devastating the north. The rains were not over when we started, and we found the road saturated with moisture; in two days, near the Ramachlambana River, our progress was just one mile, in the course of which our waggons had to be unloaded and dug out six times. But Bechuanaland dries quickly, and a fortnight after this we had nothing to drink but concentrated mud, which made our tea and coffee so similar that it was impossible to tell the difference.

On one occasion during our midday halt we had all our oxen inoculated with the virus of the lung sickness, for this fatal malady was then raging in Khama's country. Our waggons were placed side by side, and with an ingenious contrivance of thongs our conductor and driver managed to fasten the plunging animals by the horns, whilst a string steeped in the virus was passed with a needle through their tails. Sometimes after this process the tails swell and fall off; and up country a tailless ox has a value peculiarly his own. It is always rather a sickly time for the poor beasts, but as we only lost two out of thirty-six from this disease we voted the remedy successful.

I think Kanya is the first place where one realises that one is in Africa. Though it is under British protection it is only nominally so, to prevent the Boers from appropriating it. Batuen, the chief, is still supreme, and, like his father, Gasetsive, he is greatly under missionary influence. He has stuck up a notice on the roadside at the entrance to the town in Sechuana, the language of the country, Dutch and English, which runs as follows:—"I, Batuen, chief of Ba-Ngwatsetse, hereby give notice to my people, and all other people, that no waggons shall enter or leave Kanya on Sunday. Signed, September 28th, 1889." If any one transgresses this law Batuen takes an ox from each span, a transaction in which piety and profit go conveniently hand in hand.

Kanya is pleasantly situated amongst low hills well clad with trees. It is a collection of huts divided into circular kraals hedged in with palisades, four to ten huts being contained in each enclosure. These are again contained in larger enclosures, forming separate communities, each governed by its hereditary sub-chief, with its *kotla* or parliament circle in its midst. On the summit of the hill

many acres are covered with these huts, and there are also many in the valley below. Certain roughly-constructed walls run round the hill, erected when the Boers threatened an invasion; but now these little difficulties are past, and Batuen limits his warlike tendencies to quarrelling with his neighbours on the question of a border line, a subject which never entered their heads before the epoch of British influence.

All ordinary matters of government and justice are discussed in the large *kotla* before the chief's own hut; but big questions, such as the border question, are discussed at large tribal gatherings in the open *veldt*. There was to be one of these gatherings of Batuen's tribe near Kanya on the following Monday, and we regretted not being able to stop and witness so interesting a ceremony.

The town is quite one of the largest in Bechuanaland, and presents a curious appearance on the summit of the hill. The *kotla* is about 200 feet in diameter, with shady trees in it, beneath which the monarch sits to dispense justice. We passed an idle afternoon therein, watching with interest the women of Batuen's household, naked save for a skin loosely thrown around them, lying on rugs before the palace, and teaching the children to dance to the sound of their weird music, and making the air ring with their merry laughter. In one corner Batuen's slaves were busy filling his granaries with maize just harvested. His soldiers paraded in front of his house, and kept their suspicious eyes upon us as we sat; many of them were quaintly dressed in red coats, which once had been worn by British troops, soft hats with ostrich feathers in them, and bare black legs.

Ma-Batuen, the chief's mother, received us somewhat coldly when we penetrated into her hut; she is the chief widow of old Gasetive, Batuen's father, a noted warrior in his day. The Sechuana tribes have very funny ideas about death, and never, if possible, let a man die inside his hut; if he does accidentally behave so indiscreetly they pull down the wall at the back to take the corpse out, as it must never go out by the ordinary door, and the hut is usually abandoned. Gasetive died in his own house, so the wall had to be pulled down; it has never been repaired, and remains abandoned. Batuen built himself a new palace, with a hut for his chief wife on his right, and a hut for his mother on the left. His father's funeral was a grand affair; all the tribe assembled to lament the loss of their warrior chief, and he was laid to rest in a lead coffin in the midst of his *kotla*. The superstitious of the tribe did not approve of the coffin, and imagine that the soul may still be there making frantic efforts to escape.

All the Ba-Ngwatetse are soldiers, and belong to certain regiments or years. A lot of the youths are at springtime initiated together into

the tribal mysteries: generally the son of a chief is amongst them, and takes the command of the regiment. In the old ostrich-feather days Kanya was an important trading station, but now there is none of this trade, and inasmuch as it is off the main road north, it is not a place of much importance from a white man's point of view, and boasts only of one storekeeper and one missionary, both men of great importance in the place.

After Kanya the character of the scenery alters, and you enter an undulating country thickly wooded, and studded here and there with red granite *kopjes*, or gigantic boulders set in rich green vegetation, looking for all the world like pre-Raphaelite Italian pictures. Beneath a long *kopje*, 16 miles from Kanya, nestles Mashoupa, the capital of a young chief, the son of Pilan, who was an important man in his day, and, after breaking from his own chief Linchwe, brought his followers with him to settle in the Ba-Ngwatsetse country as a sort of sub-chief with nominal independence. It is a conglomeration of bee-hive huts, many of them overgrown with gourds difficult to distinguish from the mass of boulders around them. When we arrived at Mashoupa a dance was going on—a native Sechuana dance—in consequence of the full moon and the rejoicings incident on an abundant harvest. In the *kotla* some forty or more men had formed a circle, and were jumping round and round to the sound of music. Evidently it was an old war dance degenerated; the sugar-cane took the place of the assegai, many black legs were clothed in trousers, and many black shoulders now wore coats; but there still survive as relics of the past the ostrich-feather in the hat, the fly-whisk of horse-, jackal-, or other tail, the iron skin-scraper round the neck, which represents the pocket-handkerchief among the Kaffirs and is used to remove perspiration, and the flute with one or two holes, out of which each man seems to produce a different sound, while around the group of dancing men old women still circulate, as of yore, clapping their withered hands and encouraging festivity. It was a sight of considerable picturesqueness amid the bee-hive huts and tall overhanging rocks.

Mashoupa was once the residence of a missionary, but the church is now abandoned and falling into ruins, because when asked to repair the edifice at their own expense the men of Mashoupa waxed wroth, and replied irreverently that God might repair his own house; and one old man who received a blanket for his reward for attending divine service is reported to have remarked, when the dole was stopped; "No more blanket no more hallelujah." I fear the men of Mashoupa are wedded to heathendom.

The accession of Pilan to the chieftom of Mashoupa is a curious instance of the Sechuana marriage laws. A former chief's heir was affianced young; he died at the age of eight, before succeeding his

father, and, according to custom, the second brother, Moshuilla, married the woman; their son was Pilan, who, on coming of age, turned out his own father, being, as he said, the rightful heir of the boy of eight, for whom the elder brother, Moshuilla, had been instrumental in raising up seed. There is a distinct touch of Hebraic, probably Semitic law in this, as there is in many another Sechuana custom.

The so-called purchase of a wife is curious enough in Bechuanaland. The intending husband brings with him the number of bullocks he thinks the girl is worth; wisely, he does not offer all his stock at once, leaving two or more, as the case may be, at a little distance, for he knows the father will haggle and ask for an equivalent for the girl's keep during childhood, whereupon he will send for another bullock; then the mother will come forward and demand something for lactation and other maternal offices, and another bullock will have to be produced before the contract can be ratified. In reality this apparent purchase of the wife is not so barefaced a thing as it seems, for she is not a negotiable article and cannot again be sold; in case of divorce her value has to be paid back, and her children, if the purchase is not made, belong to her own family. Hence a woman who is not properly bought is in the condition of a slave, whereas her purchased sister has rights which assure her a social standing.

From Pilan's town the northward road becomes hideous again, and may henceforward be said to be in the desert region of the Kalahari. This desert is not the waste of sand and rock we are accustomed to imagine a desert should be, but a vast undulating expanse of country covered with timber—the *mimosa*, or camel thorn, the *mapani*-bush, and others which reach the water with their roots, though there are no ostensible water sources above ground.

The Kalahari is inhabited sparsely by a wild tribe known as the Ba-kalahari, of kindred origin to the bushmen whom the Dutch term *Vaal-pens*, or "Yellow-stomachs," to distinguish them from the darker races. Their great skill is in finding water, and in dry seasons they obtain it by suction through a reed inserted into the ground, the results being spat into a gourd and handed to the thirsty traveller to drink. Khama, Sechele, and Batuen divide this vast desert between them; how far west it goes is unknown; wild animals rapidly becoming extinct elsewhere abound therein. It is a vast limbo of uncertainty, which will necessarily become British property when Bechuanaland is definitely annexed; possibly with a system of artesian wells the water supply may be found adequate, and it may yet have a future before it when the rest of the world is filled to overflowing.

We saw a few of these children of the desert in our progress northwards; they are timid and diffident in the extreme, always avoiding the haunts of the white man, and always wandering hither and thither where rain and water may be found. On their shoulders they carry a bark quiver filled with poisoned arrows to kill their game. They produce fire by dexterously rubbing two sticks together to make a spark. At nightfall they cut grass and branches to make a shelter from the wind; they eat snakes, tortoises, and roots which they dig up with sharp bits of wood, and the contents of their food bags are revolting to behold. They pay tribute in kind to the above-mentioned chiefs—skins, feathers, and tusks, or the *mahatla* berries used for making beer—and if these things are not forthcoming they take a fine grown boy and present him to the chief as his slave.

Sechele is the chief of the Ba-quaina, or children of the *quaina* or crocodile. Their *totem* is the crocodile, which they will not kill or touch under any provocation whatsoever. The Ba-quaina are one of the most powerful of the Bechuanaland feud tribes, and it often occurred to me, Can the name Bechuanaland, for which nobody can give a satisfactory derivation,* and of which the natives themselves are entirely ignorant, be a corruption of this name? There have been worse corruptions perpetrated by Dutch and English pioneers in savage lands, and Ba-quainaland would have a derivation, whereas Bechuanaland has none.

Sechele's capital is on the hills above the river Molopololi, quite a flourishing place, or rather group of places, on a high hill, with a curious valley or *kloof* beneath it, where the missionary settlement lies, by the river banks. Many villages of daub huts are scattered over the hills amongst the red boulders and green vegetation. In the largest, in quite a European-looking house, Sechele lives. Once this house was fitted up for him in European style; it contained a glass chandelier, a sideboard, a gazogene, and a table. In those days Sechele was a good man, and was led by his wife to church; but alas! this good lady died, and her place was supplied by a rank heathen, who would have none of her predecessor's innovations. Now Sechele is very old and very crippled, and he lies amid the wreck of all his European grandeur; chandelier, sideboard, gazogene, are all in ruins like himself, and he is as big a heathen and as big a sinner as ever wore a crown. So much for the influence of women over their husbands, even when they are black.

Sebele, the heir apparent, does all the executive work of the country now, and the old man is left at home to chew his sugar-cane and smoke his pipe. Around the villages and in the hollow below, the native gardens or fields are very fertile; maize, kaffir corn, sugar-cane, grow here in abundance, and out of the tall reeds

black women came running to look at us as we passed by, whose daily duty it is at this season of the year to act as scarecrows and save their crops from the birds. Beneath the corn and mealies they grow gourds and beans, and thereby thoroughly exhaust the soil which, after a season or two, is left fallow for a while; and if the ground becomes too bad around a town they think nothing of moving their abodes elsewhere, a town being rarely established in one place for more than fifty years.

From Sechele's town to Khama's old capital, Shoshong, is a weary journey of over a hundred and thirty miles through the Kalahari Desert, and through that everlasting bush of mimosa thorn rising like impenetrable walls on either side of the road. Along this road there is hardly any rising ground; hence it is impossible to see anything for more than a few yards around one, unless one is willing to brave the dangers of penetrating the bush, returning to the camp with tattered garments and ruffled temper, if return one can, for when only a few yards from camp it is quite possible to become hopelessly lost, and many are the stories of deaths and disappearances in this way, and of days of misery spent by travellers in this bush without food or shelter, unable to retrace their steps.

The botanist or the naturalist might here enjoy every hour of his day. The flowers are lovely, and animal life is here seen in many unaccustomed forms; there are the quaint, spire-like ant-hills tapering to pinnacles of fifteen feet in height; the clustered nests of the "family bird," where hundreds live together in a sort of exaggerated honeycomb; the huge yellow and black spiders, which weave their webs from tree to tree of material like the fresh silk of the silkworm which, with the dew and the morning sun upon them, look like gauze curtains suspended in the air. There are, too, the deadly puff adders, the night adders, and things creeping innumerable, the green tree snake stealthily moving like a coil of fresh-cut grass; and wherever there is a rocky *koppie* you are sure to hear at nightfall the hideous screams of the baboons, coupled with the laugh of the jackal. But if you are not a naturalist, these things pall upon you after the sensation has been oft repeated, and this was the case with us.

The monotony of the journey would now and again be relieved by a cattle-station, where the servants of Sechele or Khama rear cattle for their chiefs; and these stations always occur in the vicinity of water, which we hailed with delight, even if it was only a muddy *vley*, or pond, trampled by the hoofs of many oxen. These cattle-stations are generally large circular enclosures surrounded by a palisade, with a tree in the middle, beneath which the inhabitants sit stitching at their carosses, or skin rugs, in splendid nudity. All manner of skins and hunks of meat in process of drying hang around; hide

thongs are fastened from branch to branch like spiders' webs; consequently the air is not too fragrant, and the flies are an insupportable nuisance.

One evening we reached one of these kraals after dark, and a weird and picturesque sight it was. Having penetrated through the outer hedge, where the cattle were housed for the night, we reached inner enclosures occupied by the families and their huts. They sat crouching over their fires, eating their evening meal of porridge, thrusting long sticks into the pot, and transferring the stiff paste to their mouths. In spite of the chilliness of the evening, they were naked, save for a loin-cloth and their charms and amulets. A man stood near, playing an instrument like a bow with one string, with a gourd attached to bring out the sound. He played it with a bit of wood, and the strains were plaintive, if not sweet.

Another night we reached a pond called Selinia, famous through all the country round, and a great point of rendezvous for hunters who are about to penetrate the desert. In this pond we intended to do great things in the washing line, and to tarry a whole day for this purpose; but it was another disappointment to add to the many we had experienced on this road, for it was nothing but a muddy puddle trampled by oxen, from which we had difficulty in extracting enough liquid to fill our barrels. Needless to say, we did not stay for our proposed washing day, but hurried on.

It was a great relief to reach the hills of Shoshong, the larger trees, the cacti, and the richer vegetation, after the long flat stretch of waterless bush-covered desert. The group of hills is considerable, reaching an elevation of about 800 feet, and with interesting views from the summits. In a deep ravine amongst these hills lie the ruins of the town of Shoshong, the quondam capital of the chief Khama and the Ba-mangwato tribe. • It is an interesting illustration of the migratory spirit of the race. The question of moving had long been discussed by Khama and his head men, but the European traders and missionaries at Shoshong thought it would never take place. They built themselves houses and stores, and lived contentedly.

Suddenly, one day, now three years ago, without any prefatory warning, Khama gave orders for the move, and the exodus commenced on the following morning. The rich were exhorted to lend their waggons and their beasts of burden to the poor. Each man helped his neighbour, and, in two months, 15,000 individuals were located in their new home at Palapwe, about sixty miles away, where water is plentiful, and the soil exceedingly rich. Thus was Shoshong abandoned; and the scarcity of water was the immediate cause of the migration, for there was only one slender stream to water the whole community; and whole rows of women with their jars would stand

day and night awaiting their turn to fill them from the source up the valley, which in the dry season barely trickled.

Everything was arranged by Khama in the most beautiful manner. He and his head men had been over at Palapwe for some time, and had arranged the allotments, so that every one on his arrival went straight to the spot appointed, built his hut, and surrounded it with a palisade. Not a murmur or a dispute arose amongst them. In reality, it was the knowledge of British support which enabled Khama to carry out this plan. Shoshong, in its rocky ravine, is admirably situated for protection from the Matabele raids. When a rumour spread of the enemy's approach, the women and children were hurried off with provisions to the caves above the town, whilst Khama and his soldiers protected the entrance to the ravine. Palapwe, on the contrary, is open and indefensible, and would be at once exposed to the raids of Lobengula were it not for the camp of the Bechuanaland Border Police at MacLoutsie, and the openly avowed support of Great Britain.

The desolate aspect of the ruined town, as seen to-day, is exceedingly odd. The compounds or enclosures are all thickly overgrown with the castor-oil plant. The huts have, in most cases, tumbled in; some show only walls, with the chequered and diaper patterns still on them so beloved by the *Sachanas*; others are mere skeleton huts, with only the framework left. The poles which shut in the cattle kraals have, in many instances, sprouted, and present the appearance of curious circular groves dedicated to some deity. The brick houses of European origin are the most lasting, the old stores and abodes of traders, but even these can now hardly be approached by reason of the thick thorn bushes which, in so short a space of time, have grown up around them. Far up the ravine is the missionary's house, itself a ruin overlooking the ruined town. Baboons, and owls, and vicious wasps now inhabit the rooms where Moffat lived and Livingstone stayed. There is not a vestige of human life now to be seen within miles of Shoshong, which was, three years ago, the capital of one of the most enlightened chiefs of South Africa.

I must say, I looked forward with great interest to seeing a man with so wide a reputation for integrity and enlightenment as Khama has in South Africa. Somehow, one's spirit of scepticism is on the *qui vive* on such occasions, especially when a negro is in question; and I candidly admit that I advanced towards Palapwe fully prepared to find the chief of the Ba-mangwato a rascal and a hypocrite, and that I left his capital, after a week's stay there, one of his most fervent admirers.

Not only has Khama himself established his reputation for honesty, but he is supposed to have inoculated all his people with the same virtue. No one is supposed to steal in Khama's country. He

regulates the price of the goat you buy; and the milk vendor dare not ask more than the regulation price, nor can you get it for less. One evening, on our journey from Shoshong to Palapwe, we passed a loaded waggon by the roadside with no one to guard it save a dog; and surely, we thought, such confidence as this implies a security for property rare enough in South Africa.

The aspect of Palapwe is very pleasant. Fine timber covers the hill slopes. A large grassy square, shaded by trees, and with a stream running through it, has been devoted to the outspanning of the many waggons which pass through here. There are but few of those detestable corrugated-iron houses, for the Europeans have wisely selected to dwell in daub-huts, like the natives. Scattered far and wide are the clusters of huts in their own enclosures, governed by their respective *indunas*.

High up on the hillside Khama has allotted the choicest spot of all to his spiritual and political adviser, Mr. Hepburn, the missionary. From here a lovely view extends over mountain and plain, over granite *kopje*, and the meandering river bed, far away into the blue distance and the Kalahari. Behind the mission-house is a deep ravine, thick set with tropical vegetation, through which a stream runs called the Photo-Photo, which at the head of the gorge leaps over steep rocks, and forms a lovely cascade of well nigh a hundred feet; behind the ravine, on the rocky heights, baboons and other wild animals still linger, perturbed in mind, no doubt, at this recent occupation of their paradise.

Everything in Khama's town is conducted with the rigour—one might almost say bigotry—of religious enthusiasm. The chief conducts in person native services, twice every Sunday, in his large round *kotla*, at which he expects a large attendance. He stands beneath the traditional tree of justice, and the canopy of heaven, quite in a patriarchal style. He has a system of espionage by which he learns the names of those who do not keep Sunday properly, and he punishes them accordingly. He has already collected £3,000 for a church which is to be built at Palapwe.

The two acts, however, which more than anything else display the power of the man, and perhaps his intolerance, are these. Firstly, he forbids all his subjects to make or drink beer. Any one who knows the love of a Kaffir for his porridge-like beer, and his occasional orgies, will realise what a power one man must have to stop this in a whole tribe. Even the missionaries have remonstrated with him on this point, representing the measure as too strong; but he replies, "Beer is the source of all quarrels and disputes. I will stop it." Secondly, he has put a stop altogether to the existence of witch-doctors and their craft throughout all the Ba-mangwato—another instance of his force of will, when one considers that the

national religion of the Sechuana is merely a belief in the existence of good and bad spirits which haunt them and act on their lives. All members of other neighbouring tribes are uncomfortable if they are not charmed by their witch-doctor every two or three days.

Like the other Sechuana tribes, the Ba-mangwato have a *totem* which they once revered. Theirs is the *daiker*, a sort of roebuck; and Khama's father, old Sikkome, would not so much as step upon a rug of *daiker*-skin. Khama will now publicly eat a steak of that animal to encourage his men to shake off their belief. In manner the chief is essentially a gentleman, courteous and dignified. He rides a great deal, and prides himself on his stud. On one occasion he did what I doubt if every English gentleman would do—he sold a horse for a high price, which died a few days afterwards, whereupon Khama returned the purchase-money, considering that the illness had been acquired previous to the purchase taking place. On his waggons he has painted in English, "Khama, Chief of the Ba-mangwato." They say he understands a great deal of our tongue, but he never trusts himself to speak it, always using an interpreter.

An instance of Khama's system of discipline came under our notice during our stay at Palapwe. Attracted by the sound of bugles, I repaired very early one morning to the *kotta*, and there saw men in all sorts of quaint dresses, with arms, and spades, and picks, mustering to the number of about 200. On inquiry, I was told that it was a regiment which had misbehaved and displeased the chief in some way. The punishment he inflicted on them was this—that for a given period they were to assemble every day and go and work in the fields, opening out new land for the people. There is something Teutonic in Khama's imperial discipline, but the Sechuana are made of different stuff to the Germans. They are by nature peaceful and mild, a race with strong pastoral habits, who have lived for years in dread of Matabele raids; consequently their respect for a chief like Khama—who has actually on one occasion repulsed the foe, and who has established peace, prosperity, and justice in all his borders—is unbounded, and his word is law.

Khama pervades everything in his town. He is always on horseback, visiting the fields, the stores, and the outlying kraals. He has a word for every one; he calls every woman, "my daughter," and every man, "my son"; he pats the little children on the head. He is a veritable father of his people, a curious and unaccountable example of mental power and integrity amongst a degraded and powerless race. His early history and struggles with his father and brothers are thrilling in the extreme, and his later development extraordinary. Perhaps he may be said to be the only negro living whose biography would repay the writing.

The blending of two sets of ideas, the advance of the new and the

persistence of the old, are curiously conspicuous at Palapwe, and perhaps the women illustrate this better than the men. On your evening walk you may meet the leading black ladies of the place, parasol in hand, with hideous dresses of gaudy cottons, hats with flowers and feathers, and displaying as they walk the airs and graces of self-consciousness. A little further on you meet the women of the lower orders returning from the fields, with baskets on their heads filled with green pumpkins, bright yellow mealy pods, and rods of sugarcane. A skin caross is thrown over their shoulders, and the rest of their mahogany-coloured bodies is nude, save for a leopard-skin loin-cloth, and armlets and necklaces of bright blue beads. Why is it that civilisation is permitted to destroy all that is picturesque? Surely we of the nineteenth century have much to answer for in this respect. And the missionaries, who teach and insist on clothing amongst races accustomed to nudity by heredity are responsible for three evils: firstly, the appearance of lung diseases amongst them; secondly, the spread of vermin amongst them; and thirdly, the disappearance from amongst them of inherent and natural modesty.

It had been arranged that on our departure from Palapwe we should take twenty-five of Khama's men to act as excavators at the ruins of the Great Zimbabwe. One morning, at sunrise, when we were just rising from our waggons, and indulging in our matutinal yawns, Khama's arrival was announced. The chief walked in front, dignified and smart, dressed in well-made boots, trousers with a correct seam down each side, an irreproachable coat, gloves, and a billycock hat. Khama is a neatly-made, active man of sixty, who might easily pass for twenty years younger; and at the same time he is a dandy, a vice which has developed considerably in his son and heir, who cares for little else than clothes; his face sparkles with intelligence; he is, moreover, shrewd, and looks carefully after the interests of his people, who in days scarcely yet gone by have been wretchedly cheated by unscrupulous traders. Behind him, in a long line, walked the twenty-five men whom he proposed to place at our disposal, strangely enough dressed in what might be termed the "transition style." Ostrich feathers adorned all their hats. One wore a short cutaway coat, which came down to the small of his back, and nothing else. Another considered himself sufficiently garbed with a waistcoat and a fly-whisk. They formed a curious collection of humanity, and all twenty-five sat down in a row at a respectful distance, whilst we parleyed with the chief. Luckily for us our negotiations fell through owing to the difficulties of transport; and, on inspection, I must say I felt doubtful as to their capabilities. Away from the influence of their chief, and in a strange country, I feel sure they would have given us endless trouble.

We left Khama and his town with regret on our journey northwards. A few miles below Palapwe we crossed the Lotsani River, a series of semi-stagnant pools, even after the rainy season. The water percolates through the sand, which has almost silted it up, and a little farther on we came across what they call a "sand-river." Not a trace of water is to be seen in the sandy bed, but, on digging down a few feet, you come across it.

The future colonisation and development of Bechuanaland is dependent on the question of water, pure and simple. If artesian wells can be sunk, if water can be stored in reservoirs, something may be done; but, at present, even the few inhabitants of this vast territory are continually plunged in misery from drought.

North of Palapwe we met but few inhabitants, and, after passing the camp of the Bechuanaland Border Police at Macloutsie, we entered what is known as the "debateable country" between the territories of Khama and Lobengula, and claimed by both. It is, at present, uninhabited and unproductive, flat and uninteresting, and continues as far as Fort Tuli on the Shashi River, after crossing which we entered the country which comes under the direct influence of the Chartered Company, the vaguely defined territory which now rejoices in the name of Mashonaland.

J. THEODORE BENT.

M. PAUL BOURGET.

...I FOUND my way to the top of a winding staircase in the right wing of the *pavillon*, which stood, in the unpretending dignity of its white façade with dark green shutters symmetrically closed, at the back of a gravelled courtyard whose gates opened on the Rue de Monsieur, calmest among the smaller thoroughfares of the Quartier Saint-Germain. I was admitted into a minute ante-chamber, where reigned the usual sensation of fresh dimness; was then ushered through a study, hardly less minute, but bright and cheerful in the warm whiteness of its walls and ceiling and rich various hues of many handsomely bound books; some hangings now were drawn aside, and in a subtly-decorated tiny retreat at the extremity of his bachelor apartments of five years ago I met Paul Bourget.

A nature of extraordinary delicacy and charm—that was the impression left upon me by this first conversation. Charm is not a thing to be analysed or to be explained; it is a thing simply to be enjoyed. In M. Bourget there are, no doubt, all kinds of complications. Nevertheless, the fact remains that he exercises upon even a stranger the attraction which can only arise from the union of fine brain, vivid feeling, and ardent spirit. What though it be possibly true that, as Verlaine somewhere sings, *tout cela reste est littérature*?

The separate effect of different features and the divers particularities of manner and speech come in for secondary notice. As M. Paul Bourget talks, in a voice artistically inflected, one proceeds to mark how becomingly the soft, abundant dark hair, parted simply at the side, falls over the full, wide, and sufficiently high brow; how the bold yet fine curve of the nose imparts to the entire visage an expression of power; how the round smoothness of the chin denotes a gentleness of nature, and the strongly-marked squareness of the jaw the intensity of the "will to live." The eyes are large, dark, soft, and illumined with a species of confused brightness that lends them their strange expression of mingled melancholy and ardour. It is no doubt from the mountain race of Auvergne, whence if I mistake not he descends, that M. Bourget derives his vein of sentiment, as well as his tenacity of purpose and a certain enviable acquisitiveness and retentiveness of instinct. The ordinary *enfant de l'Auvergne* will work long, hard, and honestly in order to compass what he would call his "little sack," to which, when once amassed, he will adhere like any limpet. Paul Bourget by not dissimilar methods has built up for himself a fine intellectual fortune, which instead of dilapidating or frittering away

he guards vigilantly and admirably invests and unceasingly increases. We all of us, probably, have our particular big man, our favourite great figure in history or in fiction. M. Bourget's big man is understood to be Goethe, and this in itself may be a sort of indication.

Further suggestions of Auvergne are to be found in such details as the evenness—*matité*, is how a French person would describe it—of M. Paul Bourget's complexion, and in the squareness and sturdiness of the well-knit, open-chested figure. As for the still smaller question of dress, all Europe by this time knows that M. Bourget is past master in the art of "vestimentary harmony"—to employ a term dear to the great Balzac. Such little effects of grace and nicety as may be obtained with the meagre-spread palette of our modern male attire are one and all at M. Paul Bourget's command.

M. Bourget, with unhesitating hand, has limned for the greater delectation of his readers more than one private figure in contemporary Parisian life. He cannot, therefore, object if he himself be slightly sketched. The critical examination and analysis of his literary talent is a much more difficult task. M. Paul Bourget's work as a man of letters is ample and admits readily of subdivision; the author of "*Les Aveux*," of *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine* and of *Le Disciple* may be considered first as poet, then as critic and finally as novelist, after which nothing will remain but to add some observations on the general features that distinguish M. Bourget in the entirety of his endeavour, and that have secured to him his brilliant and commanding position in the field of literary art.

I.

After a childhood and early youth passed in schools and colleges both provincial and Parisian, whose sordid hideousness he has described in a dozen different parts of his writings, M. Bourget arrived, some eighteen or twenty years ago, at man's estate, and found himself compelled to give private lessons for a meagre and precarious living. The young man's extreme fondness for literature expressed itself first, as has been often enough the case before him, through the medium of rhyme. But his *Poésies*, written from 1872 to 1876, and published in one volume under the separate heads of "*Au Bord de la Mer*," "*La Vie Inquiète*," and "*Petits Poèmes*," did not apparently bring him much nearer to his self-appointed goal of literary fame. A further volume compiled from 1876 to 1882 and containing "*Edel*" and "*Les Aveux*," marks so decided an advance in art (if not discovering any great accession of feeling), that in justice to the real poet who, as Pierre Loti has it, is "one of the individuals or animals composing the entity"

of M. Bourget, it will be well to neglect vol. i. of the *Poésies*, the better to concentrate one's attention upon the contents of vol. ii.

M. Bourget's high-water level in poetry is probably found in the collection of various pieces to which he has given the general title of "Les Aveux." There is among these *morceaux* an abundance of pleasing and excellent verse, yet the sum of the world's harmony would not be very much less had "Les Aveux" remained unwritten. The subjects comprise the customary features of amorous and elegiac French poetry in this Baudelairean and Verlainean *fin de siècle*: sighs of desire, gasps of possession, spasms of "sharp" delight and wails of hideous despair; glimpses of nature elaborately dressed-up, here and there a dash or dose of philosophy and metaphysics, and a background in the most approved tone of fleshly pessimism to effectively throw up the whole. The rhythm throughout is harmonious and caressing, and the metres, in their suppleness and their variety, suggest an intimate acquaintance with (besides Verlaine and Baudelaire) Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme, François Coppée, Richpin, and divers others, to say nothing of Victor Hugo, *le père à tous*. Many lines, however, are weak, and many epithets weaker:—

"Répète-toi les vers célèbres de Lucrèce"

(the present writer being responsible for the italics) might be instanced as the acme of *curiosa infelicitas*, were it not that M. Bourget has perpetrated other Alexandrines still more prosaic and platitudinous, such as—

"Un allegro de Weber, aussi fin que sublime,"

while elsewhere he has indulged in this stanza—

"Une mystique intelligence
L'un *vous* l'autre nous a conduits,
Et tu me désirais d'avance
Dans la détresse de tes nuits,"

—singular, as will be seen, in more respects than one. Again—

"Que reste-t-il de ces heures qui furent miennes,
Dis, chère tête aux yeux brûlants, qu'en reste-t-il?"

is unfortunate in so far as it recalls the dialogue in the *Arabian Nights* between the calip^h and the speaking head detached from its body.

In the following passage:—

"Et les souvenirs se font plus touchants
Dans leur *vilupté* qui s'achève en plainte,"

the line italicised is not the only one in M. Bourget's poetry which seems suggestive of feline duos in the night hours. When M. Emile Augier, the famous French playwright now deceased (but, as

Jules Vallès wrote, "La mort n'est pas une excuse"), pronounced his memorable appreciation of the author of *Mensonges*: "Bourget? C'est un cochon triste . . ." he said a thing very mean and very silly, which may be cited as showing that even in Paris the "criticism" of literary coteries is often mere offensive depreciation. A talent like M. Bourget's is not to be summed up in two such words as the above, whatever be said or thought in such matters by good *confrères* whose brains have become affected by the frenzy of their desire to pinch or bite or sting. Still, in reading M. Bourget's verse even more than in examining his prose, one cannot help perceiving now and again what M. Augier may have had in his mind when he uttered the little saying, which Bourget himself, by the way, quotes with "an excellent wit" in the pages of his *Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne*. Often, too often, does M. Bourget display in his treatment of the physical aspects of passion a dark brutality which may be Baudelairean, but is also rather painful if not repugnant. "Thou knowest, dear Toby," remarked, with a solemnity quite delightful under the peculiar circumstances, the ingenious Mr. Shandy, "thou knowest that there is no passion so serious as lust." Far too many "serious" lines occur in "Les Aveux." In one of his prose works, *L'Irréparable*, M. Bourget says (the passage, by the way, had perhaps better be left in its native French): "Les femmes ont un art de tout dire sans rien articuler, qui leur permet de parler des plus vilaines choses de ce vilain monde sans y salir la pudeur de leur conversation." Albeit a woman-lover, M. Bourget has not herein invariably followed the feminine example. His *lâches* in this respect are all the more to be regretted, that his real note in matters of love and of passion—witness the many delicious passages throughout his books, passages heavy with a languid sweetness as of innumerable hothouse flowers—is one of tenderness and grace; sensuous, indeed, and never rising free from the coils of matter, but yet inclining willingly to adose and to adorn. In frequent passages of his verse, as in the graceful line—

"L'amour naissant est pur comme une piété,"

and in the pretty *romance* from which I hereby quote a stanza—

"Ce temps où tu m'aimas ressemble
Aux temps charmants, aux temps lointains
De mon enfance. Ah, gais matins! . . .
Ah, gais matins! mon cœur en tremble"—

M. Bourget comes much nearer to indicating the true shade of his sentiment than in all the calculated audacities of pieces singing the attractions of what Baudelaire characteristically denominated "la chair triste."

The Verlainean treble—or is it rather the strain peculiar to M.

Jean Richepin in some of his earlier *chansons*!—is best recalled by M. Bourget in verses like—

“Et rien n'est plus pareil au soir,
Au soir éteint, au grand soir morne,
Que la fin d'un sublime espoir,
De l'espoir d'un bonheur sans borne.”

Indeed M. Bourget is never happier than in describing certain “intimate” aspects of nature. “Sur l'eau morte du lac de Windermere,” he says in his *Études et Portraits*, “des îles surgissent, qui ne sont que des mottes de gazon. Le batelier a relevé ses rames, et la muette beauté des choses est surnaturelle de douceur pénétrante.” This delicate and skilful evocation of one of the most beautiful of scenes may well be used to conclude my series of quotations.

The possession of a certain elegiac sense, of a good ear for the most subtle and harmonious rhythms, and of considerable aptitude, both natural and acquired, for coping with the material difficulties of French versification, are not apparently sufficient to furnish forth a poet of any great breadth, originality, or power; proof of which is to be found in the fact that M. Bourget of late years has ceased from rhyme.

II

Says M. Bourget in one of his poems:—

“Aujourd'hui, si mon cœur tremble je crois qu'il ment;
J'ai peur de retrouver dans ses folles extases
Le souvenir maudit des livres et des phrases.”

Not only in love, but in literature, does that “souvenir maudit” haunt M. Bourget—“moi, l'héritier de tant de livres ici-bas.” His poetry, as we have seen, is so much overlaid by literary reminiscence as nearly to lose the breath of life. His novels, as we shall see, also groan beneath this burden of book-knowledge. But, in accordance with that great law of compensation whose effects one may trace from top to bottom of the scale and throughout all the infinite variety and complexity of the scheme of human things, the selfsame quality which has militated against the merit of certain forms of M. Bourget's production has been instrumental in imparting superior excellence to others. M. Brunetière writes of M. Bourget that “no one knows more, has read more, nor read better, nor meditated more profoundly upon what he has read, nor assimilated it more completely.” So much “reading” and so much “meditation,” even when accompanied by strong assimilative powers, are not, perhaps, the most desirable and necessary tendencies in a writer of verse or of fiction.

To the philosophic critic, however, they must evidently be invaluable; and thus it is that in a certain self-allotted domain of literary appreciation allied to semi-scientific thought, M. Bourget stands to-day without a rival.

Not that his critical work up to the present is very wide in range or considerable in bulk. But for its qualities of significance, penetration, pregnancy, and careful perfection of form, it is unsurpassed. France is a country where good literary criticism continually is being sought for, and, when found, is understood. What England wants is *She's*, and *Hansom Cabs*, and *Three Men in Boats*, and England gets them. In France literary success may be gained through the production of merely a handful of literary critiques on some novel and ingenious plan. Five articles in the *Revue Bleue*, three articles in the *Nouvelle Revue*, were sufficient to make the reputations of, respectively, M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Bourget. To remark that no critical work comparable to that done of late years in France by MM. Bourget and Lemaitre appears or is likely to appear in any English periodical is hardly necessary: English people, of all others, will understand that "demand regulates supply" in this as in other things. But if literary criticism not inferior to the Lemaitre-Bourget standard were by any chance to crop up in this stony British soil, would not its sweetness be wasted on the desert air? *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, which took the town from the first moment they were discovered between the light-blue covers of a Parisian magazine, are not the work of a week, but rather the outcome of years of self-culture and of protracted determined endeavour along the sternest lines. The matured and polished production which first hits the bull's-eye of public favour must, of necessity, be preceded by a weary succession of more or less approximative attempts, as was the case with M. Bourget during the long period when, like Balzac, he rose regularly at 3 A.M. and proceeded for hours at a stretch to cultivate letters on a few cups of strong black coffee, elaborating anxiously sketch after sketch and study after study for publication (perhaps!) in little Latin-Quarter sheets; and feeling elated enough, no doubt, when from the columns of these latter he rose presently to the dignity of the theatrical *feuilleton* in newspapers such as the now defunct *Globe* and *Parlement* and came finally to contribute to the great *Débats* itself. A period of long, hard, and painful probation must always be laid down so to speak, as the foundation of subsequent literary fame. But France, fortunately for M. Paul Bourget, is not one of those places where the foundation is likely to be laid in vain, or the period of probation to endure for ever and ever.

Two points were plainly perceptible in M. Bourget's earliest successful articles: first, that his acquaintance with literature in general

was much wider and deeper than is usual among even professed critics, and secondly, that through his great familiarity with scientific processes of reasoning if not exactly scientific studies and results, he was enabled to bring to the examination of any given work or writer a method of unprecedented efficiency and effect. From M. Taine, whose books he had read and lectures he had followed, from Darwin and Spencer, whose doctrines he espoused, he derived the notion of an æstho-ethical philosophy having determinism for its motive and induction for its method. On the other hand, from his favourite Spinoza he learned to use for certain purposes of analysis connected with literary questions and "psychological cases" a system of deduction almost mathematical in its minuteness of detail and precision of final result.

Thus doubly armed for objects of ethical and æsthetic speculation and inquiry and equipped with a great provision of literary and philosophic knowledge, what wonder if the author of the ten admirable studies on, respectively, Baudelaire, Stendhal, Flaubert, Amiel, Tourguénieff, the Goncourts, M. Taine, Renan, Dumas fils, and Leconte de Lisle, achieved so promptly such successful results? The dullest reader could not fail to perceive that in all points of mechanism, of structure, and, generally speaking, of the perfected, modernised application of means to an end, a critique by M. Bourget was superior to anything by Planché or by even Sainte-Beuve. Their exceeding "modernism," in more respects than one, was possibly the chief reason of the wide-spread attention attracted and great popular and fashionable vogue obtained by M. Paul Bourget's *Essais*. No such sudden and brilliant critical reputation has been made in European literary spheres (though on grounds so widely different) since Macaulay published his article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Moreover it was felt that the penetrating and original young critic was not a critic only, but something better and more, as indeed critics worthy of the name usually are. A critic may be generated from the decomposition of a poet—"un poète mort jeune en qui l'homme survit"—as was so notably the case with Sainte-Beuve. Or, more frequently, the critical faculty will display itself as the mere temporary expression of a variously and richly endowed literary temperament on its way to other developments. The latter, doubtless, could be said with perfect truth of the author of *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*. M. Maurice Barrès, in one of his curious and valuable, if rather unnecessarily strained and occult little metaphysical romances, speaks of a writer who proclaimed in his pride, "My brain is like an admirable machine, in which words and images of the finest quality and the highest power are continually arising and uniting, as it were of their own accord, into the most effective and definitively perfect forms. . . ."

That writer—if the question be solely one of the logical and metaphysical operations of mind—might well bear the name of Paul Bourget. And shall not a worthier use be found eventually for faculties so rare than to put them to solving over and over again little “psychological” problems involved in some of the most morbid phases and aspects of modern literature and modern fashionable life? “I have not been desirous of describing talents or depicting characters,” says M. Bourget in the preface to the first volume of the *Essays*. “My sole ambition has been to furnish a few notes which may be of service to the historian of Moral Life in France during the latter half of the nineteenth century.” Than this, M. Bourget can rise assuredly higher.

In M. Bourget, then, it was not so much the literary critic of novel scientific type that first aroused the admiring interest of the best minds in the most intelligent of cities. It was the “temperament” in general—to use an expressive French term which has no precise equivalent in English. The power of grasp, “personality” of feeling, depth of thought, breadth of outlook; nay, more, the very charm and seduction of the style—that style so sweet in its careful caressingness of tone, and so beautiful and subtle in the rich subdued intensity of its colours and its sounds: all this spoke of a personality too large and too insistent to remain long content as a mere interpreter and panegyrist of the literature of other men. The most fascinating feature of all, perhaps, in M. Bourget’s literary criticism, was that, in reality, it revealed not so much the individuality of others as his own. He was studying and explaining his own genius, his own theories, his own feelings, his own ambitions, through the medium of his comments on the writings and apparent moral nature of men like Baudelaire, Lamartine, de Vigny, Balzac, Amiel, Taine, Renan, Barbey d’Aureville, Flaubert, Stendhal, the Goncourt brothers, Dumas *filz*, in each and all of whom he had been able to discern some tendency, forte or foible, of which a trace, if no more, existed in his own nature. He was talking, in delightful accents, with deliciously chosen words, *about* them, but *of* himself; and at once the Parisian public came to listen.

Method and manner of criticism with M. Bourget are invariably the same. “Analysis, Psychology, Morals”—so might run the sub-title to each one of his portraits, studies and essays. Each great *littérateur*, from Gustave Flaubert to M. Renan, is taken as the text for a little scientific sermon—“je suis un moraliste de décadence,” says somewhere M. Bourget—on the subject of the general disjointedness of an age torn limb from limb by seven devils; the titles of some of which *fin-de-siècle* fiends, as given in the Bourget gospel, are “pessimism,” “morbid lust,” “excess of analysis,” “lack of faith,” and the “spirit of dilettanteism.” But

are not all these just so many different symptoms of the same disease, if not indeed mere differing names for one and the same great general symptom?

"To study in one's own person the moral and intellectual tendencies of a generation" (the formula, I believe, is M. Bourget's own) is a system which must evidently be worth exactly as much as the man is who employs it. In M. Bourget's case it has been worth a great deal.

In M. Bourget's criticism his own personality stands revealed, much more completely than in his novels even, to say nothing of the somewhat shadowy, tentative verse. No other reason need be sought for the fact that this same criticism represents upon the whole the finest, most significant and valuable work that Paul Bourget has yet done.

III.

After critically picking to bits so many characters drawn by others, it was but natural that M. Bourget should aspire at length to piece together characters of his own. Fiction, moreover, cannot but seem a supremely attractive form to any modern writer of high ambitions and superior powers. It offers the most elastic of moulds in which to pour the overflow of one's feeling, experience and observation, and it is also (if for once a mixture of metaphors may be condoned) the most likely path to brilliant literary repute in the opinion of the many.

The feeling, observation, and experience of M. Bourget must have amounted, early in his manhood, to something quite apart from the common. His was obviously a peculiarly reflective mind and impressionable temperament. The diverse horrible things, therefore, which, as he himself took later so many occasions to show, must always darken life in French colleges till the whole French system of education be reformed, had, first of all, a precociously disturbing and depressing effect upon his spirit. At the time of the Franco-German war, he was drawing towards the end of his teens, too young to fight, but not too young to taste his share in the bitter cup of France's defeat. The sanguinary episode of the Commune, too, seems to have impressed him with a painful sense of the savagery ever latent in humankind, nor were his own private circumstances, as a struggling moneyless young man, of a nature to inspire him with sentiments of optimism unalloyed. Inhabiting the Latin Quarter, he was enabled to meet and mingle with a few congenial spirits among the poets, painters, and æsthetes who there assemble. But on the other hand, no doubt he was early made acquainted with the minute trickeries and treacheries, the low, foolish misin-

terpretation of motives, the mean jealousy and insane intensity of petty spite which so enhance the vexation of existence (supposing these characteristic manifestations to be taken at all seriously) upon certain lower literary levels, not in France or in Paris alone.

The great panorama of Parisian life revolved glittering before his vision. With senses all a-quiver, he drew in at each breath, at each pore the sights, sounds, odours, colours of the varied, palpitating life around him. The pagan air, loaded with all disturbing suggestion as with the incense from innumerable censers swung late and soon before the throne where sits Lubricity exultant, found its way quickly to so delicately organised a brain and slightly turned it. Well it was now for Paul Bourget that, differing herein from the majority of his fellow-Parisians, his enlightened curiosities urged him to throw off the spell of the *Circe among cities*, sufficiently to travel not widely perhaps but well in Italy, England, Greece, and Spain. Finally, to his "human" experience as a participant in Parisian pleasures and as a "passionate pilgrim" in divers lands at least one element more must be added—the world. For few circles of social and fashionable life in the *Paris of to-day* are closed to a young writer of obvious talent and of prepossessing manners and appearance.

Thus gifted, thus influenced, and thus environed, with his direct and near outlook upon the most curious and complex if, perhaps, also the most corrupt of modern civilisations; possessing, moreover, some personal acquaintance with other contemporary civilisations, adjacent yet so different, which would afford valuable standards of interior reference and comparison: was not Paul Bourget well prepared and fitted to give forth a new note through the medium of fiction? Exactly what that new note is, readers, the world over, of *Mensonges*, of *Cruelle Enigme* and *Le Disciple* hardly need to be informed.

M. Bourget's initial essay in the art of Balzac, Flaubert, Stendhal, and Octave Feuillet (for it is not improbable that he owes something also to the influence and example of this last-named "mundane" favourite) was the tale to which he gave the suggestive title of *L'Irréparable*. It, and the companion effort, *Deuxième Amour*, placed at once beyond doubt the point that in M. Bourget, after the somewhat uncertain poet and the quite undoubted moralist, metaphysician and critic, a novelist was born into the world. Yet the novelist in some respects seemed questionable, and questioned, accordingly, he was; not solely by the carpers *de profession*, but by the more enlightened among the sympathisers with his talent. There was too much upholstery in these earlier novels of M. Bourget's; too many and too long descriptions of "milieux" after the manner of Balzac, a cumbrous manner and tedious, though so powerful and great. There were traces also of Stendhalian dryness in the "nota-

tion" of every most trifling variation in "states of soul"; whilst here and there were touches too closely recalling the nervous, morbid mobility of impression which distinguishes the Goncourt brothers. The physio-psychology (if one may venture to employ such a term) was rather too much in the ruthless manner of Gustave Flaubert and his school. The profusion of details of material luxury waxed in the long run a little overpowering—silk stockings of the most recondite shades, "mauve," "couleur pensée," and what not, on the limbs of all the ladies, none of whom could be expected to write the merest note save with a pearl- or diamond-tipped gold pen, she being seated, meanwhile, a miracle of delicacy and grace, at a desk which is itself a miracle of dainty splendour. The characters, on the whole, were indeterminate, drawn somewhat loosely, with floating contours. Nor were they exactly human, but seemed rather the more or less vague projection of errant reveries in M. Bourget's mind. Moreover, the very qualities of the style appeared rather to weigh down the fiction than to lighten it, the airy lightness of life. Like tapestry (to which, in its possible combination of rich sumptuousness with subtle delicacy in the harmony of the tones, and of the most robust strength of material with the most perfect closeness and fineness in the weaving of the fabric, it might almost be compared) it was too dense to be transparent. *Mon Achat*! was a thing very much wanted in M. Bourget's three or four first romances.

After multiplying, in *Orville Baume*, *André Cornélis* and *Crime d'Amour* his studies of "psychological" cases male and female—in which there was always something very abundantly and freely physical—M. Bourget with *Vengeances* would seem to have entered upon a second and more masculine manner. There can be no questioning the interest and value of *Vengeances* as a study of certain aspects of contemporary Parisian life and phases of Parisian feeling. It is as vigorous as it is pitiless, and it, perhaps, may be deemed the masterwork up to now among M. Bourget's romances. For that unrivalled production in its way, *Le Disciple*, is more a metaphysical treatise animated with two or three human figures by way of examples than a novel in any accepted sense of the term; while *Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne* is psycho-pathology impure and simple, and *Un Cœur de Femme*, M. Bourget's latest long story, is also perhaps his weakest.

The question as to M. Bourget's present proportions as a novel-writer and the possible proportions he may attain to in the future is by no means easy of solution. Elements of strength he possesses—more than one; as much closeness and acuteness if not exactly abundance of observation; extraordinary and almost excessive fineness and penetration of analysis; peculiar charm and sweetness of emotion, with a vein of sentiment occasionally approaching

elevation; to say nothing of the richness and suppleness of diction that is a constant quality in all M. Paul Bourget's writings, nor of the rare aptitude for philosophic and metaphysical speculation which is probably the master faculty of M. Bourget's mind. The catalogue of shortcomings, on the other hand, though less considerable, contains some formidable items. The sense of action in general is deficient. The characterisation is always literary rather than purely human. And last and worst, humour, the very salt of literature as of life, is absent entirely from M. Paul Bourget's compositions. Wit he has, of a certain intelligently acquired and predeterminedly wrought description; but of humour, absolutely none. So much is this the case, that in parts of his books one actually finds him saying unto himself, "Go to, I *will* be droll"—and to what effect, witness the disfigured opening pages of *Le Disciple*, for example.

One's opinion personally—and I give it for no more and no less than it is worth—is that for all the brilliancy of his hard-won triumphs during the past eight or ten years upon the battleground of fiction, M. Bourget is better fitted by the qualities of his temperament and through the natural tendencies of his thought to achieve in the future some pre-eminent work in the direction of philosophy, of historical and literary criticism, or even of pure metaphysics, than to become a master-novelist in his own right—a Balzac, a Flaubert or a Zola. But who shall say which of these rôles is the higher?

IV.

The labours of fifteen or twenty years at the outside—from 1872, when first he dabbled in poetic waters, to the present day when there are so few forms of literary expression that he has left untouched—have placed M. Paul Bourget in the very forefront of literary fame. Letters have done much for him; what precisely has he done for letters? And what position should be assigned him among the small group of his compeers and rivals?

Small that group undoubtedly is, for in the last analysis it will be found to comprise but two names—those of Maupassant and Loti. No other French writer of M. Paul Bourget's generation (MM. Daudet, Zola, and others being regarded as representing an earlier day) seems either rare enough or broad enough to be classified with these three. To classify, however, is not enough. One must compare and differentiate.

To the author of *Pierre et Jean*, a great superiority belongs in regard to the faculty of vision. He sees, with eyes how hard, how insistent and how clear! And, like all who see, he can afterwards depict. M. Loti feels rather than sees, but feels how

admirably, exquisitely well! M. Bourget neither feels like Loti nor sees like Maupassant—he reflects.

The desire and power to reflect is not so much a gift as a tendency. And in literature, if one endure, it can be only by reason of one's gifts. Therefore both Guy de Maupassant with his piercing stare, and Pierre Loti with his intensely quivering nerves, are "better lives" (to use the insurance agent's phrase) than is M. Bourget with his finely organised brain. Yet the possession of such a brain implies, almost as a necessity, the exercise of certain invaluable qualities of taste, comprehension, appreciation, and explication. And thus M. Bourget, "psychologist," "feminist," idealist, cosmopolite, and man of semi-philosophic leanings and completely literary culture, will have had a salutary influence upon the whole on contemporary French letters, if only through the part he has played in contributing to redeem them from the slough of so-called "naturalism," the deepest into which they yet have sunk.

Paul Bourget, seductive if somewhat sickly product of the hot-house of an outworn civilisation, is no great literary figure. A born critic, he necessarily is no creator. But he, as it were, represents with efficiency, dignity and brilliancy a much-to-be-welcomed phase in the shifting history of literature in France. Already all "mundane" success has been deservedly his. And now, *l'Académie* attend . . .

EDWARD DELILLE.

A DOCK LODGING-HOUSE.

For rather more than a year I have been the proprietress of a lodging-house near one of the Docks, started not as a charity but in the hope of its proving a not unsatisfactory investment. Perhaps it is not every one who knows what these lodging-houses are usually like and how thickly they are scattered over every part of London. Among the best are the huge buildings in Poplar and Westminster, whose owner has been rolling up capital for years past. These are moderately clean, and a certain amount of rough order is enforced, but their appearance is gloomy and unhomelike in the extreme. The Victoria Home in Whitechapel is well planned and well kept, but I cannot help thinking that its distinctly religious character tends to keep away many of the more deserving class and draws to it those who will get what they can by cant. These are bright exceptions, and it is impossible to speak too strongly of the hundreds of others with which London swarms. The supervision all are supposed to be under exists mainly in theory, and very many are mere dens of filth and immorality, destitute of the commonest comforts, and swarming with vermin, while the accommodation for washing, &c., is totally inadequate, hot water is often unattainable, and the inmates are drunken, violent, and disorderly. There were two houses quite as bad as this in my neighbourhood, which have since been closed, mine having spoilt their market, and I have been over many in company with an inspector (in the guise of a friend from the country, wishing to see London sights), where I have been warned not to let my dress brush the walls and doorways. The sight of the dark, stifling-hot underground kitchens, with men hanging listlessly about, or sleeping off drink on the benches, is not easily forgotten, and it seems a mockery to exhort any one who habitually dwells in such places to lead a decent life.

Mr. Charles Booth, in his *Life and Labour in London*, states that about 40,000 people have no other home. It is that large numbers of the great army employed in docks, gas, and other centres of labour patronize the lodging-house either from choice as from necessity. Many of these are married men who leave their homes in search of work and are obliged to take it wherever it can be found. Gangs on the railroad; those who ply backwards and forwards with cattle-boats from Glasgow and other ports, staying in London for some days between each journey; sailors who come on shore and want headquarters for a month or sometimes two; labourers who work up and down the Docks as hands are

required—all are obliged to put up with what temporary shelter they can get. When they once take to a house they will often frequent it for months and years, one old man whom I knew having stuck to the same "doss" for forty years.

The alternatives are, living in furnished rooms or boarding with a family. "Dear and mortal dull," is the verdict I hear almost universally pronounced upon the first. "A furnished room costs from 3s. 6d. to 5s. a week, and it's find your own coal and light, and cook your own grub, and not a soul to pass a remark to. You must pay a woman to keep it clean, and when you come home tired there's the fire to light and everything to do; but that's better than a family, squalling brats, or washing about, or them looking very nasty at you if you sit a bit in the kitchen." Their lives are hard "outside" lives, knowing nothing of intellectual pleasures, and they need some stir round them, their club and companions, and the chance of a helping hand. "Take a room," said one to me, "and you may starve like a rat in a hole if things go wrong; but in here," indicating the very unsavoury kitchen in which we sat, "once you're known you'll always find a pal to go shares in a pot o' tea."

The supply of these detestable dens and the patronage they meet with proves that one cannot leave this particular form of housing the poor out of one's reckoning. Residential clubs for working men, let us call them. They are cheap, they save a world of trouble, and they are not dull. Strong opinions have reached my ears, expressed by clergymen and others, on the moral danger of making a house so pleasant that it will deter the men from marrying. Others, however, whose opinion deserves at least equal weight, hold opposite views, and would entrust to model dwellings and workmen's clubs the task of carrying the "pleasantness" into married life. While there is so much to be said against early and improvident marriages, there can be no very high morality in driving men into them, or, quite as often, into illicit connections, by making all other conditions of life odious and impossible; and what are the ideas of order and comfort to be looked for in a husband who has derived them from such surroundings as I have described? "I shall look round now before I marry," a man said the other day; "I know how things ought to be *now*."

I will briefly describe the house which called forth this tribute. It stands at a corner of a busy thoroughfare, within easy reach of railway-station and Dock gates. It is tall and ugly, painted terracotta and buff, and has large plate-glass sashes on the ground floor. The long rows of windows in the three upper storeys are open all day and their short red curtains flap cheerfully in the wind. The rows of gas lamps, bold sign, and flaring lamp over the door give it the desirable air of a well-kept public-house. At the corner is a

swing door with a screen inside, and over it the legend inscribed, "No women admitted." Inside you find the common kitchen, light and warm, a large coke fire throwing out a hospitable glow; rows of lockers (with separate keys) line the cream-washed walls, tables and forms fill the middle of the room, and a circle of seats is drawn round the fire. The sanded floor is as clean and the atmosphere as airy as can be expected of a place where washings and scrubbing are frequent, but in and out of which some sixty to eighty men, cooking, smoking, eating, lounge at all hours of night and day. Well-cooked provisions at low prices are sold at a small bar in one corner good tea at a halfpenny for half a pint being a specialty—one which calls forth sceptical expectations as to its worth, followed by loud and surprised approval. Let me add that even at this rate the tea affords a small profit.

The reading-room opens out of the kitchen. Here all is quiet and orderly. On the brightly papered walls are photographs of Landseer's and Ansdell's pictures, newspapers lie on the tables, the contents of the bookshelves, novels, travels, history, are well-thumbed. There is a piano, locked and covered, which is opened by permission whenever (which is not so very seldom) any one is found able to play upon it. The popular games are dominoes, draughts and the race-game. Cards are allowed, but the men provide their own packs, and "Gambling is strictly prohibited." There has been no trouble in enforcing this rule. Across one end of the room is a large-sized bagatelle-board, and I need only say that two cloths have been worn out in a year, and that the red ball has turned perfectly white, to prove how much it is appreciated.

Of an evening, when the gas is lighted, this room looks very cheerful; groups cluster round the tables, playing games or reading over their pipes, or if any member can start a song, all join in chorus. Lately they have had regular concerts among themselves, the manager's daughter playing for them. Sentimental songs and hymns are the favourites.

Will you come upstairs? The stone staircase is well swept, and my bedmaker would be much hurt if you felt any suspicion of her well-scoured boards. On the first floor are the cubicles, 6d. a night, 8-foot partitions around them, with doors, and they contain, besides the bed, a sliding seat, and corner shelf with jug and basin. On the upper floors the beds are arranged in twos and fours, with partitions between, and all are priced at 4d. The beds are numbered, and a regular lodger will always occupy the same bed. The small iron bedsteads are all alike, narrow, but 6 feet 3 inches in length, and have chain and wool mattresses, bolsters, good twilled cotton sheets and a sufficiency of warm brown blankets. The active little bedmaker takes the greatest pride in keeping them nice and clean. She some-

times treats me to the opinions of the tenants. "They never see nothing like it, and they don't believe there's such another place in London." And, indeed, I suppose spring mattresses do not fall in their way every night.

At the foot of the stairs is the pay-place, "No trust" being the strict rule. The back door opens into a good-sized yard, part of which is given over to sanitary arrangements, which are the best obtainable and arranged on a patent plan which minimises any risk from neglect. Here is the wash-house, well supplied with earthenware sinks, hot and cold water, soap and round towels. Soap gratis is a real boon, and the obvious advantage of having lodgers who wash themselves and their shirts more than balances the extra outlay. The garden seats round the yard are very popular. It is a new sensation to many, who have scarcely ever known what it is to be alone, to have some quiet place in which to sit and read on a summer's evening. Long rows of shirts on a clothes-line often detract from its appearance in my eyes, but it is amusing and almost touching to hear the admiration of the beautiful yard. Virginian creeper and ivy are doing their best to climb the walls, and there is no difficulty in finding willing hands if I need any help in training or pruning.

There are two bath rooms, for the use of which a charge of 2d. is made, and a cottage for the manager, in which I have a private room, where I can do the accounts and see the men, completes the premises. The staff consists of the manager or deputy, his wife, who does the cooking, the bed-maker, and a night porter who cleans the ground floor. Rules are few and only such as experience has proved to be necessary. No intoxicating liquor is allowed. Any attempts to evade this rule died out after a few pots of beer had wasted their sweetness on the street outside. Swearing and quarrelling are promptly put a stop to, the key-note of all rules being that "nothing is allowed to an individual which interferes with the comfort of the community." This is found to appeal to their common sense, and now any one brawling or setting the rules at defiance has rather a bad time.

A sort of census has been taken more than once of the respective trades of tenants. A large proportion are found to be working in the Docks, as stevedores, grain men, coalies, and labourers, casual or regular, but all union men. A good many are employed in the gas-works. There are sailors, cat-le-drovers, hawkers, firemen, and a sprinkling of all sorts of trades. Many have been soldiers, and a man will ship for a few voyages in a merchant-vessel and then not go to sea again for years. It has been necessary to weed out a number of the first comers, for even here there are social strata, and the fairly decent working man dislikes frequenting lodgings which

are open to the lowest class of ne'er-do-well loafer and professional beggar. Thieves, inveterate idlers and noisy and quarrelsome drunkards have had to go, as well as boys under eighteen; but the charms of the place have in several instances wrought with the quondam loafers to such an extent that they have found work and been re-admitted. About fifty are permanent lodgers, and although the rest are always changing, more and more find their way back at intervals.

I must allow that a personal knowledge of my lodgers is not altogether calculated to incline one to optimism. Love of excitement is a prevailing characteristic. Their lives are mean and ugly, yet self-indulgent, their work monotonous yet desultory, and they look for highly spiced pleasures and diversions, which, to the best of their ability, they seek in the streets in the most dangerous manner. They are suspicious; gaily making a good thing of nothing, you need not hope to picture them. They are more prone to grumble at trifles than to be satisfied; and after paying their money they look upon all that is done as their right, and no false democracy prevents their letting it be so. If there is anything they do not consider up to the mark. As a class, it is impossible to imagine any men more improvident. Of the hundreds who have passed through the house scarcely one who could be said to save has come under my notice, all attempts to establish a penny bank have hitherto proved a failure. Even payments to a sick-club are the exception; and yet, starvingly poor, as they are in bad times, a considerable quantity of money passes through their hands in times of prosperity, enough in many instances, if averaged, to keep them in comparative comfort through the year. What they eat with one hand they fling away recklessly with the other, apparently oblivious that the following week may find them without a job and without a penny. A man may, and frequently does, take as much as 10s. in a day, and on the morrow, between eating and drinking and "standing treat, all will be gone. One old fellow, an army pensioner, after planning for weeks beforehand how best to lay out his pension, and making any number of good resolutions, drew a sum amounting to nearly £5 on a Monday, and by Wednesday had only 8s. remaining, and absolutely nothing to show for it. The will-power seems almost paralysed, and the utter want of perseverance, whether in business or pleasure, makes it hard to get any hold over them. Those are the exceptions who do not drink more or less heavily; a man will hold forth upon the degrading influence of drink, and pronounce it to be the ruin of body and soul, and then observe, "I'm a drinker myself," as coolly as another might say, "I'm a cricketer." That "standing treat" has a great deal to answer for; everyone who has ever been treated feels bound to repay

it (with interest); he in turn must be re-treated, and so it goes on, *da capo*.

They are fully alive to much that is said of them by the public. *In Darkest England* was one of the first books that I placed at their request in the library. The comments on the General's plan have been the reverse of sanguine, and from what I have seen I believe it would be very difficult to get any large proportion to do well upon a farm. For the mass, uncongenial surroundings and hard work, for the sake of enough to eat and drink, would have few charms. Sooner than be dull, they will live on the verge of starvation, and I suspect that the dearest aim of many in the over-sea colony will be to scrape together enough money to return to that life which, however precarious, and often painful, is never lacking in variety.

I am afraid I have not given an inviting picture of them. On the other hand, steady work and consistent kindness do win their affection and disarm their suspicions, and when they have tested you they are ready enough to acknowledge that you mean well by them. Among them are quiet, decent men, who are really grateful for interest and sympathy. It is pleasant to go into the kitchen, where twenty or thirty sit round the fire, poor and ill-fed, in worn-out, greasy garments, to see the gleam of interest come into the rough faces, and to hear the hearty, "We are all glad to see you, lady." The care they have taken of the house, too, is gratifying. When I was planning it, with the aid of a far wiser head than my own, I was told I need have no fear of giving them nice things—I might trust them—and I have found it so. There are plenty of signs of hard wear and tear, but of wanton damage I can scarcely recall a single instance, except indeed in the case of one man, who, on being turned out for disorderly behaviour, revenged himself by smashing two of the large plate-glass window-panes; but as he got three months and the glass was insured, I was able to bear the loss with equanimity. One cannot help noticing their kindness to one another; it is very much a case of "all things in common," and when work is slack, the unsuccessful seekers are often kept going for days together by their more fortunate mates. The system is not a good one, and tends to discourage saving and forethought, and the generosity is part of the same easy, happy-go-lucky temper; but true kindness and the charity which gives what it can ill spare are not always wanting.

I ask myself sometimes whether such as these constitute what have been called "the dangerous classes." It seems to me that worldly circumstances could not be much lower than they are here, although perhaps the attempt to secure regular work is more systematic than towards the West End, where lie the happier hunting-grounds of the habitual loafer and the odd-job man. You may hear Socialistic sentiments, but on the whole there is more good sense and respect

for law and order than might be expected. I was rather struck, when reading aloud an account of the riots in France, by the comments, "That couldn't have happened in England"; "The English aren't like that," and I feel more and more convinced of the truth of Mr. Charles Booth's assertion that—"the lawless hordes who are supposed by some to be lurking in dark places, from which they will one day issue forth and overrun London, simply do not exist." There were not wanting warnings that a locked office would be necessary for the money-taker if he were not to be mobbed and plundered. He has never had or needed anything of the kind.

I have already implied that there is nothing of a directly religious character about this house—no texts or sacred pictures upon the walls, no prayer-meetings within them. I have thoughts of a weekly Bible class, to which, if made sufficiently bright and interesting, some might come, but up to now there have been difficulties in the way. I have no pictures to draw of striking conversions, no touching devotion to chronicle; and yet, I do see a change. Last winter, rows at night were of constant occurrence. The kitchen (as I have heard for I could not be there myself at a late hour) was a nightly scene of quarrelling and bad language, the inmates more or less drunk; and the problem of how to keep the place quiet without making a clean sweep of our customers was not always an easy one to solve. Now a fig or a "chuck-out" is quite the exception, and the offender in every case is a comparatively new-comer. The men live sociably and peaceably together, there is less drunkenness, and more pains is taken to disguise what there is. The intervals spent at the public-house are shorter, when there is somewhere to sit, where nothing need be ordered "for the good of the house," and the ambition to possess a few clothes over and above those actually in wear has sprung into being since it is known they can be locked up in safety. What improvement there is is chiefly owing to the tact, firmness, and discretion, as well as to the thorough knowledge of the class, possessed by my excellent manager. I took him with a good character, and he well deserves the good wages he receives, but I doubt if he would have been stuck as he has done to work which is often thankless and monotonous, entailing long hours and constant responsibility, if he did not receive continual encouragement, or feel that unflagging interest was taken in every detail. I foresee that this will always be a difficult; to get and keep the first-class man, upon whom almost everything depends, and who knows that he could any day get a good place with an easier life.

At starting I was taken in. The old man, as might have been predicted, thoroughly couple, armed with soldier and his wife, a plausible and imposing drunkards, cheats, and glowing testimonials, who filled the post were as bad as they could be. For about a month

they were on their good behaviour, but before long my suspicions were aroused and I soon found means to confirm them. Keeping my discovery very quiet, I set to work to find a substitute, and during the time this took I was miserably conscious that all was going as badly as possible. The man had a violent temper, and tackling him was not an over-pleasant prospect, but it had to be done; so taking my new man, I went down as usual one morning, went over the accounts for the preceding two days, then handing him a cheque for a week's wages in advance, I desired him to give his keys to his successor, to leave the house before night, and not to apply to me for a character. He turned perfectly white, and I never saw any one look so utterly taken aback, but with scarcely a word of expostulation he left the room, and I never saw him again. His disappearance created quite a sensation among the tenants, and when they came in from work to find him vanished and a stranger filling his place, they were loud in astonishment—"Serve him right," being the prevailing sentiment; and one among them was understood to express the general sense when he remarked, "Our lady doesn't say much, but when she hits she hits hard." After that I think I was looked upon as something more than a harmless amateur, meant to be taken in.

I must here say I have never personally met with a single word or look of incivility, but, on the contrary, with unfailing courtesy and consideration. Anything like an oath in my presence is stopped by exclamations of "Shut up!" "Stow that now!" Smoking is voluntarily stopped when I come in, and when I leave, the room resounds with "Good-night, and thank you for coming;" and I meet plenty of cordial nods and hand-shakes. I have come to know a few more individually in times of sickness. There are often applicants for a letter to a hospital or convalescent home, and when in the infirmary, a visit, with perhaps the gift of an illustrated paper, is always welcome. Last year I paid a visit to an old Scotchman—hard work, hard living, and, I am afraid, hard drinking, had worn him out, and he was dying of bronchitis. When the clerk looked him out in the book of reference, I saw that in the column devoted to the names of "Friends," old Hendry had put "none." He had been lodging with me for some months, so I desired the man to strike this out and to enter my name. Presently, after sitting by his bedside, I told the old man what I had done, and that he need not think of himself again as without a friend in the world. I was much moved by the effect of my words; the dim eyes brightened, the hard, weatherbeaten face worked, and raising himself with difficulty, he caught my hand between his rough trembling ones, and burst out sobbing.

One can often help without giving money, and what is of small account to oneself is often much to the very poor. But, of course, at first I was besieged with applications varying from the sum for a

night's lodging to the loan of £10, culminating in the ambition of a gentleman to raise capital to start a butcher's shop, of which I was to reap half the profits, and the possession of which would, he felt (as a climax to four pages of eloquence) "enhance his position in life." Very short experience teaches me not to lend money, and I confine myself to giving any old lodger, who has been ill, a few nights' trust when he leaves the infirmary, to be repaid as soon as he finds himself in regular work. Even this needs caution and firmness, though it takes time to realise how right those are who, out of their experience, condemn the giving of money in the large majority of cases, and how completely the reckoning on that form of charity saps all truth and independence of character. A Christmas dinner, a free bed on Christmas night do no one any harm, and warm the hearts of both giver and receiver.

One way and another the house is steadily gathering a good circulating connection, and growing in favour. It is clean, cheerful, and homely, and, if nothing much to look at, has proved to be what the men want, which is, after all, the great end to arrive at. There has been little grumbling or criticism from a class peculiarly prone to grumble and to criticize, and had I to begin again there is not much I should wish to alter. The house is filling up by very slow degrees and with many fluctuations, but those who know best tell me that this is really the right way, and augurs more hopefully for the future than a rush of custom would have done. From the opening the tendency has been slowly upward, and by looking back through the books (which are kept as carefully as for any other business) one is able to note the real progress made in each succeeding month. It is now about two-thirds full, and is more than paying its way. The question is, Will it pay sufficient interest to attract capital and to justify a second or third undertaking of the kind? The working expenses will not increase, so that every additional lodger will now be clear gain, and I believe that in time it will show a fair return for the money invested. Sailors are making it a house of call in increasing numbers. We begin to feel the good effects of bills distributed since some months on board outward-bound ships; and when I heard the other day that it was "very much talked of in New York," I felt as if its success in the circles that concern it was assured.

I have said nothing about the strikes, as I hear very few trustworthy details on the spot. That the leaders of the Union have accomplished a wonderful organization out of slippery materials is certain. There is no doubt about the power of the Union over the men. To give one instance: a large handsome public-house was opened about a year ago in my neighbourhood; it speedily became a great favourite and was doing a roaring trade. In

an unlucky hour the publican refused to post in his window a bill for the benefit of a labourer who had met with an accident while working in the Docks. The Union sent the word round, and the house is absolutely boycotted. In vain has the offender offered to subscribe £50 to the funds, and to publish a written apology; up to now he has not succeeded in appeasing the wrath of the all-powerful ones.

In conclusion, there is much that is disheartening, much that is discouraging; but still there seems good reason to believe that cleaner and better surroundings do in time incline the very roughest to a better habit of living, and to a more contented and moderate state of thought. These influences are perhaps all the stronger for not being consciously exercised. There is a soothing sense of justice in the knowledge that they are getting their money's worth, and the mere conception of a better state of things than they have ever been accustomed to has its civilising tendency. Whether municipal lodgings, if they come into being, will make other efforts unnecessary remains to be seen. These men do not love to live by rule, and constant tact and observation are needed in dealing with them. It is a natural weakness to believe in one's own child, so I may be pardoned if I doubt whether a public institution can command the thought and personal interest, not to speak of the careful management and economy which must be combined if a sound financial footing is to be secured, while it is hoped at the same time to throw some faint reflection of the happiness of home over the hearts and lives of the homeless.

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

AMATEUR CHRISTIANITY.

Few literary events, in this country or America, have been witnessed of late years, in one way more significant than the abnormal success of a certain English novel. I mean the *Robert Elsmere* of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Of its intrinsic merits there is no occasion to speak, for those even who would be disposed to estimate them most highly, would admit them to be quite incommensurate with the interest the book excited. Its interest, or at least its exceptional interest, lay entirely in the subject; and when I call its abnormal success significant, I mean that it was significant on account of the light it threw, not on the writer, but on the mental condition of her readers. In this way it exhibited three things—first, the amount of unformulated scepticism prevalent amongst the Christian public; secondly, the eagerness of this public to understand its own scepticisms more clearly; and lastly, its eagerness to discover that, whatever its scepticism might take from it, something would still be left it, which was really the essence of Christianity. In other words, the popularity of *Robert Elsmere* is mainly an expression of the prevalence of the devout idea that the essence of Christianity will somehow survive its doctrines.

The same fact is illustrated by the prosperity of numerous journals,* which are animated by the same idea, and supported by those who share it. It will be enough to mention two of them—*The Review of Reviews* and *The Spectator*. The latter echoes the tone of a large educated public; and if we may trust Mr. Stead, although he bears witness of himself, the former goes straight to the heart of “all English-speaking folk.”

I mention this novel, and these two successful journals, merely as a means of putting with some precision a fact which, if put vaguely, it is hardly possible to discuss. All three publications, then, resemble each other in the following way. They all three of them have a similar moral tone; they have all of them a devotional tone, and that is similar also; and their morals and their devoutness are those of the severest traditional Christianity, with its special sectarian features not softened but accentuated. Both the journals in question, if they would praise or condemn conduct, are accustomed to do so by saying that it is, or is not, Christian; and how to live like a Christian is the one problem of the novelist. And yet all three are in agreement as to one fundamental doctrine, which Mrs.

Ward expresses with trenchant brevity—namely, “*Miracles do not happen.*”

Let us expand this phrase into its most important specific meanings. It means that Christ was in no sense a miraculous person; but that he was born like other men, and died like other men; that he differed from other men in degree only, not in kind, just as any saint might differ from any sinner. It means also that the records of Christ's life are not more accurate than any ordinary biographies; whilst as for the Epistles, they illustrate Christ's teaching merely as Plato has illustrated the teaching of Socrates.

Here, then, we have the views of that large number of persons—active teachers and silent sympathetic disciples, who conceive themselves to be the nucleus of the Christian Church of the future—a Church which will not destroy but inherit the power of the Christianity of the past. And, indeed, such persons form a very important body, the position and prospects of which are well worth considering. For the world, like Mr. Gladstone, has three courses open to it—to submit itself openly to the uncompromising dogmatism of Rome; to free itself from the fetters of Christianity altogether; or to attempt the construction of a Christianity such as these persons hope for.

The point, therefore, which I propose to consider is, whether this hope of theirs is based on any reality, or merely on prejudice or self-delusion; or whether to some extent it may not be based on both. Our preliminary question and its answer will be found to be very simple. If all the traditional doctrines as to Christ's nature are discarded, is anything left us that we can honestly call Christianity? With a certain reservation which will be dwelt on presently, we answer to this, Yes—a great deal is left. Christianity, even according to the most rigid apostles of orthodoxy, is not merely a body of historical or metaphysical propositions. It is a rule of life, a way of looking at life, and a certain inward disposition of which these things are the result. To be just, to be pure, to be forbearing, to be forgiving, to help others and have the longing to help them—these are duties or virtues which commend themselves to a part of our nature, quite distinct from that which assents to or even considers such propositions as that Christ was born of a virgin, that he was begotten before all worlds, or that he withered a fig-tree by his curse. And if this be true of the teaching of Christ, it is equally true of his character as an example of it. His personality, like his precepts, owes its hold upon men to their moral and emotional, not their intellectual nature. Thus the impulse which leads them to take up their cross and deny themselves, to visit the sick, to suffer for the suffering, to cleanse their own hearts from malevolent or degrading

passions, and to reverence the teacher who has been an example of all these excellencies, is an impulse which refuses to extinguish itself merely because science and history have altered our views with regard to that teacher's pedigree; nor will his heroism in dying for the truth affect us any the less, because we have learnt to believe that, having died for it, he had not the solace of at once coming to life again. In other words, not as a theological doctrine, but as a psychological fact, a large part of the kingdom of Christ is within Christians—even the most orthodox. It is not in their knowledge; it is in themselves: and it is only natural to expect that the men of whom this is true will not even contemplate the idea of committing spiritual suicide, because the views of history happen to have undergone a revolution.

All this might be put in much more touching language; but for our present purpose it is better to state things drily; and the admission I have just made is, at all events, abundantly clear. A large part of orthodox and traditional Christianity—and the part most intimately connected with practical life and character—has survived and is surviving the discredit of orthodoxy and tradition. The question, however, is not whether this part survives, but whether it survives unchanged; and to what extent it can honestly appropriate the name of the whole.

A name in a case like this is a very important matter; and if it is used in a misleading and illicit way, there is no species of fraud which should be exposed with less tenderness. For what we have here to do with is no question of etymology. Names are of different kinds. Some retain their original and simple meaning. Others, by the time they come into general use, have acquired a meaning, which etymologically is quite accidental, but which, for all practical purposes, belong to them none the less. The words "Christian" and "Christianity" are words of this class; and it would be impossible to find more complete and striking examples of it. A Christian has meant, for eighteen hundred years, a man distinguished, amongst other things, by a belief that Christ is God; and the accumulated associations of all that immense period have made this part of the word's meaning perhaps the most unquestioned and prominent part. It need not for that reason be necessarily the most essential. That is precisely the question—is it so? Or is it merely prominent accidentally, and not essential at all? And will the word, with this part of its meaning dropped, be a virtual equivalent to the word with this meaning included? In old days, when one spoke of an Axminster carpet, a carpet was designated which was of a particular kind, and at the same time which was made at the town of Axminster. Such carpets are now made at Axminster no longer;

but carpets of the same kind are made elsewhere. They still, however, are called Axminster carpets. Here is a case in which the most prominent meaning of a term is dropped, and in which the essential meaning is still retained. Now, is the case of the words Christian and Christianity the same? Is it no more essential to a Christian that he should believe Christ to be God, than it is to a carpet of a particular quality of pile, that it should be made at a town in Devonshire? I propose to point out that it is a great deal more essential; and that though, if we were all using the word Christian for the first time, we might apply it with equal propriety to any one who revered Christ, we cannot apply it so now, without a distinct spiritual fraud.

My meaning in saying this, is, until I have actually explained it, almost certain to be mistaken. In order to make it clear, let me repeat what I have said already. Christianity hitherto has meant a union of two elements, of which one is moral and emotional, the other doctrinal. We may call one the Christianity of the heart, the other the Christianity of the intellect. These two elements, although always separable in thought, have hitherto been regarded as inseparable in reality. What is now being urged on us is that they are as separable in reality as in thought; that we can get rid of the one and still retain the other; that the one we can still retain is the one which is most important; and that the name which has hitherto meant the two in combination, may therefore with virtual accuracy be applied to the one alone. Now what I am desirous of pointing out is this—that while a large part of this argument is absolutely and irrefutably true, a large part is as absolutely false. Let us get rid of the Christianity of the intellect as completely as we like, and the Christianity of the heart does not share its fate. It remains; but it remains with a difference; and this difference is not only accidental but essential. The thing that is left us is not merely one element without the other, but one element changed by the absence of the other, and changed to such a degree that, though it may be called a religion of the heart, it cannot, except on etymological grounds, be honestly called the Christianity of the heart any longer. It is not the Christianity of the heart which Christians have lived by hitherto, and to persist in calling it by the same name is to palm off a new article under an old trade-mark.

To begin then, ignoring every other change—the Christianity of the heart, divorced from the Christianity of the intellect, is the Christianity of the heart turned upside down, and resting on a new foundation. Originally the foundation was Christ; in the present case it is ourselves. Originally certain precepts were revered because Christ enjoined them. In the present case Christ is

revered because he enjoined certain things. We approve of the injunctions, and therefore we approve of Christ. In other words our own moral, or our own spiritual judgment, is the ultimate sanction of our religion. On this point let us make ourselves perfectly clear. There were good men in the world before Christ, and there have been good men since, who have known neither his teaching or example; and their goodness, in many respects, has coincided with his. But if the goodness of Christ, he being merely a man, differed in nothing except degree, from the goodness of Paganism, and if the idea of goodness had been always for serious men the same, he is merely one saint amongst many, in the great calendar of humanity; and to follow his example is not to obey him, but to imitate his obedience to some monitor common to him and all of us. A Christian in that case is merely a fanciful name for a good man. As a matter of fact, however, Christians have always claimed for Christ that there was in his goodness something distinctive in kind, as well as in degree; that he was peculiar not only in being a perfect example of a type, but in being an example of a peculiar type; so that any honest imitation of Christ, however incomplete, is better than the complete imitation of Marcus Aurelius or of Mahomet. Christians, I say, have always claimed this for Christ; and all persons who value the name of Christians make precisely the same claim for him now. Those who think him to be merely man, and those who think him to be God as well, agree that he represents, as man, the perfect type of character. In other words, they have one dogma in common which, when their differences are eliminated, is seen to amount to this:—that one special type of character is the absolute and perfect type. Mrs. Ward maintains this with as much unction as Cardinal Newman.

But let us go on to ask on what grounds they maintain this, and the fundamental difference between their two positions will appear. The Cardinal will answer that he knows the type to be perfect, because it was the type revealed by God in taking man's flesh upon him. Mrs. Ward can only account for her corresponding certitude by saying that it is the type which commends itself to her own judgment. She may, of course, add that it commends itself to the judgment of those she respects; but this in the long run comes to the same thing. The final authority for her glorification of this special type lies in the spiritual aesthetics of her own mind. Nor would the case be really altered, supposing that she and her friends could pool their predilections and give them a cumulative value. There would still be merely the predilections of a certain set of persons, who could only enforce their views by shouting, "The views are ours." Miracles do not happen; that is the motto of this

peculiar people. This fundamental principle denudes them of every possible claim to knowledge or insight now possessed by others. They can only tell the world that tastes happen to vary—tastes in goodness as well as taste in dress; and that the garment of goodness, made after Christ's pattern, happens to be the garment most pleasing to themselves, while their only means of inducing others to wear it, is that of exhibiting it, as it were, in their shop-windows, as General Booth might exhibit a Salvation Army jersey.

If they boldly and frankly took up this position many might admire, and certainly no one could quarrel, with it; only it would be a position which, until the meaning of the word is revolutionized, could not with any honesty be called by the name of Christian. For to call it by that name, considering what the name means at present, instead of describing it, belies it and literally inverts it. A Christian at present means a man with whom Christ is the supreme authority—a man who can clench an argument by quoting Christ's words. It is impossible to deny this—it is impossible to get over this. The very sound of the word Christ, as used by Christians, at present echoes with associations of authority of this kind. But it is precisely this authority that Mrs. Ward, and those who agree with her, deny. Their denial of it—a denial at once deliberate and passionate—is the one thing by which they distinguish themselves from the orthodox. They are curiously blind, however, to half of what their denial means. The Christians praised a certain type of character because Christ embodied it. Mrs. Ward praises Christ because he embodied a certain type of character. The ultimate ground, the ultimate justification of her praise, is her admiration of this type, not a belief in Christ. Christ's existence, logically, is for her as much a moral superfluity as the existence of a philanthropist like Lord Shaftesbury. Lord Shaftesbury did a number of benevolent things; but Mrs. Ward does not admire benevolence because it was a characteristic of Lord Shaftesbury. She would admire Lord Shaftesbury because he was an example of benevolence; and if she discovered to-morrow that the career of Lord Shaftesbury was a myth, her admiration of benevolence would still remain unchanged.

I may perhaps be allowed, without being accused of flippancy, to mention an incident which occurred during my own boyhood. When I was at a private tutor's, I and some of the other pupils were discussing the right pronunciation of the name of an American humorist. We were discussing whether he should be spoken of as Artēmus, or Artēmus, Ward. One of the pupils who posed as a man of the world, and who had a brother who very possibly was one, supported his own view by saying, with an air of triumph, "I can tell you that my brother always calls him Artemus." But pre-

ently, in order to add to his own authority still further, he proceeded to make the injudicious assertion, "My brother calls him Artēmus because I do." "In that case," said our tutor, who happened to be a listener, "two authorities are reduced to one." Mrs. Ward is in precisely the same case. "I must be right," she argues, "because I agree with Christ; and I know that Christ is right, because he agrees with me." In asking her, then, for the foundations of what she calls her Christianity, we shall find that inevitably in the end she must place them in her own personal predilections. Christ is not the authority for her religion, but merely an example by which she explains it.

And here let me pause to remove a misconception which is certain to suggest itself. "What," some excellent person will exclaim, "if we are driven to believe that Christ was merely a good man, is goodness for that reason made a mere matter of taste? Is Mrs. Ward's preference of mercy to cruelty, of justice to injustice, of truth to fraud and falsehood, a preference she can put forward only as a personal predilection of her own? Have these virtues no defence in the common reason of man? Have they no root in the structure of all society? Cannot science afford us the amplest justification of all of them?" The answer is that if science can, then there is no reason to have recourse to the Gospels. Why need we go back to the fragmentary assertions of Christ, when all that he meant and more can be found demonstrated by Bentham? If Christ said only what modern science can prove, then modern science says it much better than he did—with greater weight and with far greater completeness; and to quote his words, except for the sake of literary emphasis, would be like Professor Huxley appealing to the authority of Lucretius. As a matter of fact, however, the case does not stand thus. Christ's goodness, at least in the conception of persons like Mrs. Humphry Ward, has in it something distinct from the goodness of utilitarian science: or it is, at all events, one particular type of goodness, out of the many types for which utilitarian science can offer a logical basis; and the whole gospel which Mrs. Ward preaches may be summed up in the proposition, not that goodness is better than badness, virtue better than villainy, but that one special modification of goodness is better than any other, though science leaves them all on exactly the same level. And this proposition, unless miracles *do* happen, and unless Christ is God, can be propounded and defended only as expressing the personal predilection or judgment of such persons as propound it.

If even yet this should appear doubtful, a further set of considerations, which are immediately forced upon us, will be sufficient to

prove its truth. Let us suppose for a moment, for the mere sake of argument, that Mrs. Ward's preference for the Christian type of goodness can be shown to rest upon something beyond her own taste and judgment. The question still remains, what that Christian type is. Christ's own character, regarded as merely human, has been conceived of differently by nearly every critic that has dealt with it; whilst even those who have had tradition and orthodoxy to help them, have shown us plainly enough, by the variety of their attempts to imitate it, how grotesquely divergent have been their conceptions of what it was. An imitation, in each case we may presume equally honest, produces a St. Simeon Stylites on the one hand, and a Rev. Charles Kingsley on the other; and indirectly it shows itself in such singularly antagonistic ways, as a carnival in the streets of Nice, and a Sabbath in the streets of Paisley. Differences of this kind date from the earliest Christian ages; and there was not a Gnostic, there was not a Manichean, who had not, according to Mrs. Ward's principles, as good a right to his own idea of Christ's character as the most orthodox of the fathers, as St. Paul, or as Robert Elsie himself.

The so-called Christianity of such persons as Mrs. Ward is thus doubly an assertion, not of Christ, but of themselves: firstly, because their exaltation of Christ as a teacher is due solely to the fact of his embodying the teaching that they prefer; and secondly, because the Christ who embodies it is solely Christ as he exists in their own special conception of him.

But let us waive for the present this last point altogether. By-and-by we shall have to come back to it; but it is used here as an illustration, not as an argument. The point which thus far I have been concerned to insist on is, that, even supposing no difference of opinion as to Christ's character possible, supposing every one conceived of his goodness in precisely the same way, yet for those who regard him as nothing more than a man, the selection of his special type of goodness is a mere act of personal choice, only to be explained by saying, what might doubtless be said with truth, that this goodness appeals in some special way to their hearts.

This brings us, however, but halfway on our journey. Much of Christ's teaching is of this precise kind which appeals to all hearts, even if it does not conquer them; whilst those whom it does conquer, it conquers in this way—it reveals to them, it touches into activity, their own latent sympathies. It does not affect and control them as a voice outside themselves, but as a voice that has roused from sleep some authoritative voice within. Although, therefore, if Christ is no longer regarded as God, his voice loses its authority over those who are not constitutionally in sympathy with him, it need not, so

far as their feelings are concerned, lose its stimulating power over those who constitutionally are.

But persons like Mrs. Ward who, denying Christ's divine nature, are still anxious to be prophets of his moral doctrine, are all of them invariably guilty of an astonishing oversight. Because part of Christ's moral doctrine appeals, as I have said, to the heart, they forget that there is another part, perhaps even more distinctive, and cling to by them with a yet more dogged tenacity, which, if it appeals to the heart at all, does so solely in virtue of some intellectual judgment. The teaching of any man from whom we consent to learn may be, and generally is, of two kinds: one consisting of things which are pointed out to us, the other of things which are asserted. And our assent to the two is on wholly different foundations. Let us take, for instance, the case of some piece of antique plate, the value of which would depend partly on its hall-mark, partly on the fact of its having been the property of some historic personage. The owner, who desires to sell it, points us out the hall-mark, hidden in a place where we ourselves should never have looked for it; and he tells us that he purchased the object at a certain royal sale, and had formerly seen it himself displayed on a royal table. Now as to the hall-mark, though we might never have found it out for ourselves, and though we required to be assisted by some person of superior knowledge, yet the moment it is pointed out to us our belief in its existence has nothing to do with our confidence in the knowledge of this person. It rests entirely on the evidence of our own eyes. We become ourselves an independent and sufficient authority for its existence. But our belief in the value of the object as a historical relic is a belief that can only be ours at second hand, and stands or falls with our belief in the veracity and knowledge of our informant. It depends, in fact, on our assent to certain biographical propositions concerning him. If it could be proved that he had never been at the royal table referred to, nor even ever been in the country in which the alleged sale took place, we might still value the object on account of its age or beauty; but its added historical value would dissolve and become nothing.

The same is the case with the ethical teachings of Christ. Some of them as soon as uttered are at once assented to by all men, or by all men of a certain temperament, on their own merits. But others depend for their authority, not on any grounds which we can ourselves perceive, but on facts alleged by Christ, to which we give credit only on the supposition that Christ had peculiar means of ascertaining them. Let us take, for instance, the doctrines which he laid down as to marriage. Multitudes who, on mere human grounds, would think divorce desirable, sacrifice this opinion to

certain mystical statements, which have not only no force, but have hardly any meaning, except as coming from a teacher possessed of supernatural knowledge. It will be enough to take the shortest and the most important of them. "From the beginning it was not so." Now if Christ was God of course these words are authoritative, and in some sense or other we may be sure that they are absolutely true. But if he was not God they have no authority whatsoever. How should they have? If miracles do not happen, and if Christ was merely a man, he knew no more about "the beginning" than any one of his hearers, and not so much as the author of *Primitive Marriage*. Here, then, is a most important, central, and distinctive part, not of the doctrine of Christianity, but of its practical ethics, which obviously, if the doctrine goes, loses its sole foundation. A person who, having convinced himself that Christ is not God, still continues to cite him as an authority on "what was in the beginning," is like a person who should quote Mr. Stanley as an authority on the interior of Africa, supposing it should be proved that the explorer had never been out of Olapham. And this argument will be found to go much deeper, and to have an application not only to certain precepts as to conduct, but to that whole inner attitude which, owing to Christ's statements, the Christian soul assumes in the presence of God the Father. If miracles do not happen, and if Christ had not been with God from the beginning, what authority had he for describing to us the Father's character? And why should we order our souls in accordance with what he told us?

I need not, however, pursue this point farther. What I have said already is enough for my present purpose, which thus far is simply this. It is not to prove that such persons as Mrs. Ward, Mr. Stead, and the editor of *The Spectator* are not right in preferring any religion they like, or that they do not believe what they profess to believe with complete and even passionate honesty; but merely that these beliefs cannot, on their own admission, be held by them on Christ's authority, or on any authority but their own; that in fact the first result to which their whole position leads is the definite substitution of their own authority for his.

And now we come to the practical part of our inquiry. What is the result of this result? We must remember, when we ask the question, that our real interest in the matter is not so much in Mrs. Ward and her friends themselves as in the probable influence of their views on others, now and in the future. But in order to forecast what the influence of these views will be, it is necessary to consider the position of those who at present preach them.

Mrs. Ward and her friends then, if stripped of a tattered livery of phrases, of which they could be denuded by a child, so completely

have they renounced all right to them, are seen to be nothing more than a set of lay sectaries, bound together merely by an accidental coincidence of opinions, and forming a special party in the world of religion and morals, just as the League of the White Rose does in the world of politics. Such being the case, what I desire to point out is this: that this religion of theirs, however much we may respect it in themselves, has in it nothing permanent. Not only is it not calculated to make proselytes in the present, but it has no self-preservative principle which can keep its doctrines from decomposition, or at all events from indefinite change. It has nothing in it with which to conquer the consciences of those who are not in sympathy with it, or to coerce the consciences of those who are. It is, to return to a simile I have used already, nothing more than a fashion in spiritual dress. Its votaries may at present follow it with the same ardour as that with which women adopt the fashionable millinery of the moment; but, like any fashion in millinery, it is certain not to endure. In other words, Christianity with a non-miraculous Christ, is merely a form of opinion, of feeling, or of prejudice, which is no doubt honest even to the degree of fanaticism, but which is due entirely to peculiar and transitory circumstances; which has no abiding foundation in science, logic, or history; and which, though retaining at present the semblance of many Christian features, remains them only like shapes taken by a cloud, and doomed to be lost or metamorphosed in the inevitable restlessness of the air.

This assertion is no mere rhetorical prophecy. We have only to apply to Christianity as a whole the same methods which Mrs. Ward applies to a part, and just as Mrs. Ward sees that "miracles do not happen," we shall see that Mrs. Ward's Christianity cannot be permanent. Mrs. Ward is never weary of insisting on the value of evidence; and if evidence teaches us anything it teaches us this. It writes it for us across eighteen hundred years of history, in letters as large and staring as those of a big advertisement.

Mrs. Ward and her friends have blinded themselves to their real position by one of the most curious delusions possible to imagine—a delusion which implies the denial of every intellectual principle, of which they boast themselves to be the special exponents. Whilst pulling to pieces the doctrinal structure of Christianity and exhibiting it as an historical and purely human growth, they entirely forget to study in the same way its moral side, the historical growth of which is far more evident. These simple sons and daughters of modern Protestant England, with all their complicated inheritance of pieties, prejudices and pruderies, imagine that they have only to get rid of a belief in miracles, and the spiritual residuum left is the

religion of the first disciples. Nothing, they think, is wanting to place them on a level with the evangelists except to deny the statements on which the evangelists most insisted. But as a matter of fact—an obvious matter of fact—their emotions and morals, their whole inner spiritual character, differ from that of the Christians who knew Christ, as much as a Little Bethel in an English country town differs from the Temple at Jerusalem, or from “the upper room furnished.”

I have no wish to say anything of Mrs. Ward personally, but the school she belongs to, and with which she is in spiritual sympathy, is a school which is distinctly the outcome of English middle-class Nonconformity; and the peculiar character of its moral ideas and precepts are due as much to national and social conditions, and the history of this country during the past four hundred years, as they are to the words of Christ recorded in the four Gospels. This may be easily seen by comparing them with other contemporary Christians. Different churches, different classes, different races or countries, exhibit moralities of different and often inharmonious types. Compare a nun rejoicing in the appearance of the stigmata with a dissenting minister's wife rejoicing in five fat children. Compare the Scotchman who solemnizes Sunday by not whistling as he gets drunk with the Frenchman who celebrates it by a happy evening at the opera. Compare the different values accorded in different countries to the same virtues, and the different amount of charity accorded to the same sins.

For the distinctive character of any moral teaching does not depend merely on its comprising certain precepts, any more than the distinctive expression of a face depends on its comprising certain features. The expression of a face depends, not on the presence of the features, but on their proportion and minute peculiarities of shape. In the same way a body of moral doctrines depends for its character, not on the precepts it comprises, but on the relative emphasis it gives to them, on the shade of feeling with which each is enunciated, and on the interpretation put on each, as applied to social circumstances.

Now the circumstances of our modern middle-class Nonconformists in England are three-fourths of them entirely different from those of a Galilean fisherman; and three-fourths of the moral judgments which seem to them most important are judgments passed on matters to which Christ either never alluded, or alluded to only in language which they cannot accept literally, and on which they are obliged to put some special interpretations of their own. Take, for instance, Christ's utterances about riches. Our Nonconformists, though few of them may have belonged to our richest class, yet have

made the pursuit of riches the chief business of their lives. Their ideals have been the ideals of men who keep at least one maid-servant, who value themselves on the gentility of their parlours and their mahogany chairs, and who consider a black coat as important as a white conscience. Voluntary poverty has never been one of their virtues, and involuntary poverty has had for them a strong savour of sin. They have, in fact, only existed as a class by pursuing and gaining riches so far as their powers allowed, and their ideal of righteousness has been painted on the sacred background of a competence. The whole turn of mind, the whole point of view implied in this, is in complete contradiction to the letter of Christ's teaching; and the means by which they conceive themselves to have reconciled it to the spirit are means which never, supposing Christ to be merely a man, could so much as have come within the scope of his mental vision. I allude to the views entertained by them with regard to all pleasures and perfections which they think to be merely human—to their contempt of intellectual culture, their distrust of philosophy, their horror of gaiety and amusement, their suspicion of art and science, and their condemnation generally of the most beautiful decoration of life. The means, in fact, by which they have sought to Christianize the pursuit of riches, have been the restrictions which they have placed on the enjoyment of them; and these are restrictions entirely peculiar to themselves. By other Christians they are repudiated and even ridiculed; and they would be impossible to people with a different education, with a different social status, with a different ancestry, and, we may even add, with a different climate.

This is not true, however, of our Nonconformists only. The same thing may be said of the morals of the Christians differing from them. These, too, are what they are, owing to similar causes. And if this is evident from a comparison of merely contemporary types, it becomes plainer still if we look back over the past and observe how the types have changed from age to age, Christ in each age having seemed a somewhat different person, and, in many ages, several different people.

In a certain sense this would be denied by nobody. Most Christians, for instance, think now that Christ condemned slavery. His first followers never realised this. Most Christians now think that he condemned persecution; and yet, up to a comparatively recent time, Catholic and Protestant alike—

"Have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did."

Many Christians now think that Christ condemned war; yet Christians of all denominations, from Philip of Spain to Cromwell, have

thought they were serving Christ in cutting the throats of Christians who disagreed with them. Again, though Christ, by his doctrines as to divorce, has impressed a certain fixity on the Christian view of marriage, the ideal of married affection in the modern Christian world possesses a refinement which would hardly have been understood by Augustine. Chivalry was at once the cause and the indication of a new conception of man's duties to woman; and the Church of Rome is at this very moment professing itself open to some new conception of the duties of wealth towards labour.

Now persons who believe in the miraculous nature of Christ, and who, unlike Mrs. Ward, believe that miracles do happen, regard all these changes as superintended by Christ himself, and as merely representing a fuller understanding of his character. Catholics and Protestants alike assert this; and though the Catholics alone can do so with strict logical force, any one who starts with the assumption that Christ is actually God can maintain the position with considerable show of reason. The fact remains, however, that the morals of the Christian world have, in the admission of even the most orthodox Christians, changed since the days of Christ's original disciples. According to their view it is a change which consists in development only; but, none the less, it is a change. It implies the addition to Christ's recorded teaching of a variety of new judgments—some on questions which in his time did not exist, others on questions which he never touched upon; and also the adaptation of many of his precepts to changed social conditions.

This, as I say, according to the view of the orthodox, is merely the realisation of what was meant from the very first by a teacher who knew the future as well as he knew the present, and was as familiar with the problems presented by modern London or Paris, as he was with those presented by a carpenter's shop in Nazareth. But with persons like Mrs. Ward, who believe that miracles do not happen, the development of Christian morals, and their adaptation to changing circumstances, must wear, of necessity, an entirely different aspect. For them it is altogether the work, not of Christ, but of man. According to them, no man is ever more than a man. The knowledge and the opinions of all of us are received through similar channels—are limited by our education, are bounded by our social horizon, are coloured by the influences of time and place and race; and whatever truths we may feel ourselves called on to assert, are conditioned by the contemporary falsehoods to which we endeavour to oppose them. As to the future, though some men have made shrewd conjectures, as Bacon did in forecasting the triumphs of physical science, the shrewdest of these are partial and full of inaccuracies; and the idea of anything like comprehensive second

sight is, according to Mrs. Ward's principles, too idle and preposterous to deserve a moment's consideration. Christ, therefore, far from foreseeing the world as it is in the nineteenth century, could not foresee its history even to the end of the first. Being merely a man like other men, his views and his vision were limited. His knowledge was slight, his national prejudices strong, his conception of life was bounded by his own narrow experience of it; and he was no more conscious of addressing other ages and civilisations than he was able, if Mrs. Ward's principles are true, to see the glories of Rome from the top of a hill in Syria.

Everything, therefore, that, since the days of Christ, has been added to his literal teaching, in order to meet new circumstances, or modified in it in order to make it practicable, has been added and modified wholly and solely by man. Christ has had no more to do with it than Bacon has to do with the lectures of Professor Tyndall.

Indeed, the analogy of physical science will be here of great assistance to us. Each generation of scientific men has always been eager to admit its debt to the generations that preceded it; but although it makes use of their discoveries, it has never been bound by their opinions. It appropriates what it can itself verify; what it cannot verify it discards; and the greatest genius of fifty years ago might have all his theories upset by some accidental discovery of the very man whom he placed in a position to make it. If Christ be merely a man, his position in the world of morals is exactly similar to that of a genius of this kind. Christ committed his teachings to the care of succeeding ages, but each age has had to adapt them to its own needs; and although theologic belief has disguised from it what it was doing, it has been creating the moral doctrines which it conceived itself to be merely interpreting. In physical science there is progress, but no authority; or, rather, there is no authority except *nature*. So in morals, there is change, progress, or at all events adaptation, but there is no authority except *human nature*. Christ may have assisted men to consult the one, just as Bacon may have assisted them to consult the other; but it is as absurd for Mrs. Ward to call her religion Christian, as it would be for Professor Tyndall to call his science Baconian.

The belief that Christ was God, and that all his teachings were final, has, of course, given to the subsequent morals of Christendom a degree of fixity which they would not have possessed otherwise; but even in spite of this they have been continually changing: so much so, indeed, that were Christ merely a man, he would necessarily have been horrified at half of St. Paul's Epistles, and been utterly unable to understand the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Still, many of those changes and amplifications, no matter how great,

have been made on lines which Christ's teaching suggested; but the Christian world has not stopped at these. In spite of every belief, and every theory which might have restrained it, it has felt itself impelled, with the advance of knowledge and civilisation, to take into its life sympathies, thoughts, and interests, as to which Christ suggested nothing, unless, as was believed for centuries, he suggested condemnation of them. That great movement which goes by the name of the Renaissance was the return of human nature to a lost part of itself, or the welcoming back to itself of a part that had been long banished. For centuries men had aimed at the purification of the mind merely; now they aimed at its cultivation. For centuries they had reasoned on data supposed to be miraculously given to them; now they endeavoured to find out facts for themselves. That part of themselves which for centuries they had despised and suppressed, they began to educate and adorn. The beauty of the human form, the glories of light and colour, which were regarded by Augustine as so many temptations of the devil, changed their aspect, and seemed part of man's noblest heritage. The mediæval sense of the beauty of holiness was supplemented by a sense of the nobility and holiness of beauty; and, along with this—or rather as the subjective side of this—re-appeared a sense that had slept or been in hiding for centuries—a sense of the beauty, we might almost say, the duty, of pleasure.

It is true that this movement produced a great reaction. Protestantism was as much a protest against beauty and pleasure, as against popery; and it was a protest which, no doubt, had a good deal to justify it. But it differed from the mediæval asceticism protested against by the Renaissance, although in a certain sense that asceticism was its parent. Mediæval asceticism was a protest against the vileness of the flesh. Protestantism was a protest against its beauty. The monkish ascetic looked upwards, fixing his eyes on God. The Protestant ascetic looked downwards, making grimaces at man. Protestantism, moreover, in its asceticism, just as in its theology, took a great number of forms, protesting against pleasure and beauty in various tones, and with various degrees of moderation. Thus, ever since the revival of art, letters, and philosophy, the moral ideas of Christendom have increased in number and diversity, each affected by circumstances of class, race, and education, and accurately expressing the origin and character of its peculiarities by modifications of dress, manner or dialect, sometimes refined and graceful, sometimes ridiculous and grotesque.

Of all these ideals, various and incongruous as they are, what calls itself at present non-theological Christianity is the survival of the narrowest. It is a survival of a type which was developed in this

country, and in a particular class, under the combined pressure of social and political circumstances; and which was carried from this country to a certain part of America. And, though during the past three centuries it has kept its principal features unchanged, it is an ideal which makes no appeal to the larger part of Christendom, and is wholly unsuitable to advancing material civilisation. But the point which here I am now concerned to insist on is that whether this ideal be pleasing or displeasing to most people, it has only preserved its character, even amongst those who cherish it, owing to conditions which its prophets are now sweeping away.

It preserved its character owing to a fixed belief that Christ was God, and that every word of the Gospels was absolutely and literally true. It was supposed to be formed in strict accordance with the example of God the Son; and whatever anachronisms may be involved in representing a modern dissenter as reproducing the religion of Christ's original disciples, the original dissenters founded their unanimous anachronisms on a foundation that for them was absolutely sure and unalterable. But let us once apply to the Gospels the formula of Mrs. Humphry Ward—*miracles do not happen*, and what becomes of this *Nonconformist Imitatio Christi* then?

To this question there are two answers, both equally fatal to Mrs. Ward's position. One is that, if miracles do not happen, either Christ's character was intellectually and morally imperfect, because he claimed that his nature was miraculous, and pretended to work miracles; or else that the records we have of him are so vitiated by the credulity of the writers, that it is quite impossible to say what his character was. The other is that, even were his character undoubted, even were it the exact character most admired by our modern dissenters, there is little reason to regard it as fit for general imitation, and less reason to suppose that it will continue to be generally imitated.

The first of these answers has been so often given that I will only touch on it very briefly here; but there are a few observations which I am constrained to make in passing. It is a favourite argument with Christians that Christ must be God, because, if he were not, he was either an impostor or a semi-lunatic. No argument, however, could really be less forcible, considering the position of those against whom it is now directed; for what is asserted by persons like Mrs. Ward and her teachers is not only that Christ was not God, but that he never claimed to be so. He was not an impostor, but his disciples imposed on themselves. The story of his miraculous nature, and consequently of his miraculous actions, was not a lie—it was a myth. But none the less, if we accept this view of the

matter, is the traditional conception of Christ's moral character changed. He does not appear before us as a bad man, but he does appear as a different man. Even were there nothing more to be said than this, he appears as a man about whom we know much less than we thought we did, for the simple reason that half the anecdotes told of him have, since they turn on miracles, to be set aside as imaginary. But there remains to be added something far more important. These anecdotes that would have to be thus discarded not only contain the most distinctive, impressive, and touching manifestations of Christ's moral character, but the moral characteristics manifested depend for their whole value on our belief in the miracles associated with them. Let us take, for instance, the story of the Last Supper and the Passion. No story has ever been more moving than this, as received and interpreted by the theology of the Christian world; but take away from it the theological element, and everything in it that was specially moving evaporates. Christ's love and Christ's sorrow have moved the world more than the love and sorrows of other men because, while agitating and troubling a human heart, they were supposed to be more than human in their intensity. They were supposed to be intensified by a superhuman knowledge, which not only made him foresee his own agony, the treachery of Judas, and the denial of Peter, but also laid upon him the sins of the whole world. If, however, he were merely a man, what becomes of all this? The sorrow dwindles down to very ordinary proportions; the character of his death, and his way of meeting it, change; and, indeed, of the whole story, what remains? Not only its general significance, but its most moving details, go. Christ had no clairvoyance into the coming treachery of Judas; and he either never predicted Peter's denial at all, or, if he did, the prediction was merely a shrewd or cynical guess. In short, if we criticise the records of Christ's life on the assumption that every miracle narrated or implied is mythical, we not only, in point of matter, have very little left, but what is left altogether changes its aspect; and, apart from the question of whether Christ ought to be imitated, it is difficult to decide as to what there is to imitate.

Let us, however, waive this point entirely. Let us suppose that Christ, divested of his miraculous attributes, stands before us as a character perfectly unmistakable; let us suppose that the evangelists enable us to see him as clearly as Boswell and Sir Joshua Reynolds enable us to see Dr. Johnson; and let us suppose also that, of the Christ thus seen, a modern dissenting minister, minus his creed, or a clergyman like Robert Elsmere, minus his creed and orders, or a journalist like Mr. Stead, throwing the first stone at Mr. Parnell,

let us suppose that of the Christ thus seen these persons are the most complete imitations. What, in that case, would be the utmost they were able to say of themselves? Simply that they were imitations of a certain half-educated moralist who lived in Syria, under the Roman empire; that they had, as the completion and perfection of their imitation would imply, divested themselves of all knowledge and sympathies not possessed by him, and ignored every feature of life of which he happened to be ignorant; in fact, that they appeared before the world of the nineteenth century as an absolute reproduction of a Jewish peasant of the first. If any one is honest enough to tell the world this, the world's general answer will be, "So much the worse for you. The conditions of life have changed since the first century, and unless you have added to the ideas of your teacher, or modified them, the presumption is that they are either unsuitable or insufficient; whilst, if you have added or modified anything, the additions and modifications are your own, and we listen to what you say as coming not from Christ but from you. If your teaching is Christ's teaching unchanged, the presumption is that it is an anachronism. If it is Christ's teaching changed by you, others will either reject it or change it to suit themselves."

I am not denying—no one can or need wish to deny—that persons like Mrs. Ward or Mr. Stead find that what they regard as non-theological Christianity meets with sympathy and acceptance amongst large numbers of people. Indeed, it is only because such is the case that their position is worth discussing. The ideals and morals of Evangelicalism and Nonconformity are still deeply rooted in certain classes of what Mr. Stead describes as "English-speaking folk," who, accepting the conclusions of modern criticism, have, like Mrs. Ward, rejected all belief in the miraculous; and to such classes Mrs. Ward and Mr. Stead appeal, and find in them an echo of their own precise sentiments. My aim, as I say, is not to deny this fact, but merely to exhibit its true character and significance. The classes I speak of, and their prophets, are welcome to these moral ideals, just as they are welcome to their ideals of art, of etiquette, or politics. All I desire to point out is that, however tenaciously they may themselves cling to them, they have left themselves no ground on which to recommend them to others—not to their own children, should their children fail to be pleased with them. Even should Mrs. Ward convince us that her ideal is the ideal of Christ, she gains nothing by doing so. She weakens her case rather than strengthens it. But, as a matter of fact, we need hardly consider this, for no one who applies to history Mrs. Ward's own methods can fail to see that what she takes for the original Christ is, in all its earlier and distinctive features, an ideal evolved slowly in the

course of succeeding ages; and is not the figure so slightly sketched in the Gospels, but a figure which, though the Gospel sketches suggested it, owes all its drapery, and the larger part of its details, to the developing mind of Europe, as it shaped circumstances, and was shaped by them.

Nor is this the conclusion of secular criticism only. It is the explicit view of all sacerdotal Christianity; and, if denied by our modern Nonconformists, it is denied by no other Christians. The Churches only add to it a something which Mrs. Ward contemptuously rejects. They admit that our conception of Christ is a conception that has grown and developed, but they maintain that it has grown and developed under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The Church of Rome, in its doctrines and its history, shows us this most clearly; and the Anglican and Greek Churches in this respect are merely Romanism arrested. Let us, then, glance rapidly over the development of Catholic doctrines. According to Catholic theology, Christianity, as Christ taught it, contained the Christianity of subsequent ages, as the bud contains the flower. In the few doctrines explicitly taught by him, all the doctrines subsequently formulated slept, and were unfolded gradually, as petals unfold in the advancing seasons. The manner by which they were unfolded was at once natural and supernatural. On their natural side they appear as the ordinary operations of man's mind and conscience, on extending knowledge, and multiplying cases of casuistry. Thus the developed theory of the atonement was derived from Roman law; the developed doctrine of the trinity from certain subtleties of Greek philosophy; and the doctrine of the real presence from the more familiar teaching of Aristotle. The Christian intellect, appropriated from the domains of ordinary thought and knowledge whatever seemed proper to it. But this power of selection was, according to the Catholic theory, superintended at every step by the invisible Holy Spirit, who miraculously guided it to such doctrines, and such doctrines only, as Christ had implied from the beginning, though he had not explicitly propounded them. Now, if Christ was God, this theory is perfectly intelligible. Although, as we gather from St. John, he had never even learnt his letters, he was absolute master of all possible knowledge. The works of Aristotle, of which he never possessed a copy, the works of the Jurisconsults of the Empire, before they were in existence, were present to his mind more clearly than they ever were to their authors; and he knew what permanent truths were embodied by them amongst what was false or transitory. If, then, we suppose the Spirit of God to have been always present amongst Christians in some miraculous and exclusive manner, leading them to select these truths, no matter

where found, nothing could be more natural or more strictly logical than the belief that the truths thus accepted were part of the conscious meaning of Christ. And in this way, up to the time of the Reformation, the doctrines of Christianity grew; and not the doctrines only, but the ideals of virtue and piety, and the attitude of mind and heart, of which the doctrines were at once the cause and result.

And of the moral, if not of the doctrinal, Christianity thus developed, our modern Nonconformists are as much the children as are our modern Catholics. If we may believe the account they give of the Church themselves, they are Nonconformists merely as a result of the Church's sins. In that case we may call them her illegitimate children, who, like many illegitimate children, do not know their own mother. It is impossible for any unprejudiced human being to maintain that the Nonconformist Christianity of the last three hundred years was not largely the creature of the Christianity of the fifteen hundred years that preceded it, and lived on a part of the teaching of the very Church it repudiated: just as the France of to-day, in spite of the revolution, retains of its inherited civilisation far more than it destroyed, and is more like the France of Louis Quinze than it is like the France of Clovis.

But if from the Catholic theory of Christian development, which in an illogical and unavowed way has been really the theory of the Nonconformists also, we subtract the belief in the Godhead and omniscience of Christ, and with it the belief in the Holy Spirit, as miraculously guiding Christians, the whole theory immediately falls to pieces. It loses all credible, indeed, all conceivable meaning. Christ, however excellent, however sublime his character, becomes merely a Jewish peasant, ignorant, and with limited vision; and to maintain that the doctrines subsequently formulated as to his nature—that the *ὁμολογίαι* of the Nicene creed, or the *ὁυσία* and *ὑπόστασις* of the Athanasian, or that the theories of the Atonement suggested by Roman law, were actually present in his mind, and consciously insinuated in his words, is as fatuous and ridiculous as to maintain that Thales, when he called water the best of things, was secretly but consciously expounding its actual chemistry, as if he were a professor at the Royal Institution in London. Obviously, unless Christ was God, everything added to his literal teaching, every trait in his character associated with the smallest miracle, every judgment on circumstances not in his time existing, or on matters with which he was not brought into personal contact—all this body of doctrines and moral judgments, is obviously nothing in any sense revealed by Christ, but something gradually evolved out of the mind of the generations that succeeded him; and instead of representing the

immutable truth of God, represents so many phases of the intellectual history of man.

Now, if such be the case—and if “miracles do not happen” it must be the case—it is plain not only that persons like Mrs. Ward and Mr. Stead have no grounds for inflicting their religion upon other people, but that their religion is a mere form of moral prejudice which in the course of a few generations will have ceased to be intelligible to any one. If the morals of the Christian world have changed as they have done, and assumed such various shapes when Christ’s authority as God operated to keep them fixed, much more are they sure to change in the future, when that authority operates no longer.

In spite of Christ’s words, and all traditional interpretations of them, in spite of all the machinery of the Church for emphasizing and confirming their meaning, human nature, after some fourteen centuries, could be no longer restrained within the strict Christian limits, but insisted, at all costs, on again appropriating and enjoying those pleasures and perfections, physical, intellectual, and emotional, which the Pagan worlds of Greece and of Rome had cultivated, and from which it had so long debarred itself. This movement, though naturally it produced a reaction, and though certain excesses which at first marked it were moderated, was far from having spent itself by the beginning of this century, and farther still from having left Christianity as it found it. Such being the case, it has during the present century been year by year receiving some fresh stimulus, as science has fixed man’s attention on the things of this present life, and been step by step discrediting the teaching of the Gospels as to another. Is it to be supposed then, that a movement which developed itself in spite of restraint, will not continue and extend itself when that restraint is removed? We see signs around us everywhere that it is receiving a fresh impetus, and taking untried directions. Socialism, which is a complex phenomenon, is, in part at least, a demand for the good things of earth as opposed to those of heaven; and although it really would involve all sorts of impracticable self-denial, it appeals to its adherents as a protest in favour of pleasure, and a protest against that suffering which Christianity taught men to endure. The one object of modern progress is to produce those pleasures which Socialism seeks to distribute; in short, the aim of the whole civilised world is to elude the destiny which, according to the doctrines of Christianity, all men ought to welcome, and which those who would be perfect ought to court. Nor does the civilised world confine its aims and attentions to the mere multiplication and improvement of the material means of pleasure. It is distinctly feeling its way towards some new freedom in the enjoy-

ment of them. Woman, to whom Christianity assigned a position of obedience, is gradually claiming a right to some life and some development of her own; and, for many reasons which need not be dwelt on here, modifications are being consequently demanded in the Christian view of marriage; whilst women and men alike are assuming a new attitude, and refusing to face the problem of their own existence and of the universe, as if humbly stooping under the burden of inevitable and universal sin.

The forces in fact that are changing the modern world—I do not by any means say all the forces that are at work in it—are distinctly non-Christian; and unless they are arrested or subjugated by Christianity in some form or other, it is a mere truism to say that they will transform our ideal of life, not perhaps into something wholly different from the Christian ideal, but at least differing from it quite as much as resembling it.

What the ideal thus evolved will be, it is impossible to say exactly; but we can, indeed we are forced, to form one or other of two conjectures about it, according to our point of view; and one of these, we may be assured, will in a general way be correct. Our point of view may be that of the Pope, or of Mrs. Humphry Ward. We may either believe that *miracles do happen*, and that Christianity is the creation of miracle; or we may believe that *miracles do not happen*, and that Christianity is the creation of man.

Now if our view be that of the Pope, and of the Christian world generally, the future of a movement which puts Christ's divine authority aside, and intentionally cuts itself off from all channels of supernatural grace, will necessarily appear to us as a future dark with iniquity and corruption. We shall foresee the disappearance of the very idea of virtue.

This view is so natural and so obvious that we need not dwell on it further. But if we place ourselves in the position of Mrs. Ward, we shall have to examine the prospect with somewhat greater attention. On the supposition that miracles do not happen, that no race has ever been favoured by any miraculous revelation, or enjoyed the invidious privilege of any miraculous guidance, the character of man in the Christian as well as in the pagan past, will form a basis for a conjecture as to his character in a non-Christian future. In this case, the argument that a disbelief in Christ as God will loosen every restraint which Christianity has placed upon the passions, is an argument that loses not only its force, but its meaning. For if Christ was not God, and worked no miracles to show that he was God, his deification was the voluntary work of man; and expresses the desire and capacity of man to restrain himself. Nor does it express this only. It expresses man's possession of Christ's virtues,

as well as Christ's abhorrence of sin. In fact man's passionate adoption of Christ's original teaching, is expressive of man's nature quite as much as of Christ's; whilst all that has been added to that teaching in the course of succeeding ages is an expression of man's nature, far more than of Christ's. Take, for instance, the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the idea that God himself actually entered into our bodies. Never was there conceived a more efficacious means of introducing an external rule into the inner world of the heart, than this astonishing doctrine. The severest Protestant, who calls it an invention of mediævalism, can hardly deny its effect on those who believed it; and the more convinced we are that it was not the doctrine of Christ, the more clearly we shall see in it an expression of a something in human nature—a desire and a resolve to submit its various parts to the coercive rule of that part which it held to be the highest.

But we must not confine our attention to the Christian world only. We must look to the other civilisations of which we are also the inheritors. We must look to the civilisations of classical Greece and Rome. The moral ideals and conduct which we there meet differ from those of Christianity; but the difference though great, is partial. Aristotle's conception of a good man may not be identical with that of Thomas-à-Kempis; but the difference between them is not that between a saint and a monster; it is simply the difference between one type of goodness and another. The corruption of the pagan world may have been great. So have been the corruptions of the Christian. The former sanctioned many practices which the latter has condemned; but many of these were the result of surviving savagery, rather than of corruption, and reappeared in the more savage ages of Christianity; whilst the corruption, great as it was, has been obviously much exaggerated. The gladiatorial shows now strike us with horror; but were the horrors of the pagan arena greater than those of the Christian stake and torture-chamber? The cruelties of the Catholics and earlier Protestants alike, towards criminals, and especially towards heretics, have been palliated on the ground that man's natural sympathies were far less sensitive then than they have since become. There is a great force in the argument; but if it applies to the Christian world, it applies to the pagan also; and it is quite probable that the Roman public which delighted in the sight of Christians fighting with beasts, or even of Christians burning in the gardens of Nero, would have been horrified at the sight of Calvin slowly roasting Servetus. Whilst as for the corruption of pagan life, as distinct from its cruelty, if the denunciations of the Christians had really been justified by facts, the pagan world could hardly have endured for a generation. That it

produced monsters of vice there is, of course, no doubt; but the very fact of these monsters having been so particularly described, is evidence that they were the exceptions, not that they were the rule. It produced a Marcus Aurelius, just as it produced a Tiberius; and just as Christianity was not needed to produce the one, so Christianity was not needed to condemn the other. With Christian moralists Greece, and above all Imperial Rome, has been pointed to as exemplifying the degradation, suicidal as well as abominable, into which without Christ man naturally tends to sink; and yet it was from Greece that Christianity took its philosophy; it was from Imperial Rome that it took its ideas of justice. It has been said that the Roman Empire fell because of its own vices. It might as well be argued that it fell owing to the rise of Christianity, which coincided with its fall in a far more striking way than any decay in its morals, of which we have any evidence.

Looking thus at life, on the supposition that miracles do not happen, and judging of the future from the past, we may safely say that the tendency of moral development will be towards a morality in many ways different from the Christian, and in some ways doubtless shocking to the Christian judgment; but not towards any grotesque saturnalia of cruelty, injustice, or debauchery. It will be a tendency, on the contrary, towards some new type of excellence, differing from the Christian not in the way in which a Tiberius differs from Christ, but rather in the way in which a Goethe differs from a Spurgeon.

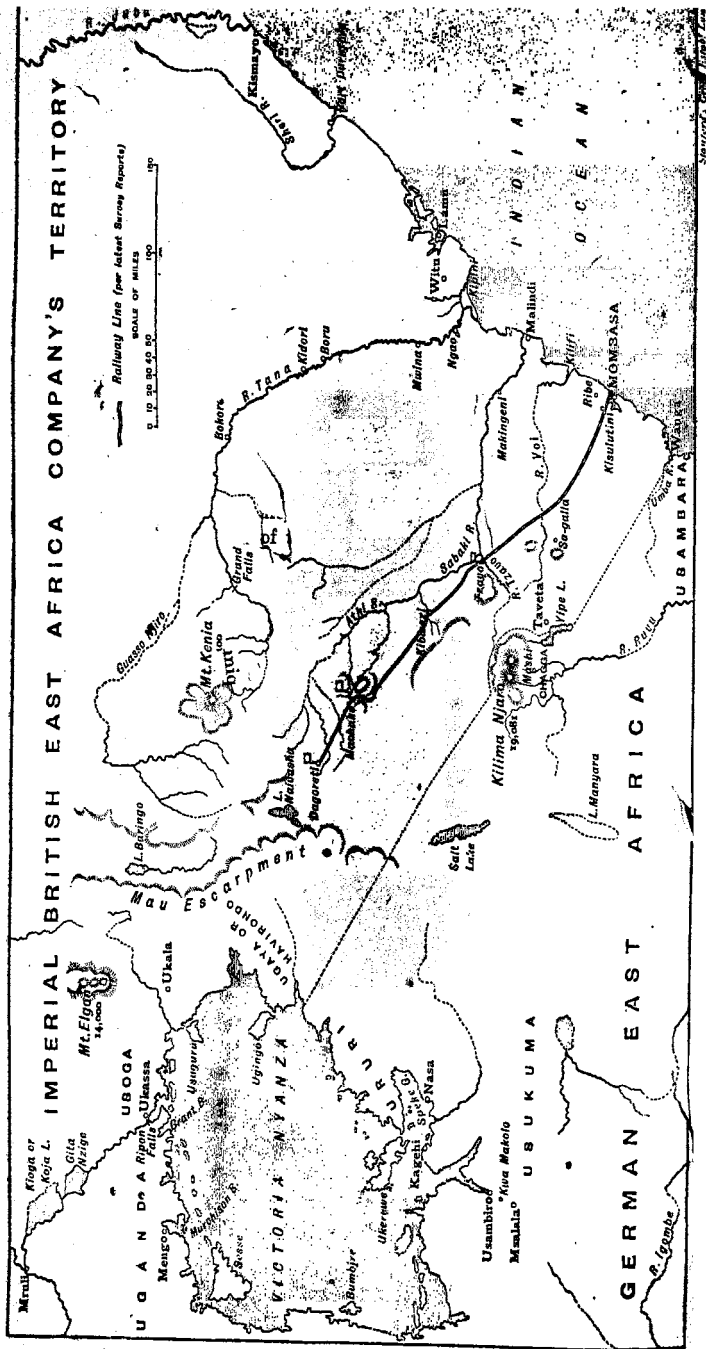
What chance of survival then, in the course of a change like this, has the so-called Christianity of such persons as Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Stead? In so far as their moral feelings correspond with those of science, or with the general desires and temperament of the civilised world at large, their teachings will endure and will prevail; but they will prevail as the teachings of science, or as expressions of the desire of the world, not as the dictates of a peasant who has been dead for some two thousand years. On the other hand, in so far as their teachings differ from the teachings of science, or run counter to the desires of the world, they may possibly meet with acceptance amongst a certain class of persons to whose personal temperaments they happen in some way to appeal; but with the exception of such persons they will have no hold whatever on any human being.

Persons like Mrs. Ward, and the classes whose opinion she reflects, are curiously misled when they think they can get rid of dogma without ridding themselves of anything besides. As long as the world assented to the proposition that Christ was God, those who practised the real or supposed precepts of Christ could urge them

with the strongest of arguments, on those who did not practise them; but when the Godhead of Christ is rejected by both sides as a myth, those who quote Christ as an authority have lost the fulcrum of their lever. In so far as his teachings correspond with those of science, to quote him is a superfluity; in so far as they are beyond or beside those of science, to quote him is useless. Now such Christianity as that of Mrs. Ward and Mr. Stead can only be distinguished as Christianity at all because it comprises teachings of this latter kind—teaching beyond and beside that which is authorised by science and philosophy, and welcomed by worldly wisdom. It consists in the inculcation not of goodness as opposed to ruffianism, but of one type of goodness as distinct from, and hostile to, every other.

If this type of goodness, namely that of English-speaking middle-class dissenters, be pleasing to persons such as Mrs. Ward and Mr. Stead, by all means let them represent it in its most attractive colours, and let those who recognise its unique and transcendent beauty endeavour, if they will, to embody it. Of Mrs. Ward and Mr. Stead there is only one thing to be asked, and this is that, in the interests of honesty, they drop the name of Christ. What they recommend, they recommend on their own authority, not on his. If he has any authority at all, he can, according to their principles, only have it in virtue of their recommendation. They give him his *cachet*, He does not give them theirs. It surely, therefore, is not too much to ask of them, since they declare him to be merely man, not any longer to appeal to him as if he were God, or attempt to enforce their doctrines on grounds which they themselves repudiate.

W. H. MALLOCK.



A PARLIAMENTARY VIEW OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA RAILWAY.

RECENTLY a vote of £20,000 was passed in the House of Commons by a large majority, after an animated debate, for a preliminary survey of a railway line from Mombasa, on the East African coast, to the eastern shore of the great lake, or inland sea, of Victoria Nyanza. It was truly said at the time in the House, that this apparently small measure is really the parting of the waters. Indeed, this modest vote of money is like the tiny rippling source of a mighty river. It may prove to be the beginning of an enterprise that will consolidate British dominion in one of the most interesting parts of Africa. When one thinks what the capabilities of that territory are, and what results have flowed from British administration in other regions, results which have reflected brightness on British prosperity at home—a long vista of possibilities and eventualities opens itself before the imagination. All this was apparent to the advocates and to the opponents of the vote, and the arguments on either side were urged with corresponding vehemence.

I shall now endeavour to set forth the various considerations bearing on this project from an independent point of view, as they appeared in the House of Commons, so that the reader may be able to judge for himself upon the facts and the arguments. By "independent," I mean a national point of view, irrespective of the Imperial British East African Company, however great the merits of that Company may be.

In the first place there is the question, How did the matter come before the House of Commons the other day? Well, in general terms, it was in this wise. At the International Congress at Brussels in 1890, the British Government agreed, together with other European Governments, that each Power should use all available means for the prevention of the slave trade in the interior of Africa, irrespective of any maritime operations that might be undertaken near the coasts or in the open sea. Among these means the construction of railways was obviously one. The British Government seems to have been a party to the acceptance of that proposition. The Opposition in Parliament will justly urge that this did not bind the Government to undertake either this particular railway or any other railway. Still the obligation, though indefinite, does morally bind the Government to promote any railway that lies in the way of the known inland routes of the slave trade, so far as that can be fairly and conveniently done. With this view we may

presume that the Government cast its eyes on the project mentioned above, which had been mooted for some time.

The reader will recollect that, in 1890, there was the Anglo-German agreement about the partition of East Africa—"sphere of influence" was the diplomatic phrase used. But with British enterprise of all sorts afoot and in the field, something like dominion soon ensues. By this great contract between the high contracting parties, the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba came into the British "sphere." Then, on the coast just north of Pemba, was drawn a line westwards a little to the north of the snowy Mount Kilimanjaro (so well known to the Royal Geographical Society), till it touched the middle of the eastern shore of the Lake Victoria Nyanza. Everything north of this line was to be within the British "sphere"—everything south of it within the German. It will be observed that the line strikes the great lake in the middle of the eastern shore. A similar arrangement was made on the opposite, or western shore. Hence, again, a line ^{was} drawn westwards. Everything south of that line was to be within the German sphere, and everything north of it within the British, and the latter included Uganda. The reader may recollect the anxiety that was felt in England about German encroachment in Uganda, and the jubilation with which H. M. Stanley, on his return from Africa, congratulated England on her having secured this territory, among other territories, for herself. In fine, it may be said that, by this arrangement the northern half of the great lake belongs to England, and the southern half to Germany. We are not here concerned any further with Germany. Suffice it to remark that hence the northern half of the great lake, and a great region to the north-west of the lake, England has a continuous tract from that lake to the eastern sea-coast, nearly opposite, though a little to the north of, Zanzibar—truly a noble "sphere," which she may well regard as imposing on her some responsibility respecting the inland slave-trade, should that inhuman traffic be found to exist in this quarter.

Now the slave trade is proved but too surely to exist in this region. Its proofs are to be seen in the thousands of slaves already liberated, and in colonies of runaway slaves settled within these limits. Its existence is attested by a host of trustworthy witnesses. Its caravans have occasionally been encountered by British travellers. This barbarous traffic begins somewhere in the country to the west and north-west of Uganda, not far from the upper course of the Nile; then it is developed in Uganda itself, and thence makes its way round the great lake. Probably the greater part goes round the northern or British end, and then finds its outlets to the eastern sea-coast, already mentioned, almost under the eyes of British authority. One of its lines runs from the lake to the coast on the British side of the

Anglo-German line already mentioned and within the British "sphere." Another line runs from the lake to a point on the coast considerably north, that near the northern limit of the British "sphere," not far from the Anglo-Italian line, or the border between the British "sphere" and the Italian "sphere" lying on the north. This line of the slave trade lies also within the British "sphere." Here, then, are two main lines of slave trade, which after the Brussels Conference, England must consider herself bound to stop if she can. And there will be lesser lines also, though the lines may vary from time to time, according to circumstances, among which must be reckoned the repressive measures to be adopted under British auspices. But there is yet another main line. From Uganda it is understood that a slave-trade line forms itself, and runs southwards through the German "sphere." Of course the Germans will be answerable for stopping that line if they can. Still the *origo mali* is in the British sphere, and the stream of inhuman traffic may be, and if possible, ought to be, dammed up at its source.

Then it is argued that with a railway from the coast to the lake, the two first lines of the slave trade can be stopped, and without a railway cannot. Further, if once the rail were carried to the eastern shore of the lake, a line of lake steamers could be established across the lake to the western, or Uganda shore, to the appreciable consolidation of British influence or authority there. Thus it is held that the third line of the slave trade, as above described, could be stopped *ab initio*. It is difficult to specify these large cases exactly in a short space, and our knowledge, necessarily imperfect, is growing constantly. But such seems to be the general outcome of the known facts. Whether each and all of these descriptions be topographically correct or not, there is, unhappily, no doubt that the horrid traffic has several branches in this quarter; and, happily, it is probable, or even certain, that most of these could be cut off virtually by the construction of a railway.

With this case before it, the British Government might fairly consider its own position in the territorial "sphere," with reference to such affairs as railway projects. The first question would be, What sort of authority has the Government in this quarter? Well not much directly, but very much indirectly. Its agent there, virtually, is the Imperial British East African Company. Having no concern whatever with this Company, I regard it as an outsider. Though incorporated by Royal charter, it is not as yet like a public administration. It does not publish any annual report of its own revenues and establishments, or of the moral and material progress of its territories. We cannot, therefore, undertake to describe its affairs fully or exactly. It was formed in 1888 by several wealthy or distinguished men, among whom Sir William Mackinnon was fore-

most. Its directorate was joined by the late Sir Lewis Pelly, who had special knowledge of the country and of the slave trade, from having been formerly British Resident at Zanzibar. Its subscribed capital is considerable, amounting to some hundreds of thousands of pounds, of which more than a half has been paid up. The subscribers, of course, must have ultimate profit in view. But they must also have been largely actuated by philanthropy in reference to the slave trade; perhaps, also, by an honourable ambition to take part in a national enterprise, and to be hereafter remembered as the founders of a great dominion. This great property may, we hope will, prove to be a precious heritage. For immediate effect financially one hardly sees how it can be very profitable or lucrative at present. Meanwhile the Company is judiciously making its way ever onwards. Its principal officer on the spot is styled administrator. He is its chief local authority. It levies light customs on its coast line, nearly four hundred miles in length. It has improved the harbour of Mombasa, which is really its governmental base. It has a certain length of telegraph line; some stockaded stations; in one place a rough fort; some modest works of irrigation; some few roads; a light railway for a short distance; a steamer on one of the rivers. It has liberated or caused the liberation of large numbers of slaves, and despatched an exploring caravan into the interior. It has despatched a British officer, Captain Lugard, to Uganda; this important deputation is described as intended to establish the authority of the Company on a permanent basis in Uganda, to restore peace in that province, to provide for its defence against Mahomedan invaders, and to secure the safety of Christian missionaries. This officer is guarded by an armed party in the pay of the Company. He has much influence with the local king and court. I have heard Mr. H. M. Stanley quoted in the House of Commons as calling Uganda the pearl of Africa. The native chiefs along the whole line from the sea-coast to the great lake, are recognised by the Company as the local authorities, and treaties have been made with nearly all, if not quite all, of them, whereby they promise general obedience to the Company in return for its protection. These treaties have been submitted for the sanction of the Government in accordance with the Royal Charter; and they are numerous as the chiefs seem to be petty. Their existence was at first doubted by some members of the House of Commons, but I believe that they have all been deposited in the Foreign Office. There is, however, one tribe with whom the Company has not as yet been able to come to terms. This tribe is that of the Masai, whom I shall have to mention presently.

I do not undertake, indeed, to give an account of the Company's proceedings. I only present some instances to afford a notion of the kind of work they are doing. They are certainly not effecting less

than this, and they may be effecting more, in which case I may not have done full justice to their operations. But at the least these operations amount to the beginning of dominion; indeed, they already constitute dominion of a certain kind. The territory is to be called *Ibea*—the name being formed from the initials of Imperial British East Africa.

Thus as regards the preliminary arrangements for the projected railway, the Government found the proper authority on the spot, namely, the East African Company, which, as seen above, has really the control, more or less, over the whole of the territory affected by the railway. This area comprises (including Uganda) some 150,000 to 200,000 square miles. The Company has won this position, too, without any bloodshed, and without even forcible collision with the natives, so far as we can learn. And this area is exclusive of another great area to the north of the Lake Nyanza.

So, last year, the Company was entrusted with the preliminary survey, to cost £20,000, chargeable to the British Government. For this expenditure a vote of the House of Commons was required, but the delays incidental to business in Parliament—especially as the matter was contentious—prevented the vote passing last session. Nevertheless the Company began the survey, advancing the necessary funds on the faith of the Government doing its best to get the vote passed this session, which has accordingly been done.

Now some opponents outside, and some members of the Opposition in Parliament, seem to think that the suppression of the slave-trade is only a pretext, and that the principal object of the railway project is to develop the Company's territories. But from the governmental point of view the suppression of the slave-trade is the main object. Without this object the vote of £20,000 would neither have been asked for nor obtained. The Company itself is largely influenced by the same motive; some of its founders and promoters indeed laid down their money chiefly for this very purpose. On the other hand, it must at once be admitted that such a railway, if carried out, would be of priceless value to the Company and of vital consequence to the consolidation or extension of its power in the interior. The financial effect on its fortunes would be great. Now, some opponents regard this as a reason why Government should decline the project. But surely this is not a fair objection. The two purposes, the suppression of the slave-trade and the development of the Company's work, are not antagonistic. They run on parallel and friendly lines. And the consideration that the railway, if made, would be of benefit to the Company, is no reason at all why the project should not be favoured by Government for the suppression of the slave-trade. The Government naturally looks to its own business, which is to stop the inhuman traffic; that

alone may be a sufficient ground for the project. But if, besides all this, the project will be of advantage to the Company as the pioneer of British enterprise, so much the better; that is an additional recommendation.

I have heard it asked in Parliament, By what law are these things done? It is impossible to answer such a question. It might as well be asked by what law did England acquire her position in India, or France hers in Madagascar and Tonquin, or Russia hers in Central Asia, and so forth. The inception of law often springs from the basis of established fact, though the fact may have been established by force. As a matter of form the Company would probably base its title on the governmental proceedings respecting Witu near the coast, on concessions obtained from the Sultan of Zanzibar by Sir William Mackinnon, and transferred to it by him. If such concession be held to extend but a short way inland from the coast, the Company might point to its engagements with the native chiefs in the interior and to the Stanley treaties in Uganda, also transferred to it by him. The chiefs, at all events, are the lords of the soil by immemorial prescription, and they have a right to engage with the Company for its protection. They will certainly be willing to sell to the Company the land necessary for the railway; and in such a country as Africa the price would be moderate. Too much stress need not, however, be laid on such engagements made between one party that is highly civilised and another party that is uncivilised or only half civilised. In dealing with Africa we understand natural justice, fair dealing, reasonable policy, humane treatment. But we hardly as yet comprehend law out there, in the technical and legislative sense of the term. Law will not come into play until something like British rule is established.

Again, I have noticed juristic discussion on this point in the House of Commons, like the chopping of logic, as to the refinements between sphere of influence, protectorate, suzerainty, and sovereignty. But all this, for a country like Africa, is mere logomachy. What happens in such countries is this. Trade causes the setting up of a sphere of influence, which is developed into a protectorate, which ultimately merges into sovereignty. This process of political and social evolution may be slower or quicker according to circumstances.

But beyond all these chiefs and tribes who have come under engagements with the Company, there is one that has not proved amenable, and that is the Masai already mentioned. Much stress was laid on this in the House of Commons. Here, as the Opposition said, in effect, is a warlike and intractable tribe owning lands through which this projected railway line must pass, and who lie like a lion athwart its path. This was held to be an objection to the

project. Now who are the Masai, and where is their home or their habitat? It has been already stated that as the line advances from the harbour of Mombasa north-westwards towards the Great Lake, the snowy group of Kilimanjaro is on the left, that is on the south, just on the Anglo-German border, and for the most part within the German line. Mr. Keith Johnston (*Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel*) writes, "This gigantic mountain-knot rises to the east of the Masai plains." Farther on he writes of the mountain Doenyo Ngai rising perhaps sixty miles west of Kilimanjaro. Between these two great summits there is "a broad belt of tableland." This appears to have a high elevation. Then he goes on to say, "This great plateau is the home of the Masai and the Wakwavi, warlike and turbulent tribes." The plateau, however, is rich in cattle, and has patches at least of good cultivation. Thus the Masai are mountaineers, with homes high up above, over the lower districts running from Mombasa inland. Now we hear much of the Masai in those districts. There are Masais and Masais. Some sections of them appear to be well disposed, have been visited by Europeans, and have even afforded to them hospitality. Other sections do not bear so good a character. These latter sometimes overrun districts, raiding and otherwise tyrannizing over lowland tribes—being nomadic, they halt for a while, and then return to their mountain homes. Their stay in the undulating plains may depend on the circumstances; their appearance periodically on certain lines may be reckoned on; they go far afield, and are heard of even as far as the Lake Nyanza and right up to Uganda. Perhaps there may be branches of the tribe up there. But as regards their position on the projected railway line between Mombasa and the lake, they appear to be casual intruders only, without any permanent residence there, and without fixed rights there, whatever residence or rights they may have in the Kilimanjaro plateaux, which are not now in question. If then they were to interfere with the projected line they would be interfering with chiefs and tribes under engagements with the Company. Therefore the Company would be justified in repelling the outsiders by force. The fact of their being thus repelled will, among other advantages, cause the indigenous tribes to be freed from the terror of raiding and plundering by martial nomads. This will speedily lead to increase in the settled population. Very possibly the Company may succeed in peaceably settling with the Masai also; indeed it is already in negotiation with some sections of this troublesome tribe; and the character of the tribesmen will generally improve. But if the tribe shall hold out, they will have to be reckoned with hereafter, and that is a difficulty of a certain sort. But such an objection is not strong enough to invalidate the whole project. The Company will easily be able to

organise the defence of their own line by native Africans. It is to be remembered, however, that the Masai are not met with for some distance inland from the coast, that is until the railway has advanced for one-third or more of its length. Thus the first piece or section of the line might be opened, passing through peaceable and friendly tribes dependent on our protection, before we have any contact or dealing with the Masai. It is sometimes said that the first section of the line will pass through a waterless tract. But I learn that the alignment may avoid this tract and by a slight deflection may follow the well watered and richly wooded line of the Sabaki river or stream, a track sparsely peopled at present, but likely to sustain hereafter an abundant population.

I have now described briefly what is or ought to be the policy of the Government regarding this railway project as a potent means of suppressing the slave-trade; and also the Imperial British East African Company as a co-operative agent in giving effect to this project. It remains to advert more particularly to the project itself.

The line then begins from Mombasa on the sea-coast and is to touch the north-eastern corner of the Lake Victoria Nyanza. Mombasa is a noble harbour for ships of war and of peace. It is understood to have been much admired by naval authorities. As the crow flies the distance is taken at about four hundred miles, but with the unavoidable deflections of alignment at five hundred miles. At first the line passes through a favourable country as regards levels and river drainage from an engineering point of view—not far from the basin of the Tana River. This much is, we understand, known from the results of the preliminary survey which has already advanced for some distance. Then the line ascends gradually by Kikuyu to undulating plateaux, rising to a considerable elevation, with many advantages of soil and climate. Next it arrives at what may probably prove to be the *crux* of the whole passage, “the Mau Escarpment,” as it is called. This obstacle must be of the nature of a rock-wall having a lofty and formidable character—which has to be surmounted or circumvented, and so passed somehow. How exactly this is to be accomplished we shall hardly know till the survey is done. But from experience in other quarters there is no doubt that this will be successfully accomplished, though at a heavy expense probably. From this crucial point there is a descent all the way to the Great Lake, comparatively plain sailing for the line, but probably expensive. The precise point in the north-east corner where the line will touch the Great Lake cannot yet be determined; but there will be no difficulty in such determination, once the survey shall have been made.

Then there is the question of cost, that is, of capital outlay. For

the portion of the line already surveyed by Captain Macdonald, the cost is estimated at £3,000 per mile. But then some of the hardest sections of the line have yet to come. Five hundred miles at say £5,000 a mile, £2,500,000, this is an estimate which the projectors might put forward in the hope of its being realised. But could the line be constructed for that sum? Who shall answer that question for Africa? Native labour would doubtless be forthcoming on what are known as Indian or Asiatic wages—perhaps slightly in excess, however. The other charges, such as European supervision of various grades, machinery, plant, permanent way, material, may be calculated at Indian rates. With all this it may be doubted whether the line could be constructed for less than £5,000 a mile. Few will believe that this could be done for less, many will fear lest it should cost more—say £7,000 conjecturally—that is £3,500,000. This amount of capital at 3 per cent. means £105,000 of yearly interest; or, if £2,500,000 be the better estimate, then the interest would amount to £75,000. Such are the limits in the first instance of a burden which is not heavy, and which would gradually decrease.

Then follows the question, How could such an obligation be met and discharged? The money must, of course, be raised in England. The capitalist would be sure to require some guarantee, because such a line as this could not possibly pay for some little time. The Imperial British East African Company would probably not undertake the work. A separate railway company would be formed with the co-operation of the Imperial Company. Could the Imperial Company furnish the financial guarantee to the railway company? Well, it might be asked to furnish a part of such a guarantee, in return for the benefits it would receive from the undertaking, but it could not furnish the whole. This part would be the lesser part rather than the greater. Who would furnish the greater part then? There really is nobody else except the British Government. It comes to this then, that the British Government would have to make a contribution annually, for some little time to come at least—in the shape either of a guaranteed interest or of a subsidy. Perhaps some would prefer a subsidy if something had to be given. If assistance be given in the shape of a subsidy, the moral effect is better. A subsidised company feels the spur of necessity for economy and efficiency more acutely than a guaranteed company does. Could England afford to give such assistance? Why, certainly she could: the amount is not large as shown above; she is spending much more than that annually in maritime and naval operations for suppression of the slave trade. These operations are admittedly wanting in a satisfactory measure of success. Inland operations are far more likely to be successful, and among such operations a railway would stand foremost. If, then, economy of expenditure be a paramount

object, there might be a diminution of the cost at sea, and this saving might meet the new charge for a guarantee or a subsidy to the railway.

Then we may revert to the moral obligation incurred by England at the Brussels Conference. Either such an obligation is a reality or else a sham. There is no middle course between these two alternatives. We refuse to entertain the thought that England would affix her seal and signature to a sham. It must then be a reality; that is, it must be acted on and carried out. This, too, must cost some money. We may loyally strive to economise the cost, but some cost there must needs be. The other European Powers will believe that England must have foreseen that by accepting the obligation she incurred some pecuniary liability. There is still the interest of the British tax-payer to be considered. Well, he has never ^{yet} judged the money for what he believes to be his duty to God and man; and ^{as} such he regards the national efforts for suppressing the slave ^{to be}. Putting sea operations against land operations, I have ^{seen} that it is doubtful whether he would, by helping the railway, ^{have} to pay more on the whole than he is now paying. But if he ^{did} have to pay just a little more, what then? He would be developing a noble territory, which he has, through the Government as his representative, taken under his protection at least, though not under his administration. And such development would open out new fields for British enterprise, fresh markets for British trade. Such extensions must, indeed, work out their own destiny without help from the tax-payer. But it sometimes happens that some state aid is needed at the initiatory stage for laying the foundation of future progress. Other nations indeed recognise this much more than England does. But occasionally England also recognises the same; and we may hope that in this instance she will accord such recognition.

To conclude. I have now mentioned the suppression of the slave trade as the basis of this railway project; explained generally, subject always to correction in detail, the position of the Imperial British East African Company, a corporation which deserves the sympathy of all patriotic Britons; indicated, so far as our topographical knowledge goes at present, the line of the projected railway; and shown how financially and otherwise the plan could be carried out. The commercial outlook cannot as yet be measured statistically. But we reflect on a region directly affected of 150,000 to 200,000 square miles, with a still greater area to the north indirectly affected, and a population perhaps of six millions, and already capable of indefinite augmentation—with a still greater population to the north—with a tropical climate and considerable rainfall—with a soil of varying fertility, yet fertile on a general average—with

typical African products, such as ivory and india-rubber and beeswax, known to be abundant—with at least two navigable rivers—all this connected with a mighty lake. Here, then, is a field of future commerce; here will spring up a demand for British manufactures. Let Lancashire and Yorkshire see to all this for the sake of their own prosperity. The ultimate object is to reach the great Lake Victoria Nyanza, and to “tap” the fine country all round the British moiety of the lake-shore—which, as usual, will prove to be the lion’s share in comparison with all European competitors. This country, too, appeals to the cultured imagination, for it extends to the Ruwenzora group, shown by Stanley to be the veritable Mountains of the Moon; and onwards still to the chain of lakes at the Nile sources, from which the commercial outlet is at the Mombasa coast. Nor need we fear for the safety of the line once made. Free labour will flock to our industrial standards. The tribes are friendly with one exception, and even that may turn out to be no exception at all. In India our railway employés, Europeans, are formed into volunteer battalions, that can defend their own line and their own stations, and “lager round” their own waggons for defence. The same plan will doubtless be followed in Africa. The Imperial Company is honourably administered; its shareholders stand by it—there is no transferring of, no speculating in, its stock. National self-interest prompts the execution of this railway project. And happily the standard of international obligation, fixed by the Anti-slave-trade Conference, like the pole-star in the heavens, points in the same direction by the path of duty.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

A SPANISH MUSIC-HALL.

I AM *aficionado*, as a Spaniard would say, of music-halls. They amuse me, and I am always grateful to anyone or anything that amuses me. The drama, if it is to be looked on as an art at all, is a serious art, to be taken seriously; the art of the music-hall is admittedly frivolous—the consecration of the frivolous. The more it approaches the legitimate drama the less characteristic, the less interesting, it is. Thus what are called in England “sketches” are rarely tolerable; they may be endured. If I want a farce I will go elsewhere. I come to the music-hall for dancing, for singing, for the human harmonies of the acrobat. And I come for that exquisite sense of the frivolous, that air of Bohemian freedom, that relief from respectability, which one gets here, and nowhere more surely than here. In a music-hall the audience is a part of the performance. The audience in a theatre, besides being in itself less amusing, is on its best behaviour; you do not so easily surprise its “humours.” Here we have a tragic comedy in the box yonder, a farce in the third row or the stalls, a scene from a ballet in the promenade. The fascination of these private performances is irresistible; and they are so constantly changing, so full of surprises, so mysterious and so clear.

And then it is so amusing to contrast the Pavilion with the Trocadero, to compare the Eldorado with La Scala; to distinguish just the difference, on the stage and off, which one is certain to find at Collins’s and the Metropolitan, at La Cigale and the Divan Japonais. To study the individuality of a music-hall, as one studies a human individuality, that is by no means the least profitable, the least interesting, of studies.

At the beginning of last May I spent a few days at Barcelona, and one night I went to the Alcazar Español, the most characteristic place I could find, extremely curious to see what a Spanish music-hall would be like. It was very near my hotel, in a side street turning out of the Rambla, and I had heard through the open window the sound of music and of voices. I got there early, a little before nine. The entrance was not imposing, but it was covered with placards which had their interest. I pushed open the swing-doors and found myself in a long vestibule, at the other end of which was a sort of counter, which did duty for a box-office. I paid, went down a step or two, and through another door. There was a bar at one end of the room, and a few small tables placed near two embrasures, through which one saw an inner room. This was the hall.

At one end was a little stage; the curtain was down, and the musicians' chairs and desks were vacant. Except for the stage, and for a gallery which ran along one side and the other end, the room was just like an ordinary café. There were the usual seats, the usual marble-topped tables, the usual glasses, and, lounging sleepily in the corners, the usual waiters. Two or three people stood at the bar, a few more were drinking coffee or *aguardiente* at the tables. Presently two women came in, and began to arrange one another's dresses in the corner. Two of the performers, I thought, and rightly. Then a few more people came in, and a few more, and the place gradually filled. The audience was not a distinguished one. None of the women wore hats, and few of them assumed an air of too extreme superiority to the waiters. Two fantastic creatures at a table next to me seemed to find it pleasant as well as profitable to be served by a waiter who would sit down at the same table and pay open court to them. Women would appear and disappear at the door leading into the next room, the room with the bar. The red door by the side of the stage—the stage-door—began to open and shut. And now the musicians were a *banda*. The grey-haired leader of the orchestra, smoking a cigar and taking part in the score. He sat down at his piano, and handed round the first sheets of music. The members of the orchestra brought newspapers with them. The man who played the clarinet was smoking a cigarette fixed in an interminable holder. He did his duty by his instrument in the overture that followed, but he never allowed the cigarette to go out. I thought the performance remarkable.

The band, for a music-hall of no higher pretensions, was extremely good. It had the genuine music-hall swing, and a sympathetic delicacy which I had not expected. The overture sounded very Spanish. It was a *pot-pourri* of some kind, with much variety of airs, a satisfying local colour. After the overture the curtain rose on a *mise-en-scène* of astonishing meagreness. It was a *zarzuela*—a "sketch"—called *L'Ecrin du Shah de Perse*, in which the principal performer was Mlle. Anna Durmance, a lady who spoke excellent French on occasion, but who looked and acted as only a Spaniard could look and act. The Spaniards have very little talent for acting. They lack flexibility, they have not the instinctive sense of the situation, such as every Frenchman and every Frenchwoman possess by right of birth. The men move spasmodically, as if galvanised. The women place themselves—gracefully, of course—in certain positions, because they know that such positions are required. They use the appropriate gestures, their faces assume certain expressions; but it is all done with the air of one who has learnt a lesson. And the lesson has evidently been a difficult one. The *zarzuela* was amusing in its wildly farcical way—a farce of grotesque action, of incredible

behind the footlights, drawing back rapidly to avoid the curtain which came down, as it had a way of doing, precipitately.

After this we had some more music, and the curtain rose for the "Baile español por las señoritas Espinosa." This, despite its name, was not so typically Spanish as I had expected. The two girls wore ballet-skirts, which are never used in the characteristic Spanish dances. They had castanets, however, and there was something neither French nor English in the rhythm of their long, sweeping movements, their turn backward upon themselves, their sudden way of ending a figure by a stamp on the ground, followed by a pose of unexpected immobility. They gave us several dances. Between whiles one could see them, in the very visible and haphazard *coulisses* on the prompt side of the stage, chatting together, signalling to their friends in the audience, giving a last twitch to their tights, a final pat of adjustment to the saucer skirts.

As soon as this performance was over I saw four of the women at the other end of the room, whom I had already guessed to be some of the dancers, leave their places and make for the stage-door. The next entry on the programme was "Baile Sevillanas, por las parejas madre é hija, Isabel Santos, y las hermanas Mazantini." Isabel Santos, the mother, was a vigorous, strongly-built, hard-featured, determined-looking woman of fifty. Her daughter was slight, graceful, delicately pink and white, very pretty and charming; her face was perfectly sweet and simple, with something of a remote and dreamy look in the eyes. One of the sisters Mazantini was fat, ugly, and unattractive; the other, a rather large woman, had an admirable figure and a gay and pleasant face. The curtain rose to a strange dance-measure. The four women took their places on the stage, facing one another by two and two. They raised their arms, the eight pairs of castanets clanged at once, and the dance began. Spanish dances have a certain resemblance with the dances of the East. One's idea of a dance, in England, is something in which all the movement is due to the legs. In Japan, in Egypt, the legs have very little to do with the dance. The exquisite rhythms of Japanese dancers are produced by the subtle gesture of hands, the manipulation of scarves, the delicate undulations of the body. In Arab dances, in the *danse du ventre*, the legs are more motionless still. They are only used to assist in producing the extraordinary movements of the stomach and the hips in which so much of the dance consists. It is a dance in which the body sets itself to its own rhythm. Spanish dancing, which no doubt derives its Eastern colour from the Moors, is almost equally a dance of the whole body, and its particular characteristic—the action of the hips—is due to a physical peculiarity of the Spaniards, whose spines have a special

and unique curve of their own. The walk of Spanish women has a world-wide fame: one meets a Venus Callipygus at every corner; and it is to imitate what in them is real and beautiful that the women of other nations have introduced the hideous mimicry of the "bustle." The Baile Sevillanas, with all its differences, had a very definite resemblance to the Arab dances I had seen. It began with a gentle swaying movement in time to the regular clack-clack of castanets. Now the women faced one another, now they glided to and fro, changing places, as in a movement of the Lanceros. The swaying movement of the hips became more pronounced; the body moved in a sort of circle upon itself. And then they would cross and re-cross, accentuating the rhythm with a stamp of the heels. Their arms waved and dipped, curving with the curves of the body. The dance grew more exciting, with a sort of lascivious suggestiveness, a morbid, perverse charm, as the women writhed to and fro, now languishingly, now furiously, together and apart. It ended with a frantic *trémoussement* of the hips, a stamp of the heels, and a last clang of the castanets as the arms grew rigid in the sudden immobility of the body. There were two encores, and two more dances, much the same as the first, and then at last the curtain was allowed to descend, and the women went tranquilly back to the corner where they had been drinking coffee with their friends.

When the curtain rose again, after a long interval, the stage was empty but for a wooden chair placed just in the middle. The chair was waiting for Señor Pon, who was to give us a "concierto de guitarra." Señor Pon, a business-like person, bustled on to the stage, seized the chair and placed it nearer the footlights, sat down, looked around for his friends in the casual and familiar manner peculiar to the place, and began to tune his guitar. Then he plucked softly at the wires, and a suave, delicious melody floated across the clink of glasses. One wanted moonlight, a balcony, a woman leaning over the balcony, while the serenade rose out of the shadow. But indeed one saw all that. Then the melody ceased, and the business-like Pon was bowing to the audience. There was a torrent of applause, and he sat down again, and struck up an imitative fantasia, in which one heard the bugles blowing the *réveillé*, the march music of the troops, with clever realistic effects, and a really wonderful command of the instrument. The piece ended suddenly, the musician sprang up, bowed, and retreated with his chair, to avoid the irrepressible curtain. But the audience insisted on another encore, and when he had given it—a charming air played charmingly—they howled persistently, but unavailingly, for more.

Señor Pon was followed by Señorita Villalara, a fair-complexioned woman, with dark, sleepy, wicked eyes, and black hair trailing over

her forehead, with little curls near the ears. The leader of the orchestra began to play on the piano a brief, monotonous air, and the woman—looking out between her half-shut eyes—began the *Malagueña*. It was a strange, piercing, Moorish chant, sung in a high falsetto voice, in long, acute, trembling phrases—a wail rather than a song—with pauses, as if to gain breath, between. A few words seemed to be repeated over and over again, with tremulous, inarticulate cries that wavered in time to a regularly beating rhythm. The sound was like nothing I have ever heard. It pierced the brain, it tortured one with a sort of delicious spasm. The next song had more of a regular melody, though still in this extraordinary strained voice, and still with something of a lament in its monotony. I could not understand the words, but the woman's gestures left no doubt as to the character of the song. It was assertively indecent, but with that curious kind of indecency—an almost religious solemnity in performer and audience—which the Spaniards share with the Eastern races. Another song followed, given with the same serious and collected indecency, and received with the same serious and collected attention. It had a refrain of "Alleluia!" and the woman, I know not why, borrowed a man's soft felt hat, turned down the brim and put it on before beginning the song. When the applause was over she returned the hat, came back to the table at which she had been sitting, dismally enough, and yawned more desperately than ever.

The dance which came next was described on the programme as a *can-can*. It was really more like the *chahut* than the *can-can*. Four people took part, two men and two women. One of the men was as horrible a creature as I have ever seen—a huge, clean-shaved, close-cropped, ashen-hued sort of human toad; the other was preposterously tall and thin, all angles. Of the women, one was commonplace enough, with a seriousness worthy of Grille d'Egout, but the younger of the two, a piquant, amusing madcap, was as reckless as La Goulue. The band struck up a lively air from *Madame Angot*, and the *quadrille naturaliste* began. It was very like the *chahut* as one sees it at the Moulin Rouge, but there were differences, and the Spanish dance was certainly the merrier and the more like a quadrille, as certainly as it was a less elaborate and extraordinary performance. Skirts whirled, legs shot into the air, there was a posturing, a pirouetting, and then each man seized his partner and led her round the stage at a gallop. Then the skirts rose and twirled again, the little shoes waved in the air, and the merry-faced woman laughed as she flung herself into the headlong movement of the dance. Not the least astonishing part of it was the series of hops by which the toad-like man defied every principle of equilibrium, now more than ever toad-like, as he squatted lumpishly on

his heels. Dance followed dance, as tune changed to tune, and it was almost in a state of exhaustion that the quartet finally trailed off the stage.

There was still another dance to be given, and by the performers of the Baile Sevillanas. It was something between that and the *can-can*, with the high-kicking of the latter, and the swaying movement, accentuated by the heels, of the former. In response to an encore, Isabel Santos, the sturdy old veteran, came forward alone, and it was indeed half comic, and soon wholly impressive, to see this incredibly agile middle-aged woman go through the wild movements of the dance. She did it with immense spirit, flinging her legs into the air with a quite youthful vivacity; she did it also with a profound artistic seriousness, which soon conquered one's inclination to see anything ridiculous or unseemly in the performance. I am afraid the pretty daughter will never be such a dancer as the hard-featured mother. Isabel Santos the elder is, in her way, a great artist.

After this—it was now past midnight—there was nothing specially new or interesting in the few numbers that a too liberal management wasted on the few drinkers who still sat about the hall. The Provençal near me had gone, in his turbulent way; the two women at the next table were gathering up their shawls; nearly all the glasses were empty, and no one clapped his hands for the waiter with the two kettles, the coffee and the milk. One by one the dancers left their corner and made for the door; and when, at last, Isabel Santos and her pretty daughter had said good-bye, I saw there was nothing to stay for, and I followed.

ARTHUR SIMONS.

GLIMPSES OF CARLYLE.

A FRAGMENT.

MANY among us feel that our lives have been largely influenced by some one man or book that we chanced to become acquainted with in early youth.

I was lying idle on the deck of a P. and O. steamer, wondering whether life was worth living, when my hand happened to light on a tattered volume of Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, in which I found his essay on Burns and his second essay on Goethe. These papers read to me almost like a new revelation of life, and seemed to show that when earnestly regarded, the future, even of a lieutenant in the East India Company's service, was susceptible of development. On reaching England I fell in with *Sartor Resartus* and *Past and Present*, works which yet further attracted me to their author. Shortly afterwards Mr. Carlyle invited me to his house in Cheyne Row; but on presenting myself at the door an elderly Scotch female intimated that her master was engaged and did not see people. I said that I had come by appointment, upon which I was conducted to the top of the house, where I found Mr. Carlyle seated at a small table in the middle of a sort of prophet's chamber. A yet smaller table, with some books on it, stood against a double window. There was nothing else in the room, except two or three chairs. He welcomed me very kindly, and began talking of the North-West Frontier of India. He seemed much interested about General John Jacob and his work with the Scinde Horse in the Bolan desert. I explained that my old chief, though employed in the command of cavalry, was yet a man of original thought and of an organising and constructive mind. Mr. Carlyle had evidently been reading some of the general's diatribes against the foolishness of governments and religious cant. He objected that Jacob was too profuse of the superlative degree; and I remarked that I had often brought this characteristic under the notice of the general, suggesting that if he would begin with the positive he could hold the comparative and superlative in reserve, while by commencing with the superlative there was nothing left but to expand into big print and underlinings. "And what did Jacob say?" asked Carlyle. He said, that what he wrote was God's truth, and it could not be printed too large.

Mr. Carlyle then launched out upon the advantages of a life of action and military discipline; he advised me utterly to avoid that great froth ocean called literature, and specially the thing called poetry. I submitted that he himself had mainly attracted me to

letters, and that I understood his life had been passed in printing his genius upon the age. "Yes," he said, "I am a writer of books; and once in a century a man may write a book worth reading. But the truth is, in early life I could not make anything of it, when someone told me that I should find what I wanted among the Germans, and thus I came upon Goethe. But for all that life is an action and not a thought, and you had better stick to your work on the frontier and life will open round you." He finished by asking me to come to him again; and a day or two afterwards wrote me a note in a very small hand, inviting me to accompany him to a dinner at Lord Ashburton's. I went accordingly, and sat next to a gentleman who proved to be Mr. Nassau Senior, and who soon engaged me in a conversation on political economy. I ventured to differ from him, and he was explaining to me that I knew very little of the subject, when Mr. Carlyle, from the other side of the table, burst in, saying that I was quite right, and telling Mr. Senior that he had driven God out of the universe, and would soon not let them have even the poor old devil. I need not add that I was greatly relieved by this interruption, and left the two giants to fight the battle out. On leaving, Mr. Carlyle called a four-wheeler, and said he would drive me as far as Hyde Park Corner, where our ways parted. No sooner had we started than he fired up on the politics of the day, and was anything but complimentary to Parliament and the Foreign Office; he became so excited that he stood up and swayed his arms about, quite astonishing me by the fact that a man of genius who largely dominated the thought of his time should so agitate himself with matters which I, at that time, regarded as of little real importance. But he thundered on, and I did not attempt to get a word in even edgeways. At length the cab drew up, and we found ourselves at his door, whence I walked home to the other side of Hyde Park.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Carlyle asked me to tea, and, with Mrs. Carlyle, received me in his simply furnished drawing-room. He soon worried me into an argument and upset everything I ventured to advance. Tea over, he went to the mantelpiece and filled his pipe which he smoked often, and which I suspect affected his digestion, for he complained more than once of dyspepsia, and I ventured to suggest that his smoking might perhaps injure and depress him. "Yes," he said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very meeserable; so I took to it again, and was very meeserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be meeserable than to go without." His pipe being filled he descended, as was his wont, to the small garden in rear of the house, to commune with the Eternal Silences. But just as he was closing the door Mrs. Carlyle called out, "Why, when Mazzini was here

the other night, you took the side of the argument that Mr. Pelly did this evening." Carlyle, putting his head round the door, merely said, "And what's the use of a man if he cannot take two sides of an argument?"

Sometime afterwards I was sitting in his room when the conversation turned upon Goethe. I remarked that I had been much puzzled, when reading *Wilhelm Meister*, by a diagram representing something between a key and a cross, and that I could not make out what it meant; he looked at me intently from under his beetling brows, and said, "No *moore* can I." But perceiving that I was a little disappointed he continued, "Well, you know Goethe used to keep several works on hand, and hang his manuscript up in bags; and I suppose that one day he must have pulled *Wilhelm Meister* down and scratched this cross while thinking of what he should say next." He then explained that Goethe was the many-sided liberator of the thought of Germany, and the germ of most that had come out since, whether in action or science.

I find it difficult to recall many of his serious sallies, for what chiefly rested on my mind were his quaint sayings uttered with a half-humorous expression of face. His language in conversation, as in his writings, was often in sledge-hammer fashion, and yet it did not sound so, for his manner was kindly, natural, and at intervals almost tender. I was so engrossed with the man that it was not until after his death that I became aware of his origin and his honourable poverty. Had I known the latter when the cab pulled up at his door, assuredly he should not have paid the half-crown for me. But he seemed too great for me to venture to intrude my mite.

Eventually I returned to the East, and was ordered to ride from the capital of Persia to the Indian frontier, in view to reporting on the political condition of the intervening territories. I was at Herat in 1860, when the Persian army, beaten by the Turcomans, was retreating along the line of the Moorgab; and when on this, and other public accounts, affairs were somewhat disturbed, and one's head at times felt a little loose on one's shoulders. I was lying one evening outside the walls of the Herat Fort, under the starlight and near the singularly beautiful mausoleum of the Timur family, when it occurred to me that I was unaccountably calm and happy for an ordinary man who found himself a thousand miles away from any other European, and surrounded by excitable Asiatics, some of whom had old blood touds with the Indian Government. On reflection, however, I attributed my mental condition to the influence of Carlyle, and I remember repeating to myself the lines which he had translated from Goethe, and which in that, as in many other crises, have shot strength and solace into my heart:—

"The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow :
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us—onward.

"And solemn before us
Veiled the dark Portal,
Goal of all Mortal.
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

"Whilst earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error :
Perplexing the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

"But heard are the voices—
Heard are the sages,
The World's and the Ages :
'Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work and despair not."

The next morning I went into the bazaar and selected a finely-woven camel's-hair robe, and a small Persian prayer-carpet of exquisite colour and texture, and resolved to carry both of them with me through Afghanistan and Beloochistan for transmission to Choyne Row. These articles, in fact, formed my only luggage, besides what was contained in my saddle-bags. The robe and rug reached Mr. Carlyle in due course, and many years afterwards my friend Miss F. told me that he had placed the little carpet under his writing-table in the upper chamber, and that the camel's-hair robe had been turned into a sort of dressing-gown, and used by him to the end of his life. She added, that it was this robe in which the late Sir Edgar Boehm had enveloped Carlyle's sitting figure, now placed in the Chelsea Gardens, and that the little carpet had been taken by Carlyle, in a fit of tenderness, to the dressing-table of his wife. Recalling these statements, I remember the fable of the earthen vessel which an Oriental picked out of the stream, and, bringing it to his nostrils, addressed it: "Why, you must be made of roses." "No," replied the vessel, "I am only an earthen pot; but I used to hold rose-leaves, and still keep their scent."

But I have omitted to mention two remnants of conversation; one related to Miss Martineau, who had been extremely kind to me when in London, honouring me by correspondence, and associating my name with her contributions to the *Daily News*. Asking Mr. Carlyle

his estimate of her genius, and alluding in particular to her able summary of the Positive Philosophy, he paused for a moment, and then said slowly, "Well, she is the sort of woman that would have made a good matron in a hospital." I did not continue the subject. The other conversation related to Frederick the Great, whose history he was then writing. He explained that his view of Frederick was that he found himself set to govern a country with a simply insufferable frontier, and that Frederick had therefore, by the only possible means, namely, drilled force, resolved to render his frontier a tolerable one, and moderately secure against surrounding enemies. I asked him what he thought of Frederick's cavalry generals, Seidlitz and Ziethen. "Well," he said, "they were just famous gallopers." Now this was, perhaps, the only subject upon which my philosopher and guide could have roused me into contradiction. But fresh from my cavalry general, and imbued with all his lessons concerning the cavalry genius of Hannibal, Cromwell, Hyder Ali, and others, I rejoined somewhat sharply: "And do you not think, Mr. Carlyle, that as much genius can be shown in the handling of cavalry as in the writing of books?" "Well," he said, "there is something in that." So I went on to expound to him what General Jacob had taught me about the fifteen campaigns of Hannibal, the battle of Denbar, where the Lord delivered the enemy into the hand of Cromwell, and the letter of Hyder Ali to the English general. I concluded by referring to the battle of Rossbach, where Seidlitz, in command of the cavalry, repeatedly refused to obey the order of the king to charge until the right moment arrived, when he forthwith swept the foe from the field. Mr. Carlyle looked interested, but said nothing. When *The History of Frederick the Great* appeared, however, I was amused to find that Seidlitz and Ziethen had become great cavalry commanders, and that no mention was made of "famous gallopers." The thoughts of an age are the heritage of the age in common; but he who, passing those thoughts through the alembic of his own genius, reproduces them in language which men will not willingly let die, stamps the age with his image and superscription, and his works shine on through a long posterity. It was thus that Shakespeare, chancing to light on an old and unknown sonnet, turned it, by a stroke of his pen, into the deathless lines now inscribed below his statue in Westminster Abbey—"Style gives immortality."

After many years I again returned from the East, and again met Carlyle, but he seemed to me an altered man. The enthusiasm was gone, and he appeared to take less interest in men and in affairs. The last time I saw him he was passing into the London Library. He looked aged, bent, and hopelessly sad; the wreck of a long and of a well-spent life. I lifted my hat to him, but he did not seem

really to recognise me, and so he disappeared into the library, and not long after, through death, into eternity. I am told that in his last hours he repeated Garth's lines:—

“To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.”

But this is hearsay; and it is not thus that my mind's eye beholds him. I prefer to imagine those dreamily intent eyes regarding us from Eternity's stillness, for death is not a curtain with a skull behind it.

As to his books, I find that Carlyle's writings still survive, and that some among them are more than ever read by the people. His later efforts never attracted me, and it irritates my flesh to read through *Frederick*; but England is now realising much that was predicted in *Past and Present*. His *Sartor* has appeared like a new revelation, and his *Hero Worship* has taught many a young trifler to become earnest in thought and courageous in work. His essay influenced the lives of many, for he knew how to lift and cheer the existence of another, although he was incapable of rendering his own life cheerful. Emerson said of him that he was a “marvellous child.”

Still more recently I was invited by some friends to look over Carlyle's old dwelling-place. Arriving at the door, I found the number changed, and panes of glass smashed in the dining-room window. Inside the house was desolate and bare; its rooms quite mute; its tenants passed away. In the drawing-room I whispered to my friend, “I see things here you cannot see; he sat there;” and there between the windows stood the little couch on which she rested with her pet dog. Passing into the back room, a druggist's bottle stood on the mantelpiece labelled, for Mrs. Carlyle, and half-filled with medicine, which she will never take. Looking out of the window, the little garden had all gone astray, and the walls stared emptily on one another. I turned from the scene as one turns from the ambitions of life on finding at last what folly they are. Still Carlyle, though dead, yet speaketh, and his works do follow him—

“Onward, upward, his soul's flight,
Round him dawns eternal break;
All is bright, all is bright!”

LEWIS PELLY.

THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

THE substitution, early in the present century, of penitentiaries in the place of more sanguinary penalties for malefactors, was an outgrowth of the humanizing tendencies of advancing civilisation. There existed, from the very beginning, the expectation that prisoners might be reformed; but the means used for reformation were limited to punishment and religious ministrations. The pains of imprisonment were relied on to produce penitence, and a favourable state of mind for the reception of religion. The prevalent belief seems to have been that human nature, however depraved, could not long withstand the combined influence of punishment and pious exhortations. The philanthropist and the philosopher built the penitentiary system, and builded better than they knew. Two kinds of penitentiaries comprised, until 1876, the total of invention in America for a reformatory treatment of adult criminals, namely, the Pennsylvania cellular prisons, or solitary, or in modern phrase, separate confinement, and the Auburn congregate prisons, latterly termed silent system prisons. Neither system has been satisfactorily successful; but the Auburn style of prison has almost entirely superseded the Pennsylvania prison system. Of the latter the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia alone remains. As late as 1820 the legislature of New York seriously considered the abandoning of a penitentiary system. The report made that year by an authorised commission condemns it as a failure, but does not suggest any better plan.

The thought of the century is characterized in America, as in England, by a diminished belief in the value of punishments either to prevent crime or produce reformation of criminals; and the common sense of the present time concedes that all efforts to impress religion on prisoners, to be effective, should be supplemented by careful study of the criminals themselves, and by skilful measures to remove obstacles, subjective and objective, the way being thus paved for better behaviour. There has been during recent years a broadening of conception as to the purpose for which the State should attempt the reformation of prisoners. It is not so much for the salvation of souls, for it is doubtful if the State can properly infringe individual liberty to adjust the moral relations, but rather for the reformation of the criminal for the public protection. Reformation is the only sure protection. The idea of deriving protection from crimes through the reformation of criminals has, within the past fifteen years, made much progress in public favour. Reforms of the criminal law have been effected,

notably in New York and Ohio, whereby at the discretion of the courts, the "indeterminate" have been substituted for the "time" sentences, and the principle of conditional release or parole has been introduced in these and other of the States; while in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Minnesota, and Kansas reformatory prisons have been erected, or are now in process of construction.

The usual cost of a reformatory plant is about one million dollars; indeed the New York State Reformatory, the oldest and the most complete, has absorbed for construction very nearly two millions of dollars. This reformatory prison is located at Elmira, two hundred and eighty miles from New York, on the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway. It occupies a tract of two hundred and eighty acres of land, of which sixteen acres are enclosed by a guard wall for the prison proper. The general control is vested in a board of Managers who, appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate of the State, serve without compensation. The General Superintendent is appointed by the Managers, and he, in turn, appoints and dismisses at pleasure all other employees; but the Managers alone have power to fix their rate of pay.

The management of the reformatory is singularly free from baneful political influence; free from the partisan considerations which in some American prisons affect the distribution of institutionary patronage, such as appointments and purchases, and cause frequent changes in the *personnel* of the administration, with all the injurious unsteadiness of policy incident thereto. The President of the Board of Managers and the General Superintendent (incumbent) were appointed to office before the prison was opened for prisoners, or even the organic legislative Act was framed.

The prisoners, more than fourteen hundred at present, are all felons, males, of age between sixteen and thirty years; they consist of men who are not known to have been previously imprisoned for high crimes. They are held under what is known as the "Indeterminate Sentence Law," but it is really not indeterminate, since the maximum statutory penalty for the offence is, in each case, the maximum of possible imprisonment. In imposing the sentence, however, the Court does not name or determine it; it is fixed by statute. Under the limitation, solely, of the maximum above named, the Management of the Reformatory is fully authorised to fix the date of release. The text of this clause of the Act of 1877 is as follows:—

"When it appears to the said Managers that there is a reasonable probability that any prisoner will live and remain at liberty without violating the law, and that his release is not incompatible with the welfare of society, then they shall issue to such prisoner an absolute release from imprisonment. But no other form of application for the release of any prisoner shall be entertained by the managers. . . ."

The Act also authorises a conditional release on parole, upon the prin-

ciple of the ticket-of-leave system in England; it is a very important feature of the reformatory system in operation here.

In actual administration, the gradation of crimes and penalties in the statutes is of no effect here; prisoners rarely remain the full maximum for their crime, the average period of their restraint being less than two years, while the average possible maximum detention considerably exceeds five years. A person committed for heinous crime, involving a maximum of twenty years, may, if worthy, gain his release quite as soon as another with five years' maximum. However, the man of bad character remains a longer, and he of less vicious temperament a shorter period; so that there occurs incidentally an adjustment of the penalty to the character of the criminal, which satisfies, perhaps, the rude popular demand for justice in the treatment of criminals under the law. There is not, however, any plan or purpose, either in the sentence or imprisonment, to mete out retribution. The retributive in this Reformatory is quite eliminated from the elements of what might be called the punishment of criminals. It scarcely needs to be added that the particular crime committed rarely reveals anything of importance as to the real depravity of the criminal himself, or of the difficulties to be encountered in efforts for his reformation. Therefore his crime should not, and at this Reformatory it does not, very much influence the duration of imprisonment.

As in the legislative Act, so in the disciplinary regime everything is remedial, nothing retributive. The prisoner is recognised as one who, unrestrained by the requirements of ordinary society, is out of adjustment and for that reason a troublesome or a dangerous citizen. His imprisonment is but the tightening of society's grasp upon him for the public protection. The obligation is, then, to adjust or readjust him; to rehabilitate the prisoner at the earliest practicable period. All the objects of imprisonment are really included in these two—protection from the prisoner and his reformation for the benefit of the population at large.

The deterrent purpose of criminal penalties, of imprisonment, is at this Reformatory relegated to a place of minor importance. There may, possibly, be traced in society a real though unconscious impression, operating to prevent crimes, which arises from habitually associating ignominious penalties with certain crimes and conduct; but such an effect is not easily discovered in the generation when the penalties are applied. In the case of current legal crimes perpetrated by common criminals it is doubtful if the deterrent principle is very effective, as is evidenced by the crimes committed. Indeed, the hazards involved in the penalties seem sometimes to incite to crime. An experienced criminal, after imprisonment, remarked on his release:—"I intend to quit stealing for a time, but I wish it to be understood that I am not afraid of the penalties; I am a veteran

and not a coward." Most crimes committed by youthful criminals are impulsive or instinctive acts—the product of defective character and natural evil conduct not to be restrained ordinarily by prudential considerations; certainly not until they are educated and trained to so regulate their lives.

Discarding the doctrines of retributive and deterrent penalties, the management of the Reformatory is relieved from obligations to inquire into the moral responsibility of the criminal, either the degree of it or the fact of it, and free from any duty to measure out to the prisoners any estimated equivalent of punishments. Thus relieved, the ascertainable causes of criminal conduct naturally first engage attention, constituting a field of inquiry intricate enough for the profoundest philosopher and fascinating beyond expression, with rewards of inquiry only equalled by the satisfaction resulting from the successful selection and application of reformative means and methods.

During the sixteen years of existence of this Reformatory, the writer has personally examined every prisoner admitted, amounting to considerably more than five thousand, with increasing charitableness for their crimes.

The impression deepens that a man's character is not altogether a matter of his own free choice; it is formed by myriad influences, pre-natal and otherwise, largely beyond his control; and besides, the responsibility of society for crimes is by no means inconsiderable. Crimes indicate character, and character is but the preponderance of habitude, a resultant of the impressional life and of heredity. Sixty-six per cent. of the prisoners examined furnish evidence of excessive physical degeneracy; 75 per cent. were on admission grossly ignorant, practically illiterate; 78 per cent. seemingly obtuse, that is to say, not ordinarily sensitive to either the disgrace or the privations and prospective embarrassments of their crime and imprisonment, a fact possibly sufficiently accounted for in that 95 per cent. arose from positively bad or habitually not good associations, out of conditions in society which society itself should not permit to exist.

Bad character, producing crimes, however it may have been formed, must be re-formed; and this is the single aim of the Reformatory. No new influences have been discovered, but agencies old as the hills are wielded somewhat differently, perhaps; not singly, but in grouped phalanx, making compulsory assault upon the citadel of the criminal characteristics, and often taking it by storm. Speaking generally, it may be said that the voluntary co-operation of the prisoner in his own reformation is at first unimportant. He may be compelled by the desire for liberty, rendered more and more desirable by the discomforts that follow indifference, to practise self-restraint,

and pursue as best he may the course marked out for him, until by the new tastes and habits thus formed better behaviour becomes pleasurable.

An effort is made, and quite successfully, to seize upon and mainly direct the mental activities of the prisoners throughout all their waking hours, periods of idleness, indeed any temporary relaxation of mental tension, being carefully avoided. The system of sentence before referred to allows of this. The strongest desire of prisoners is for their release, thus supplying a motive all powerful but hitherto insufficiently utilised. The prisoners awakened from slumber at early morning feel at once the presence of pressing responsibilities. Their very best energy is called forth to make the day count for progress, for enlargement. On every hand there is some rule or requirement calling for wide-awake carefulness, complete self-control, and the fullest activity of mind and body. So go the days, and at evening all the prisoners are fully occupied until their well-worked powers yield at "taps" to natural repose. Such absorbing occupation of the time and energies is of the greatest importance; it is that which grasps firmly and holds steadily in hand the individual ego. Repression is brought to bear for the purpose of diminishing by disuse the evil impulses, and better regulated activities are enforced and carried on until new habitudes are formed.

To avoid a hurtful diversion of the mind and attention the Elmira prisoners have less communication with relatives, friends, and visitors, than the prisoners in other American prisons. The percentage of interviews and correspondence with relatives is reduced to its true minimum, and entirely disallowed with former acquaintances who are not members of the family. Voluntary benevolent visitors are not admitted to the prisoners. Neither tracts, nor literature, nor gifts of any kind (with an occasional and unimportant exception) are permitted from friends or relatives. The officers of the Reformatory assume the whole duty and responsibility of the care and treatment of the inmates, selecting, and employing, and directing such instruction and ministrations as seem likely to promote their purpose.

The Elmira Reformatory is distinctively a school; it has been not inaptly termed a school of adversity. It is certainly a training school whose methods are vigorous, perhaps rigorous. It is not a sentimentalism.

Prisoners on their admission to the Reformatory, after the usual preliminary preparations, are presented to the General Superintendent for examination, instruction, and particularly for a positive salutary impression at the very commencement of their treatment. They are not, on this occasion, preached to or exhorted to reform, and no effort is made to elicit expressions of good purposes; indeed,

the subject of their reformation is rather avoided. An attempt is made to intensify their desire for an early release, the conditions of which involve the necessity of improvement. The lowest type of humanity, the worst state of society, is that of fewest wants; indifference is always the discouraging feature, contentment is undesirable. He is a rare expert in criminology who readily distinguishes between the degradation of discouragement and the doggedness of despair, which so commonly characterise the appearance of prisoners in the average convict prison. It is amazing that we have been so slow to perceive and to utilise for their reformation that ever-present and all-powerful motive with all prisoners—the desire for liberty. Here the prisoner's attention is at once turned to it, and for the first six months or so the way out of prison—theme and object—is constantly put before him, and he is supplied with a record and otherwise frequently notified of his progress or retardation in this regard. From the date of his entrance into the prison the whole force and influence of the management works in him no less than the desire to do that which will best progress him to his discharge from prison. After a period of such striving, not less than six months, when he has, seemingly by his own exertions, reached grade promotion, climbed to his first climax, while he is flushed with victory, his attention is directed to the needed preparation for (not the pleasure of) his prospective release, now possibly only six months distant. At this point we usually have in hand a more positive character, more intelligence, improved purposes, and the benefit of some inspiration of hopefulness.

The enlarged liberties together with the increased privileges of the next period of six months, with its test of voluntary industrial efficiency, of honesty and loyalty, constitute a most excellent training for the third and last period of custodial care, which is also a minimum period of six months. It is during the second and third stages that so many of the prisoners are employed in the affairs and government of the Reformatory itself and of their fellow-prisoners, of themselves and their own prison-house. I quite agree with Machonochie that the employment of prisoners as clerks, bosses, monitors, &c., in a punitive prison, is generally a bad policy; but in a reformatory prison under the "indeterminate" sentence, such employment of prisoners is needful; indeed, well-nigh essential. At this Reformatory at present sixty-eight of the inmates are admitted to participation in the management in various capacities. Of these thirty-one are employed here on parole, performing the same duties and drawing the same wages as do civilians similarly engaged. Their salaries range from 25.00 dollars to 125.00 dollars a month, besides board and room. Thirty-seven prisoners proper of the upper first grade, officers of the military organization, are also

employed as monitors, &c. The range of services rendered by these employees and prisoners include teamsters, night-stokers, night-watchmen within the prison, mechanics and foremen, monitors and guards in the classes and factories, accountants and clerks, &c. With the single exception of the military instructor all the warders, which include the chief warder, usually designated in American prisons as principal keeper, who is the second of governing officers, are paroled or upper first grade prisoners, who have not as yet concluded the period of their legal liability under their sentence and committal.

The prisoners, since 1888, have been organized into a regiment of twelve companies, officered, with the exception above noted, entirely from their own ranks. These military prisoner officers serve as officers in charge during the hours of industry and school work. A month of awkward squad drill is given every inmate admitted; two half days each week are devoted entirely to company and battalion manoeuvres, and there is dress parade every afternoon shortly before closing time, when, with full military band and discharge of retreat gun, the ceremony, according to army tactics, is creditably executed. The military system, supplementing the marking system under the indeterminate sentence here, has made it practicable and successful, perhaps indispensable, to officer the prison so largely from the inmates. The advantages are, better carriage and manners helpful to a more manly temper of mind; disciplinary training exact and thorough enough to change habits scarcely possible to be changed without it; diminution of conflicts and the difficulties of governing the inmates, with an increase of custodial security; and it generally accomplishes, sufficiently, a physical renovation and state of good health so essential as groundwork for reformed social conduct amidst the temptations and competitions of free society. During the past year, sixteen hundred and thirty-seven different inmates received military training.

The Reformatory has also a fully equipped gymnasium for the physical culture of such prisoners as are on admission more manifestly defective, either physically, mentally, or morally. The General Superintendent and the physician select subjects for treatment in the gymnasium, which is directed by the medical officer and thoroughly carried on by a competent instructor employed for this exclusive duty. The building and equipments, built by the prisoners, cost, without estimating their labour, 16,000 dollars. The patients, numbering one hundred and sixteen, are treated in baths with massage, and with the aid of the "Sargent" developing apparatus. Quite a large percentage of these defectives, impossible to rehabilitate without it, are by this means greatly improved, not only as workers, but also in their minds and moral conduct.

The gymnasium is incidentally serviceable as an adjunct to the hospital for the treatment of disturbed, diseased, shop-worn, and feeble prisoners.

The schools of the Reformatory are very comprehensive and thorough. There are thirty-six several classes holding sixty-four sessions a week, divided as follows:—ten language classes; ten studying arithmetic; eight lecture classes in American history, geography, literature, logic, political economy, ethics, and electricity; eight special classes, which include kindergarten work with illiterates, three classes of foreigners learning English, a class for the instruction of the military officers, a normal class of drawing instructors, and a class each in stenography and drawing. There are every week sixty-four class sessions held in the evening, continuing an hour and a half. The whole number of pupils attending the schools is 1,394; the largest attendance being on Tuesday and Friday evenings, when 1,375 are distributed from the cells to the school rooms. There are 22 teachers, 14 of them civilian teachers, either from the public schools of the city adjacent or teachers of education and experience, all living outside and engaged in their various occupations, who are brought in the evening by the Reformatory conveyance and paid for their services; while eight of the teachers are pupil teachers selected from among the prisoners of the institution. The instruction is uniformly oral without text books, but each pupil is supplied with leaflets of the one lesson for the evening, which are printed by the prisoners. The whole number of leaflets printed every week is 5,600, of from six to ten pages each. Written examinations are held for all the classes every month, failure at which, unless afterwards made up or cancelled by the General Superintendent, involves at least one month's additional imprisonment.

During the past year, the progress in the schools of 1,080 pupils enrolled at the beginning of the year, will appear from the following comparative table of their distribution in the classes when admitted and their positions at the close of the year:—

	When admitted.	At the close.
The primary classes	791	384
Intermédiaire	164	348
Academic	125	350
	<hr/> 1,080	<hr/> 1,080

The prisoners are completely occupied on Sundays. Military inspection of rooms, &c., takes place at 8.30 o'clock; the class in ethics, numbering 1,050 prisoners, assembles at 10.30 o'clock, the session lasting until noon. The afternoon hours from 3 o'clock are given to the pupils of all the classes of the lower school division, numbering now 916, for descriptive lectures, known here as nature studies, conducted hitherto by clergymen from the city, but from

the present date the lectures will be delivered by selected pupils (prisoners) from the most advanced school classes. Sunday evenings are intended for more positively religious emotional impression, by means of music and addresses. Just at present the Sunday evenings are devoted to appropriate popular discourses by clergymen and others on selected topics, relating usually to economics. Attendance upon denominational religious services is optional with the prisoners, but all are required to be present at schools, lectures, and general assemblies.

The subserviency of every other consideration to the one purpose of preparing the prisoners for an early release to good citizenship, is perhaps as manifest as anywhere else in their industrial engagements. The idea of contributing to the maintenance of the Reformatory, in whole or in part, by the productiveness of the prisoners' labour, is altogether a secondary purpose of their employment. The profit of their labour for the current year, 1891, which represents the money received for labour alone, is but 37,914-76 dollars. The prisoners are not employed to earn for the State, so much as to learn how to earn for themselves when they shall be liberated. During the eight hours of daily activity, the whole institution becomes a trades school. Eleven hundred and thirty-nine men are receiving systematic trade instruction, and are distributed among 31 useful trades selected as being best adapted to the man and his prospective place in the community; and 180 class sessions of two and a half to five hours are held every week. Of 369 prisoners released during the past year, 307 went directly to employment at trades they learned in the Reformatory.

During the past year an experiment has been in progress with a view to organizing the prison population as wage-earners, which is to be put into operation on the 1st of April, and is to supplant the present marking system, placing the prisoner as to earning, spending, and saving, in a situation as nearly as possible like that he must find when released on parole. Under this plan a man is forced to make his own living by applying himself to his assigned labour, by studious habits, and by proper regard for the rules enacted for his government; and it is along such a path he must attain to the confidence of the management and to the opportunity to put to test in the outside world, with oversight relaxed, the principle of reliance on self-exertion and self-control thus inculcated in him. From his induction the prisoner is put in the position of a wage-earner; with the exception of his first suit of clothes and his first meal he will be called upon to pay for his board, clothes and all items of expense incurred, out of his own earnings, and will be required, as one of the essentials to early release, to maintain a credit balance. The details of the management have been announced to the inmates, and they are made

acquainted with the conditions of earning wages, of the fines which may be imposed, and the cost of living. The extension and perfection of this system is watched with much interest, and is full of promise.

For the cordial public approval exhibited, and the pecuniary provision made by the Legislature for the support of this Reformatory, there must have been a previous, though probably unconscious, preparation of public opinion. The late Dr. Wines of our own country, a man of world-wide reputation, was, during his time, largely instrumental in turning intelligent attention to the subject of prison discipline. Equal or greater practical value should be given to the work and words of Englishmen of our generation, such as Machonochie, Crofton, Recorder Hill, Du Cane, and others. But for immediate influence undoubtedly the meetings and publications of the Prison Association of New York and of the National Prison Association of the United States of America have been most effectual.

That reformation of criminals which society demands is their transfer from the predatory to the productive class, and, when accomplished, this is evidence of change of character. Religious impressions have their place, certainly, in promoting and perpetuating the change; but for the mass of criminals there is required for the religious impression a preliminary educational preparation, including æsthetical as well as ethical training; and many are incapable of educational advancement without the stimulation of physical renovation, while some of them are, in the present state of our knowledge, unquestionably quite incorrigible. For the reformation demanded, the industrial education and discipline of prisoners must receive vastly more attention than it has hitherto, and prisoners while in custody must be assisted and required to show satisfactory ability and intention to earn wages, and to observe the laws. "No man, whatever his offence, ought ever to be discharged from restraint, except upon reasonable evidence that he is morally, intellectually, and physically capable of earning a livelihood." After more than forty years of continuous service connected with prison management, I am convinced that of the forms of training which are denominated religious, educational, and industrial, the most important for reformation is the industrial. And the industrial training of prisons must include, not alone trades teaching, but also economic organizing, by which the prisoner while imprisoned shall voluntarily earn, expend, and save, as would be required of him if living at liberty as a self-supporting, law-abiding citizen. Character-changes follow the natural order, by the influence of the same agencies which, in society at large, promote an advancing civilisation. The best reformatory results will be brought about when these agencies are grouped and skilfully applied to the correct cultivation of the individual prisoner.

Z. R. BROCKWAY.

REMINISCENCES OF E. A. FREEMAN.

THERE can, I think, be few men who have occupied so commanding a place in the literary world, but whose names have been so long and so prominently before the public, of whose early life so little is generally known as is the case with that great master of historical science, the late Professor Freeman. To the irreparable loss of all students in the wide fields he had made so peculiarly his own, and to the grief of the many friends to whom the genuine warmth of his heart, the fidelity of his affection, and his sterling virtues had endeared him, he has been sadly, and we may say, prematurely—for he had not yet reached the allotted threescore and ten years—taken from us in the very act of gathering materials for that *History of Sicily* which was to be the *magnum opus* of his life. It is destined, alas, like that of his master of style, Macaulay, to remain an *opus imperfectum*, and the body of its author is now lying in a Spanish grave, far from the Somerset home he loved so dearly.

Even to those who knew Freeman best, all his life before his Oxford days is pretty much of a blank. He was singularly reticent as to the details of his boyhood. In an intimate friendship of more than thirty years I cannot remember ever hearing him speak of his parents or his home, or make any allusion to the events of his schoolboy days. We have to go to the newspapers to learn that he was the son of Mr. John Freeman, of Pedmore Hall, in Worcestershire, and that he was born at Harborne, in Staffordshire. But they supply nothing more to fill up the blank between his birth and his election as scholar of Trinity in 1841. Others of his friends have remarked on the same reticence. One whose intimacy was of the closest from his college days, referring to his silence as to his early life, says, "I don't believe he had any." He means that the boy Freeman was not as other boys. To this the few facts about those days I have been able to glean distinctly point. His boyhood seems to have been lonely and self-contained. Without brothers or sisters, never at any great public school, and only a day-boy at the schools he did go to, seldom joining in the games of his schoolfellows and only associating with them in school hours, he was an omnivorous reader, and even in those early days indefatigable in gathering the materials which formed the groundwork of his wide, accurate, and solidly-built learning. That this solitary boyhood was a distinct injury to him there can be no doubt. His mind was too much thrown back upon itself, and he suffered permanently from the want of that daily friction which might have

rounded the angles and smoothed the roughnesses of his really fine and generous character, and tempered the fierceness which in after days rendered him so formidable and so uncompromising an antagonist. Freeman's personal reticence as to his early life, when "the child was father to the man," is, however, partially redressed by the graphic details supplied to me by one¹ who was his schoolfellow at his first school, in February, 1831. This school was at Northampton, and was kept by a Rev. T. C. Haddon. It stood in Sheep Street, facing the then sorely dilapidated "Round Church," or St. Sepulchre's, from which and the other glory of Northampton, St. Peter's, the observant boy would draw his first object lessons in architecture. Freeman must by this time have lost both his parents, for he was residing with and anxiously tended by his grandmother, described as "a worthy old gentlewoman, living a very retired life in a pretty house at the end of St. Giles' Street, abutting on the Elysian field of delight to all children, the green slope of the Cow Meadow, running down to the Nene at its foot;" the gentle Lady Throckmorton, "parted in her widowhood from the shades of Weston-Underwood and the meadows of Olney," being her near neighbour. Mr. Field's reminiscences give us a thankworthy glimpse of his personality, then, as in after life, too striking and unconventional both in countenance and form and in attire to be readily passed over. "A slight figure, blonde and freckled cheeks, long curly flaxen locks streaming over his head and face, with a somewhat hardset look in his keen grey eyes, strangely attired in a long blue frock-coat, buttoned and fashioned much after the Blue Coat boy fashion, rather short nankeen trousers, fully displaying his white cotton stockings, and low shoes"—he was as unlike the ordinary type of schoolboy in form and outward garb as in the character of his mind. It goes without saying that such a boy was at once pounced upon as "a speckled bird" by his schoolfellows, and had to put up with a fair amount of rough handling from them. My friend's first impression of him, fresh and vivid after sixty years, was of "a singular-looking and more than singularly dressed boy, heaved up on the shoulders of a wriggling pack of other small boys, tossing and lugging him about for an oddity, while he, with no seeming sense of their rude sport, save a kind of odd enjoyment, was laughing with wide mouth, and roaring out with strong, almost rough voice, 'Do you know, my boys, there's a game at marbles called *pyramides*.'" Whether he succeeded in freeing himself from his young persecutors by the promise of teaching them the new game Mr. Field cannot remember. But indeed he had little opportunity of doing so. He was, as I have said, a day-boy, only with his few schoolfellows at lesson-time—"he just

(1) The Rev. Thomas Field, formerly Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, Rector of Bigby, Lincolnshire.

oom'd and he goed," and rarely stopped to play. Of his schoolwork there is little to record. "There was a sort of independent originality and decision about him," writes my friend, "which seemed to augur well for his strength in lessons. My impression is that he was good at them all round, but there was but little in this to lay hold of the memory, and that little would soon fade."

Within a year or two of this time his grandmother left Northampton for Cheam, for the sake of the long-celebrated school there conducted by Dr. Mayo on Pestalozzian principles. Here Freeman stayed some years, completing his education at Seagrave, in Leicestershire, under the Rev. Mr. Gutch, whose daughter he subsequently married, the union being one of singular happiness. Having inherited a comfortable property, Freeman adopted no profession, but lived independently, first in South Wales, then at Dursley in Gloucestershire, and ultimately at Somerleaze, near Wells, in Somerset, devoting himself to his favourite studies of architecture and history.

To pass from these reminiscences of Freeman's early days to my own personal knowledge of him, I was first introduced to him at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Chichester, in July, 1853. I had known him at a distance previously at the annual gatherings of the same body, at which he early became a regular attendant and of which he ultimately became one of the most conspicuous members. On several occasions he presided over the historical section, and contributed masterly summaries of the history of the town or district in which the meeting was held, of which those delivered at Cardiff, Taunton, and Carlisle are notable examples, always bringing his vast stores of accurate knowledge, gathered from all quarters, to bear on the illustration of the architecture and history of the various buildings and localities visited.

This Chichester meeting was memorable for Freeman's first public appearance in the historical field in which he was destined to gain his greatest distinction. All his previous communications to the Institute had been on architectural subjects. Indeed, it was as a clear-headed and large-viewed student of architecture that his name first became known to the world, and on this subject his first books were written. His *History of Architecture* was published in 1849, and soon after his *Window Tracery*, in which, with marvellous acumen, he followed the development of this special characteristic of the Gothic style, from its earliest rudiments in the Lancet period to the soulless monotony of the Perpendicular and its extinction in the Renaissance. He also in this earlier period published architectural histories of the cathedrals of Llandaff and—in conjunction with his college friend, Basil Jones, now, with special propriety, the bishop of that see—of St. David's; and contributed memoirs to the *Archæologia Cambrensis*

and the *Archæological Journal*. At Chichester he presented his first fruits as an historical student, in a memoir on two of his favourite historical characters, Earl Godwine and his son Harold, which may be regarded as the embryo of his monumental work on the Norman Conquest. This was subsequently published in the *Archæological Journal*, but such periodicals have not many readers, and it was received with a somewhat mortifying coldness. But he had faith in himself, and like the late Lord Beaconsfield, though such a comparison would have made him furious, he bided his time, feeling sure that a day would come when the world would hear him and read him. We were both at that time pretty regular attendants at the Institute meetings, and so we frequently met, and as our tastes were similar, our studies congenial, and we personally liked one another, our acquaintance gradually developed into intimacy, and intimacy into a deep-seated friendship, on which it is now a melancholy pleasure to look back. Rough as he could be with others—too rough, in truth—he was never rough with his trusted friends, and would bear from them criticisms and corrections which a less generous nature would have deeply resented. He might blurt out a loud “What d’ye mean?” accompanied with a fierce look, and would contest the point vehemently; but he was always amenable to reason, and gave in when he was shown to be in the wrong. But towards those who professed a knowledge, which he saw to be merely superficial and destitute of that groundwork of painstaking accuracy which characterises all his work,—“impostors” as he called them,—he sometimes manifested an intolerance which was not always kept within the bounds of courtesy, and was painful to his victims and distressing to others. He used to say of himself that he could not “suffer fools gladly,” and that if they “came in his way and gave themselves airs it would be the worse for them.” In a letter to me on the prospect of some such collision he writes:—“Doth not one of the prophets say that there is a rod for a fool’s back? If he invites the rod he must feel it; if he has the sense to kiss it he may go home with a whole back.”¹ I am afraid, if I remember rightly, that all the warnings he received failed to produce the desired effect, and that the rod was administered publicly on the person of a deservedly esteemed Church dignitary, certainly no “fool,” for some heretical views on the origin of “long and short work,” to the indignation of the bystanders, and the serious disturbance of the harmony of the occasion. Indeed, it was no light responsibility to have such a cranky vessel in tow at one of these archæological gatherings. With the most care-

(1) His knowledge of Scripture, though marvellously wide and correct, and woven into the very texture of his English style, here for once failed him; the words occur Proverbs xxvi. 3.

ful steering there was a constant danger of collision with some one, perhaps some liberal patron or local magnate whom it was important to propitiate, to the serious damage of the success of the meeting.

After he had become a notability, people would at these meetings worry him with questions, not always very pertinent ones, to which they were in danger of getting somewhat brusque answers; others would call off his attention from something which really interested him to something else for which he cared nothing, to their own speedy discomfiture. One had to be constantly on the watch against serious misunderstandings, and do our best to smooth down his rough speeches, to minimise his apparent rudenesses, to explain that "it was only pretty Fanny's way," and generally to keep the peace, only too thankful to get him off dangerous ground as speedily as possible. As with most of us, when at work he liked to be alone, or with one or two who could really be a help to him, and woe be to those who intruded on him at such times with their well-meaning but distracting chatter. "Don't you see I am busy?" "Can't you leave me alone!" and, if telling his mind thus plainly was not enough, he would sulk off in high dudgeon and leave his persecutors in blank amazement. More than once or twice this hatred of interference has been near landing him in serious scrapes. When in 1883 he was examining Battle Abbey, in preparation for that wonderful discourse, one of his greatest triumphs—in which, with flashing eye and thrilling voice, he made the great fight of Senlac—as he loved to call it, discarding the later name—which changed the fortunes of England and made her what she is, live and move before his hearers, he found himself dogged by a person who, as he thought, somewhat officiously obtruded his offers of assistance. After vainly trying to shake him off, he broke forth with, "I don't want your help. The Duke of Cleveland promised that I should not be interfered with by the gardeners." "Exactly so," was the reply; "I hope they have obeyed my orders. I am the Duke of Cleveland." It is needless to say that the *amende honorable* was at once made, and his Grace's intelligent aid gratefully accepted. But I am afraid that Freeman was not always so placable. He too often forgot that if he had "giant strength" it was "tyrannous" to "use it as a giant." When irritated, he was at one time too careless of the feelings of others, and inflicted blows which left their traces even on his friends. "Which of us," writes his old and honoured friend Professor Earle, "does not bear the scars of Freeman's wildly wielded war weapons?" But time had its mellowing effect on him. As years went on such ebullitions became less frequent, and the bitterness of feeling of his victims towards him, also softening with the lapse of years, gave place to an appreciation

of his many great qualities and real admiration for his consummate learning.

A word or two must be said as to Freeman's connection with the *Saturday Review* and its sudden severance. For several years in the best days of that powerful literary and political organ he was one of its most regular contributors, and helped largely to give it its character for unflinching and sometimes ferocious criticism. His victims, it is true, generally well deserved his scalping knife, and, though on occasions it was used somewhat recklessly, it was never used maliciously. At one period he had an engagement to contribute three articles a week—generally a review of some book, an article on some topic of the day, and an account of some town or district or some historic building, known in the "shop" of the *Review* as "middles," i.e. coming between the leading articles in large type and the reviews. In such articles Freeman was at his best. They were written, as a rule, after a personal visit to the place, and with a conscientious examination of all its recorded history. Many of these masterly papers were published in his delightful and instructive volume, *Towns and Districts*. Others have appeared, almost simultaneously with their author's premature decease, in the recent volume of *Collected Essays*. But by far the larger number are still unpublished, a selection from which we hope his literary executors will give to the world, illustrated with some of the sketches to which reference will be made hereafter. His divorce from the journal of which he had been so long a mainstay was not one to be lightly entered on by either editor or contributor. But the cleavage on the Russo-Turkish question, which separated so many chief friends, became too decided to allow of continued union. Freeman, as everybody knows, was a vehement "anti-Turk" and "philo-Russ." Another powerful contributor, chiefly of political articles, now also deceased, was as strong on the other side. It was out of the question that one should contradict the other in the same paper, and yet each was equally decided in the expression of his own views. Neither would budge an inch. So it was necessary, for the credit of the paper, that one should go, and Freeman went. At the time, November, 1878, he wrote to me:—"I have cut *Sat. Rev.* I bore up a long time, but at last I could not stand the yoke-fellowship of X., or endure that such a mass of ignorance, bad English, and slandering against everything good should appear side by side with my articles, and as the editor clearly thinks him much more valuable than I, and would do nothing to stop him, I cut the whole concern, and I hope they are the happier for it." The public was not the happier, for the loss of Freeman's always piquant and often instructive weekly articles was a great one. Nor was Freeman the happier, for though he sometimes found the weekly debt rather

burdensome, he liked the work, and it gave him the opportunity of speaking his mind plainly on many things, which he liked also. Besides, the pecuniary loss was not small. He told me he was between £300 and £400 a year the poorer for resigning his place on the staff. In every point of view it was a regrettable affair.

To return to Freeman's drawings, to which I have already referred. He was a very ready and accurate architectural draughtsman. He worked rapidly and effectively with a broad-nibbed pen and ink, much after the manner of another architectural amateur whose breadth of view and power of comparison of widely distant buildings much resembled his own, the late Rev. J. L. Petit. Without any pretensions to artistic power or any attempt to make a finished picture, he seized on the salient points of a building and, with a few touches, put them on paper with a strength and accuracy which left little to desire. Somewhat roughly sketched in at first, it was one of his favourite "leisure labours"—often on Sunday evenings, after the religious duties of the day were over—to bring out his portfolio and give these drawings some finishing touches. There must be hundreds upon hundreds—I had almost said thousands—of these bold drawings, taken in widely distant lands, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Greece, in Dalmatia, in his dearly-loved Sicily, besides an abundant store from England, Scotland, and Wales. The publication of a selection from these (perhaps, as I have suggested, as illustrations of his *Saturday Review* and other articles) would be a welcome boon to the increasing number who take an intelligent interest in comparative architecture.

Freeman was the most industrious and painstaking worker I ever knew. I am certain that he never knew what it was to be idle. From early morning till the afternoon meal, and then again, after a period of exercise and relaxation and the society of his family, deep into the night, he was always either writing or gathering materials for his writings. He had a happy power of snatching ten minutes' sleep, which rested his sorely taxed brain, and from which he woke "like a giant refreshed with wine," ready for fresh labours.

One element of Freeman's remarkable literary strength was his faculty of absolutely putting aside anything not vitally connected with the subject on hand, and concentrating himself wholly for the time on that. Marvellously wide as was the range of his studies, they had their self-imposed limits. "Non multa, sed multum," was his motto. When the late J. R. Green was his companion on a visit to Northern Italy, undertaken for the purpose of tracing the development of Romanesque architecture, he complained that he could not get Freeman to attend to anything else. For the paintings and statues and other works of art he had not then an eye. Even the historical interest of the world-famed towns he was passing

through were for the time little to him. He came for Romanesque architecture, and to that and that alone he would give heed—"totus in illis." No wonder that such a man became master of his subject. And again, in his favourite study of architecture, he concentrated his attention on a building as a whole, its history, the development of its parts, its form and outline, its likeness or unlikeness to other buildings of the same sort. The ornamental details, the shrines and monuments, painted glass or frescos, the stall work and screens and the like, he completely passed over. When asked questions about them, he would say, "They are not in my line; I know nothing about them, you must ask somebody else." The ritual arrangements had more interest for him, but only so far as they bore on the general history of the church and its clergy. The apse at Torcello, with its ranges of seats for the presbyters, tier above tier, and the marble throne in the centre, for the bishop—"primus inter pares"—was most precious to him as an historical document. He wrote to me once in great delight from Ravenna, on witnessing the celebrant of the Eucharist, in the Duomo, taking his place on the (speaking ritually) eastern side of the altar, with his face to the people, as the Pope has always done at High Mass at St. Peter's. But it was historically rather than ritualistically that such things interested him. They were voices from the past, telling of the belief and practices of former ages of faith, and as such, more than for themselves, he valued them. It was much the same in ecclesiastical matters generally. He was a strong Churchman. The Tractarian wave had carried him out of his earlier Evangelical moorings, and though the tide had gone far beyond him, and carried others farther from shore, he always enjoyed a sober but stately ritual and appreciated sound Anglican doctrine. But great as was his interest in Church matters generally, he looked at them mainly on what may be called their secular side—their influence on the character of the people and the wellbeing of the nation—and wisely left their theological side to be discussed by those who made theology their profession. To few men was the Bible more familiar. He had evidently studied it diligently as a child, and it had become so completely part of himself that its words and phrases continually appeared, perhaps unconsciously to himself, in his conversations and in his writings. This employment of Scripture language sometimes gave an air of irreverence to his writings, especially his *Saturday Review* articles, which was offensive to the more devout, though on his part it was far as possible from being intentionally irreverent. Like the great object of his admiration, Mr. Gladstone, when at home he regularly read the lessons in his parish church, with a vigour and emphasis which many clergymen would do well to adopt. The historical chapters he specially delighted in. The new Lectionary was a trouble to him in robbing him of some of the most graphic

bits, telling of the fierceness of the Old Covenant heroes. He once lamented to me that he could no longer "hew Agag in pieces" with Samuel, or "put his feet on the necks" of the Canaanite kings with Joshua and his captains. Every line of the Psalter was stamped on his memory, but he had his favourites among the Psalms (as who has not?) and he enjoyed greatly when, on the twenty-seventh day of the month, the monotonous pietism of Psalm cxix. was exchanged for the "Songs of Degrees," and he "got among the little Psalms," the "Psalmikins," as he grotesquely called them.

As a letter-writer Freeman had few equals, either in the frequency of his letters or the picturesqueness—I know no word that better describes them—of their contents. Of the hundreds of letters I have received from him there was never one in the least commonplace, or which was not lit up with some pungent phrase, some shrewd notice of passing events, some illustration from history, some treasure produced from his stores of knowledge, which were only possible for one whose stores were so vast and so varied, and who had them all so ready at hand for instant use. Many of them read like miniature *Saturday Review* articles. The same charge might perhaps be brought against his letters as that brought against these articles and his writings generally, that they were "too allusive." One event or place or building would call up the memory of another like it, which, instead of naming, he would describe in periphrastic language, which needed his perfect familiarity with almost the whole range of history and geography to identify. I used often to tell him that, like Ezekiel, he "spoke parables," and needed some one to interpret them, and that he must speak more plainly if he wished to be "understood of the unlearned." His letters had one peculiarity, which must have been familiar to all his correspondents. They were written in fragmentary fashion at separate times, each fragment being duly dated, showing when he laid down the pen, often in the middle of a sentence, and when he took it up again. One letter before me now bears "Oct. 27th" at the head of the first page, "Oct. 28th" at the head of the second, "Oct. 29th" at the head of the fourth, when it seems to have been finished and sent off. Many people, it is true, write their letters in bits, but few are thus careful to date their bits, and fewer still break off halfway through a sentence, and carry it on without any symptom of interruption. Once, when I chaffed him about this, he met me with an historical parallel—he had a parallel for everything and always at hand—"I find that several of Leo III.'s letters to Charles the Great were not finished till a long time after they were begun."

It was delightful to receive letters from Freeman, but it was more delightful still to be his guest—it was enjoyable at Oxford, in the stately stone-fronted "Judges' Lodgings," on the east side of St. Giles',

which he rented when not required for their lordships, but far more enjoyable at his beautiful Somerset home of Somerleaze, under the shadow of the Mendips, within an easy walk of Wells. As has been remarked by others, after his long absence from Oxford he was somewhat out of touch with the new order of things which had grown up since his University days, and the friction between the old order and the new rather discomposed him. He liked to have his own way, and that he could not have among so many who were, or at least thought themselves, his equals or superiors. At Somerleaze it was different. He was, in a sense, like Alexander Selkirk, "monarch of all he surveyed," with "none his right to dispute," and he could have his own way. It was a place too that he dearly loved. The history of the county, which he set forth in his brilliant inaugural address at the Archaeological Institute meeting at Taunton, its growth from a primæval *gau* to an independent province, the home of the "Somersætan," its gradual conquest, and ultimate amalgamation with the lands about it as an *English county*—not a *shire*, a merely conventional district, sheared off from the mass, and called after the chief town in it, such as Buckinghamshire or Oxfordshire—greatly interested him. Here he would show how local topography is illustrated and explained by history, by the fact—which he had learnt from one of the masterly historical addresses of Dr. Guest, the late Master of Caius, of whom he always spoke with admiration as having been the first to throw light on the obscurity and confusion of the early history of our island—that the little river Axe, which flowed near the bottom of his grounds, being the boundary of the Saxon conquests of Ceawlin and Cenwalh, gave the reason for his being a parishioner of St. Cuthbert's, Wells, three miles away, and not of Wookey, within five minutes' walk but on the other, *i.e.* the eastern bank of the river. At Somerleaze, with its rich pastures, gay flower-gardens, and tall shadowy elms, and with his books—an enormous store, in all languages, chiefly historical or bearing on history—Freeman was at his happiest and, therefore, at his best. Here it was his great pleasure to receive congenial friends, to whom it was, at least, an equal pleasure to enjoy unrestricted intercourse with such a man, and drink in knowledge as it flowed spontaneously from his lips. His large and roomy house was seldom many days empty during the summer months. "When I once get home," he writes, "it is so delightful that I don't want to stir any whither, but I am right thankful to any one who will come and see me. Here"—he is writing from Oxford—"I am looking out at cabs on one side, and Keble on the other, neither half so pretty as mine own trees." Happy days indeed they were that his friends spent with him there—never, alas! to return. It was a choice circle whose autographs the "visitors' book" at Somerleaze

enshrines; men of mark of every sort, though naturally chiefly historians, greater and lesser. Besides visitors from the other side of the Atlantic, and from the continent of Europe, most men who have gained a place in literature, ay, and women too—for was not Mrs. Humphry Ward one of his guests before she had begun to pose as the founder of a new form of Christianity, and had become famous as the writer of heterodox novels, and was only known for historical and biographical work, the accuracy of which Freeman highly esteemed?—were summer visitors at Somerleaze. W. Bright, Boase, Brodrick, Bryce, Creighton, Dawkins, Dicey, Dimock, dear little “Johnnie Green,” Gardiner (of whom Freeman used to say: “I always find Gardiner right in *my* period, so I feel sure that he is right in his own”), Hodgkin, Hunt, Sidney Owen, J. H. Parker, George Williams, are names that occur to me on the moment, a list which might be greatly amplified. On one occasion he had the honour of entertaining his great political leader, Gladstone, but it was only at luncheon, on a semi-political occasion. I do not think Freeman ever stayed at Hawarden. Who is there who was ever privileged to be a guest at Somerleaze who cannot recall the tenor of those bright days, the morning “family prayers”?—no “fancy prayers,” such as stirred the Great Duke’s bile, but Psalms and Te Deum, reverently read and responded to, and a few collects from the Prayer-book:—and then the ample family breakfast, with Freeman’s special rael of “black toast,” burnt to a cinder, which was one of his odd fancies; the walk in the gardens, with a stroll to the pond-side to feed his favourite black swans; the morning of hard work in his study when visitors were left to their own devices or were entertained by Mrs. Freeman and her daughters, with perhaps a walk or drive into Wells and a stroll round the cathedral and its calm close. Then the early dinner, fixed at two or three P.M., to give the master of the house a long morning of writing, followed by a delightful afternoon, driving to the Cheddar Cliffs, or to Glastonbury or Croscombe, or some other place of interest; or a long stroll through his woods to the top of Ben Knoll, with its historic traces of far-off times in encampments and hut circles, looking down on Wedmore, where Alfred and the Danes swore a peace, lying in the great marshy valley of the Parret, broken by the towering mounds of Glastonbury Tor and Brentknoll, once, like the Stepanolms and Flatholms in the Channel, visible in the distance, islands in a broad estuary, rearing their summits from the swampy level. It may easily be imagined how Freeman, with such a historic landscape before him, telling of Alfred, and Guthrun, and Iunstan, of Athelstan and Edward, and many others, would wax eloquent and fight the battles of old days over again, and pour forth bits of the Saxon Chronicle—the Chronicle he would have called it, to whom “that absurd name Saxon, the source

of endless historical confusion," was a bugbear—or of Macaulay's *Lays* intermingled with snatches from "the Book of the Wars of the Lord," which seemed applicable, and send us home to the ample tea which awaited us with a livelier sense of the reality of old English history, and a feeling that those men of old times were living beings like ourselves, and not mere names in a chronicle. The evening after the meal—call it supper or high tea, or what you will—was often brightened by music—one of his daughters, at least, being a singer of no common excellence—or Freeman would bring out his sketches and photographs. Many a question of architecture and history, or politics would be discussed, sometimes rather warmly, and the ladies having retired, midnight would often have sounded before the party broke up. Freeman was no smoker, nor did he like smoking in his house; however, somehow people got on without it, or indulged it on the sly. To recall such days deepens the regret that they too, like everything earthly, have passed away, and that he who was their central figure will never see his beloved Somerleaze again.

For such a man, devoted to literary labour, it was a palpable mistake to propose to enter political life. Though no party politician in the ordinary sense of the term, an eager politician he could not fail to be. As he used to say, "History is past politics, and politics is present history." But his power lay in his pen, not in his person. All his best friends were grieved when, in 1868, he was persuaded to become the Liberal candidate for West Somerset. They would have regretted it still more if he had been successful. He was quite unfitted for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. He would have been irritated to the extreme of exasperation by being doomed to listen to what he would, in his rough way, have called "the lies" of the opposite party, and even more by the platitudes, and the defence of right measures or wrong issues by his own. His fierce, uncompromising speeches would have vexed the souls even of his warmest friends, and have provoked the animosity of his opponents. Nor would he have been an ally to be depended on. He was too free a lance and had too simple and honest a love of the right and just to be willing to follow implicitly any political leader. With all his admiration for Gladstone, and his detestation of "the Jew," as he scornfully termed D'Israeli, the day might have come when on some measure compromising the eternal principles of liberty and justice, he would have found himself going into the lobby with the Conservatives, and have been stigmatized as a deserter. There was, therefore, a general feeling of satisfaction among his friends when he was so hopelessly beaten as to make any repetition of the unwise venture impossible. He himself took his defeat very good-humouredly, even making it a boast that he had been "more thoroughly licked than any other county candidate of his colour." He, probably, in his calmer

moments, felt that he was well quit of it, and that he could do more for the cause he had at heart out of Parliament than in it. His ardent loyalty to the Liberal cause, his generous sympathy with all down-trodden peoples, and his belief in Federation made him warmly adopt the cause of Home Rule, and follow Mr. Gladstone's leadership, though with some decided differences, which increased rather than diminished as years went on.

Wherever he went he was the same zealous champion of oppressed nationalities, Slav, Bulgarian, Greek, or what not, ready to do battle on their behalf against all comers.

"*Colum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

He carried with him his warm attachment to Gladstone and irreconcilable hatred for his great political rival—a hatred which was often carried beyond due bounds, and on this occasion he went out of his way to heap insult—on his memorable visit to Greece in 1877, of which I wish my fast lessening space allowed to give some of the graphic details contained in his letters. For one extract illustrative of this time I must find room. It must be premised that the Greeks had recently got into one of their frequent constitutional muddles, which had brought them to a deadlock, and which they tried to remedy by calling from his retirement their former prime minister, Constantine Canaris, an heroic old man who had done good service to the state in former years, and had well earned his repose. Canaris obeyed the call, and filled his old position at the time of Freeman's visit, who writes:—

"I saw one thing above either mountain or buildings, to wit, a man, τὸν πανίστατον τῶν πάλαι ἡρώων, τὸν αἰὲ ζῶντα Κωνσταντῆνον Κανάρη, to quote my own speech, now, ὁ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, prime minister. I told them they were free, we slaves; they had a hero for their leader, we a Jow. ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐστέ ἐλεύθεροι, ἡμεῖς δὲ δούλοι. ἡμεῖς μὲν ὄρχοντα ἔχετε ἥρωα, ἡμεῖς δὲ Ἰουδαίον. Do they not hate the tribe of Benjamin out there, shouting, ζήτω Ἰλῆδοτων! lustily and with a good courage?"

During this visit, having landed in Acarnania, he made a short dash into Turkish territory. On my speaking of this to the late Bishop Magee, and saying that he was lucky to have got back without being impaled, the Bishop replied: "I think he was bound to be, to prove the truth of Addison's and Maccoll's tales." On my reporting this to Freeman, he burst forth with: "Yes; and to be told after all that I was nothing but a bean-bag!"

Freeman's greediness for work grew instead of lessening with advancing years. He was always seeking for new realms to conquer, perhaps too forgetful of those he had entered on and deserted prematurely, such as his incomplete *History of Federal Government*. Writing to me in November, 1890, only a year and a half back, in reply to a remark of mine that it was somewhat rash for a man

nearing threescore and ten to undertake such a colossal work as the *History of Sicily* on the scale he had planned, he says: "As to rashness, I have a thousand and one other schemes; most of them begun; among them the final revision of the *Norman Conquest*," which, in a previous letter, he had told me he meant to complete by writing the reign of Henry I. In pursuance of this idea he once again visited Normandy in the summer of last year, "engaged," as he writes, "in the service of 'the Lion of Justice,' hoping to get a sight of Tinchebrai this very day." In answer to my inquiries after his health, he says: "I am very good in the head; not so good in the throat; and worst in the legs. I am always envying the lizards who can get a new pair." Is his natural history quite unimpeachable here? "I believe Normandy has done me some good, though it is not equal to Sicily." (N.B.—He used to say he wished he could have three homes, and so divide the year between Somerleaze, Oxford, and Sicily.) Last January he writes from Oxford: "We are living from hand to mouth, waiting for the first chance of getting to Spain;" and then, four days later, came my last letter from him. He had heard that I had been in some anxiety about my own health, and he writes at once: "Don't go and distress yourself. We must all get old. I am some years younger than you, but I am very old in the legs, but the head I think gets younger."

Soon after this letter was written he started with his wife and two daughters for Spain, and I heard no more of him till the *Times* of the 17th ult. flashed from Alicante the sad news that one the world could ill spare had sunk under a combined attack of smallpox and his old enemy bronchitis, and had been already consigned to a Spanish grave. One of his oldest friends and fellow-workers in exact historical science, the Bishop of Oxford, writes:—"It is indeed most terrible. I should not have been surprised if he had been taken away at any time during the last four years, and I was quite prepared to be told that his working life was over, but this is too shocking." Since his death a third volume of his *History of Sicily* has been published, and a review of "Salisbury Documents," evidently from his hand, and a further instalment of his "Visits to Norman Sites" had appeared in the *Guardian*. Such voices from the grave are invested with unspeakable sadness to those who remain to mourn his loss.

EDMUND VENABLES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—All persons interested in the question of old-age pensions must have read Mr. Fletcher Moulton's paper in the last number of *The Fortnightly* with pleasure. His suggestion that the shape of the provision should be the general privilege of acquiring annuities to a limited amount, "which cannot be changed or alienated," opens up a wide question. He himself seems conscious that to confine the proposal to acquiring annuities is an undue restriction, for he says: "The time may come when it will be possible to apply the money to the purchase of property or privileges of other kinds." He gives instances of the very limited application of the principle now permitted, but he does not seem to be aware that in the United States its adoption with regard to the Homestead Law dates far back, and is considered to have had a most beneficent effect. One authority thus describes the tenure of the homestead after it has been acquired in virtue of a given term of occupation and improvement: "It is set apart," he says, "from the general estate of the householder as a sacred provision for the family, and is prohibited from alienation by the householder, and from execution for his general debts." The distinctive feature of a provision of this kind is that it is useful to the family during life, and is not a risky investment which the investor may never live to enjoy. Its advantages are that it has a specific relation to encouraging thrift, and that it enables a person to exercise thrift whenever he or she is able. In these respects it is similar to the provision under which the Bank of England purchases stock for Savings Banks' investors, and sees to the automatic accumulation of the dividends. Although only commenced a short time, the number of accounts opened under this plan amounts to 2,538, and the capital to £527,811.

A great objection to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is that he is not giving good advice to young men and women when he urges them, as their first consideration, to provide in early life against the contingency of pauperism in an old age which they may never attain, and against their attaining which there is, according to mortality tables, a little over an even chance. They have other duties to think of, and Mr. Moulton brings this well out in his reference to the duty of using spare money for the purpose of educating children, as also in contending that "almost all, however poor (and the more so the poorer they may be), have some opportunity of using a little capital in a way in which it will repay them out of all proportion to its amount."

The best hope of improving the condition of the lowest stratum of life, and of consequently ameliorating the surroundings of succeeding strata, lies in the direction of increasing educational facilities and encouraging individual ambition. Nothing could be more cruel than to tell a young labourer or artisan that his first duty on starting in life is to protect himself from pauperism after he reaches the age of sixty-five. Rather teach him that the world is open to him, and that if he find the opportunities too small in the United Kingdom, there are lands beyond the sea where, by industry and good conduct, he will be almost certain to achieve success. Let him assure himself against accident and sickness as

he can with the Friendly Societies, and, if he is married, against death, as he can with the Post Office or with private offices, but otherwise let him look at the long lapse between twenty and sixty-five as a period during which he may do something better than content himself with providing against pauperism should he, in the face of the chance that is against him, live to sixty-five.

The plan of Mr. Chamberlain's committee is briefly as follows:—A man, before he is twenty-five years of age, is to pay £5, whereupon he is to be credited with a contribution of £15 from the Government, and he is to continue to pay a sum of £1 a year for forty years. At sixty-five he is to be entitled to a pension of £13 a year. Should he die without leaving widow or children after he has made the third annual payment, and before he is sixty-five, his appointed representative is to receive back the initial deposit of £5. Should he leave a widow she is entitled, if her husband dies before he has made the third annual payment of £1, to receive the original deposit of £5 and nothing more. Should he die after the third annual payment and before he is sixty-five, then the widow is to be entitled to 5s. a week for twenty-six weeks, and "there shall be paid for each child under twelve years of age (if any) 2s. a week until he or she reaches the age of twelve years; but so that the total sum payable to one family shall never exceed 12s. per week during the first twenty-six weeks, or 8s. a week thereafter." Provision is also made for old-age pensions to males and females on the condition of no payments being returnable. The male has to pay £2 10s. before he is twenty-five; thereupon the Government gives him credit for £10. He pays 10s. per annum for forty years, and at sixty-five is entitled to a pension of £13. The female, on depositing £1 10s., is credited with £8 from the Government. She is to pay 8s. 8d. per annum for forty years, and on reaching sixty-five she is to receive a pension of £7 16s. per annum. The amounts put to the credit of the insured by the Government go to feed the fund. The only payments the insured are entitled to are those above described. Further provisions are made for increasing the pensions, but as the terms are slightly more than those offered by the Post Office no notice need be taken of them. It is curious, however, that the committee limit the extra pensions that may be acquired, whilst the Post Office does not. In fact, the present Post-Office annuities cover the ground more favourably to the purchasers than is the case with a great part of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals—always excepting the Government credits.

It will surprise most people to find that the main proposal which the committee put forth, in which the Government offers a credit of £15, is not one towards which the Government contribute a single penny in aid of an old-age pension. It is neither more nor less than an offer of free insurance on certain novel terms by the Government to persons who commence on their own account to subscribe for old-age pensions. To understand this it must be explained that any male can go to the Post Office, and, for a payment of £5 down, and an annual payment equivalent to £1 per annum for forty years, secure at sixty-five a pension of £14 7s. 6d., which is £1 7s. 6d. more than Mr. Chamberlain offers; so that the whole credit of £15 of the Government, together with £2 6s. 8d. which is the value of the excess pension of £1 7s. 6d., is spent on the insurance part of the proposal. In fact, for insurance privileges presumably worth £17 6s. 8d., the Government contributes £15, and the purchaser of the annuity £2 6s. 8d. As regards the insurance, it is one of many contingencies. There is no medical examination. The sole protection in this direction is that only the initial deposit is returned unless the deceased survives to pay three annual instalments. The rest depends on the chances of the wife living and surviving for six months, and on the chances of the number of children, their ages, and the

length of their survival. It is, perhaps, of not much importance to ask, if the Government are to make a present of £15 to persons who purchase old-age pensions, whether they might not make the present in some more usual, acceptable, and even-working form of insurance than that Mr. Chamberlain proposes. Any way, it will be seen that the committee's proposal is novel, both as to the kind of insurance and its free gift. As regards the non-returnable proposals, Mr. Chamberlain's plan comprehends the payment by the Government of what would be equivalent to a little less than half the cost of the old-age pensions if they were purchased of the Post Office either by a lump payment or by annual instalments. Such a bonus would, of course, attract many investors, but there is nothing to indicate that it will especially attract those who at sixty-five would otherwise be burdens on the State. The probabilities are the other way. Similar remarks apply to the provisions, both ingenious and liberal, for subsidising with additional pensions those persons over twenty-five years of age who acquire pensions on their own account.

It is inconceivable that the Government would pay the large sums involved in Mr. Chamberlain's proposals on the mere chance of mitigating the sufferings of the aged poor. A guarantee would be necessary that such would be its effect, and such guarantee cannot be obtained by a donation from the Government forty years before the contingency of poverty arises.

Mr. Booth avoids building up the enormous fund Mr. Chamberlain's plan involves, but it seems to be a mistake on Mr. Booth's part to include in his net the persons who do not require the pensions. It would obviously discourage thrift to confine the pensions to persons who were either destitute or on the borderland of destitution. But this would be avoided by limiting them to persons possessing only a moderate income, say not exceeding £75 or £100. The gross amount required would be considerably reduced. Mr. Booth's principal reason for the limitation seems to be "that it is not possible to maintain the dignity of pensions if the question of poverty be introduced in their distribution." Experience already rebuts this assertion. There are numerous pensions admittedly dependent on poverty, the acceptance of which carries no degradation to the highly-placed persons who accept them. The difference between the pensions and ordinary pauper allowances would be the legal right of the annuitants to claim them from the State without appealing to the discretion of local authorities. A fifth of the total amount would probably be saved by a limitation of the pensions to those whose income did not exceed £100.

One danger of Mr. Booth's proposal is that it may attract the poor of other countries. He proposes to meet it by rejecting all persons not born in the country, and eliminating from their pension period the length of any residence abroad. This appears unworkable and unwise. The test should be a continued residence within the United Kingdom of at least ten years prior to the pensions arising, and the continued residence should be proved by annual registration and payment of a small fee. I do not think Mr. Booth improves his plan by his latest proposal to divert the pensions to the vestries where the annuitant has received relief at any time during the ten years preceding sixty-five. It is impossible for any human being to decide in the majority of cases how far the wreck of an aged life depends on faults or on misfortune. If Mr. Booth's plan, with these limitations, could be applied to the simple principle of a mutual insurance by the members of the whole community against the pecuniary disasters of individuals at old age, it might largely if not entirely remedy the present cruel system of separating aged couples during the last helpless years of their lives. Nothing but extreme poverty can justify a country thus dealing with its aged citizens. I may parenthetically mention that Mr. Cadman,

the Minister who presides over charitable institutions in New Zealand, has announced his intention of submitting to Parliament a measure dealing with the question.

The cost of bestowing pensions of £18 on all persons of not less than sixty-five years of age in the United Kingdom and Ireland, less the saving in pauper relief, would amount, with the present population, according to Mr. Booth's figures, to about 20 millions. One-fifth might be deducted for the limitation to £100 incomes. This would leave 16 millions to be provided. On the authority of Mr. Goschen, this last year seven millions, and during the previous ten years an average of six millions yearly were provided out of taxes for the reduction of the National Debt. For an object so beneficent and so calculated to benefit posterity, further sums of a like amount might be applied to the old-age pensions instead of to a reduction of the National Debt. This would leave a comparatively small additional amount to be raised. If the registration system I have suggested be adopted, the pensions need not commence for at least ten years. During the time a fund in aid might be accumulated out of the source I have referred to. Class jealousies might in the meanwhile be smoothed as regarded the task of finding the balance. Mr. Chamberlain could not object to using the funds for reducing the National Debt, for in his paper in the *National Review* he proposed increasing the public debt by the use of thirty-year annuities to create the nucleus of his fund. There is food for reflection in Mr. Booth's remark: "It must be remembered in considering the cost of such a scheme that the large sum involved would not be spent in the same sense as it would be if used to employ labour, as, for instance, in armaments. Looked at rationally, it would be merely transferred from one pocket to another."

To sum up, Mr. Fletcher Moulton's proposal would encourage genuine thrift; Mr. Chamberlain's would encourage thrift of a particular kind by a heavy Government subsidy, or in other words, by offering investments for less than their value. He trusts to cupidity rather than to thrift. He adopts a principle similar to that under which one offers a child a reward if he will take his medicine. Neither Mr. Moulton nor Mr. Chamberlain's plans would have much relation to relieving old-age destitution. The persons who would take advantage of either of these schemes would be precisely those who would probably not be destitute in their old age. Mr. Booth's plan, slightly modified, would directly deal with the misery of the aged poor, and save them the sufferings to which they are now subjected. The tendency of his scheme, too, would be to generally raise the scale of life.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

JULIUS VOGEL.

April 18th, 1892.

* * The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any Manuscripts.

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. CCCVL NEW SERIES.—JUNE 1, 1892.

THE GLADSTONIAN SECRET.

WHEN Mr. G.'s critics speak of his genius they should use the word in a more positive sense than they intend. They say, He has genius; they should say, He has *a* genius. All the phenomena of his life and conduct betoken that he has never been left to the management of that powerful complicate mind of his, but that there has ever been in attendance on it a genius which takes the place of will whenever the machine has to work, and does in fact work it without any trouble to Mr. G. himself. Thus it is that he is never known to brood over schemes and policies, dangers or difficulties. Thus it is that he is able to amuse himself with elegant triflings in history and literature in the darkest hours of his darkest days. Thus it is that he is never seen anxious or preoccupied; for in every trouble he has his genius at the machine to rely upon—that silent immigrant from some unknown world who sets the wheels in motion even while Mr. G. is dallying with "Mademoiselle Ixe," and quietly grinds out a definite conclusion, a complete plan wherewith to meet any emergency that may be looming nigh.

It must have been a shining hour for this distinguished man when his familiar placed before his eyes the Right Plan for the Elections. We may fancy him deep in St. Thomas Aquinas or *David Griere* when, all of a sudden, from the depths of his mind steals up the plan complete. It had been forming while he walked, while he read, while he slept; it was now formed. And as it comes to the surface, a very love of a plan, he sees its perfections at a glance. Down goes St. Thomas Aquinas, and for a long hour afterwards Mr. G. roams in the sylvan solitude that surrounds his home, thinking of the beauties of a scheme that will possibly lift him to a yet higher plane in popular esteem, and at the same time utterly confound, crush, smash, and pulverise every calculation on which his opponents rely.

Would we know the secret of his pleasure we should listen to the little bird that tells of a conference that was held not very long afterwards in Mr. G.'s study. It was not one of the Cabinet Council meetings that are sometimes held in the same place, but a talk of two. The visitor, who may be called Mr. B., is not a man who ever held official rank, and he is never likely to accept a place, by whomsoever offered; yet, like Mr. G. himself, he has passed all his life in an equal devotion to books and politics, and is one of the most learned and capable men of his time. In his younger days he seemed to have ambitions, but all appearance of them gradually languished away; and now in his inert and all but useless heaviness of contents—meaning knowledge and thought stowed in a prodigious hold of memory—he figures to the eye of imagination as a water-logged East Indiaman, the riches of which will never come to market, but idly drift on unfrequented seas till all goes down together some still afternoon. But, effortless as he is, B. has wisdom; sluggish though he be, he keeps an open eye upon the affairs of the world; and therefore good counsel can be got out of him. He listens with averted face, and with all the look of a man who is thinking of something else, rolls over in his chair from time to time, and at the same moment out rolls a question or an opinion, as it might be an accidental emission from the spigot of a wine-cask. So lazy does he seem, and so indifferent; but his questions are always to the purpose, and his opinions summary.

It may be worth while describing the gentleman for the sake of the picture; if not, the foregoing lines are wasted, for he played no considerable part in the conversation the heads of which I am about to report. It seems that on the occasion of his present visit his counsel was hardly needed, for the matter that swelled in the great man's bosom. But everyone knows what advantage there is in talking out a project before some wise, analytic listener; how it changes shape, expands, discloses fresh uses and beauties or loses some, as if by the mere process of being put into words. Let us, then, figure to ourselves these two fine intellects sitting together at the close of a spring day, in a room walled with books; and while we look on that "picture of an interior" (it might be called "Forging the Future" if transferred to canvas), let us listen to the little bird.

Mr. B. has his own reasons for being a Home Ruler, and for being almost as eager for the return of a Radical Government as if he desired and expected to be a member of it. Before they had been long together, a distinctly inviting word from his host informed Mr. B. that this was not one of those evenings when no allusion may be made to his difficulties as party leader, nor any approach to his possible views and intentions about Ireland. There was something

in the tone of Mr. G.'s voice, when he spoke of a certain ministerial speech delivered a few day previously, which proclaimed that the whole subject was open for discussion then and there. What he said was to the effect that nothing that came under Lemuel Gulliver's observation, in the course of his wandering, could possibly have afforded the traveller more amusement than he (the right honourable gentleman) enjoyed when he heard that speech described as "logical." Marking the emphasis on the words "enjoyed" and "logical," Mr. B. instantly evoked the speech from a memory that had stored up every significant sentence of it; and having done so, he had to confess to himself that he did not see why his friend should be so mightily amused. "As I recollect it," he said, "it was the repetition of a careful argument which forms the staple of every considerable speech made by ministers just now." "And also of all the weightier, most confident and self-congratulating articles in the Government journals," added Mr. G. with what is described as a crackle in his voice. To that the other assented.

"A careful argument, I observe you call it," his host went on to say; "and I believe it is not uncommonly regarded amongst men of our own way of thinking as charged with rather disturbing elements of truth?"

Mr. B. could not say, but thought it highly probable. The argument works up very well, he continued. The assumption must be that, whether the measure were explained or not before the elections, a Home Rule Government would have to bring a Home Rule Bill into the new House of Commons almost as soon as it met. Whatever difficulty there might be in doing so, it would not do to ascribe that difficulty to insufficient time for preparation, while to acknowledge the existence of any other kind of difficulty would be a fatal admission of want of foresight. Another assumption must be that the Irish parliamentary party will have to be satisfied, which means the losing of a horde of troubles. True, that party is and may remain in two factions, one of which might possibly be content with a moderate scheme: but what then? There is the other faction to deal with, and unless the Liberal majority in the new Parliament is larger than anybody believes it will be, that faction will be quite powerful enough to upset the Government almost immediately: the resolute disaffection of twenty Irish members would suffice to accomplish that. Thus it appears that the Bill must be brought in promptly, and must also be a strong Bill; but if so, the first session of the new Parliament will be launched in storm. A predetermined course of opposition and obstruction may be expected from a Unionist minority not much below the majority in point of numbers; and in the stress and tumult, how are the Labour measures to be got

through which British Radicals will not patiently allow to be deferred to Irish claims? "But I need not repeat the argument," said Mr. B. "There are a good many assumptions in it, no doubt; but certainties rarely appear in such calculations, and I take it that the assumptions in this case are all of high probability."

It is possible that Mr. B. went on in this way in hope of drawing from the mind of the veteran statesman what seemed to be lurking in it; and that, for his own part, he did not allow himself to be disheartened much by the dilemma which so many distinguished Unionists had presented to Mr. G. in well-prepared and well-wrought speeches. As for Mr. G. himself, all the while his languid friend was addressing his remarks to the fireplace, he bent on him a look which had possibly been borrowed from his friend of old days, Cardinal Manning, or that Cardinal Manning had caught from him. It was a look of fixed, vibrant, absorbent curiosity or investigation: which in Manning's case was accompanied by a sniff apparently intended to signify that, whatever his looks might be like, he was entirely preoccupied at the moment with some temporary obstruction of the nostrils. So mysterious are the means of inter-communication between human beings that, though B.'s vision did not meet his friend's radiant gaze, he was quite aware of it, and felt at once that "something was coming."

"Does it really seem to you," said Mr. G., justifying B.'s expectation, "that the Prime Minister and his nephew and the other more considerable members of that party are wise in mapping out our difficulties with such abounding confidence?"

Mr. B. replied that only one reason against their doing so occurred to him: namely, that the difficulties had no existence.

"Precisely. You would make sure that they did exist before, as a Government, you raised upon them a severely logical demonstration that the admission of Mr. Gladstone and his friends to power must place them in an impossible position. More; that to do so would immediately arouse perilous conflicts in the Legislature, immediately inflame the ferocious hatred of North and South in Ireland, and at once develop a fraud on the expectations of the Radical artisan and labourer.

(It appears that Mr. B. marked the repetition of the word "immediately" in this little outburst, but did not take much account of it at the moment.)

"Tremendous prophecies," Mr. G. went on to say—"tremendous prophecies for all the responsible men of a party to chorus once a week; and don't you think these gentlemen will look extremely foolish if their logical demonstrations are suddenly undercut and tumble to pieces?"

Mr. B. (internally much animated by this last remark) only wished it might be so, but confessed that he did not see how it could be done.

Mr. G. replied that there was really little to do. No immense engineering was required, but only a simple and natural course of procedure, the first effect of which would be to show that the leaders of the Unionist party had insufficiently examined the foundation of the assumptions on which their crushing argument was based. "For example: as at present advised," said Mr. G., "I do not admit the necessity of laying a Home Rule scheme before the country on the eve of the elections; neither do I acknowledge the imperative necessity of promising the introduction of a Home Rule Bill as soon as we are placed in office: no; nor any absolute compulsion to produce such a measure when we get there! That surprises you. But of course you understand me to signify no change of policy or abandonment of intention, but only to mean that no man should feel bounded by the conclusions of others, however indomitable those conclusions may seem. Though the Prime Minister, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, and other great authorities proclaim us such miserable victims of fatality that we *must* do certain things if and when we return to office, and that these things must infallibly bring upon us consequences of confusion and disaster, what need have we to accept the inevitability without investigation? Is there really no way of evading it? no comparatively simple way round it, perchance?"

"If there be such a way it has escaped a good many pairs of eager eyes—Liberal and Tory," said Mr. B. "We have all been looking for it, either in hope or otherwise."

"And some, no doubt, have seen it, though without seeing into it, perhaps, or following it out."

"Then there is such a way?"

"I think there is."

By this time (so warbles the little bird) Mr. G. was on his feet and flourishing his arms about; but his excitement fell to dead calm in the brief silence that followed upon his startling announcement.

"Of course," he said, "there is no easy path out of the difficulties that will beset us if we go back with a small majority, and a large one is not reckoned upon confidently save by myself. All that the utmost wisdom and care can do is to make out the safer path, the line of least or latest resistance, and follow it up with unflinching audacity. It need not be said between us that the time for final decision is not yet, nor will be till the date of dissolution is fixed. Many things may happen before then to modify any course of action that may seem wisest under present circumstances. But there is no surety that dissolution will not be upon us in a few weeks, and

therefore it is time to examine and define our alternatives. Now there is one, I think, that is recommended by the loftiest considerations of policy, and even (as we are taught from Ulster and the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden) of humanity. At the same time it promises the incidental but not inconsiderable advantage of reducing the difficulties we might have to encounter in office, while it would place our political opponents in a deservedly embarrassing and even ridiculous position."

(B. said, in his grumbling, indifferent way, that he could not conceive a more admirable combination of qualities.)

"Were dissolution to occur at this moment, that is the line of policy I should be inclined to prefer. Stated in the fewest possible words, it is this: The dissolution of Parliament being announced, I should publish a letter or manifesto, principally addressed to the people of Ireland and on the subject of Home Rule; but not, of course, wholly so, nor even without weighty implications of meaning for the people—the common people, as they are ceasing to be named—of this island. Recalling in vigorous though becoming terms my tried devotion to the Home Rule cause, and speaking without disguise of what the cost has been to me in withered friendships, endurance of public insult, the renewed imposition of heavy, tedious, and anxious labours at a time of life when most men look for rest, I should make a strong appeal for trust, on the warrant of these indubitable witnesses to my sincerity. Trust me, and return me to a competent position of usefulness, in full assurance that every promise I have made to Ireland, every pledge by which I am bound to strive for the utmost accomplishment of her just desires, shall be fulfilled; and if you do not immediately understand my methods of fulfilling them, trust me still."

"Very good," said Mr. B. in the unexpected pause that occurred at this point; "but so far there is at any rate no surprise in the course you propose to take. It is the common anticipation that you will make just that kind of appeal. So that, as it seems to me, you do not meet your first electioneering difficulty—described by the Unionists as offering a 'pig in a poke'; and is not that one of the things they say you must do, or else expose your scheme of legislation to be worried and torn to pieces in front of the hustings?"

"No doubt. It is the first dilemma to be evaded; and one of the merits of the contemplated course of action is to provide that evasion. Listen to this. Suppose that, a strong and manifestly justifiable appeal to Ireland for its confidence having been made, we do not conceal what we propose to do, but boldly announce it. Suppose we say that though long and laborious thought has given us toler-

ably clear perceptions of what a Home Rule Bill ought to be, the extraordinary portents that arise about us suggest that that is not enough. It would appear that, strive as we may to keep everything but wisdom and justice out of our proposals for Ireland, there are passions at work that threaten to rob them of their intended and natural fruit, which is peace. Settlement! peaceful settlement! That is our desire and aim; and if we miss it, we miss everything. Yet if we turn to our adversaries, not only must there be violent contentions still—all other business thrown into confusion, the ancient legislative institutions of the country hounded into fighting against each other—but in Ireland there will be civil war, with partisans flocking from England to join one side or the other. Much of this menace may be no more alarming really than the painted monster on a Chinese shield; and in no case are we to be frightened by wordy threats from the duty we are pledged to accomplish. Yet it is necessary that the Party of Progress should take the utmost pains to free itself of all responsibility for disorders that seemed incredible till the first minister of the Crown commended and extolled the contrivers of them. Therefore — And then I should add in brief plain terms that should the Liberal party be replaced in power after the election, its first act will not be to produce a Home Rule Bill of its own independent construction; its first act will be to invite the Opposition leaders to a conference for the immediate and peaceful settlement of an increasingly dangerous question.—There you have a line of action which is not without fascination, you will acknowledge."

Whether B. did or did not acknowledge the fascination is not a matter of importance, and hardly a matter of doubt. Mr. G.'s alternative has only to be mentioned, and it immediately presents itself to the discerning eye as attended by advantages of a very attractive sort for the party he belongs to, or rather that belongs to him. But of course there are drawbacks, and, naturally, these were the first to strike the mind of Mr. G.'s friend and adviser. The astute statesman was asked whether the Irish faction-leaders had any notion that such a course of proceeding might be adopted, and was answered that if they had it must have originated in their own perceptions of what might possibly happen. The next question was supplementary to the first: What are the odds that the patriotic brotherhood, every one of whom is sworn to insist on complete and instant satisfaction of Ireland's claims, would not rise as one man against such a way of dealing with them? The reply was, that there no doubt the difficulty lay, and it might be called a difficulty of fresh creation. But—this was the point—in the creation of that difficulty nearly every other was destroyed. "Allow it all the mag-

nitude which it wears at first sight; then compare it with the huge multifarious bulk of what would be done away with, and say whether there does not seem to be a very considerable balance of gain. Besides, when you look at the difficulty for a little while, you will see that its apparent magnitude diminishes. Take these things into account. The Irish are quick of apprehension, and there are various ways of presenting this matter—in private as well as in public—to their by no means dull minds. ‘You do not like this process,’ we say, in some quiet conference; ‘well, work it out in your own imaginations. Start from the absolute and positive certainty that we do design and are determined to give you a great measure of parliamentary independence. We know our duty to ourselves, and our only concern is as to the easier way of doing it. Now then we, for reasons assigned (the desire of every good man for a real and peaceful settlement—unfeigned distress at the deplorable attitude of Ulster), invite the Opposition leaders to come into our conference and help us to shape the inevitable measure. Do you think that is a good answer, No? Is it probable that the Dissident Liberals would hazard such a reply, or that the Tories would reject the offer? If their allies protested a desire for its acceptance? Surely, that would be very awkward. Yet of course it is within the bounds of possibility that the Unionists would repulse our solicitations; but in that case what would their position be before the country? We can see at a glance that it would be no respectable one. First they incite a passionate population to rise in armed revolt against a legislative arrangement before they have any knowledge of what that arrangement is to be; and then, when their aid is solicited to mould and define its conditions from the foundation, they refuse, and still threaten the arbitrament of bloodshed! It is scarcely credible that any great English party could put itself into so outrageous a position. But suppose a refusal, and what then? We have done the right thing and our future course is simplified. We go on with our own measure in far more freedom, while our opponents find that they have lamed their criticism woefully. After that, every attack on our Bill would be, too obviously, a continuance of incitement to civil war. Well, but on the other hand, our invitation might be accepted, with what feelings of humiliation need not concern us. And what, I should ask our Irish friends, what is to be anticipated in that event? Of course it would be necessary to stipulate for the presence of Dissident Liberal representatives at the conference of parties. Mr. Chamberlain would be there as well as Mr. Balfour. . . . Yes; perhaps so; somewhat of a ‘Happy Family’ in an incomplete stage of self-effacement. And therefore it does appear that, in spite of every determination on our part to establish a general conviction in the conference that the essentials of our plan are all and equally

grounded on justice and safety, failure might ensue, and probably would. But not to our detriment. As in the other case, we should now be compelled to take our own course; and however much we should be troubled at the non-success of our attempt at a common agreement, we should follow that course resolutely. Now, it seems to me that after an *éclaircissement* like that, the Irish party would not be much alarmed at the proposal we are discussing. They would see into its working clearly enough; and though there might be some noise, they would make no violent or earnest opposition."

"It is no certainty."

"Then perhaps we should have to speak with them in another tone; The Irish party know perfectly well upon what their present hopes depend: a single life verging to the close. They also know how little passionate sympathy with their cause there is (sad to say) amongst the English people, who are impatient for speedy attention to their own grievances. Moreover—though this is not to be told in Gath—they know they are not without reason to fear that the fervour of popular agitation in Ireland is taking the customary course of cooling down. If then a simple, sincere, disembarassing choice of method in serving their cause—a method which would be heartily approved in England—were spurned by them, what do they suppose would naturally happen next? This question they might be urgently, though quietly, invited to consider.—No; the Irish would be alarmed at first, but with the help of their priests they would soon understand and be pacified."

All this was listened to with the deepest interest. Then said Mr. B.: "I observe that in what you just said, you spoke as if the proposal for a conference would come after you had gone over to the Treasury Bench. But that is not the suggestion, I conceive. You would announce the course you mean to take before the elections begin."

"No doubt; that is to say, supposing this course of action to be adopted, which remains undecided."

"Therefore your opponents will be compelled to reveal while the elections are going on whether they accept or reject your magnanimous offer; their only alternative being evasion of the question,—a dangerously feeble, 'I decline to answer at present.'"

"Precisely; whereby you see that they would be placed in a very awkward and slightly ridiculous position. Moreover, our initial dilemma would be instantly transferred to them: 'Bezonian, speak or die!'"

The more Mr. B. thought of it, the more he liked an expedient which, he had to confess, had struck him at first as a surprise without

charm. Since it would be announced as soon as Parliament dissolved, the Irish could not complain that they would have long to wait before the conference-project was either refused or broke down; which would tend to diminish their objections to it. Mr. G. thought so too; but was not unprepared to accept the difficulty of creating some suspicion, some resistance in Ireland, considering how many other difficulties would be swept aside by the adoption of his plan.

"See how completely it would alter our position. It is triumphantly argued—and the argument makes us look rather foolish—that we must go to the country with pigs in pokes, which will not do, or else formulate and present our scheme for Ireland before the elections; in which latter case either the English constituencies must needs be disgusted with the measure or the Irish infuriated with disappointment. Well, by adopting the suggested line of action we should turn that difficulty, which is not small. But it is further argued that in the unlikely event of our obtaining a majority without showing our hands, we should be obliged to produce our Home Rule Bill immediately; that therefore we should be plunged at once, with a probable small majority, in the tumultuous difficulties we experienced in 1886; and that, as a further consequence, we should be unable to do anything to redeem our promises to the masses in Great Britain, who care nothing for Home Rule and are resolved to get their own condition bettered. Very well. But it is they who use this argument so joyously who will look foolish if we adopt an unforeseen policy that would upset it altogether. For a conference of parties some delay must be allowed; therefore we should not be plunged immediately into furious Home Rule debates, as anticipated; and it is obvious that the interval could be employed in securing the confidence of the masses by passing measures of relief—measures that would not be ungratefully remembered, perhaps, should Home Rule or any other question compel another appeal to the country later on."

"Two good points made out."

"To look farther, every one of our more responsible opponents, whether called Liberal or Tory, has told us that unless our scheme for an Irish legislature is explained to the country before the elections, the House of Lords will infallibly throw it out, should it prove to be the sort of measure that Ireland has been taught to expect from our hands. Now we may assume with confidence, I think, that we should hear less of this threat if we offered to make the Unionists partners in the construction of the Bill which the Lords are to throw out. And I can but think that the Lords would throw it out with much more difficulty after such an offer had been notoriously repulsed."

"Yes, the peculiarities of British sentiment may be counted upon to help you considerably on that point."

"And it has some association with another point. Should our adversaries reject, in the midst of the elections, what others beside yourself will call a magnanimous offer, we may expect an advantage at the polls. Many voters with no strong opinions of any sort, men generally indifferent to their political privileges, will be stirred in our favour. Nor is it an unreasonable fancy that rejection of the offer would create difficulties between Tories and Dissident Liberal voters, by which we should profit.* On the other hand, were the Tory leaders to accept our proposal (which, however, I take to be nearly impossible) they would lose voters by the hundred in every constituency: we are to remember that many of their followers teem with discontent already. In either case, then, it looks as if we should achieve majorities in excess of all present reckoning. If so, we may fill the Liberal benches of the new House of Commons with a dozen or twenty men more than we are told to hope for. Our majority will not be so meagre, after all; which would have its effect in every way, including its effect on the House of Lords."

Mr. B. thought his friend was getting on pretty well. "But," said he, "let us go back a moment. When I called your contemplated proposal 'magnanimous,' I confess I meant to insinuate that the word could and would be used ironically; and you have just admitted that in your opinion it is nearly impossible for the Tories to accept such an offer. Of course it is—quite impossible; and I suppose you must anticipate that the suggestion would be received by them with laughter—as ridiculous, as mockery."

"That is my anticipation; but it does not seem to me an important element in the matter. Figure to yourself the announcement of what we are now discussing. It would be a shock, a surprise. On both sides, eyes would be opened to their widest; and then, no doubt, a burst of laughter—on both sides. Pardon me if I say that amongst our own people there would be an immediate perception of ingenuity in the idea. Though that is not what I should wish, they will see in it certain 'dishing' effects that will probably delight them. Moreover, there is a vast fund of high morality in the British mind, as its literature attests; and though something unexpected, something extravagant, might appear in our course of action, I am persuaded that millions would soon acclaim it as a lofty course—generous, large-minded, magnanimous. Knowing this much better than their Tory friends, the Dissident Liberals would not laugh at all, I fancy. As for the Tories themselves, let them talk of mockery and they shall have an answer; or rather I should say, they have given us a means of enfeebling that cry beforehand.

It would be possible to address them in this way: 'Since it is so enormously important that, whatever settlement of Ireland's claims to self-government be attempted, care should be taken to make it a lasting settlement, and one that all parties in Great Britain can agree to uphold, is it ridiculous to approach you with a hope that you will try with us to make it so? Why is it ridiculous? No doubt it would have seemed absurd to every man five years ago. At that time we should have said that no more preposterous notion could be conceived. Had you called it insulting we could not have complained. But you have given us every reason to believe that from that time to this your minds have been undergoing a steady and a happy change. Unquestionable evidence of this is supplied by the adoption, in your Land Purchase Act (no doubt in a cautious, piecemeal way) of the most obnoxious clause in our Home Rule Bill of 1886; and again it is supplied by a measure styled a Local Government Bill, which is, and was meant to be, a half-way advance on the road to Home Rule. We may admit, then, that our proposal is unexpected; we are prepared to find it useless; but, considering your history during the last four years it cannot be called absurd, and considering the tremendous advantage of arriving at a common understanding in a matter like this, do not let us hear of its being a mockery.' "

("I hear the millions you spoke of just now clapping their hands," murmured Mr. B.)

"It will at least be admitted," Mr. G. went on, as if addressing an audience or reciting from a manuscript, "it must at least be admitted that there is nothing ridiculous about civil war. We are given to understand in positive terms, and on authority of the most alarming eminence, that if we of the Liberal party come into office and pass a Home Rule Bill, one portion of Ireland will rise in armed rebellion against the rest. All that is most representative of Ulster declares that war will certainly ensue; while the best informed and most influential members of the Tory party, including the Prime Minister, proclaim the same opinion, adding that it will be not only a natural but a righteous war. So far as we have yet heard, there are no provisos in the menace of the Ulster folk, and no qualification waits upon the judgment of Unionist statesmen. If we set up a parliament in Ireland, war; burning and slaying in all directions; which will be right, or at least natural and inevitable. It is impossible to disregard such prophecies, seeing from whom they come; impossible that so grave a prospect should not force us to reconsider what we do. Of course we cannot be expected to abandon the work we are pledged to attempt, and which we believe a good work, on account of mere threatening: that would be indeed ridiculous. But

what then? How are we to meet the frightful responsibility you seek to thrust upon us? We bethink ourselves of the monstrous absurdity that civil war is intended, no matter what sort of parliament we set up in Ireland or what its powers may be. We presume that a Home Rule Bill is conceivable that would not justify civil war either in the eyes of Lord Salisbury or those of the Duke of Devonshire. Anxious to do our duty, and yet to avoid the fearful calamities that have been so lightly foretold and provoked, we come to you with this proposal; and will you tell us that it is ridiculous and a mockery?"

Imagine a long silence after this, and then Mr. G. proceeding to say in a less oratorical voice, "Of course you understand that we have been talking of a line that *might* be taken—probably the best. There is none without difficulty. The most promising thing about this one is that it would throw all the logical calculations of Unionist speakers and writers into confusion."

Before Mr. B. closed his eyes that evening it occurred to him to wonder whether the gracious moderation which had been so remarkable in Mr. G. of late might be regarded as a prelude to the launching of his thoughtful, humane, and high-minded suggestion.

MR. VICTORIEN SARDOU AND *THERMIDOR*.

MR. VICTORIEN SARDOU's play, *Thermidor*, which has just been acted by the French artist company in London, and in which Mr. Coquelin so highly distinguished himself, has a very peculiar history of its own. I do not think that any play has ever gone through such ordeals from the moment of its conception in Mr. Sardou's mind to its interdiction on the stage of the Comédie-Française. I cannot as yet say that these ordeals are at an end, since *Thermidor*, interdicted at the Comédie-Française, is going to be performed in Paris next winter at one of the theatres independent of the Government, and this may give rise to fresh excitement among a certain group of hot-headed Radicals; for if I judge by the abusive language the latter make use of from time to time towards Mr. Sardou, they do not yet feel inclined to lay down their arms.

It has been Mr. Sardou's privilege to be one of the dramatists of this century whose plays have caused the greatest sensation on their first nights. From the fall of his first comedy at the Odéon, *La Taverne des Etudiants*, which, on the night of its first performance, raised unreasonable but loud protests from a group of the "jeunesse des Ecoles," and which reminds one of the clamour to which Edmond About's *Gaëtana*, at the Théâtre-Français, and of the brothers de Goncourt's *Henriette Maréchal*, at the Odéon, gave rise—up to the night when *Thermidor* was acted, and when Coquelin, who played the part of Labussière, was pelted with coppers by one of the audience, Mr. Victorien Sardou has not brought on the stage a single play which has not taken hold of public opinion, either from a political or literary point of view. The reason for this is that, besides the natural gifts of Mr. Sardou for the theatre, which led Théodore Barrière to say of him when he was only a *débutant*: "Ce garçon est le théâtre incarné," Mr. Sardou has a daring turn of mind, which prompts him to select bold subjects, calculated at once to strike and stir up the minds of the general public. To consider only such of his plays as have given rise to incidents similar to those connected with *Thermidor*, it will be remembered that Mr. Sardou provoked innumerable discussions on the morrow of the Franco-German War, by getting his famous *Rubagas* acted at the Vaudeville Theatre, a comedy in which everybody thought they saw an allusion to the great popular orator of the time, Gambetta, who had just played such an important part under the Government of the Défense Nationale, and who was at that time the leader of the French democracy. Two years later, with *Uncle Sam*, Mr. Sardou got into

difficulties with the French Government. Owing to the criticisms that the author made on American life, the authorities thought the piece too satirical, and prohibited its performance at the *Vauvill* for fear it might bring about political troubles with a friendly nation. It was only when Mr. Thiers resigned the presidency of the Republic that Mr. Sardou succeeded in getting *Uncle Sam* acted.

I shall say nothing about the protests which *Daniel Rochat* gave rise to at the *Comédie-Française*. These protests did not prevent the play from obtaining a legitimate success. I shall not mention the quarrels of a literary character which arose when *Théodora*, *La Tosca* and *Cléopâtre* made their appearance. I may simply recall what I said at the beginning of this article, that almost all the plays of Mr. Sardou have excited contests, but never has the struggle been more animated than at the presentation of *Thermidor*. Now Mr. Sardou's attempt with *Thermidor* has failed for the present in Paris, not before public opinion, but from mere force of circumstances. This failure will most probably turn out a victory for the author in the end, if we may judge from the examples we have given, and which show that Mr. Sardou is pre-eminently gifted with that stubborn perseverance which generally wins to a successful issue.

At the present moment Mr. Victorien Sardou is, with Mr. Alexandre Dumas *fil*s, the first dramatist of France. For the last thirty years he has been writing for the theatre. The bare titles of his principal plays must bring to the minds of all those who are familiar with contemporary dramatic literature, the recollection of brilliant successes which have not been confined to France. This is owing to the variety of his work, which abounds in comic and dramatic situations, for he possesses these two gifts in an eminent degree, as is evidenced by *Les Pattes de Mouche* and *Divorçons* on the one hand, and by *Patrie* and *La Haine* on the other. Add to this, "cette clarté dans l'exposition et cette rapidité dans l'action," which, according to Dumas the elder, constitute the two principal qualities which it is necessary that all those who write for the theatre, should possess.

The English public became acquainted with Mr. Sardou as a writer of comedy through Miss Céline Chaumont, who played in *Divorçons*, and with the dramatist through Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose brilliant personification of *Fédora*, *Théodora*, and *La Tosca* is still held in memory.

Mr. Coquelin this year affords London playgoers an opportunity of welcoming once again the dramatist, by performing Mr. Sardou's new play, *Thermidor*, a play which was represented only twice at the *Théâtre-Français*, and which, considering the extraordinary

conflicts it excited, is likely to remain as a memorable event in the history of French stage. Under the circumstances, I thought it might be interesting to the English public to gain some knowledge of the strange vicissitudes through which this drama has passed. From no other source than from the author himself could I obtain exact and interesting particulars on the subject. I had the honour of meeting Mr. Sardou in Paris lately, and with much kindness he told me how he came to think of the play, and the mishaps which have befallen it from its conception to the present time. The readers of this paper will thus have from the lips of the author all the details connected with this drama, so unknown yet so renowned.

"The idea of a play on the Revolution, with the actor Labussière as principal factor in the drama," said Mr. Victorien Sardou to me, "dates far back in my mind. This is how the idea occurred to me. In 1864 I was reading, out of mere curiosity, the *Memoirs of Fleury*, who, as you know, was a sociétaire of the Comédie-Française. Those memoirs are not of sterling value from a historical point of view; but I was struck by certain facts which Fleury related concerning the actor Labussière. That man Labussière had been employed by the Comité du Salut Public, under the great Revolution, and had, in that capacity, saved from the scaffold a great number of people condemned to death, by destroying their records. I thought there was there enough matter for a play; and the dramatic interest, in my opinion, was to come out of this fact, that the actor could be represented as not being always successful in destroying the records and having sometimes to substitute others in their stead, thus causing many innocent heads to fall in order to save those which appeared to him more worthy of his sympathy.

"I was so much pleased with the idea that I left no stone unturned until I was in possession of accurate documents concerning Labussière. Provided the main point be true, thought I, that is to say, the matter of the records, the other details are of secondary importance. I soon found out particulars taken from trustworthy authority corroborating Fleury's statements. The main point was quite true. The only thing for me now was to have data connected with Labussière's private character. I thought that some of his contemporaries might still be living: chance came to my assistance. While reading Labussière's biography, in Michaud's historical dictionary, I saw that that very article had been written by Fabien Pillet, who had been employed as chief clerk in the Comité du Salut Public in Labussière's time. Now, my neighbour at Marly, the mayor of the town, was the son of that very Fabien Pillet. I waited upon him, and on my first questioning him, he answered:—

"Of course I know Labussière! I was very young at that time,

no doubt, but he used to come so often to my father's house that I remember him very well. He was in the habit even of dining with us without ceremony. He was especially welcomed by us children, for, having acted in many theatres, he knew a great many games which were a delight to us. Why, of course, I know him! More than once he took me on his knee to play with me.'

"I guessed, by what my friend the mayor told me, that Labussière was a kind of Bohemian, living according to the dictates of his fancy, always ready to act under the impulse of disinterested motives, and rendering the greatest service with the *désinvolture* of a *grand seigneur* or of a *cabotin*. Nothing was truer than the record affair. Labussière had really saved from the scaffold from two to three hundred persons, among whom were Josephine de Beauharnais, who afterwards married Napoleon, Mesdames de Buffon, de Lafayette, de Cus- tines, la Montausier, and Florant, the fabulist. There was even a benefit night at the Porte St. Martin in his behalf, on account of his heroic behaviour, a performance which the French Consul attended, and which brought in about 15,000 francs.

"I was delighted I had hit upon the very man I wanted, and would not suffer him to escape until I had put him in a play relating to that period of the French Revolution.

"And to show you, *en passant*, how the same literary ideas are sometimes afloat in different minds, I will relate to you an anecdote: I was living at the time in the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, and was looking over my notes, when one morning D'Ennery, the dramatist, who was my neighbour, came over to my place. We talked about different subjects. On leaving me, D'Ennery saw on my table the two volumes of Flaubert's memoirs, and I still see him pointing to the book with his stick, and saying:

" 'I say, Sardou, there is a capital subject for a dramatic play in that book.'

"And I, with great vivacity, guessing a rival, replied: 'Yes; but I am writing it.'

" 'Ah,' said D'Ennery, 'you mean the clerk of the Comité du Salut Public, don't you?'

" ' . . . Labussière? Just so.'

"And D'Ennery left me with a smile, but rather disappointed.

"Having worked up the play in my mind, it remained for me only to find out an actor who could personate Labussière, and this was not an easy matter. I wanted this the more eagerly as it was my first attempt at the legitimate drama. I was known at the time only as a writer of comedy. I at last made up my mind to select Dumaine, who was then the manager of the Théâtre de la Gaîté. I promised him the play, and we both signed a contract. The news

soon reached the public. Two days later, I received a letter from M. Camille Doucet, who is now my colleague at the French Academy, and who was at that time the Superintendent of Fine Arts, asking me to call on him for urgent private affairs concerning me. I hurried to his office, knowing that Camille Doucet was not a man to trouble me for a trifling matter. On seeing me, he said :

“ ‘ You are writing a play on the Revolution, aren't you ? ’

“ ‘ Yes. ’

“ ‘ A play in which you speak of the guillotine and of Robespierre ? ’

“ ‘ Quite so. ’

“ ‘ Well, my dear fellow, take my advice, set it aside for a time. ’

“ ‘ But . . . ’

“ ‘ I know what you are going to say : you are against the *Terreur*, you are against Robespierre, you are against the guillotine ; now it is useless for you to say so. The very fact of your alluding to the Revolution would be sufficient to make the authorities think your attempt unseasonable. Yes, unseasonable ! and as a proof I may tell you this, that I am convinced that Alexandre Dumas' *Chevalier de Maison-Rouge* would be interdicted if played now. ’

“ And Doucet was speaking with such warmth, such sincerity, such conviction, that I saw immediately that the game was lost beforehand. His official position enabled him to foresee what the opinion of the censure would be. So I went to the manager of the Gaité, and told him what I thought of the matter, saying that it was necessary that we should postpone the scheme. He yielded to my point of view, feeling that I should not have spoken in that way, had I not come to the conclusion that any attempt of this kind was useless for the present.

“ Just fancy, how queer things are in this world ! This very *Thermidor* which was thought too revolutionary under the Empire, is now considered too royalist under the Republic ! It is very amusing, isn't it ?

“ So I gave up the idea of having the play performed, and wrote another drama, *Patrie*, which was given soon after at the Porte St. Martin. Shortly after, the play having met with great success, Raphaël Félix, the manager of the Porte St. Martin, inquired of me whether I had given up the idea of writing a drama on the Revolution, suggesting that it would be the proper time to have it performed, as the Government of 1869 was quite different from the Government of 1867.

“ ‘ You know, ’ he added, ‘ that with Emile Ollivier as Prime Minister . . . ’

“ In fact, Napoleon III. had just inaugurated that policy which received the name of ‘ Empire Liberal. ’ I was looked upon with

favour at Court, since I had been made an officer of the Legion of Honour after the success of *Patrie*. I must confess that I was somewhat astonished at this favour, considering the care with which I had delineated the frightful character of the Duc d'Albe in *Patrie*, a thing which was not calculated to secure the good graces of the Empress, who was not only a Spaniard by birth, but whose sister was besides the Duchesse d'Albe, having married the heir of that name.

"All these reflections which came across my mind tallied with Raphaël Felix's opinion, and I promised to give him my drama. I worked at the piece afresh, and things went on so rapidly, that I had to see the scene-painters soon after; and I remember going along with Cambon and Robecchi to visit the principal places where my drama was supposed to have taken place. It is in this way that, with the authorization of Pietri, the Prefect of Police, I took a sketch of the room which was occupied at the Conciergerie by Fouquier-Tinville, the prosecutor for the Tribunal Révolutionnaire in 1793; of the green drawing-room at the Hôtel de Ville, where Robespierre had his jaw shattered with a pistol-shot; and of Louis XVI.'s room at the Tuileries where the Comité du Salut Public used to meet. The very year after, that part of the Conciergerie, the Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries were a prey to the flames. Indeed, the Porte St. Martin Theatre, where my play was going to be performed, met with the same fate.

"You now see with what extraordinary events my piece is connected.

"Of course, the Franco-German War prevented me from having the play acted. *Thermidor* was going to be performed during the winter of 1870. In August the war broke out. And this is the way that my drama on the Revolution was put aside for a second time.

"Since then, it has been rumoured more than once that the play was going to appear. The rumour was groundless, as I had no one to whom I could entrust the part of Labussière, or rather I had hit upon my man—Coquelin. But he was on the staff of the Comédie-Française, and I was not willing to give my play to this theatre owing to the uproar which had been made at the time on account of *Rabagas*. On the other hand, calumny would not have failed to insinuate that I had selected the Comédie-Française as a platform to provoke political discussions, for I must tell you that as the piece first dawned on my mind, Robespierre was seen shot at the Hôtel de Ville, and the heroine of the play, Fabienne Lecoulteux, was also seen in the last car on her way to the guillotine.

"In or about 1887, Coquelin quarrelled with the Comédie-Française and sent in his resignation. On the eve of the Paris Universal

Exhibition, Coquelin came to see me, and we had a conversation about the possibility of having *Thermidor* represented at the Porte St. Martin. But in the meanwhile attempts were made to induce Coquelin to return to the Comédie-Française, and as the news about *Thermidor* had reached Mr. Jules Claretie, the manager, he asked me:

"Why don't you give your play to the Comédie-Française?—it is such a long time since we have had anything from you. It would also be a good opportunity for Coquelin to make his reappearance there."

"I was tempted by this proposal. The play was at that time quite finished, but now that I realised that it was going to be performed at the Théâtre-Français, I saw that it no longer admitted of the same development. So I refused it."

"*Thermidor* was then read before the members of the committee, by whom it was unanimously received. It was afterwards read by the Censure, who found nothing to say against the views which it expressed. Nay, and even by the Censure, but by the Minister of Public Instruction, and even by M. Carnot, the President of the Republic."

"At the beginning of last year the public rehearsal took place before the Press, which did not happen on that day, I can answer for it, the scandal which was the result. The first performance was given on the 24th of January, which was a Saturday. The play was successfully acted, notwithstanding a little incident which occurred and might have imperilled the success—for you know that the fortune of a play hangs very much on very small incidents: the pistol which is let off at Marat's execution, and he fell as if he had actually received the shot. The audience passed this over, and the curtain fell amidst loud applause."

"As you see, nothing had occurred at the sitting of the committee during the reading of the play at the Théâtre-Français; nothing before the Censure, nothing at the Ministry of Public Instruction, nothing at the Elysée, nothing at the public rehearsal, nothing at the first performance. But, on the very night of this first representation, somebody overheard Mr. Clémenceau, the leader of the Extrême-Gauche, who was among the audience, say that Robespierre was abused, and that this was an insult to the Republic. On that very night there was a ball at the Opera House; Mr. Clémenceau, after having left the Théâtre-Français, attended that ball, and it was there that the plot which was to break out at the second performance was concocted. This opinion can be backed by the fact that on the following day, which was a Sunday, the ultra-Radical papers blazed away."

"On Monday evening, at the second performance, at the very

beginning of the first act, just at the moment when Martial begins to speak of the Terror with Labussière, a tremendous uproar is made, and the whole dialogue between Martial and Labussière is drowned in repeated interruptions. Here is this scene. You may publish it if you like, though it has never been printed. I authorise you to do so.

(SCENE OF THERMIDOR, ACT I.)

MARTIAL. Hélas! que tu dis vrai! Je suis allé à la convention, j'y ai cherché vainement les grands hommes de cette Assemblée Nationale qui a sapé l'ancien régime, les héros de la Constituante qui a fondé le nouveau, les Girondins qui nous ont conquis la liberté, les Dantonistes qui nous ont conquis la République! Tous disparus, fugitifs, égorgés! Où je croyais trouver des législateurs, uniquement soucieux du bien public, je n'ai vu que des trembleurs inquiets de leur propre salut, cherchant à se faire oublier par le silence ou par la servilité, à désarmer le bras armé de despotes audacieux qui les terrorise! Je suis allé aux Jacobins. J'y ai entendu le doucereux Couthon réclamer le supplice des *Indulgents*, et d'autres forcenés ronchiner sur ces insinuations sanguinaires. J'ai parcouru la ville: sur tous les murs, des affiches de ventes; à toutes les portes des *meubliers* à l'encan; et partout des mendians, des "Enragés" déguisés en *citoyens*, avec leurs cheveux gras, leurs bonnets rouges, leurs carmagnotes et leurs gourdins. Dès la tombée du jour, les boutiques fermées, les places vides, les rues silencieuses et sombres; à chaque pas une patrouille *escortant* la *café* civique; et pour tout bruit, la voix des crieurs hurlant la liste des gagnans du jour à la loterie de Sainte Guillotine, car tous les jours, à quatre heures, six, sept charrettes suivent les quais menant à la boucherie, hommes, femmes, vieillards, jeunes filles, enfans, avant-hier encore, un de quinze ans. Et c'est Paris, là, notre beau, notre glorieux Paris, le Paris du 14 Juillet, le Paris de la Fédération.

LABUSSIÈRE. Ah! mon cher Martial, il est loin le jour où si joyeusement nous roulions la brouette sur le Champ de Mars! Quel enthousiasme alors de tout un peuple affranchi de ses chaînes! Et les beaux rêves d'avenir? Plus d'arbitraire ni de privilèges. Plus de grands humiliant les petits, de riches oppresseurs du pauvre! La justice pour tous, le pouvoir aux meilleurs, les honneurs aux plus dignes, la guerre à tous les abus, la place à tous les droits, l'appel à tous les devoirs! Ours de miel de la liberté, où es-tu? Un si beau rêve, finir dans l'horrible! En être venus là, à ces mœurs de canibales, à ces abattoirs de chair humaine! Quel écœurement!

MARTIAL. Enfin, ceux-là mêmes qui mènent à la mort ces jeunes filles et cet enfant de quinze ans, ne peuvent pas les croire coupables de conspirer. . . .

LABUSSIÈRE. Le petit de Maillé! . . . Il n'était coupable que d'avoir jeté un hareng pourri au nez du géolier qui l'apportait pour son repas! . . . Mais qu'importe, te dirait Herman ou Fouquier-Tinville! "Je ne juge pas: je condamne." Il ne s'agit pas de savoir si l'accusé est coupable ou non; mais s'il est suspect de regretter l'ancien régime, c'est assez pour qu'il meure. Nous ne voulons plus rien du passé, pas un regret, pas même un souvenir. Et voilà, dépouillée de ses déclamations hypocrites et mise à nue, toute la théorie du despotisme qui nous écrase. Un retour, a dit Camille Desmoulins, qui d'ailleurs est mort de l'avoir osé dire, . . . un retour aux beaux temps des Néron et des Caligula, où dix mille coquins font la loi à toute une ville intimidée; où la peur est assise à tous les foyers; où le mari se méfie de sa femme, le père de ses enfans; où les bandits n'ont plus à redouter la rigueur des lois, car il leur suffit d'être du comité de leur section pour forcer la porte sous prétexte de visite domiciliaire, te dépouiller à titre de confiscation et commettre chez toi tous les forfaits en s'en glorifiant comme de vertus civiques; où ta

vie est à la merci d'un valet fripon que tu chasses, d'un débiteur insolvable, d'une femme jalouse, d'un héritier impatient, d'un juge impitoyable, qui, de par l'atroce loi de Prairial, te condamne sans enquête, ni témoins, ni débats, ni défense ! Car tel est son bon plaisir ! où toujours et partout le mot "suspect" te guette, te harcèle, te menace, te dénonce ! Tu vas à Vincennes, sans passeport ? Tu caches donc qui tu es : "suspect !" Mais ne te hâte pas trop d'en demander un ! Car alors, "suspect," tu veux donc fuir ? Tu parles poliment, tes mains sont propres, ton linge est blanc ? "suspect !" Ta propreté sent trop son aristocrate ! Tu vas par les rues, silencieux et la tête basse, c'est donc que tu blâmes ? Triste, c'est donc que tu délores ? Gai, c'est donc que tu railles ? Inquiet, c'est donc que tu as quelque raison de craindre ? Prends garde que ta pâleur ne te dénonce ! Camille l'a dit après l'acote ! Tremble même d'avoir peur ! Suspects, le talent, le savoir, l'esprit : car tout cela est anti-égalitaire ! Suspects, la charité et la bienfaisance même, témoin, le fils Micanin, condamné, dit le jugement, "pour avoir corrompu le peuple par ses bienfaits !" Ne porte pas le deuil de ton père supplicié, affectation d'antivivisme : la mort ! N'oublie pas de porter une plaque de cheminée fleur-défilée, royalisme : la mort ! Ne porte pas comme Pierre Goudier dans un buffet des croutes de pain sec des mots comme *accaparement*, *Hébertisme* : la mort ! Ne témoigne pas comme Leprieux, Prédicant et Prédicant en faveur d'un accusé, *indulgence* et *modérantisme* : la mort ! la mort ! Toujours et partout : la mort ! et pour tous ! Excepté pour les accusés !

MARTIAL. Et tous Paris, subit, accepte des accusés ?

LABUSSIÈRE. Ah ! pauvre peuple ignorant et crédule, mais si dévoué à la République et si vaillant à la défendre ! Peuple héroïque qui accepte toutes les misères, s'impose tous les sacrifices pour défendre la Patrie menacée partout sur nos frontières ! On leur disait des condamnés du premier jour : "Des conspirateurs, des traîtres qui pactisent avec l'étranger, pour t'affamer et te remettre en servitude. Supprime-les ; l'abondance renaitra, et ce sera l'âge d'or." Il l'a cru. Et pendant des mois il a vu passer par charretées : Royalistes, Feuillants, Girondins, Hébertistes, Dantonistes, tous les partis, tous les âges, tous les rangs, tous les métiers, jetez pêle-mêle au même tombereau. Mais plus la moisson des têtes est copieuse, plus la misère est grande, et moins apparaît l'âge d'or. Il s'étonne, il s'irrite. . . . Et puis les premiers condamnés passaient hautains ou résignés ; leur silence même les supposait coupables. Mais voici qu'à la fin, les victimes semblent se lasser. Elles se débattent, attestent leur innocence, et crient grâce à la foule qui commence à s'émouvoir. Les commerçants de la rue Honoré se sont plaints qu'à l'heure où passait le funèbre cortège, le quartier se faisait désert, leurs boutiques étaient vides. . . . L'échafaud menaçait de devenir impopulaire. Subitement on l'a transporté à la place de la ci-devant Bastille ; puis, sur de nouvelles plaintes, à la barrière du Trône Renversé, aux confins de la ville, presque dans le champ. Les premières charrettes engagées dans le faubourg ont été accueillies par un silence morne, hostile, et depuis, sur leur passage, les fenêtres se ferment, les hommes s'éloignent, les femmes se cachent. Pense qu'en quarante-quatre jours, le faubourg a vu passer près de treize cents condamnés ! . . .

MARTIAL. Et dans cette ville indignée, il ne s'est pas encore trouvé dix hommes de cœur pour se ruer sur l'échafaud ! Pas un bon, pas un vrai républicain comme toi et moi, n'a protesté, pour sa cause que l'on déshonore ! et n'a crié à ce peuple abusé . . . ça, la République ; ça, la Révolution ; ça, la Liberté ! . . .

"The uproar was, as you may imagine, at its height, and the actor, as if piqued by the provoking manifestation, laid greater stress upon every word in those sentences which seem to have been prepared beforehand, as so many answers to the hisses of the rioters. And then he continues :

Mais c'est le contraire ! . . . Mais c'est tout ce que nous exécutons dans le passé ! . . . et que nous voulons impossible dans l'avenir ! C'est la St. Barthélemy, les Dragonades, l'Inquisition, l'auto-da-fé ! . . . par le fer au lieu du feu ! Non ! non ! ce n'est pas la République, c'est le despotisme ! c'est la tyrannie, et de toutes—la pire ! celle de la Canaille !

"At this last word, which the actor, staring the rioters full in the face, threw out at the top of his voice, they seemed to be seized with a fit of fury, and the first act ended amidst an indescribable tumult.

"With regard to the second act, nothing important took place ; I may except, however, a few attempts on the part of some people in the upper gallery, who were bent upon showing off their political feelings. It was, no doubt, a premeditated affair, and the general impression was that my enemies would resume their hostilities. In fact, the scandal soon broke out afresh.

"The third act was being acted. Jean Coquelin, who played the part of Lupin, Labussière's servant, was on the stage. He was coming from the meeting of the Convention, where a sitting was being held, and he related the downfall of Robespierre in a short and brisk scene, which you may also reproduce, if you choose to do so.

(SCENE OUT OF THERMIDOR, ACT III.)

LUPIN (*essoufflé, rapidement*). Oh ! ça chauffe ! ça chauffe !

MARTIAL. Oh !

LUPIN. Tallien a coupé la parole à St. Just et pris l'offensive ! On se démène, on crie ! C'est effrayant !

LABUSSIÈRE. Qui préside ?

LUPIN (*se versant à boire*). Thuriot.

LABUSSIÈRE (*anxieux*). Et la Montagne ?

LUPIN (*buvant à petits coups*). Oh ! elle va bien, la Montagne ! . . . Elle est lancée, la Montagne ! Elle a déjà crié : "A bas le tyran !"

LABUSSIÈRE. Bien ! Et la Plaine ?

LUPIN. Oh ! les crapauds du marais ! Impassibles !

LABUSSIÈRE. Les lâches ! . . . Et les Tribunes ?

LUPIN. Curieuses, les Tribunes ! Ahuries de voir attaquer si vivement leur idole ! Elles ne brouchent pas !

LABUSSIÈRE. Et l'idole ?

LUPIN. Oh ! lui ! Il vocifère, les traite de lâches, de brigands. Il est vert de gris, et avec ça enrôlé ! Fou de rare, trois fois il a tenté d'escalader la tribune, en criant de sa voix aigre : "Je demande la parole ! . . . Tu ne l'as pas !" hurla Thuriot, agitant sa sonnette. Et Tallien de redoubler ses coups ! Robespierre se démène, s'égosille sous le rumeurs croissantes, et toujours la sonnette va son train, couvrant ses cri de chacal éperdu !

"At these words, repeated hisses came from a stage-box. The stalls to a man rose up full of indignation and protest. Everybody tried to find out the authors of the disturbance. At that very moment, one of the latter came up to the front of his box, in the third gallery, and kept on hissing, as if defying the audience. And as if this was not sufficient, he threw a whistle and a handful

of coppers on the stage at the feet of Coquelin. He was expelled. The disorder was now at its height. The noise continued in the lobbies. The play was resumed. The audience, much excited and full of indignation, displayed in their turn their enthusiasm for the play by repeated applause. But two or three hisses were still heard in the theatre, and the performance ended amidst the greatest tumult.

"Up to that moment there was not anything very extraordinary to note. Some demagogues, feeling a desire to make a manifestation in honour of the crimes of the Terror, come forward to express their revolutionary opinions at the representation of a play branding these very crimes. The only remedy to this was for the police to be on the watch at the subsequent representations, in order to expel the disturbers at the first interruption. In this way order would not have been interfered with in the playhouse. The police have acted in this manner many a time. They had but to do the same thing now.

"But not a bit of it! The Government viewed this incident in the light of a very important affair. It was a matter merely within the province of the police: it called forth the immediate attention of the Home Secretary. Without giving the least warning, the latter interdicted the piece.

"The public naturally protested against this decision. The event was referred to at the Chamber of Deputies. After a passionate discussion, the Chamber approved of what the minister had done and adopted the order of the day by a majority of 307 to 184.

"And we have this wonderful example offered to us: a government of order intimidated by a handful of fomenters of disorder; a Republican ministry prohibiting the performance of a play which extols the virtues of the French Revolution and condemns the crimes committed in its name; the interdiction of a piece which ends with the cry of "*Vive la République!*" and the text of which had already been read and approved of, not only by the Censure, but by the Minister of Public Instruction!

"And this interdiction, laid upon us through the opposition of three or four Radicals, will actually last for about a year more, until the day when the Government, seeing that the author, conscious of his right and of the justice of his cause, is determined not to accept any compromise, shall be brought to declare publicly that the interdiction is final. I say that this is shameful, because the Government feels that, by interdicting a piece which was once authorised to be played, it not only cancels its own judgment, but it yields to an occult power—that of the Radicals, whom it despises, but to whom it makes concessions, whom it flatters, not feeling strong enough to do without them.

"Well, be it so! I have come to the result which I wanted. After the unexpected attitude of the Government refusing to secure

order in the play-room at the performance of *Thermidor* when it secures it for *Lehengrin*, and that not only inside the Opera House, but even in the street, I wanted the Government to give its opinion in a categorical manner. It has done so. I am glad of it, for the injustice of which I have been the victim is more apparent. The French public will judge of *Thermidor* later on. It cannot be acted on a stage belonging to the French Government! It shall be acted elsewhere, in Paris.

"But my disappointment is somewhat mitigated when I think that history will note this interesting fact, that during the great Revolution, Carnot the elder said one day to Robespierre, shaking him by his shirt collar, 'I know that I am in your way, and that you want my head! But you shall not have it, ruffian! I am not afraid of you!' and that it was forbidden, a hundred years after, under the presidency of the grandson of the same Carnot, to stigmatise the crimes of that very Robespierre,"

ANGE GALDEMAR.

EGYPT, 1882-1892.

THE progress that has been made in Egypt during the last seven years is one of the most remarkable events in modern times, and reads more like a transformation scene in a fairy tale than one of the hard realities of history. Ten years ago—in 1882—the condition of the country was almost desperate. Emerging from the shadow of these conditions by the help of France and England, it appeared on the verge of absolute bankruptcy. Discontent permeated the population, and a spirit of revolt was rampant in the midst of disturbances accompanied with cruelty and bloodshed within the most densely populated of its towns. The finest port and chief commercial city, Alexandria, had been burnt to the ground, and the European population that carried on its trade and commerce had fled or been given over to outrage and massacre. Trade and commerce were for a time completely paralysed. The Khedive Tewfik was a fugitive in his palace of Ras-el-tin, and the Government, such as it was, was in the hands of rebel soldiers. The opinion of Europe was shown at the time by its stock, which went down to 45.

Now, in 1892, all is changed. The finances of the country are in as sound condition as those of any of the States of Europe. On all sides are to be seen signs of prosperity and content. The army has been re-organized, and disloyalty in its ranks is unknown; trade and commerce are flourishing; vast reforms affecting the well-being of the whole population have been carried out; Alexandria has been rebuilt in so magnificent a style that its people begin to think that its needless burning was not an unmitigated evil; great material improvements with regard to irrigation have been made throughout the country; the new Khedive Abba has succeeded to his throne in as quiet a manner as would the heir of any old-established monarchy; and the opinion of Europe may be grasped by the fact that Egyptian stock is at par.

The cause or causes of this almost miraculous change are well worthy the consideration of Englishmen, especially at the present juncture. Whether Great Britain should have interfered in Egypt as she did in 1882 was a question upon which at the time there was much difference of opinion; but the interference having been made by the responsible rulers of the country, it is impossible for us now to escape from the natural consequences of our actions. With the majority of the French the opinion is fixed and apparently ineradicable that our presence in Egypt is due to a cool, premeditated policy. As a

matter of fact, we are there in spite of ourselves. No Government was more unwilling to intervene in foreign affairs in any way than that of Mr. Gladstone in 1882, and they would never have intervened at all had not events been too strong for them. With certain results of interference by Lord Beaconsfield's Government in foreign and colonial affairs before their eyes—the mistakes made in Zululand, the disasters in Afghanistan, the doubtful acquisition of Cyprus with its entangling engagements, the unprecedented deposition of Ismail Pasha—they came into power in 1880 with the sincere determination to interfere as little as possible in such matters. Their own talents, they conceived, were more adapted for home affairs, and had they been able to carry out their wishes they would have banished foreign and colonial policy to Saturn. It is a strange coincidence that, coming into office with such strong and, no doubt, sincere views of non-intervention, they actually, during their five years of office, intervened more than any Government the country has had for the last half-century. They were always intervening, and the disastrous consequences which generally attended their intervention may be attributed to this original disinclination to intervene—their intervention generally coming too late and being supported in a half-hearted manner.

It is a fact that should not be forgotten that the first three years of our intervention in Egypt did more harm than good to the country, and the harm would never have happened if the Government of the day had had the courage to act upon the advice and opinions of those who had experience in the country and knew the state of affairs. Had the most ordinary precautions been taken, Alexandria would never have been burnt down, and the probabilities are there would have been no Egyptian War, no Tel-el-Kebir, no massacre of Egyptian troops, and no loss of the Soudanese provinces. It is undoubted that three years after the British intervention Egypt was in a worse condition than before our intervention. Alexandria had been burnt, the armies of Hicks Pasha and Baker Pasha had been annihilated, the garrisons of Tokar, Singat, Senaar, Kassala, Berber and Dongola had been massacred. Lord Wolseley's expedition to Khartoum had failed, Gordon had been sacrificed, and the whole of the Soudanese provinces, with a population supposed to number 11,000,000 of souls, had been lost to Egypt. The Egyptians might well ask to be saved from their friends, for it is absolutely true that all these disasters came from preventable causes and might have been prevented, or at least enormously mitigated had it not been for the almost unaccountable and apparently infatuated conduct of the Government. To foreigners their conduct was unaccountable, but, no doubt, the causes were, first, their sincere disinclination to intervene at all, and then the divided state of opinion among their sup-

porters, some being for intervention, some against, and the result was an attempt to please both sides, ending in a policy of change, hesitancy, and uncertainty.

In one respect Mr. Gladstone's ministry showed its good sense. For the carrying out of its objects it selected excellent instruments. For extricating a country or a ministry from difficulties better men could not be found than those they selected—Lords Dufferin and Northbrook, General Gordon and Sir Evelyn Baring; and the question why the first three failed and the last has succeeded is well worthy the attention of statesmen. The ability of all for the work they were called upon to do is admitted, and the cause of failure of Lord Dufferin, Lord Northbrook, and General Gordon was that their hands were tied by the ministers at home and they received no support for the courses they wished or attempted to pursue. Lord Dufferin was asked to perform an impossible task—to draw up a workable constitution for a people who did not know what a constitution was. Lord Northbrook, a man of great administrative ability, with all the experience acquired as a Governor-General of India, and with the rank of a Cabinet Minister, was sent as a Special High Commissioner to inquire into the causes of Egypt's woes, and to suggest remedies. What evils he did find out, what ameliorative measures he suggested, are absolutely unknown to the public, who paid the bill for the mission. The mission ended in a machine. His report would, no doubt, be admirable and statesmanlike, but apparently it did not suit the party crotchets of the Ministry, for it never saw the light; no copy of it is, I believe, to be found in the Foreign Office, and, if report be true, it was committed to the flames. As for General Gordon, his treatment by the Government of the day was treacherous and cruel in the extreme. Called upon at a moment's notice to give up a good and useful appointment under the King of the Belgians, for the double purpose of saving the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan from annihilation and of extricating the Government of the day from the difficulties their vacillating policy had produced, he, of all men, should have been trusted and allowed to act on his own responsibility. His gallantry and military ability were known to all; but the special reason for his employment was his knowledge of the Soudan country and its inhabitants. His expedition from the first was considered by many to be a forlorn hope, and on all sides it was admitted that he carried his life in his hand. If ever the leader of an expedition should have had a free hand it was General Gordon, and yet, apparently for party considerations, his hands were from the first tied, and his requests neglected or refused. His requests for money, for Indian troops, for Turkish soldiers, and for English officers were all declined. The most flagrant refusal of all was that of Zebehr Pasha. People knowing the character of Soudanese chieftains might have their doubts as to Gordon's

wisdom in asking for the co-operation of Zebehr Pasha. He had unwittingly been the cause of the cruel murder of Zebehr's young son—a boy of eighteen years of age—and some thought that if opportunity offered Zebehr might take his revenge. This, however, was Gordon's own affair. He wanted him. Nubar Pasha, then Prime Minister at Cairo, and Sir Evelyn Baring both approved, and, in the first instance, the Government did the same. When, however, Lord Randolph Churchill, then in the responsible position of the leader of the Fourth Party, expressed himself as shocked at one who had owned slaves being employed by Gordon, the ministers were frightened, and actually refused to let Gordon have his way. Well might he in despair use words against the Government that employed him which, I should think, were never used before by any agent in his position without being at once recalled—saying that “he left to them the indecent pleasure of abandoning the garrisons of Senaar, Kassala, Berber, and Khartoum.” Great as were his talents for the purpose for which he was employed, it is no wonder that he failed when his advice was neglected and his views scouted by the ministers who dispatched him on his dangerous errand.

The case of Sir Evelyn Baring differs from that of Lords Dufferin and Northbrook and of General Gordon in this most important respect—he has had the opportunity of serving under Lord Salisbury, as well as under Mr. Gladstone, and so of showing what stuff he himself, when unfettered, was made of. Facts have proved that he is a man of great ability, a born administrator, with all the financial talents that have distinguished so many that bear his name, with a will as strong as that of the great Elchi Stratford Canning, and with an unbounded capacity for work. Like all great administrators, he has the faculty of inspiring those who work under him with confidence and a love of their work, and already he has trained up a small band of Eastern administrators, who must have a good future before them. The abilities of one of his ablest lieutenants, Mr. Gerald Portal, have been recognised by Lord Salisbury by appointing him, at the early age of thirty-two, Consul-General at Zanzibar. Mr. John Gorst, son of the present Secretary of the Treasury, though now serving in the offices of the Egyptian Ministry of Finance, is considered by those capable of forming opinions as one of his aptest pupils, with a knowledge of Eastern affairs and a tact in dealing with them which must be useful to an empire like ours. Sir Edgar Vincent though nominally financial adviser to the Egyptian Government, would be the first to acknowledge that his financial successes have been due to the training and the inspiration he received from Sir Evelyn. There is no reason for supposing that Sir Evelyn Baring's brain power has been different between 1885 and 1892 to what it was between 1883 and 1885, or that his

administrative faculties underwent a process of regeneration on the accession to office of Lord Salisbury in July of 1885. Yet the fact remains that up to 1885 his administration was a failure, and that since then it has been one of the most brilliant successes of the century. He was appointed in 1883 by Mr. Gladstone, and under his regime up to July, 1885, there occurred the massacre of Hicks Pasha's army, the defeat of Baker Pasha's troops, the useless expeditions to Suakim, the slaughter of the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan, the reckless abandonment of the Soudanese provinces, the curtailment of Egyptian territory by throwing back the frontier to Wady Halfa, the failure of Lord Wolseley's expedition, and the eventual sacrifice of Gordon—catastrophes enough, one would think, to damn and damn the most courageous of administrators. At the time blame was freely attributed to Sir Evelyn for many of these disasters, but subsequent events plainly prove that those were responsible who had tied his hands as they had tied those of Dufferin, Northbrook, and Gordon. Lord Salisbury came into power in July, 1885, and under Mr. Gladstone's ministry, from February to July, 1886, Lord Rosebery was at the Foreign Office. Of him it may be said with certainty that, in his short administration of foreign affairs, and especially of Egypt, he followed in the footsteps of Lord Salisbury, and not those of Lord Granville or Mr. Gladstone. The difference to Sir Evelyn Baring has been this. He has had a far freer hand, with far larger personal responsibility, with the certain knowledge that he would be loyally supported at home, and that his measures would not be made subservient to party purposes. This has given free scope to his ability, and the results show how much more advantageous it is to leave such ability unfettered than to cabin, and confine it by crude directions from a country more than two thousand miles distant.

The successes of Sir Evelyn Baring's administration, or to speak with more technical correctness, the Egyptian administration under the gentle guidance and supervision of Sir Evelyn, speak for themselves.

In 1882, the year of Mr. Gladstone's intervention, the finances of Egypt were such that, taken in consideration with the state of the country, Egyptian stock had sunk in the market to 45, and the deficit for the year was £632,368. In 1883 the deficit on the year was £709,397, and in 1884, £665,444. In 1885 there was a small surplus of £3,979, caused by the cutting down of expenditure by nearly one million, the revenue itself being less than in 1883 and 1884 by between £250,000 and £300,000. In 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889, though the expenditure increased to more than it was in 1884, the surpluses continued till they reached £653,939 in 1890, and £1,100,000 in 1891.

This result has not been produced by an increase of taxation or by an undue lowering of expenditure. On the contrary, though extravagance in various departments has been cut down, there has been a large increase in the expenditure of money upon useful objects, such as education, the improvement of the prisons, and the furtherance of public works, and with it there has been a large remission of taxation. The present healthy state of Egyptian finance has been brought about by a due attention to proper economy, by reforms in the distribution and collection of the taxes, and especially by attention to productive public works.

Irrigation is the one thing needful to make Egypt a productive and flourishing country, and to the improvement in the irrigation works, which were completed in 1891, is due more than to any other single cause its present prosperous condition. Sir Evelyn Baring foresaw the necessity of these works in 1884, and chiefly upon his recommendation the Powers at the London Conference of that year agreed to the sum of £1,000,000 being added to the debt of Egypt for this purpose. At the time doubts were expressed as to the advisability of adding to the debt of so deeply indebted a country, but the result has more than justified the course then pursued.

Altogether a sum of £1,800,000 has been expended since the year 1885 in repairing the "barrage," originally projected by an eminent French engineer, the construction of the Tewfikieh Canal, and other works connected with irrigation and drainage in both Lower and Upper Egypt. The object has been to afford means of water transit independent of the state of the Nile, and to bring water, so to say, to the doors of the fellaheen for them to use for agricultural purposes. In his last report Sir Evelyn Baring says "that he has no hesitation in saying that the expenditure of this £1,800,000 on irrigation and drainage has contributed probably more than any one cause to the comparative prosperity that the country now enjoys." The increase in the cotton crops alone justifies his statement. During the eleven years from 1879-80 to 1889-90 the average yield of the cotton crop annually was 2,900,000 cantars. In 1890-91, when the country had partially reaped the benefits of the repaired "barrage," the crop sprang up to 4,159,000 cantars, and the yield for the year 1891-92 is calculated at not less than 4,500,000 cantars. This shows that since the repair of the "barrage" and the improvement of irrigation works, the crop is 1,600,000 in excess of what it was in the eleven years previous. In money, at even the present low price of cotton, this is an annual gain of £3,000,000.

One of the results of this improvement in the finances of Egypt and its increased productiveness, caused by the repairs to the "barrage" and the drainage works, is a development of its trade, and it is estimated that, were prices the same now as they were in 1881,

the increase in the value of exports and imports would be nearly £7,000,000, and of this trade Great Britain enjoys by far the largest share.

There is one feature which requires special notice with regard to this general improvement. Ten years ago wise prophets would tell you that there were three things that were impossible in Egypt—1st, to make it solvent; 2nd, to collect the taxes without the free use of the kourbash; 3rd, to execute public works without that forced and cruel labour which went under the name of the corvée. Now, not only is Egypt solvent, but the use of the kourbash and the corvée have both been abolished. The taxes are now more easily collected than they ever were in the days when the kourbash was systematically applied to the feet of the wretched fellaheen, and more public works have been executed by labourers who are paid a fair day's wage, and are voluntary workers, than ever were in the same time under the remorseless system of corvée. In addition, slavery has been practically abolished; by law slavery is abolished, but there are still many domestic slaves who prefer their present condition to that of free servants. In fact, they rather look down upon the latter with contempt, as holding an inferior status in their master's household. Free servants can be turned away at will, whereas the domestic slave looks upon himself as attached to the domain, and has the right to remain there, and to be kept and fed, till he dies. Whatever so-called slavery exists is voluntary, and not by law compulsory.

Very many improvements, that space will not permit me to notice here, have been made in the last seven years, with regard to the railways, the telegraphs, the post-office, the army, the police, and especially in the criminal courts and in the administration of justice. It is no exaggeration to say that, at no period of their known history have the Egyptian people enjoyed anything like the advantages which they now do at the present time. Their national prosperity has been greatly increased, and they now enjoy rights and privileges to which they have been strangers for thousands of years. These advantages are directly due to the controlling influence of this country, and so far from these advantages conferred upon them being a burden to them, our population has gained directly by increased commercial trade.

The serious question for responsible people in this country to consider themselves is, Whether this beneficial improvement is to continue, or whether it is to be checked and probably entirely destroyed.

One thing is certain, that unless there is some European control, all the advantages that have been gained during the last seven years will vanish. Were Egypt left to itself, if that be possible, or if it again to pass under the control of Turkish pashas, the kourbash and the corvée would be quickly revived, and though slavery might not be legalised, it would be encouraged and increase without limit.

change in the law. Finance would again be neglected, and the taxes be imposed upon the old system of making the poorest pay most and saving the rich. Justice would again become a commodity to be purchased by the rich, and quite out of the reach of those who most require it. In fact, after seven years of prosperity and good government, it is probable that were European control withdrawn, there would be such a rebound that the last state of the country would be worse than the first. Even the great works that have been completed would almost certainly be neglected, and by carelessness and inattention would in time go to ruin. The "barrage" itself would in time be destroyed. It does not rest on firm rock or on gravel foundations, but simply on the alluvial deposit of the Delta. It is the opinion of experts, and especially of Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, to whose skill and engineering talents the repair and completion of these works is mainly due, that the great works are safe on only one condition, viz., that they are constantly watched. Speaking of their construction and their present condition, he tells us that "while the barrage may be pronounced a sound reliable work so long as it is carefully watched, and repairs always effected as they are required, it would be madness to cease this careful surveillance." Sir Evelyn Baring, who has watched the repairs anxiously from the beginning, adds that: "much as he wishes to see natives of Egypt employed in the service of Government to the utmost extent possible, he is most decidedly of opinion that it is essential, in the interests of the whole population, that for many years to come the barrage should be placed under the charge of highly-qualified European engineers."

Not merely have the works as they stand added enormously to the material prosperity of the country, which would be injuriously affected by any neglect of maintenance, but they are capable of almost unlimited expansion. One of the gravest and most disastrous blunders of Mr. Gladstone's Government was their disclaiming responsibility for the Soudan provinces in 1883. Had they then owned the responsibility which their own actions of the year before had been laid upon them, and taken in hand boldly the pacification or restoration to order of that country, there can be no doubt that their efforts would have been successful. It is quite true like many of the Egyptian and Turkish governors of provinces and districts in the Soudan abused the powers entrusted to them, more ground down the people under them, and, with greedy rapacity, appropriated to themselves the goods and money they had withought to. It is not surprising that many of those whom Mr. Gladstone described as "men struggling to be free," and to fight for freedom, he immediately afterwards sent British troops, should have been loaded into insurrection. But the rule of even the Egyptian Government was preferable to anarchy, and under British guidance this

rule would soon have been converted into a real and lasting blessing for all the inhabitants of the Soudanese provinces. The results of the anarchy of the last ten years, for which Mr. Gladstone's Government are chiefly responsible, are too horrible to contemplate. The population in 1882 was considered to be by those best informed on the subject about eleven millions. Father Ohrwalder, who has recently escaped from Khartoum and made his way to Cairo, is of opinion that three-fifths of this population of the Soudan have been destroyed during the last ten years by war, famine, and disease. The rule of the Mahdist dervishes is cruel in the extreme; there is great discontent, and we are told that the whole population of the Soudan, with the exception, perhaps, of the race that supply the soldiers for the Mahdi's army, "would welcome the re-establishment of Egyptian rule."

When Lord Granville disclaimed responsibility of the Soudan in 1883, and adopted the easy policy of letting things take their course, all the consequences of his action were foretold by those acquainted with the country. Nobody understood the circumstances of the country better than Sir Samuel Baker, and again and again in the columns of the *Times* he raised his voice against England's fatuous neglect, and foretold the dire consequences which have since actually come to pass. The advocates of *laissez faire* then were certain that the Soudan ought never to have belonged to Egypt, and that when once it was separated it would never again be annexed. I am not quite sure that Sir Evelyn Baring himself did not to some extent share their views. If he did, he has altered them now. He tells us in his last report that the "Soudan, so far, at least, as Khartoum, ought to be, and he trusts will be eventually, re-occupied by Egyptian troops," and adds that, "should that event ever take place, a certain very limited amount of European guidance and assistance will be indispensable in order to avoid a recurrence to the abuses of the past."

Everybody will agree with Sir Evelyn that now is not the time to attempt a re-conquest or a re-occupation. It is one thing to have kept it in 1883, and another thing to try and retake it in 1892. But it is possible that civilising influences may spread there without recourse to the sword, and that the different provinces may gradually come under the influence of Egyptian and European control. The continuation of the "barrage" up the Nile would go a long way towards effecting this. Were the Nile navigable to Khartoum, independent of the obstructions of the cataracts, and were the waters stored at various points for the purposes of irrigation, not only hundreds of thousands of feddans of land be made fertile, but the whole of the provinces would be brought within the reach of Egyptian influences. Many schemes for the extension of the "barrage" are

under consideration, and their eventual success depends entirely upon whether or not Egypt remains under European control.

If European control is necessary, as no one acquainted with the East can doubt, for retaining the advantages Egypt has already in recent years acquired, and for still further developing the vast resources of the country and the adjacent provinces, the only remaining question is what European control is the best. Joint control has already been tried and it has not proved a success. One of the evils that retard progress in Egypt now is the liability she is under in various matters to the interference of the various Powers. The retention of the capitulations and the voice the various Powers have in the expenditure of certain of her funds are distinct and acknowledged disadvantages. The dual control of France and England honestly and with good faith on the part of both countries commenced under the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, succeeded during fine weather but collapsed on the first approach of a storm. If there is to be any effective and beneficial European control it must be that of one European nation, and the only nations that could exercise that control are either France or England. Considering the events of the last ten years, it seems absolutely impossible that France could take the place that England now holds. The material interests of this country in Egypt have always been far greater than those of France. Our trade with it is infinitely larger, and for every French vessel that passes through the Canal there are fifteen British. Considering our position in India it is simply impossible that we could quietly allow Egypt to pass under French control. Experts may differ as to whether the Canal or the Cape would be the best route to India in time of war, but the safe course is to secure as far as possible that both should be open to us. In 1882, when danger was at hand, France voluntarily withdrew from the dual control. She practically renounced her responsibilities under that arrangement and by her action compelled us alone to pull the chest-ribs out of the fire. During that time she had only one thing to deplore—the speeches of Mr. Gladstone. He was then the responsible minister of this country, and while his actions were facilitating a prolonged stay of British troops in Egypt he was constantly declaring that their stay was only temporary and implying that it would be for a very short period. No one would attribute to Mr. Gladstone insincerity in the mischievous declarations that he was then in the habit of making. He, no doubt, implicitly believed them. They only show that he was entirely ignorant of the country but of the people with whom he was interfering, and that when he marched into interference, he had never considered what the permanent consequences of such interference, from the very nature of the case, must necessarily be. His declarations have undoubtedly

rendered the position of Great Britain far more difficult than it otherwise would have been, and are the main cause of the irritation felt by many of the French. Lord Salisbury, recognising the obligations such declarations imposed upon this country, did his best to redeem them by proposing what is known as the Drummond-Wolff Convention. All candid Frenchmen now admit that it was as foolish for them not to accept this Convention—as an arrangement entirely redeeming the foolish promises made by Mr. Gladstone—as it was for them in 1882 to have withdrawn their ships from the harbour of Alexandria. Every fair-minded person must admit that the French as a nation have nothing whatever to complain of in Lord Salisbury's policy of the last seven years. It is impossible to formulate any charge against it, and the chances are that we should hear no complaints of it from the other side of the Channel were it not that our astute neighbours are calculating upon a possible change of Government.

The declarations made with regard to Egypt by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley at Newcastle will probably have no real effect upon the policy of this country with regard to Egypt; but in Egypt itself and in France, and perhaps in other European countries, they have already had a disturbing effect little thought of by their authors. In Egypt they have done much mischief. With all her present prosperity there is one thing that that country stands greatly in need of, viz., capital; up to now British investors have been very slow in sinking their capital in Egypt, and the sole reason that prevents them doing so is the uncertainty of the continuance of British control there. Were it absolutely certain that the Egyptian policy of this country would be continuous—the same under a Radical Government as it has been under the Unionist one—there can be no doubt that British capital would flow rapidly to that country to the mutual advantage of both nations. The one weak plank in the Egyptian platform is the element of doubt, the uncertainty as to the continuance of British control. That it will continue is almost a certainty. Even if the Radical party were to come in, events would be strong for them again, as they were in 1882, and the Newcastle declarations, like many others similar, would have to be explained away. Lord Rosebery would probably be Foreign Secretary, he is certain to continue the policy he adopted for six months in 1886. After Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery probably understands the bearings of foreign policy better than any other statesman belonging to any of the political parties, and were he left to himself the interests of the Empire would be safe. The question is, will he be left to himself? The Radical party of the present day consists of a variety of sections—some with Imperial instincts, like the writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the more moderate members of the

the party; others, with self-denying views, like Mr. Morley and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who apparently do not think that any possession we have is worth fighting for; others, like the Irish members, who would always side with the enemies of Great Britain, and others, with wondrous convictions on non-intervention, universal arbitration, and peace at any price—and the probabilities are that Lord Rosebery would be hampered, as Lord Granville was, and that the difficulties inherent in the management of foreign affairs would be enormously enhanced by the divergence of the views of his Radical supporters.

Not only have the Newcastle declarations of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley had an injurious effect in Egypt, but they have already raised false hopes both in Turkey and France. Politics, like poverty, makes strange bedfellows, and were the issue not so grave it would be amusing to think of Turkish pashas gloating over the prospect of their old "bag-and-baggage" foe, Mr. Gladstone, coming again into power. That they expect some personal gain from the event, if it happens, is certain. They do not anticipate this happy result from any affection that the late Prime Minister may have towards them, but they think, not without reason, that in the general hurly-burly which his return to power would inevitably produce, they may gain some of their lost authority, and that there may be some chance of the return of the good old times of kourbash and corvée. The French were so elated with the speeches referred to that they wished to fête the heroes of them, and actually invited the statesman who had made promises which it was impossible to fulfil to a public banquet. Had the invitation been accepted, it would have been interesting to see whether a French audience would have been as satisfied with the explaining away of the obvious meaning of words as are certain constituencies of Great Britain and Ireland.

France and Turkey are the only Powers that in any way are jealous of British intervention in Egypt. The other Powers of Europe are content that matters should remain as they are. That they should prefer British control to French is only natural. Had France intervened instead of Great Britain she would probably have been as she has in Tunis and in other places within the sphere of her influence, her protective system favouring French producers, and placing those of other countries at a disadvantage. Now, so long as Egypt is under British control, every Power has exactly the same rights and facilities for trading and manufacturing as we have ourselves. Had the French gained Tel-el-Kebir there can be but little doubt that short work would have been made with the capitulations towards. England, on the contrary, in every possible way, has altered the wishes of the various Powers, and sought their co-

operation, and amongst the chief gainers have been thousands of French peasants who had invested their savings in Egyptian securities.

All parties in England are desirous of being on the best possible terms with France. She is our nearest neighbour, and we have far more in common with her, in sentiment and interests, than we have with any other nation of Europe. It should be our aim to maintain the most cordial relations with her. That they feel a certain amount of soreness at our presence in Egypt is unquestionably true. To a great extent they are angry with themselves for the two fatal mistakes their political leaders made in ordering their fleet to run away in 1882, and in rejecting the Drummond-Wolff Convention. Great as were the mistakes made by Mr. Gladstone's Government in that year, the one mistake of the French Government was greater. What, however, now sustain and increase the irritation and annoyance are the false hopes raised by such speeches as those made by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley at Newcastle.

If by any untoward chance, and by the folly of the electors in not knowing upon what the true interests of the nation depend, the Radical Party were to be returned to power at the General Election, one of the first things France would require would be the fulfilment of the expectations raised by Radical oratory. This could not be complied with without the upsetting of all the great work that has been done during the last seven years, and that section of the Radical Party which has the same Imperial instincts as the members of the Unionist Party would not permit it; the only result would be increased irritation on the part of France, and the embittering of the relations between the two countries.

As for Egypt, it would be the height of cruelty to arrest in any way the beneficial treatment she is now undergoing. The last seven years of good government have improved and benefited her condition far beyond the anticipations of even those who have the strongest faith in the effects of good government. Another seven years of similar government will vastly increase and place on a firm basis those improvements, and Europe and Great Britain, as well as Egypt, will reap the benefit. Should this bright future be marred by the accession of the Radical Party to power, a serious responsibility will rest with the electorate of Great Britain and Ireland.

W. T. MARRIOTT

POETRY AND LORD LYTTON

WHATEVER place may be ascribed to the poetry of the late Lord Lytton, his life as a poet is one of singular interest. It may well be described as the romance of literary devotion; and of all modern poets he is the one whose career and character are most fruitful of suggestion to those interested in poetry. They set us thinking anew of what poetry is; and not only of what poetry is, but what all literature is; how poetry differs from prose; how both are related to life, and what personal circumstances are most calculated to produce excellence in either. Lord Lytton's career and character suggest to us all these questions. They force us to think of literature before they force us to think of *his* literature, and before we judge him to reconsider our standard.

Let us begin then with the question so often, and as a rule so superficially debated—what is poetry as contradistinguished from prose? Coleridge answered the question in a way well worth quoting. He said that ideal prose was “the right words in the right place,” but that ideal poetry was “the best words in the best place.” I call this criticism worth quoting, not because it is true, but because it is typical. It is typical of the manner in which critics have generally approached the subject. They have approached it from the outside. They have treated it as being primarily a question of form; or at all events it has been through an examination of differences in form that they have sought to discover and classify the difference in substance. And form no doubt has a great deal to do with the matter. Verse, and the diction proper to verse, is no mere accident of poetry. There is between the two some natural and organic connection; and in many cases they are practically so inseparable, that the way to Lord Lytton's understanding of the latter seems obviously to be an analysis of the former.

The principles, however, which are arrived at by this method we always landed critics in doubts, difficulties, and contradictions. They have led to endless controversies over various writers of verse as to whether they are or whether they are not poets—the case of Pope for instance—and whatever conclusions a critic may draw from any one case, he is embarrassed by finding that he cannot apply the same in the same way to another. Lord Lytton's poems, by their merits as well as by their merits, especially when taken in connection with the life of their author, prompt us to seek for some definition of poetry other than any that can be arrived at by the method indicated. They prompt us to begin our enquiries not from

without, but from within; and before troubling our heads about the poetic form of expression, to enquire what this form, so different from ordinary speech, and seemingly so artificial, has been employed instinctively by men in all ages to express. Ordinary speech, or what, when written, we call prose, is capable of expressing, to a certain extent, man's thoughts or feelings with regard to every subject, from love or prayer to the properties of a rhomboid or a triangle. The first and most obvious difference between the language of prose and that of poetry is, that whilst the former is suitable to every subject, the latter is suitable to some only and not to others. It is not suitable, for instance (unless it be used in jest), to a mathematical demonstration, or a treatise on the Greek particle. Of such subjects it is needless to attempt a list, but it is easy to group them under one common definition. They are all of them subjects that lie beyond the sphere of emotion. If, however, we put these subjects aside, the domain of poetry is, so far as subjects are concerned, coextensive with that of prose; and it will be seen that men have recourse to this exceptional form of language, not in order that they may deal with exceptional subjects, but with ordinary subjects regarded in an exceptional way. The language of prose, then, and the language of poetry, defined in terms of their uses, differ from each other thus:—Prose is the language men use when expressing themselves without emotion, or with emotion which is slight or intermittent; poetry is the language they use under emotion which is exceptional and sustained. Poetry, in short, is in its essence this: it is the successful representation of life, as regarded with sustained emotion.

The more we consider this definition, the more complete and universal shall we see its application to be, and certain objections which will no doubt at once suggest themselves will really be found to illustrate and prove its soundness. The objections I refer to are these: it may be said with perfect truth, and with considerable force, that in any long poem there are sure to be many parts in which no more emotion is discernible than might easily be expressed in prose; and with far more force, and with equal truth it may be said that there are certain parts of many prose compositions—novels, for instance—in which life is exhibited to us through the medium of an emotion as intense as any that is discoverable in poetry. This does not, however, show that the line between prose and poetry is not to be drawn in the way I have just drawn it. It shows that what is a very different thing—that distinct in themselves, though the two are, yet they are in practice constantly mixed together, and if we estimate various passages separately, great prose works often comprise parts which are essentially poetry, and great poems often

which are essentially prose. The above objections will show us something else also. In addition to showing that both these forms of expression are to be constantly found used in the same works, none the less distinguishable because closely united, they will show us that in many works, whether calling themselves prose or poetry, there are many parts which, if we take them separately, we can, according to the above definition, call neither the one nor the other. But this does nothing to prove the definition wrong. It only reminds us of what all critics should remember, and the most important thing that most critics forget—that with regard to literature, just as with regard to character, the truest definitions are not necessarily the sharpest. Literary expression is various, because literature represents the human character, and human characters differ. But however different they are, however violently contrasted, they are yet compounded of precisely the same elements, the difference being due to the proportions in which these are mixed. The saint's nature has germs of cruelty; the ruffian's, germs of kindness. To the saint and the ruffian it is easy to give their distinctive names; but there are intermediate grades of character to which neither name will apply. Between different types of men, and between their different moods, faculties, and dispositions, the differences, however great, are never sharp. They melt into each other as night melts into day or cold into heat; and when we define them, the limits which we draw in words can never rightly be sharper than the limits which exist in fact. Now there is nothing to which these remarks apply more obviously than they do to emotion; and I have said that poetry essentially differs from prose, on account of the emotion with regard to the subjects treated of, which is expressed by the one and not expressed by the other. If, however, we examine the characters of actual men and women, we shall find that emotion is completely wanting in none. The most prosaic of them, in contemplating human life, never do so with continued and complete apathy. The least obstacle constantly affects them to some slight degree, and sometimes, even if rarely, it is sure to affect them deeply. And again, on the other hand, those whose nature are most emotional find in it what does not affect them at all. Their critical faculties may be excited, but their emotions are untouched. In fact, if we use the term without reference to literary expression, poetry, just like fiction, enters into the composition of every one. We call some characters poetical, and some natures not poetical; but the difference between them is one of degree only. It is not that the prosaic man has no poetry in him, or the poetic man no prose. It is merely a matter of which element predominates; and in many cases it is difficult to tell which.

Now this, which is true of men, is equally true of literature. Though there is much prose and a certain amount of poetry as to the classification of which no doubt exists, yet there is no sharp line that can be drawn either in word or thought between prose and poetry generally. And this is true in two senses. In the first place, if we except the shortest lyrics and epigrams, there is no poem, however sublime its character, which does not contain an admixture of prosaic passages. These are, in fact, essential to it, as an alloy may be to a metal in order to render its temper fit for artistic uses. And so in the same way most great imaginative prose works are found to contain an admixture of passages that are essentially poetic. In the second place, as I have observed already, there is a great deal of writing which can be classified under neither heading, but which, though too often it has the virtues of neither, yet often unites some of the subtlest qualities of both.

It will thus be seen that the question, "What is and what is not poetry?" has two distinct meanings, according as it is applied to individual passages or to works taken as a whole. When applied to works taken as a whole, the answer will have reference to the tone or view which in each case preponderates; and a poem may be a true poem in spite of many most prosaic passages, if the general effect is emotional. It may, indeed, be all the more poetic because of them; for prose may be used by a poet as painters use shadow, or musicians use pauses, with the deliberate and artistic aim of heightening the poetry of the whole; and thus passages which if taken by themselves are prose, become poetry when taken in connection with the poetic result to which they contribute. And now let us consider the question as applied to individual passages. We need not discuss those that lie on the borderland, but the point which here it concerns us to observe is this—that many passages which seem to lie on the borderland do not, but that, on the contrary, their quality is quite distinct, and is only hidden by a disguise of the thinnest and most accidental kind. This disguise is simply the absence or the presence of some recognised metre. Few people will deny that in the greatest of long poems, especially if it happens to be written in blank verse, there are sure to be many passages which, if found in a prose work, would never be recognised as poetry, but would read like awkward prose. But occurring as they do in a poem, their artificial form is justified; and it is easy to see why. The larger part of the poem must necessarily be expressed in verse; and the style of the lesser part must, for the sake of accommodation itself to that of the larger. The reasons for this are deeper than those of taste. The continuity of style does not so much satisfy the ear of the reader, but it tends to keep his mind in a certain state. The employment of metre in passages which are

selves prosaic, is a reminder to him of the emotions which were appealed to lately, and a promise that they will be appealed to again. Similarly, when passages of poetry occur in prose works, the form of prose is retained for the sake of the same continuity. The emotions of the reader are raised to the poetic level; but he is not suffered to forget that this is for a moment only; and his mind, in spite of its elevation, is kept in such a state that it can willingly and naturally descend again to the lower levels of prose.

Let us take the following instances—almost the first that occur to me:

“The great Architect did wisely to conceal and not divulge his secrets, to be scanned by those who ought rather admire. Or, if they list to try conjecture, He his fabric of the heavens hath left to their dispute, perhaps to move his laughter at their quaint opinions wide, hereafter; when they come to model heaven and calculate the stars, how they will wield the mighty frame—how build, unbuild, contrive to save appearances.”

With this let us compare the following:—

“What hast thou to do, my little one, with arrows tired of clustering in the quiver? How much quieter is thy pallet than the tents that whitened the plain of Simois? . . . There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodopè, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.”

Now as to the first of these passages, if taken by itself, who could say that it was not absolute prose? Who could say of the second, that it was not the purest, the most perfect poetry? And yet the first comes from *Paradise Lost*, the second from one of Landon's prose dialogues. There is however this to be observed about them. In the passage from Milton I have printed without division of lines; and it will be seen that by the aid of some inversions, and certain awkward and obscure constructions, the writer has arranged his words so as to enable them to be read metrically; he has contorted them, in fact, into blank verse; and by this means he has connected them, not only in their form but in their spirit, with the loftiest passages in this poem. Their forced metrical arrangement produces a certain music which, poor as it is, comes to the reader's ear like the echo and prolongation of the music of those loftier passages; and the warmth of emotion proper to these last, though cooled, is not lost, and can be at once excited again; and thoughts and facts which in themselves are prosaic, become poetic by being thus interwoven with poetry. Conversely, in Landon's dialogue, the poetry I have quoted from it has certain of the qualities of prose in which it is embedded. It does not lose anything of its

imaginative force or beauty, but it draws into its veins the sap of fact and of reality. Milton raises his prose into the clouds of poetry. Landon shows us flowers of poetry blossoming out of the fields of prose. Farther, whilst Milton's lines show us that, if taken apart from their context, the metre of the greatest master will not turn prose into poetry, Landon's lines show us that poetry of the most perfect kind can very well exist without any metre at all. Rhythm indeed it will require always; but metre is rhythm uniformly recurring; and we see from Landon's language that the subtlest and most effective rhythm may be not only independent of metre, but may actually be dependent on its absence.

In form and substance alike, then, prose and poetry are so related, that there is hardly a poem, or an imaginative prose work, which is not composed of both of them, and does not indeed require both of them. If we consider these elements separately, we shall judge each on its own merits; if we consider them combined with their context, we shall judge of each according to the general effect which it subserves. Prosaic passages will be poetry when they help to build up a poem; and the finest bursts of poetry, when parts of a prose work, will be prose for this reason, that the emotion expressed in them, to whatever height it rises, is, as it were, tethered to the levels which prose inhabits.

And now let us go back to the definition with which I started, that poetry is the successful expression of life regarded with sustained emotion. If we apply the definition to entire works, we shall mean works in which the emotion is so far sustained as to be dominant, and give its quality to the whole. If we apply it to individual passages, we shall mean passages expressing emotion which is of a certain degree of intensity; but the point at which prose ends and poetry begins cannot be stated definitely, because ordinary emotion rises to the poetic level, not by any sudden leap but by many gradual stages.

But in spite of the debatable land which thus exists, there is a zone of undoubted prose, and a zone of undoubted poetry, between which our definition of the latter accurately indicates the difference. That this is so will, I think, be clear presently. We have thus far been considering poetry with reference to the thing expressed. Let us now give our attention more particularly to the expression. Putting aside the exceptional and doubtful cases I have just mentioned, we may say that, as a rule, emotion, when it rises to a certain pitch, expresses itself naturally in verse, and only when the limitations when expressed in connection with matters which are not treated in the spirit proper to prose. The question of the fact is not concerned to enquire. It is a fact that verse is above observation to no age or race. Verse is a natural expression of the human mind as a poet.

a cry is a natural expression of pain. According to this, poetry is perfectly natural and spontaneous, though there might be poetry that was not formally verse, yet all formal verse would be poetry. It would be the product of an emotion that could not be expressed otherwise. And thus, from our definition of poetry in terms of its substance, we are brought to a definition of it in terms of its form, which, though inapplicable (as I again must observe) to certain cases, is infallibly applicable to it in the form in which it usually appears. Poetry is all verse the meaning and the effect of which could not be given as well or given better by prose.

Goethe proposed a test which at first sight seems to contradict this. He said that to turn a poem into prose was the best way of seeing its true value. But what seems a contradiction of what I have said, forms really an explanation of it. Goethe was talking of the greatness of poetry; I am talking of its genuineness. Many of the differences of opinion with regard to the present subject, are due to confusion of thought between these two things. The word "poetry" is continually used by critics to denote nothing but great poetry, or poetry, at all events, rising above a certain standard, much in the same way as the word "man" is used by people when they say of an individual that he is not a man, meaning merely that he is weak and vacillating. This confusion is fatal to all clear criticism. It should be distinctly understood that genuine poetry need not necessarily be great poetry, or even considerable poetry. To be genuine three things alone are necessary—that the emotion expressed should be genuine, that the expression of it should be adequate, and that it should be incapable of being expressed with equal adequacy in prose. These three requisites being granted, great poems differ from petty poems, not so much in proportion to the degrees of emotion which are expressed in them as in the quantities of the subject matter which the emotion in each transfigures and illuminates. Many poems, perfect in expression, alive and musical with emotion, present to us merely some fact or experience which is trivial, superficial, or isolated; and such, though they may be exquisite and perhaps even imperishable, are none the less petty. Great poems differ from these, not in being more genuine, not in being more perfect (for so far as form goes they are likely to be more perfect), but solely in dealing with wider or profounder subjects, covering larger portions of human life, and deeper questions of human nature. For this reason alone that *Faust* or *Hamlet* are greater than the dialogue between Horace and Lydia. It is for the same reason that the *Odyssey*, however perfect, holds in poetry a comparative little else. He is not because the emotion expressed by it is not suffi-

ciently intense, but because its subject matter is essentially so limited, not being human nature as a whole, but merely the worst side of it. Persons accustomed to the language of traditional criticism will perhaps ask what, according to this analysis, becomes of such faculties as imagination and invention, so commonly spoken of as essentials of the greatest poetry. The answer is that what I have said implies these, and also indicates the nature of the parts they play. Invention, for instance, in a drama or an epic, gives the poet his subject matter by supplying him with truths in an artistic and typical shape; and to the things he invents imagination gives reality, without which they would produce in us no illusion, and consequently no emotion. Thus the greater the subjects with which the poet deals, the more invention and the more imagination will be required by him; and the reason is that the greater the subjects are the more invention and imagination are necessary in order to conceive them and to represent them emotionally. Thus all the faculties requisite for the production of poetry can be referred to and explained by the emotion which it is the aim of poetry to produce. To put the matter, therefore, in a small compass, poets are genuine poets in proportion to the genuineness of the emotion with which they regard and represent their subjects; they are great in proportion as their subjects are great, and also in proportion to the completeness with which they themselves grasp them.

And the above tests and definitions enable us not only to discriminate between great poetry and petty poetry, and, in a broad way, between poetry and prose, but also to discriminate between false poetry, or apparent poetry, and true. False poetry may be false for two reasons, one of which is so obvious that it need hardly be more than named. I mean complete inadequacy of expression—expression which is like a leaky vessel, and cannot hold the emotion with which the writer attempts to fill it. The other reason is quite so obvious. There is a great deal of verse which shows no command of language, much sense of rhythm, and much graceful form, and which yet, in spite of all, we feel not to be poetry. The reason is that the emotion is not genuine. It is not produced in the writers' mind by life—by their own experience; it is a reaction, like sheet lightning, of emotion as expressed by others. True poetry is the direct product of life; this false poetry is the product of the poetry of other people.

We will see presently how all this applies to the poetry of Lord Lytton; but we must first discuss another question, which I raised at the beginning, his life strikingly suggests to us a few of the last observations have themselves naturally conducted above of the said that genuine poetry must be the direct product of the excellence as a poet.

life. Our question now is, what sort of life is best calculated to produce the most valuable poetry? Is it the life of the recluse, of the student, or of the man of experience and of the world?

The difference between the two is practically recognised by every one, the man of the world and the man of letters being types whose contrast is proverbial; but still it will be well to consider for a moment wherein the difference lies. The man of letters differs from the man of the world, not because he sits more hours at his writing-desk, for many a man of the world in dispatches or memoirs has used more reams of paper than many a professed author. He differs not in the time which he gives to letters as compared with the time which he gives to life, but in the relative importance which he attaches to them. The man of letters lives in order to write; the man of the world writes not in order to live, but because he lives. The one takes an interest in men and women, because he wishes to put them into a poem. The other, if he puts them into a poem, does so because he takes an interest in them. It must, of course, be remembered that these distinctions are not so sharp in life as they are in words. Still these verbal antitheses are broadly true to facts, as can easily be seen if we take a few examples. The following will serve our purpose—Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Voltaire, and Goethe. Wordsworth and Shelley were essentially men of letters. Their life was in their poetry, rather than their poetry in their lives. Byron, on the contrary, was essentially a man of the world. His first impulse was to live, to be, to do; and his poetry, with its wit and wisdom, as well as its sublimity, was the irrepressible, the almost unintended outcome of his polished and passionate manhood. In Voltaire and Goethe both types of character are united. They ordered their lives like laborious men of letters—men whose chief business was writing; but in themselves they were complete men of the world. That is to say, life was their most and most absorbing interest—to play a part in life was their ambition—and literature with them was an expression of this interest; was a means by which they exercised their power; and also, by the perfection of form to which they brought it, a sort of personal accomplishment which gave lustre and dignity to themselves. Although, therefore, it is through letters that they have tradition-brated and have expressed themselves, they should profit most amongst men of the world.

complete man of these two types of men is likely to produce the discuss literature the popular answer would be in favour of the first—more feeling, a finds in poetry not only his principal occupation discussed with interest. For what is the popular ideal of a poet's little else. He chance? Set any artist to draw a typical poet,

and we all know what we shall see—some long-haired object, with flashing or languid eyes, who in ordinary society would look like a sentimental scarecrow, whom some women might love, but whom most men would wish to kick. This ideal is, we may hope, exaggerated; but it certainly shows that the poet is popularly conceived of as a person withdrawn from the world, and devoted to poetry in seclusion. Now, this popular view has, no doubt, some fact to justify it; and the fact is, that most poets do actually approximate to the peculiar type referred to. The question, however, is not whether this is true of most poets, but whether it is true of the best poets? I should myself venture to give the following answer. I should say that it is true of most poets, because most poets are very inferior people; and because, though wise poets may be amongst the wisest of men, no man needs so much wisdom as a poet to prevent his being a fool. I should say also that it was true of the majority of the most perfect poets, by which I mean those whose mastery of form was most complete. But I should say it was not true of all even of these last; whilst of the greatest poets it most certainly was not true. Let me mention some typical examples—Æschylus, Sophocles, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and two I have named before—Goethe and Byron. These, all of them, were men of action, men of the world; and their poetry was the product not of dreaming but of experience. And it can hardly be denied that it was the fulness and virility of their experience that made their poetry, I do not say so poetical, but that, by enlarging and deepening their subject matter, made their poetry so important. This natural, this virile, this direct experience of the world is rare in poets, not for any accidental reason, but because as a psychological or physiological fact, the poetic temperament is usually associated with some practical weakness, which more or less unfits them for the common intercourse of life. On the other hand, when men who are gifted with the poetical faculty are fitted at the same time to live and shine in the world, the ambitions, the sorrows, the triumphs, and the passions of life are apt to interfere with that solitary seclusion and concentration without which poetry can be given no object of its existence. But when the two sides of character are fairly balanced—the impulse to produce poetry, and the impulse to take part in life—then we may say that the poet who is possessed of the former will produce better poetry than the poet who is possessed of the latter. In other words, the most frequent defect of poets is the indirectness of their knowledge of human life, and the limitation of their experience—short, that they are not men of the world.

Let us now turn to Lord Lytton, and see how the above conditions assist us in estimating his position and excellence as a poet.

To begin then, he, of all English poets, is the one who, since the days of Byron, has had the largest experience of life. There have been many men of affairs, like Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Derby, who have been devoted to literature and added to it. But literature to them has been a relaxation, a favourite amusement. With Lord Lytton it was a pursuit, a life-long passion—as fascinating as the most fascinating society, as serious as the most important duty. We can, therefore, before we begin to discuss the merits of his poetry, say that as a poet his position is thus far unique. Now, whilst few of our modern poets have excelled him in devotion to his art, none have come near him in point of mundane experience. Let the reader consider his career, the outlines of which are known to everybody; and the fulness of what I mean will be apparent. Of all careers, to a man with social talents, the career of a diplomat is the one which enables him to see the most of life—one might almost say which puts most of life to his lips. Everything that is most charming in private intercourse, everything that is most momentous in public events, is close to such a man to enjoy, to consider, and to take part in: and his experiences as he is moved from one capital to another, and enters into relations with new societies, become as various as they are brilliant and interesting. And if this is true of every agreeable and intelligent man, much more must it be true of a man whose gifts of manner, temperament, and mind are all exceptional, and who as he lives on grows not only more experienced, but also more important and powerful—who not only sees more and more of the world, but sees the world from positions that constantly become more commanding, and that deepen and widen his understanding of it, both as a spectacle and as an experience. And such a man was Lord Lytton. Few men have ever combined as he did mundane humour, fastidiousness, shrewdness, and *savoir faire*, with ultra-sensitive sympathy, and grave, meditative philosophy. In most men these latter qualities tend to withdraw them from life. In Lord Lytton their effect was different. They made his experiences richer and more vivid, fixing their colours in his imagination, and deepening their significance in his mind. No one who knew him well would fail to be struck with this. He had inherited from his father something of a taste in dress a little suggesting that of the traditional poet; but his whole bearing and manner showed, the first moment he spoke, the sanity, the suavity, and the polish of the complete man of the world. No one on suitable occasions could discuss literature and poetry with more enthusiasm, more judgment, more feeling, and more knowledge than he: but life at first hand he discussed with equal mastery, and in ordinary society he discussed little else. He showed nothing of the student but the student's

knowledge; nothing of the philosopher but the philosopher's wisdom; nothing of the poet but the poet's feeling. He was absolutely spontaneous and unaffected. And yet any one fit to judge of him, who was familiar with him under such conditions—the common conditions of common worldly companionship—would have said that, in his best moments, one of his best poems was himself.

It is this fact, that whilst instinctively a poet, he was a man of the world also, and in an equal degree, which gives to his poetry its most special characteristics. It is the poetry of a man who has got from actual experience what too many poets get only from imagination. Take, for instance, his well-known poem, "A Love-Letter." Vague as are the suggested scenery and circumstances, there is a ring through the whole of life studied at first hand, and the same quality is marked even in that dreamiest of all his compositions describing the miracle wrought by the jasmine-flower at the opera, when

"The glittering horse-shoe curved between."

But the example which will perhaps be most familiar to the reader is *Lucile*. Whatever rank as poetry we may assign to this work, there runs through it a complete but unconscious familiarity with life, which gives to every tone, sentiment, or epigram, a propriety, a precision, and point often absent in poems of a far more ambitious character.

Before, however, we speak of his poetry farther, let us ask the question which many critics have raised, whether his writings, on the whole, are to be considered poetry at all? If the reader has agreed with me in the views which I set out with stating, he will see that the question can have but one answer, viz., that, taken as a whole, Lord Lytton's works are poetry, and poetry whose quality is as genuine as it is peculiar.

I say as a whole, because there are important exceptions to be made. Lord Lytton was as sensitive to the poetry of other poets as he was to the poetry of life, and a part of his work obviously derives its inspiration to the former source rather than to the latter. Certain of his poems, for instance, may not be unfairly described less as an expression of himself, than of his admiration of Mr. Browning. I should, therefore, willingly concede to his detractors that much of his work, however skilful, was, for this reason, not poetry. Again, much of it fails of being poetry for a reason the reverse of this—not because it is too literary, but because it is not literary enough. Lord Lytton has by no means escaped the danger, already mentioned, which is peculiar to poets who are also men of the world. The conditions which prompted him to write poems often interfered with the

writing of them, by preventing him from giving sufficient labour to their composition, so that they are quite inadequate to express the meaning which he intended, and which they indicate by the fact of their so very obviously missing it.

But if we put aside the work that is vitiated by these two causes—one, the completeness with which he took part in life; the other, keenness with which he appreciated literature—there is no doubt that what remains is poetry of the most genuine kind. It is essentially a representation of life regarded with sustained emotion, and the representation is successful—often exquisitely successful. Let us try to express in prose the meaning which it conveys to us, and we shall see, by the hopelessness of the task, that the verse is not rhymed prose, but poetry. It is poetry because it expresses what can only be expressed poetically. Few poets would gain more than Lord Lytton would by a careful editing of his works—by a just and sympathetic selection of what is best in them, and by the excision of those poems in which he was not equal to himself. What would remain of them—and it would be the largest part—would leave no doubt in the mind that, whether he were a great poet or not a great poet, he was, at all events, a true one.

Here, then, is the question that still remains to be considered. Granting the genuineness of his poetry, what is its greatness or importance? I should be disposed, for reasons above alleged, to rate its importance highly. Of all English poetry since the days of Byron, it is that which is fullest of the most various life, of various life experienced most directly, and of the wisdom that comes of this kind of experience. The late Lord Houghton, who was certainly no contemptible critic, thought the *Fables in Song* the wisest poem of the century. I will venture to say myself that *Chronicles and Characters* are similarly remarkable for the breadth of culture, knowledge, and sympathy displayed in them; whilst *Lucile*, the success of which was so calculated to provoke imitation, has, by its unique qualities, defied it.

For those who were ever intimate with Lord Lytton, it is difficult at the present moment to speak with impartiality of his poetry, which can hardly help being coloured for them by their personal appreciation of the poet. In order, therefore, to avoid saying too much, I have preferred to say too little, and I have forbore from attempting any general survey of his works. But of his last volume I may say something in detail, because it is eminently calculated to explain and to justify my general criticisms.

This volume which bears the title of *Marah*, has been attacked by many critics like all his other works, as an example of mere verse-making. And it must be confessed that the poems in it are

characteristically unequal, and some few of them might justify this treatment were they offered to our judgment separately. But, taken in association with those which form the bulk of this volume, the worst that can be fairly said of them is that they exhibit the writer's inequality; and, that having been said, fair criticism would leave them, and turn to the others, which exhibit the writer's excellence, and from a consideration of which alone any true judgment can be arrived at.

Examined thus, *Marah* is one of the most remarkable and most interesting of modern volumes of poetry, and is, at the same time, the most melancholy. Melancholy, as we all know, is supposed to be a common attribute of poets—of the young men who sigh, and who make eyes at the moon. But Lord Lytton's melancholy is of quite a different kind. It is not the diseased melancholy of the dreamer who thinks melancholy becoming, and cultivates it like a flower for his buttonhole. It is the involuntary melancholy that has come to one who has sought everywhere not for it but for its opposite. *Marah*, indeed, is a sort of modern Book of Ecclesiastes. Whether we should approve of its tenor or no it is not my purpose to inquire. What I wish to insist on is, first, the genuineness of its poetry, and then that special quality in it of experience and sincerity.

The poems are intended to be read consecutively, and to be judged as parts of a quasi-philosophic whole. The volume is divided into four sections, to each of which is prefixed a small poem, as an introduction, indicating its general significance. These poems, or mottoes, as they are called in the preface, are amongst the most beautiful things in the volume; and as they are at once an example of its merits and a criticism of its meaning, I cannot do better than quote them—as they are all short—in their order.

MOTTO TO PART I.

I.

"Tears are Christian, kisses Pagan. Love is both, and each his prize.
On his lips are Pagan kisses, Christian tears are in his eyes.

II.

"Magdalens with Mœnads mingle in his rites, and round his way
Intertwine the rose of Paphos with the thorns of Golgotha.

III.

"Thorn or rose, which best becomes him? Both his loveliness endears
Roses red with Pagan kisses, thorns bedewed with Christian tears."

MOTTO TO PART II.

I.

"I gave her love; I gave her faith and truth;
I gave her adoration, vassalage,
And tribute of life's best; the dreams of youth,
The deeds of manhood, and the stores of age."

II.

"She took my gifts, and turned them into pain;
 Each gift she made a bitter curse to be:
 Then, marred, she gave them back to me again—
 And this is all she ever gave to me."

MOTTO TO PART III.

I.

"If thou art still a griefless girl or boy,
 In love with life, and ignorant of love's grave,
 Read not herein! For thee no gift have I;
 And be thou thankful that no gift I have!"

* II.

"But if time's way-worn traveller thou art,
 Hail, pilgrim! 'Tis for thee this book was writ.
 The same sad pilgrimage, tho' far apart,
 We two have made, and know the pains of it."

MOTTO FOR PART IV.

I.

"I have searched the universe, beneath, above,
 And everywhere, with this importunate lyre,
 Have wandered, desperately seeking love,
 But everywhere have only found desire."

II.

"I have probed the spheres above, the spheres beneath,
 Their dim abysses have echoed to my shout
 Invoking Truth. But time, space, life, and death,
 And joy, and sorrow, only answered 'Doubt.'"

If there is anything in these sombre stanzas that shocks the reader by its pessimism, he will find, if he consults the volume, much by which such a feeling will be moderated. Let him, for instance, turn to a poem called "Her Portrait," which expresses the feelings of a matured and disillusioned man for a young girl whose wisdom came sofly from her instinctive innocence. I quote from it the following beautiful stanzas:—

"Her form has the mingled grace
 Of a child and a queen in one.
 There is pride in her pure young face,
 In her voice is a far-off tone,
 And her eyes have the gaze of a forest creature
 That has lived in the woods alone."

"I have faced the world in my day,
 And have fought it and overthrown;
 I have struggled and won my way,
 And no rival has beaten me down;
 Yet my courage fails, and my whole frame falters
 If she chances to chide or frown."

"She has read not the tedious tale
Of the dead world's grief and glee,
Nor been stirred by the shrill birth-wail
Of the ages beginning to be;
But she carries secure, at her simple girdle,
The Infinite's golden key."

But just as this poem must be read as a whole in order to judge of it properly, so to judge of it properly must this volume be read also; and so, too, before we can appreciate Lord Lytton's importance as a poet his works must be studied as a whole, and not one volume only. At present such a study is difficult, and is not likely to be undertaken by the public generally, for the simple reason that his works are difficult to obtain. The best monument that could be raised to his memory would be a new edition of them. His figure as a poet has been during his lifetime unfairly eclipsed by his figure as a politician and a diplomat; but those who lament his loss and cherish his memory may find some compensation in the confident belief that the world will now, as soon as it is given the opportunity, atone for the injustice which it has hitherto done to him, and will accord as high and singular a place to his poetry as all who knew and understood him accorded to this born poet.

W. H. MALLOCK.

THE PLACE OF THE BENGALI IN POLITICS.

ALTHOUGH it would be both impertinent and paradoxical to compare Englishwomen—the most courageous, charming, and beautiful of the daughters of Eve—with Bengali agitators, yet it is a curious fact that the question of admitting Bengalis to political power occupies, in British India, the same place that in England is taken by the question of the extension of the franchise to women. Both may be advocated on somewhat similar grounds, and both may be refused in compliance with the necessities of the same arguments. It is urged in favour of the political enfranchisement of women that they are ingenious, conservative, and sympathetic; that they are as capable of high education as the best men, and that their general record of mind and morals proves that their influence on politics would be in the direction of order, culture, and peace. The opponents of female suffrage reply that the high qualities and capacities of women are not in question, and that the only objection to giving them a vote is that they are not men. That the virtues which create and preserve empires are the virile virtues; and that while women are needed as the ornament of life, their influence on politics has always been demoralising. Their standard of ethics is not only different from but lower than that of men in all matters concerning the more important virtues of public life, such as courage, patriotism, justice, and international right; while all law and polity being based now, as in past times, on force, the voting power can only be equitably entrusted to those who are prepared, and in most countries are compelled, to enforce their opinions with their rifles and bayonets. Those who cannot and will not fight have no claim to dictate the policy of those who are prepared to maintain their arguments, if necessary, by force.

To the Bengali race, and especially to that small part of it which has received a superficial English education, the above remarks apply with some qualification. The characteristics of women which disqualify them for public life and its responsibilities are inherent in their sex and are worthy of honour, for to be womanly is the highest praise for a woman, as to be masculine is her worst reproach. But when men, as the Bengalis, are disqualified for political enfranchisement by the possession of essentially feminine characteristics, they must expect to be held in contempt by stronger and braver races, who have fought for such liberties as they have won or retained. Not that contempt would be justified if the Bengali were to merely plead his helplessness, the enervating nature of the climate of his

country, and his long record of servitude and oppression. But when self-assertion takes the place of modesty, and the ass masquerades in the skin of the lion; when the Bengáli pleads that the acquisition of a few superficial accomplishments gives him the right to represent, to precede and to govern the martial races of India, then the English, as the common conqueror and master of all, may justly laugh at his pretensions and order him to take the humbler place which better suits a servile race which has never struck a blow against an enemy; which has been trodden under foot, without resistance, by a long series of invaders, and whose only weapons of offence have been the club of the midnight robber or, in modern days, the poisoned stiletto of the anonymous libeller. The men who stormed Calcutta in 1756, under Suráj-ud-daulá; the troops over whom Clive was victorious at Plassey, and Munro at Baxár, were not Bengális, but mercenaries from the fighting races of the North, Hindostánis, Rohillas, Jats, and Afghans.

It would be both ungracious and impolitic to call public attention to the weaknesses and defects of the Bengalis who are, equally with Englishmen, the subjects of the Queen, unless a special justification were found in the tendency of the legislation, which has this session been proposed by the Government and accepted by the House of Commons, in the Indian Councils Bill, a measure which might have been consistently introduced by a Radical ministry, but which no one on the Conservative benches approves, although, with that timidity which is the curse of modern political life, members will not vote against a bill introduced by the Government. Thus, both parties united to pass what the majority considered a dangerous and retrograde measure, and to crush the protests of the few men, like Mr. J. M. Maclean, who had both the knowledge to oppose wisely and the courage to oppose in vain. For the Indian Councils Bill is dangerous, not for the positive mischief that its provisions, rationally interpreted, will cause, but as a dishonest admission of the representative or elective principle in Indian politics and a concession to agitation which, under the loud-voiced pretence of loyalty, seditious and hostile to the British Government, conducted by a class in no way representative of the Indian people, but which, on the contrary, is regarded by all the manly and martial races of the population with dislike and alarm.

The increasing interest of Parliament in Indian affairs and its more frequent interference, through the Secretary of State, with the Government of India, are factors which have to be estimated when the future administration of that country is considered. Nor would they be matters for regret if they only implied a more earnest appreciation of the magnificent empire which England possesses in the East; a keener desire to strengthen the hands of its administrators and a

more enlightened zeal for the welfare and progress of its people. But, unfortunately, while the number of members who possess a practical knowledge of India has been lately much diminished by death and retirement, the number is ever increasing of those who find India during the cold weather months an agreeable change from Egypt and the Riviera, and who are able to pick up, during their tour, enough information to mislead them on the complicated problems of Eastern administration. Many of these gentlemen start on their travels with a mind blank and unprejudiced, prepared to adopt the opinions of those who are the most anxious to misinform them and win them over as advocates in Parliament of crude and impracticable measures. Others start with a carefully selected budget of prejudices on the opium question, the liquor traffic, the salt tax, the political representation of the natives, which they find many interested persons eager to sustain and encourage, while almost all tourists agree in drawing their information from the most tainted sources and viewing with suspicion the officials who could impartially enlighten them. The English instinct which distrusts a bureaucracy is essentially sound, and is only misapplied when it is directed against the administration of India, which is appointed by free and open competition, which has no personal interest in the maintenance of abuses, and which is so infinitesimal a class when compared with the population it governs that it can only maintain its position and carry out the Imperial policy of progress and civilisation when supported and encouraged by the full and generous confidence of the English people and Parliament. When measures which are pronounced to be necessary and beneficent by all who best know the requirements of India are subjected to carping criticism in the House of Commons or denounced, in the manner of the dishonest fanatics of the opium controversy, with all the warmth of invective that Burke shamefully poured on Warren Hastings, the difficulties of Indian administration are immensely increased.

The bors, the faddists, the fanatics and the most unscrupulous opponents of the Government of the day have further discovered that India offers the most favourable field for their operations. There is no scheme too unpractical, no remedy for an abuse too crude or drastic that will not be suggested by some ignorant member of Parliament for application to the unfortunate inhabitants of India. There is no charge brought by the libellous press of Bengal against the Government or its officials so extravagant that it will not serve for a question which may ruffle the serenity of a timid Secretary of State. The consequence of this discovery has been that subjects connected with India are viewed with increasing repugnance by sensible men of all parties, who leave the House when an Indian discussion comes on and the welfare of our Eastern

Empire, so far as it can be affected by Parliament at all, is left in the weak or wilful hands of men who have done their best to render the administration of India ridiculous in the present and impossible in the future.

It is necessary that those who oppose a measure like the India Councils Bill should make it clear that their objection is not to granting to certain races or classes of the Indian people political rights and privileges, to which by character, training, and importance they may be entitled, and for which they are prepared, but to concessions made to a worthless group of agitators who represent nothing but themselves, and who are as fit for representative institutions as monkeys.

When the time comes, as I hope it may, when the manly races of India—the Sikhs, Rajputs, and Marathas—are ready and anxious to accept some share in the government of the country, either by popular representation or by what would be, for India, some less revolutionary method, I believe that all the true friends of India, who have served in the country and whose first thought is for the benefit of the people, will be eager to meet them halfway and to cheerfully assign to them a fair share of the burdens of administration. These races have an intellectual development quite equal to that of Englishmen, while their love of individual and tribal independence is quite as strong, as has been proved by the manner in which the village communities of Northern India have survived, with little loss or change, the many waves of invasion which have swept over the country.

As fighting men, the Sikhs and Rajputs form the backbone of the Indian army. They are unsurpassed as soldiers, and their courage and devotion have been shown in fifty battle-fields in India, Egypt, Burma, and Afghanistan. When led by English officers, they are in no way inferior to British troops, and in the opinion of experts most competent to judge are superior to Russian troops or those of any foreign Power that could be brought against them.

From such men a demand for increased political power could not long be refused and Her Majesty's Government would immensely strengthen their position if they could associate the more intelligent leaders of the Sikhs and Rajputs in the work of government. But these brave and sensible men, unlike the effeminate Bengális, know when they are well off. After ages of conflict and suffering, they have at last found repose under the strong protection of England, who has proclaimed the *pax Britannica* throughout the continent and commanded its various races to live together in harmony. They do not desire to surrender their tranquil prosperity, united to more absolute individual freedom than is enjoyed in any country of the European continent, for a foolish wrangle about nothing round the

ballot boxes. They do not see the charm of being driven by Bengáli Báboos, like Irish peasants by their priests, to vote against the only Government which has ever treated them with justice and generosity. The epidemic of self-government, the influenza of politics, as enervating and demoralising, has passed them by. They do not, indeed, reason on the theory of government, but their instinct teaches them that the elementary need of man is not to govern, but to be governed.

Such being the case, the danger of conceding any portion of political power to Bengális, in answer to agitation which is always extravagant and generally seditious, is, that in proportion as we attempt to satisfy the demands of a race which is troublesome in quiet times and useless when war or danger threatens us, we alienate the affection and loyalty of the races on whose active and energetic support the safety of our Indian Empire must ultimately depend. If India were a homogeneous country, like France or Germany, peopled by Bengális alone, there would be little danger in granting them representative institutions; for, although their Parliament would be worthy of Laputa, it could be sent adrift, in Cromwellian fashion, when war was imminent, and the English would themselves defend what they had originally conquered. But the Bengális are far more different from the Sikhs in manners, language, character, and physique, than the French are from the English or Germans. They have nothing in common. The strong, fierce, independent warrior of the north, has a deep-rooted contempt for the smooth, subtle, and cowardly lowlander, who is neither fit to fight or to govern, but who is his superior in the art of intrigue, who can beat him in every competitive examination, and to whom will fall the whole weight of any political concessions that agitation can wring from the timidity of the Government. The world is ruled by strength and courage, not by the results of competitive examinations. Asia merely repeats the lessons of Greece and Rome. Effete civilisations, whose leaders can but talk, and imagine that they have really done something when they have only made a speech, are invariably overwhelmed by the strong barbarians from the north, who cannot read or write, and who seal their treaties with the pommel of their swords.

The Bengáli Báboo is everywhere with us in India, where there is no danger to his skin. When bullets are flying and long knives are about, he is taken very ill and returns to Calcutta. During the Afghan campaigns it was amusing to watch the struggles of the Bengáli clerks in the Transport and Commissariat to avoid entering those terrible gates into Hades, known as the Bolan and the Khyber Passes. Rudyard Kipling has painted to the life the effects of appointing the Báboo to the charge of a district on the Punjab frontier. And yet the Bengáli, in whom logical capacity and humour are alike absent, clamours for admission to the ranks of the Volun-

teers, whom he hopes will not have to fight, or for the abolition of the Arms Act, by the maintenance of which his person and property are safe, though he well knows that he would never dare to fire a shot in defence of either, even with his eyes shut. When the Báboo becomes militant, his language is awe-inspiring. Here is an extract from a letter I have preserved from one of them.

"We modern Bengali (the Aryans having been a model type), with all our accumulated merits, our wisdom and our sensibility, are but a meagre item in the catalogue of humanity; but, roused by a stitch, we might sometimes be led to raise the wind. We must, therefore, needs be stirred up."

But to our undeveloped civilisation in India the Báboo is necessary. His fluent English—a sesquipedalian compound of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Malaprop; his arithmetical facility, pedantic accuracy, and want of originality, make him an ideal clerk in positions where no responsibility or courage, moral or physical, is required. In the hundred and thirty-five years which have elapsed since Plassey, the Báboo has produced no original work of any value in literature or art. His new religion of the Bráhma Somaj is a travesty of Comte and Herbert Spencer, and his National Congress is the creation of a renegade Englishman.

But the Báboo, though necessary, is still an evil. Helen of Troy exclaims in the *Dream of Fair Women*—

"Where'er I came I brought calamity."

The Báboo might say the same. He arrives in an unsophisticated province with his seditious commonplaces and his printing-press, and distils his slow poison into the ears of the simple listeners, who were ignorant that they had a grievance. Or he plants himself, always under the protection of British bayonets, in some military cantonment in a native territory, or just beyond the border in a British district, where he libels English officials and native chiefs with happy impartiality, and lives on the blackmail he receives from his frightened victims. This picture is not overdrawn. I could illustrate it by numerous examples drawn from my experience of native States. When I first knew the Punjab it was a *terra incognita* to the Báboo, and outspoken sedition was unknown. Now it contributes its fair quatum to the literature of treason, while the Government looks on with a forced smile which ill conceals its inward trepidation, and talks of the freedom of the press and necessary safety-valves when it is only thinking of questions in Parliament and the abuse of the Bengali newspapers.

A great deal was said in the House of Commons of the opinions of past viceroys in favour of increased representation of the people of India, in other words, of concessions to the irrepressible Bengali. But these expressions require to be discounted by experience. Vice-

roys come and go, but the Báboo remains ridiculous and impossible. All these English statesmen arrive filled with Anglo-Saxon ideas of liberty and representative government and leave India with their idols rudely shattered. Lord Dufferin, in his speech at Calcutta, on the 1st December, 1888, shortly before his retirement, told the world the truth on the political situation in words of weighty meaning. This most accomplished of diplomatists had at length discovered that the Bengáli Báboo was the only man in three continents whom his friendly and generous courtesy could not conciliate. Speaking of the Bengális and their bogus Congress, he said :—

“ Out of a population of 200,000,000 only a very few thousands possess an adequate qualification, so far as an acquaintance with Western ideas, or even Eastern learning, are concerned, for taking an intelligent view of those intricate and complicated economic and political questions affecting the destinies of many millions of men that are almost daily presented for the consideration of the Government. I would ask them, how could any reasonable man imagine that the British Government would be content to allow this microscopic minority to control the administration of that majestic and multiform Empire, for whose safety and welfare they are responsible in the eyes of God and before the face of civilisation? It appears to me a groundless contention that it represents the people of India. Is it not evident that large sections of the community are already becoming alarmed at the thought of such self-constituted bodies interposing between themselves and the august impartiality of English rule? ”

These words of Lord Dufferin are addressed to “ reasonable men ” in vain. Wisdom stands and cries at the corner of the street, and no man regardeth. In the debate of the 28th March last an honourable member, whose name, by a cruel irony suggests the swan, devoted a large portion of his speech to a panegyric of the National Congress, in which he said : “ India has a national voice, and that voice to a large extent is the Indian National Congress.” He further informed his hearers that some of the delegates were so eager to be present at the meetings of the Congress that they risked their exclusion from caste, to which a sea voyage rendered them liable; as if all the provinces and great cities of India were not united by railway.

The National Congress is no more representative of India than a Socialist meeting in Hyde Park is representative of England. Its Frankenstein was an Englishman whom a speaker in the House asserted would have been hanged or shot as a traitor under any less mild rule than our own, and whose crazy utterances were wisely denounced by both political parties. But his views have not been disclaimed by the Indian Congress, which has for years past adopted and circulated them, although some representatives of the body in London have found it judicious to condemn them. There is plenty of pretence of loyalty to the Queen in the formal meetings of Congress, but all its proceedings are animated by hostility to the Government of the Queen and to the officers whom she has appointed

to administer in her name. Its support is found in Madras and Bengal, where the population is the most feeble and unmanly, and it is rejected with contempt by all the warlike races of India. The Mahommedans will have nothing to do with it, nor will the Sikhs, the Rajputs, or the Mahrattas. There are naturally a few of all these races, converted by itinerant Bengáli agitators, whose adhesion is made the most of; but the great majority of the peoples I have named view the pretensions of the Congress with disapprobation, and would be seriously alarmed if they believed that the Viceroy or the English Parliament was proposing to allow increased political power to the Bengális.

The mischief of the Indian Councils Bill is neither in its intentions nor its simple provisions. A few more members added to the Legislative Councils will do good and not harm; while the power to ask questions on matters requiring elucidation is reasonable and unlikely to be abused. The future danger is caused by the unnatural interpretation put on the first clause by Lord Kimberley and Mr. Gladstone, and accepted for the sake of peace by the Government, who did not appreciate the value of their concession. This clause allowed the Governor-General in Council to make regulations as to the conditions under which nominations to the Legislative Councils should be made; and although there was no intention whatever that the clause should cover any introduction of the elective principle, yet Lord Kimberley in the House of Lords chose to assume that this was its effect, and Mr. Gladstone, in a speech of great brilliancy and power, pushed the point home with so much dexterity and with so many compliments to the sponsor of the Bill, that the dangerous interpretation was cheerfully allowed and irreparable injury was caused to the future administration of India. For in politics, as in love, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. If once the door be opened to the admission of the elective principle in political as distinct from social and municipal affairs it will be impossible again to close it, and fresh demands will meet with an ever diminishing resistance.

Representative institutions are altogether unsuited for India, and any attempt to introduce them will be attended with disaster. They are, in their modern development, the invention of the Anglo-Saxon race, to whose constitution alone they seem to be suitable. They are not, like Holloway's pills, a panacea for all political disorders. There are some benighted persons who see no beauty in the results of universal suffrage in America, where the scum, as ever, rises to the surface; and I can imagine Fortune, with her hateful ballot box, smiling somewhat grimly when, as the result of the concentrated intelligence of some great constituency, the names appear of Mr. Alphæus Cleophas Morton or Mr. Seymour Keay. But the rough, free, and independent Anglo-Saxons require little government, and we con-

trive to hold our own in a feebler world in spite of the imperfections of our rulers.

But in India, which is an assemblage of nations of different interests, languages, and creeds, representative institutions are for the present impossible. It would merely signify the handing over of political power to the Bengáli Báboo, who is as astute a wire-puller as Mr. Schnadhorst. His Imperial Parliament would only exist until he had, as he desires, repealed the Arms Act, when the bearded Sikhs and broad-backed Pathans, with their girdles stuck full of strange weapons, would sweep him and his fellows into the Bay of Bengal. No; if representative institutions are to be our destruction as they were once our glory and salvation, let us die like men and not as women. If the time come, as come it may, when the brave, strong, and intelligent races of North and Central India, whom I love and respect, are ripe for self-government, and demand it, as they do not to-day; and if the grant of this demand compels our retirement from India, let us leave with the blessings of the people and the honour which will throughout all ages belong to England for having civilised and enfranchised three hundred millions of the human race, but let us refuse, at the bidding of a few unworthy men, to resign our glorious heritage of conquest into the feeble hands of the Báboos of Bengal.

LEPEL GRIFFIN.

ON THE NEW STAR IN AURIGA.*

We depend so absolutely at every moment, and in every action upon the uniformity of Nature, that any event which even appears to break in upon that uniformity cannot fail to interest us. Especially is this the case if a strange star appears among those ancient heavenly bodies, by the motions of which our time and the daily routine of life are regulated, and which through all ages have been to man the most august symbols of the unchanging. For, notwithstanding small alterations due to the accumulated effects of changes of invisible slowness which are everywhere in progress, the heavens, in their broad features, remain as they were of old. If Hipparchus could return to life, however changed the customs and the kingdoms of the earth might appear to him, in the heavens and the hosts thereof he would find himself at home.

Only some nineteen times in about as many centuries have we any record that the eternal sameness of the midnight sky has been broken in upon by even the temporary presence of an unknown star; though there is no doubt that in the future, through the close watch kept upon the sky by photography, a larger number of similar phenomena will be discovered.

According to Pliny it was the sudden outburst into splendour of a new star in 130 B.C. which inspired Hipparchus to construct his catalogue of stars. Passing at once to more modern times we come to the famous new star of 1572, discovered by Tycho Brahe, in the constellation of Cassiopeia, which outshone Venus, and could even be seen as a bright object upon the sky by day. Its brilliancy, like that of the new stars before and since, was transitory; within a few weeks its great glory had departed from it, and it then waned on until, at last, it had fallen back to its original low estate, as a star invisible to the naked eye. The star of 1866, which on May 2 of that year burst forth as a star of the second magnitude in the Northern Crown, is memorable as the first of these objects which was subjected to the searching power of the spectroscope. Two temporary stars have appeared since, in 1876, and in 1885.

Are these strange objects in reality new stars, the creations of a day, or but the transient outbursts into splendour of small stars usually invisible? May they be even but extreme cases of the large class of variable stars which wax and wane in periods more or less regular? The more modern temporary stars did certainly exist before and do

(1) The substance of a Discourse given at the Royal Institution on Friday evening May 13, 1892.

exist still. The star of 1866 may still be seen as an ordinary ninth magnitude star. So that of 1876 in Cygnus, which rose to the third magnitude, is still there as a star of about the fourteenth magnitude. To these probably may be added Tycho's star.

✓The New Star which makes the present year memorable, is indeed, so far as our charts go, without descent. It may well be that its usual magnitude is below that which would bring it within our catalogues and charts. Visibility and invisibility in our largest telescopes are but expressions in terms of the power of the eye. The photographic plate, untiring in its power of accumulation, has brought to our knowledge multitudes of stars which shine, but not for us. The energy of their radiation is too small to set up the changes in the retina upon which vision depends. In a recent photograph of η Argus, Mr. Russell, at Sydney, has brought into view a great crowd of stars, which until now have shone in vain for the dull eye of man.

What, it will be asked, were the conditions under which so faint a star woke up suddenly into so great splendour? Such information as we have comes chiefly from that particular application of the spectroscope, by which we can measure motion in the line of sight. It is not too much to say that this method of observation has opened for us in the heavens a door through which we can look upon the internal motions of binary and multiple systems of stars, which otherwise must have remained for ever concealed from us. By it we can, in many cases, see within the point-like image of a star a complex system of whirling suns, gigantic in size, and revolving at enormous speeds. A telescope fifty feet in diameter of aperture, even if it could ever be constructed, would fail to show close systems of stars which the prism easily lays open to our view.

This method of using the spectroscope, which the writer first applied successfully to the heavenly bodies some twenty-four years ago, is now too well known for it to be necessary to say more than that the change of wave-length, or *pitch*, of the light shows itself in the spectrum by the lines being shifted; towards the blue for an approach, towards the red if the light-source and the observer are moving from each other.

The stars, as seen from the earth, are moving in all directions, but the prism, which can take note only of motions which are precisely in the line of sight, gives us direct information of that component only of a star's motion which is towards or from us. The method is applicable not only to the drift of star-systems, but also to the internal motions within those systems.

It is obvious that a star moving round in an orbit, unless the plane of the orbit is across the line of sight, has alternate periods of approach and recession. A line in its spectrum will be seen to swing

backwards and forwards relatively to a terrestrial line of the same substance in times corresponding to the star's orbital period. It is equally clear that if in a binary system both stars are bright, the spectrum will be a compound one, the spectrum of one star superposed upon that of the other. If the spectra are identical, all the lines will be really double, but apparently single when the stars have no relative motion; and will separate and close up as the stars go round.

It was by this method, from the motions of the variable star Algol, photographed at Potsdam, that the dusky companion which periodically eclipses its light in part, stood revealed; and a similar discovery was made there of the companion of Spica. Of these double stars only one companion was bright, but by the opening and closing of double lines in the spectrum of Mizar, Professor Pickering brought to light a pair of gigantic blazing suns equal together to forty times the sun's mass, and whirling round their common centre of gravity with the speed of some fifty miles a second. Then followed, also at the Harvard observatory, the discovery in β Auriga, of an order of close binary stars hitherto unknown. The pair revolve with a speed of seventy miles a second within some seven and a half millions of miles of each other.

Now it was by this method of spectroscopic observation that the remarkable state of things existing in the new star was revealed to us. It is not a little surprising that a new star, as bright as the fifth magnitude, could burst out almost directly overhead in the heavens, and yet remain undiscovered for nearly seven weeks. Europe and the United States bristle every clear night with telescopes from open observatories, which are served by an army of astronomers: yet the discovery of the new star was left to an amateur, Mr. Anderson, possessed only of a small pocket-telescope and a star-chart. Happily the days are not yet over when discoveries can be made without an armoury of instruments.

As soon as the news reached Cambridge, U.S., Professor Pickering, by means of photographs which had been taken there, was able to cause the part of the sky where the new star appeared to pass again under examination, as it had appeared at successive intervals during the last six years, but with the result that the new star's place had remained unoccupied all that time by any star so bright as the eleventh magnitude. For about a year a closer watch has been kept upon the sky at Cambridge by means of a photographic transit instrument driven by clockwork, which automatically patrols the sky every clear night, and registers all stars as bright as the sixth magnitude in a great zone sixty degrees in breadth, and three hours of Right Ascension in length. On December 1st the Nova was not recorded, but the next clear night, December 10, it was already of

face. This view was confirmed by a photograph of its spectrum which we took with a mirror of speculum metal and a spectroscope with a prism of Iceland spar and lenses of quartz, so that the extreme violet part of the star's light was not cut off by passing through glass. The fainter continuous spectrum and the brilliant lines were found to extend upon the plate nearly as far as does the light of Sirius, and not far short of the place where our atmosphere stops all celestial light. The whole range of the hydrogen lines, including the ultra-violet series present in the white stars and H and K, were bright as they show themselves occasionally reversed in photographs of the solar prominences, and each accompanied by a line of absorption.

A remarkable feature of great significance in the character of the hydrogen lines, bright and dark, must be noticed. They appeared to be sometimes double and sometimes triple—the dark ones as if by fine bright threads superposed upon them—and, indeed, to be subject to continual change. Now when on the sun's surface, or in the laboratory, portions of the same gas at different temperatures come in before each other, the cooler gas may cause a narrow absorption line to form upon a broader bright line, and thus impart to it the appearance of a double line; or in the case of hotter gas, a narrow bright line upon a dark line. Professors Liveing and Dewar, whose researches with the electric arc-crucible have made them specially familiar with the ever-changing guises and disguises of this Protean phenomenon of reversal, as it is called, have recorded cases not only of double reversals giving apparent triplicity to a single line, but even of threefold reversals. The unsymmetrical division of bright and dark lines, which was occasionally seen in the spectrum of the Nova, frequently presents itself in the laboratory, in consequence of the unequal expansion on the two sides of the line on which the reversed line falls. Unless we accept this obvious interpretation of the multiple character of the stellar lines, we should have to assume a system of at least six bodies all moving with different velocities.

It is important to state that the waning of the star appeared to produce no material alteration of its spectrum, but only such apparent changes as necessarily come in when parts of an object differ greatly in brightness. On March 24th, when the star's light had fallen so low as to about the eleventh magnitude, we could still glimpse the faint continuous spectrum, upon which the remarkable quartet of bright lines still shone out without any change of relative intensity. Professor Pickering informs me that in his photographs the principal lines in that part of the spectrum "faded in the order, K, H, α , F, h, and G, the latter becoming brighter as star was faint."

Omitting the calcium lines H and K, which varied, the order of disappearance agrees with that of the sensitiveness of the plate for these parts of the spectrum, and supports the view that the star's spectrum remained without material change through this great range of magnitude.

How are we to account for the appearance and doings of this new star, or rather stars? For, as we have seen, the great shifts of the bright and dark lines, the bright to the red, the dark to the blue, clearly indicate two bodies having a relative motion in the line of sight of about 550 miles a second. Now during the whole time, some seven weeks, that the spectrum was under observation, this relative velocity was maintained materially unaltered, though small changes beyond the reach of our instruments may have taken place. A reasonable explanation may perhaps be found, if we venture to assume, though with some hesitation, as the subject is very obscure, two gaseous bodies, or bodies with gaseous atmospheres, moving away from each other after a near approach in parabolic or hyperbolic orbits. If our sun were nearly in the line of axis of the orbits, the components of the motions of the two bodies in the line of sight after the bodies had swung round, might well be as rapid and remain relatively as unchanged as those observed in the new star. Unfortunately, decisive information from the motions of the two bodies at the critical time of the outburst is wanting, for the event through which the star became bright had been over for some forty days before observations were made with the spectroscope. Analogy from the variable stars of long period would suggest the view that the near approach of the two bodies may have been of the nature of a periodical disturbance arising at long intervals in a complex system of bodies. Chandler has recently shown in the case of Algol that the minor irregularities in the variation of its light are probably caused by the presence of one or more bodies in the system besides the bright star and the dusky one which partially eclipses it. To a similar cause are probably due the minor irregularities which form so prominent a feature in the waxing and waning of the variable stars as a class. We know, too, that the stellar orbits are usually very eccentric. In the case of γ Virginis, the eccentricity is as great as 0.8, and Auwers has recently found Sirius to have the considerable eccentricity of 0.63.

But a casual near approach of two bodies of great size would be a greatly less improbable event than an actual collision. The phenomena of the new star scarcely permit us to suppose even a partial collision, though, if the bodies were diffused enough, or the approach close enough, there may have been possibly some mutual interpenetration and mingling of the rare gases near their boundaries.

An explanation which would better accord with what we know of the behaviour of the Nova may, perhaps, be found in a view put forward many years ago by Klinkerfues and recently developed by Wilsing, that under such circumstances of near approach enormous tidal disturbances would be set up, amounting, it may be, to partial deformation in the case of a gaseous body, and producing sufficiently great changes of pressure in the interior of the bodies to give rise to enormous eruptions of the hotter matter from within, immensely greater but similar in kind to solar eruptions.

In such a state of things we should have, in the existence of portions of the same gas at different levels and temperatures, conditions so favourable for the production of reversed lines undergoing continual change, similar to those exhibited by the lines of the Nova, that we could not suppose them to be absent. The integration of light from all parts of the disturbed surfaces of the bodies might give breadth to the lines, and might account for the varying irregularities of intensity of different parts of the lines.

The source of the light of the continuous spectrum, upon which were seen the dark lines of absorption shifted towards the blue, must have remained behind the cooler absorbing gas; indeed must have formed with it the body which was approaching us, unless we assume that both bodies were moving exactly in the line of sight, or that the absorbing gas was of very enormous extent.

The difference of state between the two bodies, as shown by the receding one emitting bright lines, while the approaching body behaved similarly to a white star in giving a continuous spectrum with broad absorption lines, may perhaps be accounted for by the two bodies being in different evolutionary stages, and differing consequently in diffuseness and in temperature. We appear, indeed, to have a similar state of things in the variable star β Lyrae, of which one component star gives bright lines, and the other a spectrum with dark lines of absorption. In the case of the Nova, we must assume a similar chemical nature for both bodies, and that they existed under conditions sufficiently similar for equivalent dark and bright lines to appear in their respective spectra.

We know nothing of the distance of the Nova from our system, but the assumption is not an improbable one, that it was as far away from us as the Nova of 1876, for which Sir Robert Ball failed to find any parallax. If this be so, the emission of light suddenly set up in the very faint stars, certainly within two days, and possibly, as in the case of the Nova of 1866, within a few hours, was much greater than the light emitted by our sun. Yet within some fifty days after its discovery at the end of January, its light fell to about the one-three-hundredth part, and in some three months to the one-

ten-thousandth part. So long as its spectrum could be observed, the chief features remained unchanged. Under what conditions could we suppose the sun to cool down sufficiently for its light to decrease to a similar extent in so short a time, and without the incurring of material changes in the solar spectrum? It is, therefore, scarcely conceivable that we have to do with the conversion of gravitational energy into light and heat. On the view we have ventured to suggest, the rapid calming down, after some swaying to and fro of the tidal disturbances, and the closing in again of the hotter and cooler gases, together with the want of transparency which often comes in under such circumstances, might account reasonably for the very rapid, and at first curiously fluctuating, waning of the Nova, as well as for the want of change in its spectrum.

The writer may be permitted to state that the view suggested by Dr. Allen Miller and himself in the case of the Nova of 1866, was so far similar that they ascribed its outbursts to heated gases, but with our present knowledge of the light-changes of stars, the writer would now hesitate to make the further suggestion that chemical action may have contributed to its sudden and transient splendour.

WILLIAM HUGGINS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THAT nearly all artists dislike and despise the Royal Academy is a matter of common knowledge. Whether with reason or without is a matter of opinion, but the existence of an immense fund of hate and contempt of the Academy is not denied. From Glasgow to Cornwall, wherever a group of artists collects, there hangs a gathering and a darkening sky of hate. True, the position of the Academy seems to be impregnable; and even if these clouds should break into storm the Academy would be as little affected as the rock of Gibraltar by squall or tempest. The Academy has successfully resisted a Royal Commission, and a crusade led by Mr. Holman Hunt in the columns of the *Times* did not succeed in obtaining the slightest measure of reform. . . . Here I might consult Blue-books and official documents, and tell the history of the Academy; but for the purpose of this article, the elementary facts in everyone's possession are all that are necessary. We know that we owe the Academy to the artistic instincts of George III. It was he who sheltered it in Somerset House, and when Somerset House was turned into public offices, the Academy was bidden to Trafalgar Square; and when circumstances again compelled the authorities to ask the Academy to move on, the Academy, posing as a public body, demanded a site, and the Academy was given one worth three hundred thousand pounds. Thereon the Academy erected its present buildings, and when they were completed the Academy declared itself on the first opportunity to be no public body at all, but a private enterprise. Then why the site, and why the Royal charter? Mr. Colman, Mr. Pears, Mr. Reckitt are not given sites worth three hundred thousand pounds. These questions have often been asked, and to them the Academy has always an excellent answer. "The site has been granted, and we have erected buildings upon it worth a hundred thousand pounds; get rid of us you can not." The position of the Academy is as impregnable as the rock of Gibraltar; it is as well advertised as the throne itself, and the income derived from the sale of the catalogues alone is enormous. Then the Academy has the handling of the Chantrey Bequest Funds, which it does not fail to turn to its own advantage by buying pictures of Academicians, which do not sell in the open market, at extravagant prices, or purchasing pictures by future Academicians, and so fostering, strengthening, and imposing on the public the standard of art which obtains in Academic circles. Such, in a few brief words, is the institution which controls and in a large measure directs the art of this country. But though I come with no project to obtain its dissolution, it seems to me interesting to consider the

causes of the hatred of the Academy with which artistic England is saturated, oftentimes convulsed; and it may be well to ask if any institution, however impregnable, can continue to defy public opinion, if any sovereignty, however fortified by wealth and buttressed by prescription, can continue to ignore and outrage the opinions of its subjects?

And the hatred of artistic England for the Academy proceeds from the knowledge that the Academy is no true centre of art, but a mere commercial enterprise protected and subventioned by Government. In recent years every last shred of disguise has been cast off, and it has become patent to everyone that the Academy is conducted on as purely commercial principles as any shop in the Tottenham Court Road. For it is impossible to suppose that Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Watts do not know that Mr. Leader's landscapes are like tea-trays, that Mr. Dicksee's figures are like bon-bon boxes, and that Mr. Herkomer's portraits are like German cigars. But apparently the R.A.s are merely concerned to follow the market, and they elect the men whose pictures sell best in the City. Citymen buy the productions of Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Leader, and Mr. Goodall. Little harm would be done to art if the money thus expended meant no more than filling stock-brokers' drawing-rooms with bad pictures, but the uncontrolled exercise of the stockbroker's taste in art means the election of a vast number of painters to the Academy, and election to the Academy means certain affixes, R.A. and A., and these signs are meant to direct opinion. The ordinary man goes to the Academy; he thinks a picture very bad, looks it out in the catalogue, and finding R.A. or A. after the painter's name, concludes that he must be mistaken, and so a false standard of art is created in the public mind. But though Mr. Orchardson, Sir John Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. Watts have voted for the City merchants' nominees, it would be a mistake to suppose that they did not know for whom they should have voted. It is to be questioned if there be an R.A. now alive who would dare to deny that Mr. Whistler is a very great painter. It was easy to say he was not in the old days when, under the protection of Mr. Ruskin, the R.A.s went in a body and gave evidence against him. But now even Mr. Jones, R.A., would not venture to repeat the opinion he expressed about one of the most beautiful of the nocturnes. Time, it is true, has silenced the foolish mouths of the R.A., but time has not otherwise altered him; and there is as little chance to-day as there was twenty years ago of Mr. Whistler being elected an Academician. But though Mr. Whistler stands first among the misdeeds of the Academy, he does not stand alone. No difference exists even in Academic circles as to the merits of Mr. Albert Moore's work. Many Academicians will freely acknowledge that his non-election is a very grave scandal; they will tell you that they have done everything to

get him elected, and have given up the task in despair. Mr. Whistler and Mr. Albert Moore, the two greatest artists living in England, will never be elected Academicians; and artistic England is asked to acquiesce in this grave scandal, and also in many minor scandals: the election of Mr. Dicksee in place of Mr. Henry Moore, and Mr. Stanhope Forbes in place of Mr. Swan or Mr. John Sargent! No one thinks Mr. Dicksee as capable an artist as Mr. Henry Moore, and no one thinks Mr. Stanhope Forbes as great an artist as Mr. Swan, or Mr. Sargent. Then why were they elected? Because the men who represent most emphatically the taste of the City, have become so numerous of late years in the Academy that they are able to keep out anyone whose genius would throw a doubt on the commonplace ideal which they are interested in upholding. Mr. Alma-Tadema would not care to confer such a mark of esteem as the affix R.A. on any painter practising an art which, when understood, would involve hatred of the copyplate antiquity which he supplies to the public. This explanation seems incredible, I admit, but no other explanation is possible, for I repeat that the Academicians do not themselves deny the genius of the men they have chosen to ignore. So we find the Academy as a body working on exactly the same lines as the individual R.A., whose one ambition is to extend his connection, please his customers, and frustrate competition; and just as the capacity of the individual R.A. declines when the incentive is money, so does the corporate body lose its strength, and its hold on the art instincts of the nation relaxes when its aim becomes merely mercenary enterprise. If Sir John Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Hook, and Mr. Watts were to die to-morrow, their places could be filled by men who are not and never will be in the Academy; but among the Associates there is no name that does not suggest a long decline: Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Leader, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. J. MacWhirter. And are the coming Associates Mr. Hacker, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Bramley? Mr. Swan has been passed over so many times that his election is beginning to seem doubtful. For very shame's sake the elder Academicians may bring their influence and insist on his election; but the City merchants' nominees are very strong, and will not have him if they can help it. They may yield to Mr. Swan, but no single inch further will it be possible to get them to go. Mr. Mouat Loudon, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Mark Fisher, and Mr. Peppercorn have no chance soever. Mr. Mouat Loudon, one of the most talented among the younger men, one of the few young men whom a man of taste and artistic knowledge would care to commission to paint a portrait, was rejected this year. Mr. Lavery's charming portrait of Lord McLaren's daughters was still more shamefully treated; it was "skied." Mr. Mark Fisher, most certainly our greatest living landscape-painter, had his picture

refused; and Mr. Reid, a man who has received medals in every capital in Europe, has had his principal picture hung just under the ceiling. On varnishing-day Mr. Reid challenged Mr. Dicksee to give a reason for this disgraceful hanging; he defied him to say that he thought the pictures underneath were better pictures; and it is as impossible for me as it was for Mr. Dicksee to deny that Mr. Reid's picture is the best picture in Room 6. Mr. Peppercorn, another well-known artist, had his picture rejected. It is now hanging in the Goupil Galleries. I do not put it forward as a masterpiece, but I do say that it deserved a place in any exhibition, and if I had a friend on the Hanging Committee I would ask him to point to the landscapes on the Academy walls which he considers better than Mr. Peppercorn's.

Often a reactionary says, "Name the good pictures that have been rejected; where can I see them? I want to see these masterpieces," &c. The reactionary has generally the best of the argument. It is difficult to name the pictures that have been refused; they are the unknown quantity. Moreover, the pictures that are usually refused are tentative efforts, and not mature work. But this year the opponents of the Academy are able to cite some very substantial facts in support of their position, a portrait by our most promising portrait-painter and a landscape by the best landscape-painter alive in England having been rejected. The picture of the farmyard which Mr. Fisher exhibited at the New English Art Club last autumn would not be out of place in the National Gallery. I do not say that the rejected picture is as good—I have not seen the rejected picture—but I do say that Mr. Fisher could not paint as badly as nine-tenths of the landscapes hanging in the Academy if he tried.

The Academy is sinking steadily; never was it lower than this year; next year a few fine works may crop up, but they will be accidents, and will not affect the general tendency of the exhibitions nor the direction in which the Academy is striving to lead English art. Under the guidance of the Academy English art has lost all that charming naïveté and simplicity which was so long its distinguishing mark. At an Academy banquet, anything but the most general optimism would be out of place, and yet Sir Frederick Leighton could not but allude to the disintegrating influence of French art. True, in the second part of the sentence he assured his listeners that the danger was more imaginary than real, and he hoped that with wider knowledge, &c. But if no danger need be apprehended, why did Sir Frederick trouble to raise the question? And if he apprehended danger and would save us from it, why did he choose to ask his friend M. Bouguereau to exhibit at the Academy? The allusion in Sir Frederick's speech to French methods, and the exhibition of a picture by M. Bouguereau in the Academy, is strangely significant. For is not M. Bouguereau the chief exponent of the art which Sir

Frederick ventures to suggest may prove a disintegrating influence in our art—has proven would be a more correct phrase. Let him who doubts compare the work of almost any of the elder Academicians with the work of those who practise the square brush-work of the French school. Compare, for instance, Sir Frederick's "Garden of the Hesperides" with Mr. Solomon's "Orpheus," and then you will appreciate the gulf that separates the elder Academicians from the men already chosen and marked out for future Academicians. And him whom this illustration does not convince I will ask to compare Mr. Hacker's "Annunciation" with any picture by Mr. Frith, or Mr. Faed, I will even go so far as to say with any work by Mr. Sidney Cooper, an octogenarian, now nearer his ninetieth than his eightieth year. It would have been better if Sir Frederick had told the truth boldly at the Academy banquet. He knows that a hundred years will hardly suffice to repair the mischief done by this detestable French painting, this mechanical drawing and modelling, built up systematically, and into which nothing of the artist's sensibility may enter. Sir Frederick hinted the truth, and I do not think it will displease him that I should say boldly what he was minded but did not dare to say. The high position he occupies did not allow him to go further than he did; the society of which he is president is now irreparably committed to Anglo-French art, and has, by every recent election, bound itself to uphold and impose this false and foreign art upon the nation.

Until he painted his picture of "The Mowers," Mr. Clausen was the most prominent English exponent of the Bastien-Lepage-Bouguereau method of painting (the coupling of the two names will surprise some readers, but there is little difference between the two artists; the dead man was the Bouguereau of the modern movement, that's all). Alone among English painters, Mr. Clausen seemed to inform the method with some native originality, but there remained too much Bastien-Lepage to win admiration from those who love native and original talent. But this year Mr. Clausen seems to have shaken himself free of his early training. I have witnessed too many attempts to get rid of a bad education to believe that it ever can be completely sloughed off. Mr. Clausen may be the exception. Those who feel quite sure on this point I will ask to look at Mr. Clausen's second picture, a "Girl's Head," hung in the second room. It is as dry and uninteresting a piece of Bastien-Lepageism as Mr. Clausen ever perpetrated. But the mediocrity of the second does not effect the beauty of the first, which, whether it be an accident that will not repeat itself, or the beginning of a growth of new talent in Mr. Clausen, is most certainly an excellent and charming picture, by far the most, indeed the one, desirable oil-painting in the Academy. Turning to my notes I find this description of the picture: "A small canvas containing three mowers in a flowering

meadow. Two are mowing, the third, a little to the left, sharpens his scythe. The sky is deep and lowering—a sultry summer sky, a little unpleasant in colour, but true. At the end of the meadow the trees gleam. The earth is wrapped in a hot mist, the result of the heat, and through it the sun sheds a somewhat diffused and oven-like heat. No doubt there are heavy clouds overhead, for the gleam that passes over the three whiteirts is transitory and uncertain. The handling is woolly and unpleasant, but handling can be overlooked when a canvas exhales a deep sensation of life. The movement of mowing—I should have said movements, for the men mow differently; one is older than the other—is admirably expressed. And the principal figure, though placed in the immediate foreground, is in and not out of the atmosphere. The difficulty of the trousers has been overcome by generalisation; the garment has not been copied patch by patch. The distribution of light is admirable; nowhere does it escape from the frame. J. F. Millet has painted many a worse picture.”

Except this picture, which is admirable, there is nothing in the Academy which furnishes the critic with a theme for critical analysis, nothing from which the critic can deduce general laws and principles. Here and there, in the corner, small pictures may be discovered which it would not be disagreeable to possess; but the barren aspect of the Academy is more than ever surprising. Out of the vast array of portraits and subject-pictures painted in various styles and illustrating every degree of ignorance, stupidity, and false education, one thing really comes home to the careful observer, and that is, the steady obliteration of all English feeling and mode of thought. The younger men practise an art purged of all nationality. England lingers in the elder painters, and though the representation is often hopelessly inadequate, the English pictures are pleasanter than the mechanical art which has spread from Paris all over Europe, blotting out in its progress all artistic expression of racial instincts and mental characteristics. Nothing, for instance, can be more primitive, infantile in execution, than Mr. Leslie's "Rose Queen." But it seems to me superficial criticism to pull it to pieces, for after all it suggests a pleasant scene, a stairway full of girls in white muslin; and who does not like pretty girls dressed in white muslin? And Mr. Leslie spares us the boredom of odious and sterile French pedantry.

Now Mr. Waterhouse's picture of "Circe Poisoning the Sea," hanging on the opposite wall, demands a more respectful consideration. It is an excellent example of square brush-work. The drawing is planned out geometrically, the modelling is built up mechanically. The brush, filled with thick paint, works like a trowel. In the hands of the Dutch and Flemish artists the brush was in direct communication with the brain, and moved slowly or rapidly, chang-

ing from the broadest and most emphatic stroke to the most delicate and fluent touch according to the nature of the work. But here all is square and heavy. Look at that arm, those shoulders, and tell me, if you can, that they are not wanting in just that sensibility of touch without which there is no life.

But can we credit Mr. Dicksee with any artistic intention in the picture he calls "Leila," hanging in the next room? I think not. Mr. Dicksee probably thought that having painted what the critics would call "somewhat sad subjects" last year, that it would be well if he painted something distinctly gay this year. A girl in a harem struck him as a subject that would please every one, especially if he gave her a pretty face, a pretty dress, and posed her in a graceful attitude. A nice bright crimson was just the colour for the dress, the feet he might leave bare, and it would be well to draw them from the plaster cast—a pair of pretty feet would be sure to find favour with the populace. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Dicksee was moved by any deeper thought or impression when he painted this picture. The execution is not quite so childlike and bland as Mr. Leslie's; it is heavier and more stodgy. One is a cane chair from the Tottenham Court Road, the other is a drawing-room chair from the Tottenham Court Road. In neither does any trace of French influence appear, and both painters are City-elected Academicians. A sudden thought. . . . Leader, Fildes, David Murray, Peter Graham, Herkomer. . . . Then it is not the City that favours the French school, but the Academy itself! And this shows how widely tastes may differ, yet remain equally sundered from good taste. I believe the north and the south poles are equi-distant from the equator. Looking at Sir Frederick Leighton's picture, entitled "At the Fountain," I am forced to admit that, regarded as mere execution, it is quite as intolerably bad as Mr. Dicksee's "Leila." And yet it is not so bad a picture, because Sir Frederick's mind is a higher and better-educated mind than Mr. Dicksee's; and therefore, however his hand may fail him, there remains a certain habit of thought which always, even when worn and frayed, preserves something of its original aristocracy. "The Sea giving up its Dead" seems to me to be pompous, empty, and as ugly in execution as in conception. In the next room—Room 3—Mr. Watts exhibits a very incoherent work, entitled "She shall be called Woman." The picture shows the genius of this great painter, not on the threshold of decline, of decrepitude, but a long way down the gloomy pathway. Were it not for the fact that Mr. Watts exhibits two pictures, as beautiful as any he ever painted, in the New Gallery, I should deem it unpardonable to write one word of disparagement or censure. But as "Hic Transit" proves Mr. Watts to be in possession of all his powers, I may be permitted to wonder at the strange divagations of his genius. The place of honour has been given to the President's "Garden

of the Hesperides." The merit of the picture is in the arabesque, which is charming and original. The maidens are not dancing, but sitting round their tree. On the right there is an olive, in the middle the usual strawberry-cream damsel, and on the left a purple drapery. The brown water in the foreground balances the white sky most happily, and the faces of the women recall our best recollections of Sir Frederick's work. Considered as a piece of decoration, the picture would be as good as anything he has done, were it not that owing to a faulty lighting the knees of the strawberry-cream damsel come right out of the picture. In this room there is also Mr. Orchardson's picture of "Napoleon dictating the account of his Campaigns." I gather from my notes the trace of the disappointment that this picture caused me: "Two small figures in a large canvas. The secretary sits on the right at a small table. He looks up, his face turned towards Napoleon, who stands on the left in the middle of the picture, looking down, studying the maps with which the floor is strewn. A great simplicity in the surroundings, and all the points of character insisted on, with the view of awakening the spectator's curiosity. From first to last a vicious desire to narrate an anecdote. It is strange that a man of Mr. Orchardson's talent should participate so fully in the supreme vice of modern art which believes a picture to be the same thing as a scene in a play. The whole picture conceived and executed in that pale yellow tint which seems to be the habitual colour of Mr. Orchardson's mind." When I turned from this picture my eye was caught by a picture by Mr. Marcus Stone. I should not be surprised to learn one day that this R.A. has invented a method of painting by machinery. For one set of years, it is true, the rejected lover goes out on the right; for another set of years he goes out on the left; but he always wears the same costume, and stands looking back in the same attitude. In the lovers themselves and in the garden I have never been able to discover any change in Mr. Stone's palette—neither change nor modification—and that is a pity; for it is not more expressive than a cheap wall-paper. Mr. Stone is another City-elected Academician, and in him there is not to be found a trace of French influence any more than in Mr. Dicksee or Mr. Leslie. Room 4 is remarkable for Stanhope Forbes's picture of "Forging the Anchor." Mr. Stanhope Forbes is the last elected Academician, and the most prominent exponent of the art of Bastien-Lepage. Perhaps the most instructive article that could be written on the Academy would be one in which the writer would confine his examination to this and Mr. Clausen's picture of "Mowers," comparing and contrasting the two pictures at every point, showing where they diverge, and tracing their artistic history back to its ultimate source. But to do this thoroughly would be to write the history of the artistic movement in France and England for the last thirty years; and I must limit myself to point-

ing out that Mr. Clausen has gone back to first principles, whereas Mr. Stanhope Forbes still continues at the point where Bastien-Lepage began to curtail, deform, and degrade the original inspiration. Mr. Clausen, I said, overcame the difficulty of the trousers by generalisation. Mr. Stanhope Forbes copies the trousers seam by seam, patch by patch; and the ugliness of the garment bores you in the picture, exactly as it would in nature. And the same criticism applies equally well to the faces, the hands, the leather aprons, the loose iron, the hammers, the pincers, the smoked walls. I should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Stanhope Forbes had had a forge built up in his studio, and had copied it all as it stood. The artist may treat the basest and lowest subjects on the face of the earth, but an element of mystery, of *cachotterie*, must enter into all art. The Dutch found this essential element in the atmosphere, and if Mr. Stanhope Forbes had thought more about what the forge would yield in transforming lights and shades, he might have painted a picture. Even then it would be necessary to change the execution—that plodding mechanical square brushwork which he learnt in France. He must undo his education from first to last; the brush must cease to build up, it must write. In a word, he must, if he wishes to be a painter, sensitise his execution.

Concerning the numerous portraits by Mr. Fildes and Mr. Herkomer scattered through these rooms I shall have little to say. Mr. Fildes graduated on the *Graphic* newspaper. He gave up his black and white work for oil-painting without, however, acquiring, or even attempting to acquire, any of the qualities which the new medium necessitated. Drawing, tone and composition are evidently considered by him only so far as they help him to tell the story he is minded to tell. As the journalist who is sent by a daily paper to write a report of a boat-race or a wedding, understands the effect and the construction of a phrase, so far Mr. Fildes understands colour and line. Mr. Orchardson stoops, it is true, to the anecdote, but he brings into the telling the same refinement of style as Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Pater do when they write for the newspapers and reviews. I should be puzzled to say which I dislike most, a portrait by Mr. Fildes or a portrait by Mr. Herkomer. Mr. Fildes is to me the type and epitome of Holloway. Mr. Herkomer reminds me of the Tyrranean carvers who come over here in vans. I do not know if he uses photography, but the mechanical manner in which the characteristics of the sitter are seized, suggest photography. But are Mr. Herkomer and Mr. Fildes taken together as bad as Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait of an archdeacon? This portrait sent me to the catalogue in frantic haste. I wanted to know who on earth could have done it. Elizabeth Nurse should be grateful to Mr. Tadema, for by force of contrast her nice little picture is transformed for the time being into a little masterpiece. Mr. Leader and Mr. David

Murray are the two Academicians who paint landscapes. They practise their art in different ways. Mr. Leader's ideal seems to be between the chromo and the photograph, and that hybrid he continues to produce with unwavering success. Mr. Murray's speciality defies description. In the New Gallery he is represented by a Murray-Constable, and in the Academy by a Murray-Corot and a Murray-Rousseau. Sometimes he perpetrates a pure Murray, and this raises a curious question: Which is preferable—Mr. Murray when he aspires towards the heights of genius of the masters, or Mr. Murray when he drudges in the lowly path of his own natural talent?

The old masters habitually used heavy shadows; it is, therefore, incumbent on "the moderns" to dispense with all shadow, with all depth of tone; and for some years pictures have been growing steadily whiter and whiter; they have now reached the consistency of faintly-tinted sheets of Japanese paper: no object has any weight, everything floats in their pictures like feathers. Mr. Solomon and Mr. Hacker have not realised that the first of all necessities in a picture is *une atmosphère de tableau*, and I would point out to them that a tree bears away the whole landscape in a picture of Corot, and that in a portrait by Manet a hand outweighs the entire figure. Mr. Solomon's and Mr. Hacker's pictures are identical; the faults of one are the faults of the other. Mr. Solomon calls his picture "Orpheus," so I suppose he has a story to tell, and has some dramatic effect in view. But in this "Orpheus" I perceive no dramatic significance whatever. I see a tall figure drawn with out any perception of the beauty of form without any passion for form, without any profound or curious appreciation of form; an uninteresting outline I see, methodically filled up with a monotonous flesh tint. I find no distance that goes back, no foreground that comes forward, nor any contrast of light and shade. I look in vain for any two parts that hold together.

Mr. Hacker has taken "The Annunciation" for theme. Rossetti's treatment of this theme hangs in the National Gallery. It will be interesting and instructive to compare the two pictures, for the intention of both painters was dramatic significance. We will look first at the Rossetti.

It is a small picture, about three feet by two, and is destitute of all technical accomplishment, or even a habit. It is painted in white and blue, and the streak of red in the foreground, the red of a screen on which is embroidered the lily—emblem of purity—adds to the chill and coldness. Drawn up upon her white bed the Virgin crouches, silent with expectation, listening to the mystic dream that has come upon her in the dim hush of dawn. The large blue eyes gleam with some strange joy that is quickening in her. The mouth and chin tell

no tale, but the eyes are deep pools of light, and mirror the soul that is on fire within. The red hair falls about her, a symbol of the soul. In the drawn-up knees, faintly outlined beneath the white sheet, the painter hints at her body's beauty. One arm is cast forward, the hand not clenched but stricken. Behind her a blue curtain hangs straight from iron rods set on either side of the bed. Above the curtain a lamp is burning dimly, blighted by the pallor of the dawn. A dead, faint sky—the faint ashen sky which precedes the first rose tint; the circular window is filled with it, and the paling blue of the sky's colour contrasts with the deep blue of the bed's curtain, on which the Virgin's red hair is painted. The angel stands by the side of the white bed—I should say floats, his fair feet hanging out of a few pale flames. White raiment clothes him, falling in long folds, leaving the arms and feet bare; in the right hand he holds a lily all in blossom; the left hand is extended in rigid gesture of warning. Brown-gold hair grows thick about the angel's neck; the shadowed profile is outlined against the hard, sad sky; the expression of the face is deep and sphinx-like; he has come, it is clear, from vast realms of light, where uncertainty and doubt are unknown. The Dove passes by him towards the Virgin. Look upon her again, crouching in her white bed, her knees drawn to her bosom, her deep blue eyes—her dawn-tinted eyes—filled with ache, dream, and expectation. The shadows of dawn are on wall and floor—strange, blue shadows!—the Virgin's shadow lies on the wall, the angel's shadow falls across the coverlet.

Here, at least, there is drama, and the highest form of drama—spiritual drama; here, at least, there is story, and the highest form of story, symbol, and suggestion. Rossetti has revealed the essence of this intensely human story—a story that, whenever we look below the surface, which is mediæval and religious, we recognise as a story of to-day, of yesterday, of all time. A girl thrall'd by the mystery of Conception awakes at morn in palpitations, seeing visions. Mr. Hacker's telling of the legend is to Rossetti's what a story in the *London Journal* is to a story by Balzac. The Virgin has apparently wandered outside the town. She is dressed in a long white garment not at all explicit: is it a night-dress, or a piece of conventional drapery? On the right there is a long, silly tree, which looks as if it had been evolved out of a ball of green wool with knitting-needles, and above her floats an angel attired in a wisp of blue gauze. Rossetti, we know, was, in the strict sense of the word, hardly a painter at all, but he had something to say; and we can bear in painting, as we can in literature, with faulty expression, if there is something behind it. What is most intolerable in art is scholastic rhodomontade. And what else is Mr. Hacker's execution? In every transmission the method seems to degenerate, and in this picture it seems

to have touched bottom. It has become loose, all its original crispness is lost, and, complicated with *la peinture claire*, it seems incapable of expressing anything whatsoever. There is no variety of tone in that white sheet, there is nobody inside it, and the angel is as insincere and frivolous as any sketch in a young lady's album. The building at the back seems to have been painted with the scrapings of a dirty palette, and the sky in the left-hand corner comes out of the picture. I have only to add that the picture has been purchased out of the Chantry Bequest Fund, and the purchase is considered to be equivalent to a formal declaration that Mr. Hacker will be elected an Associate of the Royal Academy at the next election.

Mr. Hacker's election to the Academy—I speak of this election as a foregone conclusion—following as it does the election of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, makes it plain that the intention of the Academy is to support to the full extent of its great power a method of painting which is foreign and unnatural to English art, which, in the opinion of a large body of artists—and it is valuable to know that their opinion is shared by the best and most original of the French artists—is disintegrating and destroying our English artistic tradition. Mr. Hacker's election and the three elections that will follow it, those of Mr. Shannon, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Bromley, will be equivalent to an official declaration that those who desire to be English Academicians must adopt the French methods. Independent of the national disaster that these elections will inflict on art, they will be moreover flagrant acts of injustice. For I repeat, among the forty Academicians there is not one who considers these future Academicians to be comparable to Mr. Whistler, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. Swan, or Mr. Sargent. No one holds such an opinion, and yet there is no doubt which way the elections in the Academy will go. The explanation of this incredible anomaly I have given; the explanation is not a noble one, but that is not a matter for which I can be held responsible; suffice it to say, that my explanation is the only possible explanation. The Academy is a private commercial enterprise, and conducts its business on the lines which it considers the most advantageous; its commercialism has become flagrant and undeniable. If this is so—how the facts can otherwise be explained I cannot see—it is to be regretted that the Academy got its beautiful site for nothing. But regrets are vain. The only thing to do now is to see that the Academy is no longer allowed to sail under false colours. This article may awaken in the Academy a sense that it is not well to persist in open and flagrant defiance of public opinion, or it may serve to render the Academicians even more stiff-necked than before. In either case it will have accomplished its purpose.

GEORGE MOORE.

THE TWO SALONS.

DULNESS in the Royal Academy is accepted as inevitable; in the Salons it is a novelty. If the two Paris exhibitions are dull, it is not with the monotony that wearies, but with an unexpectedness that interests. You may not be startled because they are so good, but you must wonder why they are so bad.

The Salon in the Champs-Élysées lost distinction, of course, when Meissonier and his companions seceded to the Champ-de-Mars. The result proved that its supremacy hitherto had been due to a small minority of original men, foreign and French. Without them the Salon was little better than a Royal Academy—worse, indeed, since at Burlington House the frank amateurism of the average exhibitor disarms criticism; you might as reasonably discuss the Young Person's after-dinner song as the Academy baby; but at the Palais de l'Industrie the average painter's mastery of his trade makes the feebleness of his achievement the more unpardonable, and this year's exhibition reaches the lowest depth of academical commonplace and vapid accomplishment. Gigantic canvases again flaunt their vulgar emptiness in your face; naked models, brutally painted up, or down, to the exhibition standard, still degrade the nude, and were there a French Mr. Horsley or Vigilant Society to suppress them the loss to art would not be great; blood flows red as ever; the dead lie unburied as of old; even the knife of the vivisectionist is flourished; but to no artistic purpose. The London landscapes of the year may sink into insignificance by comparison with those of Nozal, of Harpignies, or of Jules Dupré; the unpleasant colour and photographic feeling of Newlyn masterpieces may be more emphasized in their present surroundings. But this proves simply that in France the artist's training is more complete, and in consequence his facility greater; he is better as a painter; he may be no more distinguished as an artist. Whatever beauty of colour or form, whatever individuality or style the Champs-Élysées may boast, has been lent to it by Scotchmen—by Mr. Roche and Mr. Lavery, who in England are rejected or skied by prejudiced Hanging Committees, who in Paris, as in Munich, are received with honour. Take away their work, and the decorative panels of M. Merson, and Mr. MacIver-Hamilton's portrait of Mr. Gladstone, and the galleries in the Palais de l'Industrie are an unbroken wilderness of misapplied energy.

At a glance the show in the Champ-de-Mars seems far more artistic, more alive, more original. It is the difference between Bonnat and Besnard, between Bouguereau and Oazin, between

Martin and Puvis de Chavannes. Among the rank and file, too, there is more cleverness, but it is the superficial proficiency of men who cannot rise above imitation, who hope to make sensational pass for original work; but the true note of individuality is seldom struck. Even the great artists who gave this Salon such brilliancy last year and the year before, who so often had something to say for themselves, and an artistic way of their own of saying it, are content merely to repeat their previous triumphs, to present new variations of their old problems. Of Puvis de Chavannes, of Besnard, of Carrière, of Boldini, there is nothing to record that has not been recorded before, unless it be that their earlier presentations of the same themes were, on the whole, more satisfactory. Roll does not exhibit. Of the distinguished Scandinavians who contributed so largely to the pre-eminence of the two first exhibitions, apparently Edelfelt has allowed himself an interval of artistic inaction; while Kroyer and Thaulow are content to show how artistically they can fail, rather than how incomparably they can succeed. The work of Continental painters which really dignifies the collection is that of Cazin, Picard, Alfred Stevens, Aman-Jean, Raffaëlli, and Helleu. Otherwise, again, as at the Champs-Élysées, Americans, Englishmen, and Scotchmen do the most to redeem the exhibition from total ineptitude. Whistler and Sargent, Burne-Jones and Henry Moore, Alexander Harrison and Guthrie—these are the men who stand out as genuine artists and not posing charlatans. When this Salon was first started, its object was to hang only what was good, no matter how small an exhibition was the result; now it seems to be the rule to keep up the established number of contributions, no matter how much rubbish is accepted. On the walls are dozens of pictures which have not even a trick of cleverness, an element of sensationalism to recommend them. One might think that there was no one in Meissonier's place to hold the new society together and maintain its once high standard. It is true, the show is better than that in the Palais de l'Industrie, since enough good canvases could be weeded out to form a wonderful exhibition, about as large as a New English Art Club collection. Save for these exceptions, however, the platitudes in paint of the old Salon are exchanged only for incompetent cleverness and self-conscious eccentricity, and art is the more degraded by the exchange.

It is from this self-consciousness, from this straining to be eccentric, that art—"poor slut"—is now most cruelly outraged. It is to the artist in France the pitfall that markish sentiment proves to the painter in England. Art, despite the holy doctrine of the Ruskinite, is swayed by the law of supply and demand, like any other commodity. The artist sends to the Salon, no less a market than les Halles, and, unless his reputation be trebly assured, he must, if he would sell, put that on his canvas which will proclaim aloud, and make

conspicuous, its presence among hundreds and thousands of other, and perhaps better, works, since he cannot, like the costermonger, stay with his wares and himself sing their praise. Therefore, when he paints, he is not so much concerned with his impressions and their artistic rendering, as with the jury who award medals, the public who buy pictures, and the papers that publish criticism. To be noticed becomes his chief aim. But more serious for him is his uncertainty just now as to the standard of the jury, the taste of the public, the prejudices of the critic. The modern movement, inaugurated by Manet and gradually strengthened by the influence of Degas and Monet, has at last brought about the inevitable crisis. The old and new schools stand confronted, even as does the work of their followers in the Paris Hôtel de Ville, and no man can yet say which will survive the conflict. Art in France is like a ship that, after a long tack, has come about and is standing still for a minute, its sails fluttering in the wind, and the watcher on shore can scarce be sure which course she will next take. The result of this seeming hesitation is, at the moment, almost complete stagnation. The artist and his patron alike are paralysed. The pictures of Monet and his school to-day command high prices; but who can prophesy what to-morrow will bring about? Bonnat and Carolus-Duran are still, to many, the masters, but what may they be in the near future? To the art patron, dealer, or private purchaser, pictures are an investment; during this period of doubt he does not know in which to put his money. Consequently the popular artist, once overwhelmed with commissions, is now often left with none: the younger man despairs of finding his chance. Everyone is waiting.

In the meantime, however, exhibitions are still held, and no painter can afford to be unrepresented. The few strong men calmly go on in their own way unheeded of the surrounding uproar. But the large majority, in doubt as to what is expected of them, hope to gain at least notoriety by colour that screams on canvas as loud as in the decadent poem; by affectation of handling, or else, more often, by borrowing subjects or treatment of the successful exhibitors in previous shows. But crude, glaring blues and pinks in vain make a horrid discord to the eye; they cannot cry down the quieter colour schemes of the master: a Montenard cannot outshine a Whistler, though blazing Provençal fields hang next to Nocturnes in Blue and Gold. Dots of pure colour may produce a kaleidoscope instead of the harmony intended, but a Boitelet does not out-dazzle a Billotte. Sham Cézannes, sham Boldinis, sham Carrières abound on every side, and yet the French Government secures the one genuine Carrière and passes his dozen copyists by. But the men who suffer most from this outbreak of imitation are Monet, Besnard, and Chéret. In both Salons the reckless have pinned their faith on the new

school, and the landscapes of the colour-blind, the figures of the weakling, are bathed in Monet atmosphere and Besnard light. And Chéret too is having his day and enjoying the fame his genius for decoration deserves. But his designs have their special purpose, and the poster that may be in keeping on hand-ward kiosk or Faubourg hoarding, has no place in work destined for the drawing-room or the walls of a public building. This, however, matters little; no means to notoriety must be left untried. The advertisement of a favourite purgative is taken as model for the easel picture, and he who adapts its methods most cleverly, and hence strikingly, glories in the greatest *réclame* of the season. Even a man of Benjamin Constant's position is carried on with the mob, by the tide of fashion, so that his ceiling for the Hôtel de Ville, now at the Palais de l'Industrie, were it not for the signature, might be mistaken for an indifferent combination of Besnard and Chéret.

But it is in the choice of subjects that the prevailing lack of originality seems most distressing, that the desire to be noticed at any cost shows itself most vulgarly. Monet's compositions, as well as his brush-work and atmospheric effects, are stolen bodily. Whistler's "Night" strives hopelessly in lesser hands to develop into a nocturne. Some one, I cannot say who, won applause, if not something more substantial, by painting small portraits, each sitter in his or her own interior, and so this year large portraits are scarce seen, and men and women are shown at home, in boudoir or study, in drawing-room or studio. It is in the new editions of Jean Béraud's "Christ," in the latest interpretation of Sar Peladon's mystic creed, that the deepest abyss of artistic decadence is sounded. It is but a few years since Von Uhde first showed his "Last Supper" and his "Christ bidding the Little Children come unto Him," treated in a manner which, for a modern man, was original. For he took a simple peasant, clothed him in the long white gown of the conventional Saviour, surrounded him with the people of his own Germany, and placed him in their houses. Sound workmanship and straightforward sincerity, more like that of the old masters, saved these pictures from being merely a nine days' wonder. It remained for a Frenchman to take the hint thus given, and to paint for mere *blague* what the German had done in all honesty; from Von Uhde's "Last Supper" was developed Jean Béraud's "Christ and Magdalene at the Boulevardier's Dinner-Party." Already, last summer, there were other renderings of the same subject at the Champ-de-Mars; one in particular, Edelfelt's, of no small importance as a true open-air study in his native hills. But Jean Béraud's was the picture of the year, and all Paris crowded to see it, just as all London was then crowding to wonder at Mr. Fildes' "Sick Room," as it once came in its throngs for a look at Mr. Frith's "Derby Day." That this year

there should be a dozen scenes from the New Testament for every one shown last was a foregone conclusion; such a chance of success was not lightly to be neglected. Now, Christ figures in flowered Japanese dressing-gown, among the silver and glass and *bric-à-brac* of a modern dining-room, according to M. Blanche; in the peasant's "pub," breaking bread among its litter, according to M. Lhermitte. He stands blessing the children against a would-be Monet sky; he hangs on the cross in a display of fireworks meant to represent clouds. Béraud, not content with his first effort, transports Golgotha to the hill of Montmartre; Montenard must perforce introduce the woman of Samaria into a Provençal olive-orchard; Dubufe makes his Italian *loggia* the home of the Madonna; even Deschamps deserts his babies and simpering peasant children for an *Ecce Homo* as empty and affected as the holiest imbecility of Guido Reni. The old men, when they painted Christs, and Saints, and Virgins, may not have had much more genuine feeling for their subjects. Many a light jest on monastic fresco, many an indecent sally on cathedral carving, shows that they did not always work in the spirit of reverence with which we like to credit them. But frescos, and carvings, and pictures were done to supply a large and healthy demand, not to create a fad, as short-lived as foolish. It was because orders for them were given, not in the endeavour to palm them off on the public, that Rembrandt and Velasquez, Rubens and Titian, produced their altar-pieces. When they worked solely for their own pleasure they turned to the world about them, not to the Bible and the lives of the saints. And if they, like the primitives, gave the backgrounds and the costumes they knew, to Christ and his saints, it was because the painter was not then expected to be an archaeologist and traveller as well. But a treatment which was natural and sincere with them is artificial and forced for a Jean Béraud or a Blanche. If beauty of colour or form, if charm of style or strength of individuality justified this choice of subject, there need be no word of blame. One man may find inspiration in the New Testament while another seeks it in the music-halls. In the Christs of the Champ-de-Mars, however, there is nothing but cheap cleverness to serve as excuse for what must seem blasphemy to many, and for what proves to be artistic barrenness.

But if to represent Christ realistically be a road to notoriety, so also is it to clothe natural things in a garb of mysticism—to paint the ideal, as Octave Uzanne would say. For, on the one hand, Sar Peladon with his first Salon of the "Rosy Cross," has made the new fashion—the Salon for which the Mage himself has offered his apologies, but which at least set the Paris world to talking. And on the other hand, Frenchmen have just heard that there was once a pre-Raphaelite school, and that Mr. Burne-Jones still paints in Eng-

land, and to their English tailors and "five o' clocks" they would add English art, and so round out their Anglomania. If to be a symbolist instead of a naturalist, if to paint souls in faces instead of blood pouring from wounds, is what the public now wants, 'tis easy for the painter to be in the swim, and no great harm is done. In the Champ-de-Mars, to satisfy this new whim, ladies who are a cross between a Puvis de Chavannes and a Burne-Jones walk through mystic meadows; strange enigmatical figures stray in Cazin landscapes, Dagnan Madonnas crouch low in occult draperies, children out of Holman Hunt's canvases wander toward the Rising of the Sun. And these latter-day mystics apparently never doubt that thus to interpret a subject which is not theirs is to expose their own emptiness, and to defeat their end by the trivial affectation of their pretences. Moreover, the beautiful, frankly decorative arrangements of Aman-Jean, Burne-Jones' series of studies, Schwabe's illustrations to Zola's *Rêve*, are all here to emphasize more strongly the feebleness of the imitator. For again, let it be repeated, it is not the subject which offends—the great artist paints what he likes, and no one of sense questions his right to do so—it is the debased adaptation of it by the painter who has but the tricks of his trade for artistic capital.

In the sculpture galleries are the same signs of decadence. In them interest dwindles for those who come from the Royal Academy, from the busts of Mr. Gilbert and the Shelley of Mr. Ford. Really nowhere does work seem alive and vigorous, save in the black and white rooms; where the lithographs of Jouanne and Fuchs at the Champs-Élysées, of Lunois at the Champ-de-Mars, show that this one branch of art at the present moment is in the healthiest stage of its development.

What will come out of the present decadence, or interregnum, it is too soon to predict. One need not be foolishly confident in human capacity to believe that it will be something good. The sham mysticism and the sham Christianity cannot last; but if they help to prove that beauty in a work of art is the one great essential, and subject, whether debasing or ennobling, a minor consideration, they will not have had their day in vain. The cheap imitations of Monet and Chéret are deplorable enough, but if they be forerunners of the general revolt against the lifeless convention of the schools, who will pronounce them useless? The stage of uncertainty through which the picture-buying public is passing may make that public realise the value of originality; the heterodoxy of a Benjamin-Constant may prepare the way for the great genius of modern times. After all, it is as pleasant to hope as to despair.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

OUR ARMY.

If we are ever to possess an army adequate either to the increasing expenditure of the taxpayer or to the growing responsibilities of our empire, the nation itself must take a more permanent interest in this portion of its defence than it has hitherto shown. We are roused by recurring scares, or we get up a passing enthusiasm for some novel or popular arm, and there the matter usually ends. The fact, indeed, cannot cause surprise, for the first condition of greater interest is greater knowledge. In very many districts, and those, too, rural neighbourhoods from which the strongest of our recruits should come—the districts of unskilled labour where army service need be no disqualification for subsequent employment—even a solitary soldier is now seldom seen. Battalions are constantly, and as many think, needlessly on the move from barrack to barrack, but none march through these country villages. The recruiting officer, too, is almost equally unknown, while the territorial regiment itself is stationed anywhere except in the county to which it nominally belongs. In the towns, on the other hand, where its quarters are usually the result of antiquated police requirements rather than military convenience, little or nothing is done to make the Service attractive. Military bands are rarely heard except on payment, or at seaside resorts where the bandsmen are absent from their regiments and are practically earning a livelihood as civilians. The officers of the army seldom wear its uniform. Sentry work is the tedious task the soldier is most often seen to perform. The old confusion between military duties and those of the police still lingers on, and the Home Office, it appears, is solely responsible for much unnecessary sentry-go both at Windsor and in London. Three or four or more guardsmen are thus employed where one constable would suffice, and the efficiency of the soldier is sacrificed to a small economy in the estimates for police.

The tax-payer, who loses interest in an army which he never sees, is the easy prey of optimist officials and fatuous after-dinner speeches. What he really knows is that the numbers of the force look large on paper, and that he pays many millions in army estimates. He leaves it to his representatives in Parliament, or the Government, or the military authorities to do the rest, with a hope in the background that if these all blunder or fail in their duty his money bags will turn the scale, or the pluck of the soldier will once again atone for the inefficiency of his chiefs.

He trusts to broken reeds. Money can no longer make up for

waste of time, or courage atone for disorganisation. As for the House of Commons, which votes the funds, if some service journals represent fairly the military mind, the administration of the forces which guard our trade and empire is a subject upon which the ordinary tax-payer or his civilian representative has small right to form an opinion. The empty benches on an evening when army or navy estimates are being discussed are evidence that the representatives of the tax-payer themselves passively encourage this view—and thus, while the military member expends his energy in defence of the divine right of officers of the Guards to live out of barracks, or the dubious claims of purchase colonels, the army itself falls into the condition which the report of the Wantage Committee partially describes, and which says little to justify the simple confidence hitherto shown in either governments themselves or their military advisers.

This neglect to examine the army votes, to see that the country obtains something like an adequate return for the vast sums expended, is due to a variety of causes. A considerable section of the House of Commons, probably a dwindling section, entertain a dislike to almost all military expenditure. Others regard the strength of the navy as an excuse for the weakness of the army. Others think that economy is best exhibited in cutting down the total amount estimated rather than in securing good results for the expense incurred. This, it seems, is the simple system of the Treasury itself. So, at least, reported Sir James Stephen's Commission. Others prefer to criticise only if their opponents are in office. Others have not the time to study a special subject, even one of such national interest as this. But a chief reason, no doubt, is the idea that such matters are too technical for the civilian mind, and the puzzled but loyal partisan all the more meekly acquiesces in that view when Liberal and Conservative leaders join hands, as they always do, to defend their common administration of the army, in the face of constantly recurring scandals, and in despite of repeated censures from innumerable Committees and Royal Commissions of their own appointment.

The carefully fostered theory of the incapacity of the civilian to form an opinion is manifestly absurd in relation to many principal matters of military administration. In all the manufacturing departments of the army the tendency is really in the opposite direction. Officers are being replaced by civilian chiefs, and those departments are being treated as they should be treated—in the same manner as ordinary business concerns. The civilian can readily learn as much as the average officer knows about the terms of enlistment, the feeding, the clothing, the health, the barracks of the soldier. The organisation of an army in peace does not differ in most material

respects from that of the servants of a great railway company. It is almost solely in such matters as discipline, drill, tactics, and strategy, that the military man may claim a special and exclusive voice, and it would be well if officers themselves could speak with satisfaction of the present condition of the army in these particular respects.

The popularity of some other institutions increases rather than the reverse as they cease from active and assume ornamental duties. But when the fleets of possible rivals are increasing, and the work for our own fleet also increases, when our trade travels more and more inland, and our land frontiers themselves are enormously extending, this is not a time for the army to lapse into the ornamental stage.

"The army parades but does not fight" is an axiom impossible for us to accept, and yet, from no want of numbers, from no want of money, from no want of courage either in officers or privates, our home army is apparently—indeed, admittedly—in that condition; because neither numbers nor money nor courage alone can give us what is needed without the governing brain or will, or both, which are alike wanted, and it would seem alike wanting.

An establishment of 700,000 men is in number, at any rate, adequate to our necessities, and when we compare the amount spent upon that force with the military expenditure of Continental powers, and make every possible allowance for the extra cost of a voluntary army, our expenditure is surely large enough to make that army as it should be made, the "finest little fighting machine in the world." Of these 700,000 men, some 70,000, or one-tenth of the whole, are stationed in India, and in regard to them, indeed, the opinion of experts is almost unanimous that they are equal, if not superior, to any similar number of troops in any country of the world. It is to the forces under the charge of the authorities at home, the most costly by far of all army administrations anywhere, that public attention should be vigorously applied.

It is true, no doubt, that the Select Committee of the House of Commons which recently inquired into the Army Estimates reported that very great deficiencies—such, for instance, as a want of proper barracks, still existed. But because a department has failed to provide even primary necessities out of a vast expenditure, that surely is no proof that the amount as a whole has been wisely spent. The argument points in the opposite direction, and Lord Wolseley, speaking as a practical soldier, plainly says, "The country pays for an inferior article a price which should be ample to give it a most effective fighting machine." He implies that this "fuss and feathers" army is ornamental rather than useful. The real test, however, is not opinions, but facts; and those facts are best arrived at by comparing the cost of our own army with that of the fighting forces of France and Germany. We spend a great deal more than they,

and have a great deal less, even in numbers, to show for it, to say nothing of our inferiority in quality, homogeneity, and general preparation for war.

France spends annually some 28½ millions sterling on her army. The total expenditure of the German army this year is also 28½ millions, of which 4½ millions are an extraordinary expenditure on field-guns and rifles of a new pattern. The German navy estimate is just £4,800,000. Our naval expenditure is £16,571,000, but, of course, our navy has far more duties to perform than theirs. On the other hand, our army takes a much smaller share in the general defence of the empire. Yet we spend upon it much more than France or Germany spend upon their armies, some 33 millions a year as against 30 millions at the most. A return just issued showing the net estimated expenditure upon the home army alone (the army, that is to say, under War Office control) gives £17,631,000 to be voted in army estimates, and £1,250,000 to be advanced from the Consolidated Fund, or a total of £18,619,500. This sum, however, by no means represents the real expenditure. The actual cost of the home army is some 20½ millions. The difference of nearly 2 millions is chiefly due to the fact that the Indian Government (besides 13 millions spent on the forces in India) contributes £850,000 to the expenses of the army at home, while the colonies pay us £250,000 and Egypt £87,000. Such questionable items as stoppages of soldiers' pay account for a further £250,000. All these large sums are deducted in the estimates from the actual cost.

To compare the total cost of our paid voluntary army with that of the conscript armies of the Continent would, of course, be grossly unfair. The possibility of comparison, however, is not to be disposed of by speaking of ours as a paid and theirs as unpaid armies. Abroad the officers are all paid, and the non-commissioned officers are very highly paid indeed. In France each non-commissioned officer who agrees to extend his service for three years receives a bonus of £100. Germany spends some 8 millions sterling and France 7 millions upon pay alone. On the other hand, ours is not a paid army to the extent which is generally assumed. Two-fifths of it, the Volunteers, are not paid at all, whether officers or men. Another one-fifth, the Yeomanry and Militia, are paid for only twelve and twenty-eight days respectively in the year. Thus only the remaining two-fifths are in receipt of daily pay. The privates of the Regulars and Reserve receive £4,800,000, of the Yeomanry £250,000, of the Militia £250,000, taking something over a total of 5 millions sterling. These include a very large number of lance corporals, who in our army only draw pay as privates, but who in the French and German armies are treated as non-commissioned officers, and receive extra pay accordingly. They are about the hardest-

worked men in the army, and our treatment of them is an extraordinary piece of penny-wise pound-foolish policy. The money expended on such items as honorary colonelcies might be devoted to this object with good practical results.

If we deduct 5 millions from the 19 millions, which are a very low estimate indeed for the annual cost of the home army, we have still 14 millions left as the total charge after the one great element of difference between Continental armies and our own, the pay of the men, has been removed. To allow every margin for other indirect results of this difference, though they are difficult to trace or imagine, I take the figure as 13 instead of 14 millions.

What quantity of men do we obtain for this sum? This year's estimates show a total of only 557,000, including, of course, the Reserves, and excluding the British troops serving in and paid by India. Every man in any way liable to service is included. For the corresponding 28, or say 30 millions, France can show 2,800,000 men and Germany 2,301,000 under twelve years' service, with an enormous force of trained men organised behind them again. But if we deal merely with the figures of 2,301,000 and 2,800,000, we arrive even thus at some startling results. If we take the whole British force of 557,000 men, and compare them, good and bad, with the Regulars and Reserve of the two armies named, each of our units represents an expenditure annually of £23 10s., each German unit of £13 10s., and each French unit of £11 10s. If we limit the comparison to our Regulars and Reserve our unit costs £60 as against £13 10s. for the German and £11 10s. for the Frenchman. Their Reserves, it must be remembered, are periodically trained, while ours are not; and, of course, the pay of our privates must be added to the above figures in each instance.

Yet "More money" is still the cry in high places of the army, and, if more is really required, the taxpayers are rich enough, and should be patriotic enough, and alive enough to their own interests, to grant it. But two facts cool the ardour of even the most patriotic taxpayer. He is carefully kept in the dark as to the condition of the national defence. "I think," said the general in whom, perhaps, he believes the most, to the Royal Commission over which Sir James Stephen presided, "one of the most serious complaints that could be brought against our system of administration of the army, and our system of government as it bears on the army, is that we do not tell the truth to the English people." And when with difficulty the curtain is raised for a moment or two in Parliament he sees not efficiency but the reverse—rotten accoutrements, bad meat, bending bayonets, bursting guns, insanitary barracks, and he thinks that before army officials are trusted with still larger funds they should learn to make better use of those which they now misspend.

The latest, and it is to be hoped the last, book of revelation is the report, with the evidence, of Lord Wantage's Committee. Of late years especially these Committees and Commissions have been almost innumerable. They have all two inherent defects. They are not responsible official bodies, and they can only deal with isolated portions of a subject which needs to be dealt with systematically as a whole. If they are appointed to supply the War Office with information, it seems strange that the very elementary facts they disclose were not long ago known to a department so fully manned as the War Office notoriously is. If they are nominated to afford information to the taxpayer, why is the evidence so frequently withheld, as happened in the case of Lord Hartington's Commission? The excuse that the foreigner might gain information is worth very little in view of the fact that he already knows more than the long-suffering Englishman, and also in view of the generous manner in which our dockyards and arsenals are thrown open to his inspection. The further fact that, whether the evidence be published or not, the recommendations of the Commission are seldom followed up, is another good reason for distrust of such bodies. They labour long, and their advice is excellent, but to the responsible minister they are chiefly valuable to tide him over a crisis until public opinion has once more gone to sleep.

These Committees and Commissions have recently dealt with some most momentous questions, with matters which constitute the A B and C of military efficiency. Strange disclosures have been made as to the *personnel*, the *matériel*, the administration alike; but the system under which such scandals were possible and, indeed, inevitable, in its principal aspects is still the same. Sir James Stephen, presiding in 1887 over a Royal Commission of quite exceptional importance, and dealing with the whole system under which warlike stores were adopted into the army, condemned it vigorously, root and branch. The Secretary of State, he said, was nominally responsible for everything, and just for that reason was really responsible for nothing. "His extraordinary position prevents the possibility of the establishment of a consistent and continuous system of administration; it destroys responsibility; it practically prevents the public from knowing for what purpose their money is raised, or how it is applied." Going to the actual question of the supply of all warlike stores, he remarks: "In order to make an economical provision for efficient service, it is necessary to have clear answers to three distinct questions: (1) What do we want? (2) What is the least price at which we can get what we want? (3) How much of what we want can we afford to buy this year? To the first of these questions our present system gives no answer at all. The second and third are practically answered by the result of the undignified scramble just

described. Extravagant demands are met by arbitrary reductions." "Inventors in general, and leading gunmakers in particular, are afraid of entering into communication with the War Department. It is because they think that any committee with which they communicate, will either adopt or take hints from their inventions without paying for them." How much of all this has been dealt with and remedied? The Commission made a strong recommendation that a fixed standard as to the amount of stores which should be kept in hand for service should be laid down by experts, and that annual statements should be published showing the public how the existing stores stood in relation to this necessary standard. The fact, as stated by Lord Wolseley to the Wantage Committee, that we could not yet mobilise even one army corps for want of stores, shows how much attention has been paid to this masterly report.

But defects of *matériel* are partially remedied or rather perhaps wholly forgotten. Even so noteworthy a deficiency as Lord Wolseley discloses is revealed only to be lost sight of amid a mass of more startling revelations as to the two remaining branches, the administration of the army and its *personnel*.

It is not many months since Lord Hartington's Commission reported on the strange and complete want of co-operation between the two sister services, the army and the navy, as "an unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of affairs." "It has been given in evidence before us that no combined plan of operations for the defence of the Empire in any given contingency has ever been worked out or decided upon by the two departments; that some of the questions connected with the defence of military ports abroad, and even of those at home, are still in an unsettled condition, and that the best mode of garrisoning some of the distant coaling-stations is also undecided." The practical man of business on the Commission, Mr. Ismay, confines his separate report to this point alone: "There is a want of all proper means of authoritatively settling questions at issue between the two departments, of apportioning to each its responsibility in certain matters of defence, and of holding a balance between the demands of the army and those of the navy."

What has been, as usual, the result? The Naval Volunteers have been disbanded. The Prime Minister meets the ministers responsible for the army and navy to discuss army and navy matters together—as, indeed, it is to be presumed they always did. The military methods of coast defence are the amusement of the navy, and whether soldiers or marines are to garrison our coaling-stations is still a bone of contention for the rival services.

It was already known, for General Brackenbury had himself told the Army estimates committee so long back as May, 1887, how far-reaching was the "want of any such great central thinking depart-

ment" as the general staff of the German army, "the powerful brain of the military body, to the designs of which brain the whole body is made to work." We had no reason, therefore, in the absence of such a Brain, to expect that far-seeing and careful preparation for war which is the work of the general staff abroad. But we had a right to hope that the War Office and the Horse Guards between them would at least be adequate to the ordinary routine in times of peace. To settle their differences or to allay their jealousies is no part of the duty of the long-suffering taxpayer. But to be agreed, at least, upon the general system of army administration, and to loyally uphold that system when once established is, at first sight at least, the paramount duty of the civil and the military departments alike. But here, again, not even the first step has been taken towards either joint action or separate responsibility by two sets of servants of one common country. To decide what the duties of an army are, and to fix the size of the army in accordance with those duties, seems an ordinary and necessary precaution viewed from the point of economy or of efficiency, or both. But what does the Adjutant-General tell us? "We have always, from the military side of the administrative part of the army, desired to be told what the duties of the army are, what the country expects the army to do, but we have never been exactly informed on these points." So much for a clear idea of the work to be done. What of the numbers needed to do it? "I suppose," says the chairman, Lord Wantage, "the establishment of the army has been fixed with a view to perform certain duties?" "I am afraid," replies the Adjutant-General, "I must rather traverse your statement. The establishment is not fixed directly with regard to certain duties, it is only fixed incidentally. The duties of the home army are, in the main, to keep up the army abroad by drafts of the proper age and training." The whole gist of the Wantage report is that even that main but most humble duty it cannot perform; while the defence of the mother country would, in Lord Wolseley's opinion, mainly fall upon the Volunteers. And as with the line so with the reserve. "Until that" (the definite object of the army) "is laid down it is impossible," adds the Adjutant-General, "to know what an adequate reserve is. We do not know what we are keeping a reserve for." "We have never," joins in Sir Evelyn Wood, "come to any decision, as far as I know, as to what an adequate reserve is."

But the same state of confusion and indecision and cross purposes is unfortunately quite as apparent even when some definite system or principle of action has been, as we all supposed, clearly and finally settled. A system of linked battalions, with short service and a large reserve, was adopted by Parliament and the nation almost

a quarter of a century ago. Yet in 1892 a Committee reports that "the organization of the army ought to be made a subject in all examinations for promotion"! and they specially refer to Lord Wolseley's evidence. What does he say? That very few officers yet know the system of 1872, on which our army is organized, and that even officers commanding regiments need to have some opportunity given them of learning what that organization is. Is our army in this sense too a nursery? "We have never laid down," he adds, "that officers commanding regimental districts should know thoroughly the organization of the army. No man has ever been punished for running counter to the organization of the army, or praised for carrying out that system." "It is not the organization which has broken down, but it is chiefly because that organization has not been fully and properly, and in deed and spirit, carried out that we have brought upon us most of our present difficulties." One reason which Lord Wolseley gives for this is significant. "The commanding officers and all regimental officers of a battalion in the old days had very little to do, but under the short-service system they have a great deal to do now; therefore it is only natural that short service should not commend itself to officers of the army generally." "We must let officers commanding regimental districts know that the organization is to be held to, and that they will be punished if they do not carry it out. Many of those colonels commanding districts do little or nothing. I should like to see one or two of the idle ones removed; it would make the others sit up, and our recruiting would be much better than it is."

Unfortunately even a greater offender is the War Office itself. Sir A. Haliburton, with praiseworthy independence, presses this point firmly. A close comparison, he tells us, of the short-service system, as originally designed, with the same system as at present administered at once discloses the measures necessary to remedy the existing difficulty. One simple remedy consists in loyally adhering to the elementary rules of the established system. That system required a number of battalions at home equal to the number of battalions abroad, and that the number of men should be as uniform as possible in every battalion at home and in every battalion abroad. There are, in fact, however, eleven more battalions at home than abroad, and the home battalions vary in number from 721 to 921 men. The Commander-in-Chief, it appears, has constantly appealed to the Secretary of State, but the difficulty has as constantly gone on increasing. The machinery is out of gear, and has now almost wholly broken down. Successive governments, the committee report, have failed to carry out the principles of administration

accepted twenty years ago, "the provisions of the system which have not been carried out being precisely those essential to its successful working."

The remedy now proposed at the War Office is to treat all the battalions at Gibraltar, and some of the battalions at Malta, "*as if they were at home*"! But Lord Wolseley pertinently says that this is to throw dust in the eyes of the English people, and make them think we have established some sort of balance between the number of battalions at home and abroad. "You might just as well treat the battalions in India as home battalions."

When we descend from the general system or want of system to its particular results, the same kind of facts still face us.

1. The eight battalions first on the roster at Aldershot are kept at a much higher strength than the remainder, at considerable inconvenience to the general scheme, with the idea that standing thus at nearly war strength they are more ready than any others for service in India, or possibly (the official evidence is contradictory on this point) for a small war. Yet in point of fact they are, as Mr. Knox, the Accountant-General, tells us, the most inefficient battalions of them all. To raise them from between 600 and 700 to their higher establishment, perhaps nearly 400 men have to be passed into them all in one year; that necessarily produces a very bad battalion, *i.e.*, one exceptionally full of immature and untrained recruits.

2. Next to service in India our many small wars most call for due preparation and some settled system. Yet "no plan that I know of," continues Mr. Knox, "has been worked out by any committee, or by the War Office, with a view of meeting that emergency." The Adjutant-General further tells us that we could not send either these eight battalions, the first on the roster, or indeed any battalions of the 1st Army Corps on service abroad, unless indeed we drew heavily from the Reserve, and the Reserve is not liable for service in small wars at all.

3. But what, then, of more serious wars? The Reserve is maintained specially for a great national emergency, for "imminent national danger." And in such case its object is to complete the first line to fighting strength. With the great number of very young recruits in all home battalions the Reserve must probably form the larger proportion of the actual first line, and "we are depending entirely upon our Reserves," says Colonel Goldsmid, "to put us into a state of efficiency for war." Yet what is their condition? The Adjutant-General indeed gravely asserts that they are "in a very efficient state." The unsophisticated civilian may be excused for thinking otherwise. Efficiency, to begin with, must bear some rela-

tion to the adequacy of their numbers and the object for which they are maintained. The Adjutant-General, however, admits, "It is impossible to know what an adequate Reserve is. We do not know what we are keeping a Reserve for." And that Reserve is the backbone of our first line! "What are the duties of the Reserve?" the Commander-in-Chief is asked. "None at all. Under the conditions I have read out they are bound to come out when called, but otherwise they have no duties, and they get paid for doing nothing." "As we never see them, we do not know whether they are qualified to take their place in the ranks." In any case Sir Redvers Buller reports that as regards numbers alone we are deficient of 12,050 Reservists to bring two army corps up to war establishment to send abroad. Passing from quantity to quality, we discover that they are not drilled, and they do not even come up for payment and inspection before an officer of the army, as formerly, but, for purposes of so-called economy, are now paid by Post Office orders instead. They are not any longer medically inspected, and we have scarcely any evidence that the men are actually in these islands at all. "No other nation in the world would rely upon such a Reserve," is Lord Wolseley's natural comment on these facts.

4. If such is our state of preparation for a war, either great or small, abroad, this costly army of ours is useful at least for home defence? That is not the opinion of the military authorities themselves. Half of the men in the Duke of Connaught's command "are not," his Royal Highness says, "even up to carrying their kit." The present adjutant-general admits "we have not a single infantry battalion effective at home." His predecessor says that, except the Guards, they are all "like a lemon when all the juice is squeezed out of it," and "unfit in every way to go into the field." To resist an invader we should have to keep all the many immature men in the ranks and "do the best we could." "They would be better than nothing, but they would be much better than Volunteers, upon whom the principal defence of the country would have to fall in the event of an invasion."

5. The main causes of this inefficiency are the youth and limited training of these troops, the need of "stiffening" by the presence of old soldiers in the ranks, and the inexperience of the non-commissioned officer. To improve this condition of things we take no less than 13,000 men at the home stations alone, set them on work which is purely civilian employment, render them daily unavailable for the ordinary duty roster, and thus throw a vast amount of sentry and other extra work upon their comrades. The Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General speaks of the number so employed as

"enormous and incredible." In every cavalry regiment 50 men are employed as officers' servants alone. At Aldershot, besides the servants of staff officers, regimental officers alone thus employ 480 men, many of whom everywhere are the older soldiers. Sir Evelyn Wood says that at Aldershot again he cannot get a sufficient number even of non-commissioned officers on parade on account of the many duties, such as those of cooks, &c., on which they are constantly employed. On the hard-worked immature recruit the result is specially severe. The present practice as to guards and sentries and "employed men" generally, is a legacy from the long-service system, when, after recruit drill was over, there was little to do and there were many to do it. Now the home battalion is a hard-worked military machine for educating great numbers of recruits in a short time; and neither the health of the recruit, nor the efficiency of the battalion, can spare so many men from the daily and necessary duties of the soldier. Yet here is the very work on which a Reserve man might be well employed.

6. One of the two main reasons assigned in the German official reports for the defeat of the French army was the fact of its incomplete, though still considerable, division into organised army corps. Twenty years have passed since then, and for the last five of them we have been free from even small wars, and from what is almost as mischievous, the repeated changes of Ministers for War. We have been led to believe that, although some six years ago no organisation of our home forces practically existed at all, now at last we could almost equal the boast of Marshal Lebœuf himself, and were organised to the last man and ready to the last button. It is in the regular forces we must suppose that this complete preparation would be first apparent. Yet the Commander-in-Chief "doubts" whether we could mobilise one single army corps at short notice; and Lord Wolseley questions whether we have yet got the necessary stores and equipment for even that very modest force. If this is the organisation of the regulars, what are the facts about Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers, whether their duties lie in garrison or in the field?

The indifferent use we thus make of the soldier when we have got him is much more serious even than the difficulty which we now have to get him. For a growing disorganization at headquarters is less easy of explanation, and therefore of remedy, than the decreasing stature of the recruits. Indeed it is a matter for surprise that as things are the young soldier is actually so good as he is. That even physically he is much inferior to the long-service recruit, is by no means certain. In 1866 the Adjutant-General of the day reported to a Royal Commission that "half the men who enlist into the ser-

vice who represent themselves as eighteen, are not eighteen. I daresay that not one-half are above sixteen." The young soldiers of Italy, France, or Germany to-day are by no means all models of manly vigour. We see the worst of our own men in the very battalions which are most under public notice, the battalions on a high establishment at Aldershot, specially and foolishly overloaded with an undue proportion of recruits. But we do not see them when, after two years' service, they form part of the splendid force in India. The Guards, too, with the shortest service of all, do not appear to a civilian eye as the children which some witnesses describe. The faults of the Reserve are due, not to the age or physical qualities of the men, but to the utter neglect of the War Office to recognise the Reserve as what it is everywhere else, and ought to be made here too—almost the most valuable portion of the first line. Yet when everything possible is said, 12,000 special enlistments in one year are an ominous fact. And what kind of man, indeed, can you expect to get if you give him neither fair pay nor fair play? The very period of seven years, for which he is usually enlisted for service with the colours, is, as Lord Roberts wrote in 1884, "perhaps as fatal a period as could have been fixed upon, whether the convenience and welfare of the soldier or the interest of the State be considered." It is much too long for the man who looks to re-enter civil life; it is much too short for the soldier who makes soldiering his first object.

But be that as it may, the private is at least entitled to pay equivalent to that of the unskilled labourer, and in finding what that equivalent is we must remember that the unskilled labourer is of all ages—often old, weakly, tied down to one spot, and shut out from free competition—and that he sacrifices neither his liberty nor his life. Less than such a minimum as this is not fair pay. To entrap our soldiers by the trickily-worded posters and pamphlets of the War Office or the recruiting-sergeant's irresponsible interpretations of them is not only not fair play, but a national fraud. The recruit thinks, and, unless he were a trained casuist, would have reason to think that a full shilling, free food, free clothing, free doctoring are promised. He does not receive that which he expects, and he pays away a good deal in stoppages, about which he is not told beforehand. Even if the case for fair pay must wait, that for fair play cannot wait. The convenient time, of which Sir A. Haliburton speaks, is the immediate present, and deception must be stopped at once if we have any proper regard for the national honour.

The War Office and Horse Guards, on the other hand, with clerks innumerable and generals galore, with many millions of taxes and the most patient of taxpayers, have had something more than fair pay and the fullest fair play. It is only due to the present Secretary

of State to remember the heavy arrears he succeeded to, and the good work which here and there he has now to show. He found, as he has told us, that "absolutely no organization existed to enable all our forces to be speedily mobilised on the occasion of emergency," and manœuvres recommenced, volunteers brigaded, barracks rebuilt, stores decentralised are some of the many reforms in detail for which he deserves the credit he has received. But he has unfortunately followed the bad example of his predecessors and played fast and loose with the system of army organization which Parliament and the country deliberately endorsed, and he has not told the country either that the system was being ignored or what were the consequences of so ignoring it. Indeed, he told us last October that "the army was never in so good a condition as at present, its officers so thoroughly devoted to the study and practice of their profession, or its men so well trained and adapted for the work they might have to do."

And yet it is said that the public themselves are to blame because they are indifferent to the condition of the army! Even if the public were not persistently kept in the dark, it is hardly their duty to again adjudicate between the conflicting authorities who contend openly for the established system, or covertly for a return to the old long service, and who between them have made the army as we find it to-day. But they can, of course, remember that the old long service system utterly broke down, and they now learn that the system which succeeded it has never been given a fair chance of success.

In the organization of the army as a whole to form a plan and stick to it, and in the treatment of the individual soldier to make a promise and keep to it, might not be an original, but it would, it appears, be a novel mode of procedure. For the deception of the recruit there is no excuse. For officers who differ about systems of organization there is, as things stand, much to be said. For how can experts decide on a system who are not told what any system is for and what the army is intended to do? And it is not the military authorities who keep us in the dark, for they are kept too much in the dark themselves. While party leaders on both front benches in Parliament, disagreeing on all else, agree to describe everything as being for the best in the best of possible armies, the military chiefs, disagreeing, no doubt, as to systems, combine in condemning, with patriotic frankness, the dangerous condition of this costly force. Which is right the report of Lord Vantage's committee proves. Is it not high time that the nation should more often be told of the state of its own defences by its expert authorities at first hand? At present we only learn just as much as it suits a party minister to tell us. The permanent needs of a nation are surely more important

than the passing exigencies of a party. In other and minor matters the criticism of opponents is some guarantee for efficiency. But on this great subject ministers and ex-ministers alike maintain a silence which no doubt they think discreet; and except for the chance revelations of irresponsible committees, the public has no trustworthy means of knowledge. And this ignorance of the public is not balanced by any real responsibility on the part of those who know the facts. The military expert gives his frank opinion of some pressing necessity; but his advice is not followed and his responsibility ends. The politician declines to accept his opinion; it is not convenient to the party to adopt it just yet; the public does not know that it has been given at all; even if the fact leaks out the party will rally round its minister, and his opponents, whose own minister has done the same thing in his day, make a half-hearted attack or none at all. The country knows nothing. The experts may not enlighten it. The party-politicians dare not or will not tell it the whole truth. On one side is want of knowledge; on the other side an absence of all real responsibility. What this system has brought us to already is now made evident. To what it may some day bring us if it is allowed to continue, that, too, must be equally plain.

R. W. HANBURY.

ELDER CONKLIN.

CHAPTER I.—THE HOUSE-WARMING.

IN silence Elder Conklin finished his peaches and cream, as if he had not heard what his wife said, and then rose and left the room to put on his Sunday clothes. A few moments later his wife followed him, after telling the negro servant-girl to see that her son, Jake, went to bed in good time.

On the Elder's departure the two young people as if by common accord went out on the stoop or verandah which ran round the frame-house. It was late September in Southern Kansas. The day had been hot, but the chilliness of the evening air betokened the near approach of the Indian summer. The house stood upon the crest of what had been a roll in the prairie, and as the two leant together on the railing of the stoop, they looked out over a small orchard of peach-trees to where, a couple of hundred yards away, at the foot of the bluff, Cottonwood Creek ran, fringed on either bank by the trees which had doubtless suggested its name. On the horizon to their right, away over the spears of yellow maize, the sun was sinking, a fiery orange-red ball against the pale blue of the sky. As the girl turned towards him, perhaps to avoid the level rays, Mr. Bancroft hoped she'd go with him to the house-warming. A little stiffly Miss Conklin replied that she'd be pleased but—

"What have I done, Miss Loo, to offend you?" interrupted the schoolmaster, with reproach in his tone.

"Nothing, I guess," was the reply, as if surprised at the question.

"When I first came you were so kind and helped me in everything. Now for the last two or three days you seem cold and sarcastic, as if you were angry with me. I'd be sorry if that were so—very sorry."

"Didn't you ask Jessie Stevens to go with you to the house-warmin'?" was Miss Conklin's retort.

"No! I certainly didn't," replied Mr. Bancroft warmly.

"Then Seth lied!" Miss Conklin exclaimed. "But I guess he'll not try that again with me. Seth Stevens I mean; he asked me to go with him to-night, and I didn't give him the 'mitten,' as I should if I'd thought you were going to ask me."

"What do you mean by 'giving the mitten'?" interrupted Mr. Bancroft.

"Why, I guess it means a refusal but I only said I was afraid I'd have to go with you seein' you were a stranger. 'Afraid,'" she repeated, as if the word stung her. "But he'll lose nothin' by waitin', nothin'. You hear me talk." And Miss Loo's eyes flashed.

As she stood upright in her excitement Bancroft thought he had never seen anybody so lovely. "A perfect Hebe," he said to himself, and started as if he had said the words aloud. The comparison was apt. Although Miss Loo Conklin was only seventeen, her figure had the full ripeness of womanhood, and her height—a couple of inches above the average—helped to make her look older than she was. Her face was more than pretty; it was, in fact, as lovely as youth, good features, and fine colouring can ever make a face. In fairness of complexion and beauty of tint it left nothing to be desired. The masses of chestnut hair seemed almost too heavy for the shapely, small head: the large blue eyes with their dark lashes were too beautiful to be condemned by a youth for want of expression. And if the underlip was too full, and the oval of the face too round through short curve of jaw and weight of chin—these are not faults in a Hebe. Faultless at any rate she must have appeared to her young companion, for he tried in vain to control the admiration of his gaze. Nothing disturbed, not elated even at what she considered to be merely her due, Miss Conklin remained for a few moments in silence: then she said—

"I guess I'll have to go and fix up."

At that moment the Elder appeared on the stoop. "Ef you're goin'," he said in the air, as his daughter swept past him into the house, "you'd better hitch Jack up to the light buggy."

"Thank you!" said the schoolmaster, and then for the sake of saying something, he added, "What a fine view." But the Elder answered nothing, not out of rudeness apparently, but because he had nothing to say.

The strange taciturnity of the man annoyed Bancroft and set him thinking. In the couple of weeks which he had passed as a boarder in this house, the unconscious rudeness of the Elder was only one of many peculiarities which led Bancroft, with his Boston education, to look upon these Westerners as belonging almost to a distinct species. George Bancroft was a fair specimen of the ordinary middle-class Bostonian. He had gone through the University Course with rather more than average success, and had the cant, at least, of intellectual sympathies. His self-esteem, however, was not based chiefly upon his intelligence, but upon the ease with which he conformed to a certain standard of conduct. Bancroft's ideal was of Boston conventional, perhaps indeed provincial, but its narrowness and dogmatic certainty seemed to him to be merits. Each man's horizon conforms to his powers of vision. Not a little of his character showed itself in his appearance. In figure he was about middle height, and strongly though sparely built. The head was well-shaped; the face a lean oval; the features sharply cut; the complexion, hair, and moustache dark; the brown eyes of fair size but inexpressive, and set too closely together. The juxtaposition of

the eyes revealed a tendency to suspiciousness (Bancroft prided himself on his prudence), just as a prim neatness of dress and a conscious carriage discovered a vanity which, in an older man, would have been fatuous. A richer and more expansive nature would in youth, at least, have sought unconsciously to bring itself into sympathy with strange surroundings, but, naturally enough, Bancroft regarded those who differed from his standard in manners or conduct as inferior, and this presumption in regard to the Conklins was strengthened in him by his manifest superiority in book-learning, the importance of which he had been trained to overestimate.

As they drove from the house, Miss Conklin made her companion talk of eastern cities. She wanted to know what Chicago was like, and what the people did in New York. Amused by her eager curiosity, Bancroft gave her sketches of both cities, and then went on to tell her what he had read and heard of Paris, and Rome, and London. But evidently the girl wasn't interested by her companion's praise of the art-life of European capitals or their historical associations. So she cut short his disquisition by remarking thoughtfully:

"See here! When I first seed you and knew you was raised in Boston and had lived in New York, I jest thought you no account for comin' to this jumpin'-off place. Why did you come out here, anyway, and what did you reckon upon doin'? I guess you ain't goin' to teach school always."

The young man flushed under the frankness of the girl's gaze and question, and what seemed to him like contempt in her last words. Again he became painfully conscious of the existence of a social difference at least between himself and Miss Conklin. He had been accustomed to more reticence, and such directness of questioning appeared to him an impertinence. But she was so completely under the spell of her beauty, that he answered with scarcely a visible hesitation.

"I came out here because I want to study law, and wasn't rich enough to do it in the East. I took this school because it was the first position offered to me, but I intend, after a term or two, to find a place in some lawyer's office in a town and get admitted to practice. If I'd had fifteen hundred dollars I could have done that in Boston or New York, but I suppose it'll all come right in time."

"If I had been in your place I'd have stayed in New York," and then clasping her hands on her left knee and looking intently over the prairie, she added, "When I get to New York—and that won't be long—I'll stay there, you bet! I guess New York's good enuff for me. There's style there," and she nodded her head decisively as she spoke.

At the Morrisens Miss Loo and Bancroft were among the latest arrivals. She stood beside him while he hitched Jack to a post of

the fence amidst a crowd of other horses, and afterwards they entered the house together. Miss Conklin presented her companion to Mr. and Mrs. Morris, and smilingly produced three linen tablecloths as her contribution to the warming. They were of course received with profuse thanks and compliments, and then Mrs. Morris conducted them across the passage into the best sitting-room, which the young persons of both sexes had already appropriated, leaving the second best room to the old folk.

In the small square apartment some twenty boys and girls, ranging between sixteen and twenty-two years of age, were assembled. The boys stood apart at one end of the room, while the girls sat at the other end chattering and enjoying themselves. Naturally Mr. Bancroft didn't go among the young men, none of whom he knew and who seemed to him uncouth lads. With his Eastern training he found it more amusing to stand in front of the circle of girls and talk with them. By doing this he gave dire offence to the young men. But that he only learned later. Suddenly a tall youth advanced from his corner and said gruffly,

"I guess we'd better play somethin'?"

"Forfeits! Mr. Stevens," was a girl's quick reply, and so it was arranged to play forfeits in a queer educational fashion. First of all Mr. Stevens went out of the room, apparently to think. When he came in again, he went over to Miss Conklin and asked her to spell "forgive." After a moment's pause the girl spelt the word correctly. Again Stevens retired, and on his return stopped again in front of Miss Conklin, and gave her "reconciliation." She withstood the test triumphantly. Apparently annoyed with the pains she took, Stevens, on his next entrance, went over to a pretty, quiet girl named Miss Black, and gave her the word "stranger," with a glance at Bancroft, which spread a laugh among the young men. Miss Black began with "strai," and was not allowed to go on, for Mr. Stevens at once presented his arm to her, and led her outside into the passage.

"What takes place outside?" asked Mr. Bancroft confidentially of the girl sitting nearest to him, who happened to be Miss Jessie Stevens. She replied with wonder,

"I guess they kiss each other!"

"Ah! Now I understand," said Mr. Bancroft to himself, and from that moment he watched the game more carefully. He soon found that successive pairs called each other out in turn several times, and he had begun to tire of the game, when Miss Jessie Stevens, who had been called out by a sturdy youth of middle height, returned and stopping before him, said "friendship." Mr. Bancroft, of course, spelt it wrongly, and retired outside the door with the young girl. As he kissed her cheek, she said to him while hastily turning her head away,

"I only called you out to give you a chance of taking Loo Conklin!"

Mr. Bancroft thought it wiser not to reply to this, but contented himself with thanking her as they entered the room. Then he went in front of Miss Conklin, and said "bumpkin," adding, by way of explanation, "a rude country fellow." At once she spelt it cheerfully, without the "p." When the mistake was made plain to her, which took some time, she accepted Mr. Bancroft's arm, and went with him into the passage. There he kissed her cheek, murmuring, "At last, Miss Loo!" To which she replied seriously,

"See here! You're goin' to get into a fuss with Seth Stevens if you call me out often. And he's the strongest of them all! You ain't afraid! O.K. then, I guess we'll pay him out for lyin'."

As Mr. Bancroft returned to the room, he became vaguely conscious of a scarcely veiled antagonism on the part of the young men. But he had hardly time to notice it, when Miss Loo returned and said to him demurely "Loo!" Quietly he spelt "You." Much laughter from the girls greeted the innocent pleasantry.

So the game punctuated by kisses went on, until Miss Conklin came in for the fourth time, and stopped again in front of Mr. Bancroft, whereupon Seth Stevens moved out of the crowd of young men, and said,

"Miss Loo Conklin! You know the rule is to change after three times."

At once she moved in front of the stout young man, Richards, who had come forward to support his friend, and said "liar!" flashing at the same time an angry glance at Seth Stevens. "Lire," spelt Richards, painfully, and the pair retired. As they disappeared, Mr. Bancroft moved over to the young men, and stood amongst them. As he did so he measured Seth Stevens carefully. Stevens was tall, fully six feet in height, and although somewhat lank, he had the bowed legs and rounded shoulders which often go with strength.

As Bancroft drew near the group, Stevens, turning to a companion, asked, in contemptuous, drawing tones,

"Schoolmasters kin talk an' spell, but kin they fight?"

Bancroft took it upon himself to answer quietly, "Sometimes."

"Kin you?" asked Stevens, sharply turning to him.

"Well enough!"

"We kin try that to-morrow. I'll be in the lot behind Richards's mill at four o'clock."

"I'll be there too," was Bancroft's reply, as he turned carelessly and walked again towards the group of girls.

The game went on as if nothing had happened until the elder people came in, and the party broke up. As Mr. Bancroft drove homewards with Miss Conklin, he said,

"How can I thank you enough for being so kind to me. You called me out often, almost as often as I called you."

"I did that to plague Seth Stevens."

"And not at all to please me?"

"Perhaps a little," she said, and then silence fell upon them.

Bancroft could not speak. To him the silence was tremulous with vague doubts, the importance of a decisive word weighed upon him, and, as usual, his caution led him to restrain his desires. Suddenly Miss Conklin spoke in a lower voice than usual, but with an accent of coquettish triumph in the question.

"So you like me after all? Like me really?"

"Do you doubt it?" came freighted with reproach the quick reply. "But why do you say 'after all'?"

"Why, you never kissed me comin' back from church last Sunday, and I showed you the school and everythin'?"

"Might I have kissed you then? I was afraid of offending you."

"Offendin' me? Well, I guess not! Every girl expects to be kissed when she goes out with a man."

"Let's make up for it now, Loo. May I call you Loo?" As he spoke, Bancroft's arm stole round her waist, and again and again he kissed her as she answered,

"That's my name. But there! I guess you've made up enough already." And while she spoke Miss Conklin disengaged herself. On reaching the house, however, she put up her lips in the most natural manner to be kissed before leaving her companion.

When safe in his own room, Bancroft sat and thought. Trained in the rigid proprieties of his Boston home, he was not prepared for the unconventionality of Western manners. He was jealous, too, of the persistent way Stevens had tried to puzzle Loo. It seemed plain to him that Stevens in the past had been encouraged by her. This led him to believe that her freedom and boldness were peculiar to herself, or at least to her class. And he condemned her with a sense of outraged respectability. Besides, he felt somewhat humiliated as a man; girls oughtn't to make advances. She had no business to ask him whether he liked her. Yet, as the remembrance of her beauty stole over his senses, he became more tolerant; he resolved to follow her lead or to improve upon it; he would let himself go. After all, why shouldn't he? He hadn't begun. And if she wished to, it was the least he could do.

But all the while, at the bottom of his heart there was bitterness. He'd have given much to believe that a delicate soul animated that lovely form and face. But he tried to smother his disappointment, till it was rendered more acute by another thought, almost as unjust to the girl as the former one had been. She had got him into the fuss with Seth Stevens. That was certain. He did

not care much about it. He was confident enough of his strength and the advantages of his boyish training in the gymnasium to regard the trial with equanimity. Still, the girls he had known in the East would never have set two men to quarrel, never, it wasn't womanly. Girls, good girls, he concluded, were by nature peace-makers. No, he was afraid she wasn't womanly. In order to lessen the sting of his disappointment, he set himself to think of Loo's beauty, and thinking of that he fell asleep.

On the following day Bancroft went to his school as usual. The girls were not as obtrusive as they had been. Miss Jossie Stevens didn't trouble him by coming up every five minutes to see what he thought of her dictation as she had been wont to do. It was evident that the girls regarded him as appropriated by Miss Conklin and belonging to her. He was rather glad of that: it saved him importunate glances and words and the propinquity of girlish forms which had been more trying still. And yet he disliked the feeling that he had been taken possession of. The forenoon melted into afternoon quietly, though there were traces on Jake Conklin's bench of unusual agitation and excitement. To these signs the schoolmaster at the time paid small heed. He was absorbed in thinking of the evening before and in recalling to memory each word and look of Loo. For her beauty and his jealousy were at war. At last the time came for breaking up. As he went outside to get into the buggy—he had brought Jack with him—he noticed, without paying much attention to it, that Jake Conklin was not there to unhitch the strap and in various other ways to give proof of a desire to ride with him. Then he set off for Richard's mill, whither, needless to say, Jake and half-a-dozen other urchins, his friends, had preceded him as fast as their legs could carry them.

As soon as he found himself alone the schoolmaster felt that the affair was known, and this exasperated him. He was going to drive for five miles in order to fight with a country bumpkin, and his scholars knew all about it. This unseemly contest, this annoying, stupid *rencontre* had been brought about by Loo Conklin, whose beauty held him captive. Well! he would fight and win, and then have done with the girl whose lips had doubtless been given to Stevens as often and as easily as to him. This thought enraged him, while the mere idea of fighting Stevens humiliated him. He felt as a knight might have felt who had been set to fight with a simple man-at-arms: a contest with such a lout was in itself a degradation. And Loo had brought it about. How unwomanly! No! he could never forgive her. Neither the challenge of her question, "And so you like me—like me really?" nor this absurd fight! And as he came to this conclusion he turned to the right round the section-line, and saw the mill before him.

Needless to say, Bancroft was mistaken in his contemptuous estimate of Miss Conklin's character. On the outskirts of civilisation at that time, kissing between boy and girl was as much a convention as shaking hands at parting is elsewhere. Girls were, so to speak, at a high premium, and were usually married at sixteen or seventeen. It counted to Miss Conklin's credit or, perhaps, to her pride that she had not already taken up the yoke. But as soon as she yielded, she had a right to expect that the marriage would be pressed on by Bancroft with hot haste, and so unconsciously by confessing him and yielding to his momentary tenderness, she had laid up for herself a series of disappointments which could not but exasperate to the uttermost the headstrong vanity, which was one of her chief characteristics.

After the return from the house-warming, and the understanding, as she considered it, with Bancroft, Miss Loo gave herself up to her new-born happiness. As she lay in bed her first thought was of her lover: he was splendid, thereby meaning "pleasant," "fascinating," &c. She wondered remorsefully how she had thought him quite "homely-looking" when she first saw him. Why he was altogether above any one she knew—not perhaps just in looks but in knowledge, in manners, in the power of making himself agreeable, and in speech—he didn't stand in the corner of the room like the rest and stare till all the girls were uncomfortable. . . . What did looks matter after all? Besides, he wasn't homely; he was handsome! yes, he was! His eyes were fine—she had always liked dark eyes best—and his moustache was dark, too, and she liked that. To be sure it wasn't very long yet, but it would grow, and here she sighed with content. . . . Some would perhaps think it a pity he wasn't taller, but she didn't much care for very tall men; they sorter looked down on one, besides, he was strong; and here suddenly fear shot through her that he might be hurt by that brute Seth Stevens on the morrow. But no! That was impossible! He was brave, she felt sure of that. Still she wished they weren't goin' to fight and felt uneasily that she was to some extent the cause of it. But there!—it couldn't be helped. Men were always fightin' any way.

Mr. Crew the minister had said right off that he'd make his mark in the world, and her mother thought so too, and that was real good. She'd have hated a stupid, ordinary man. Fancy being married to Seth Stevens, and she shuddered, and yet Seth Stevens was better than the rest; she had thought him handsome once. Ugh! Then Bancroft's face came before her again and as she remembered his kisses she flushed and grew hot from head to foot. They would be married soon—at once. If George hadn't the money, her father would give what he could and then they'd go east. Her father

wouldn't refuse though he'd feel bad p'raps; he never refused her anythin'. If fifteen hundred dollars would be enough for George alone, three thousand would do for both of them. Once admitted to practise law, George would make his mark: he was so clever and hard-working. She was real glad that she'd be the means of giving him the opportunity he wanted to win riches and position. But he must begin in New York. He'd soon get rich there, and she'd see New York and all the shops and elegant folk, and she'd get silk dresses; they'd live in a hotel and get richer and richer and she'd drive about with (here she grew hot again) . . . The vision, however, was too entrancing to be shut out, and she saw herself distinctly driving in an open carriage with a negro nurse holding the baby all in laces in front "jest too cute for anythin'," and George beside her and every one in Fifth Avenue starin'.

Sleep soon brought confusion into her happy thoughts and hopes, but on the next morning when she woke the glad security of the night before had given place to an intolerable sense of fear. During the breakfast she scarcely spoke or lifted her eyes, save by stealth, and her silent preoccupation seemed to Bancroft a proof of selfish carelessness. All the morning she went about the house in a state of nervous restlessness, and at dinner time her father noticed her unusual want of colour and lack of spirit. To the Elder the meal-times were generally a source of intense pleasure. Then he could see and listen to Loo with a fulness of pride and joy which was the more difficult to imagine as his feelings never seemed to alter the impassibility of his features. He had small power of expressing either his thoughts or his emotions. He appeared to be as hard and unimpressionable as he was reticent and self-contained, and yet his personality was strangely impressive. The Elder was a man of about five feet ten, hard and thin, but with square, broad shoulders. His features were strong and well cut; the mouth firm; the upper lip rather long; grey eyes; short, bristly, silver hair stood up all over his head in defiant contrast to his tanned, un-wrinkled skin. He was clean-shaven, and, notwithstanding the colour of his hair, looked less than his age, which was fifty-eight.

All through the dinner he wondered anxiously what could so affect his daughter, and how he could find out without intruding himself upon her confidence. For his great love for his child had developed in the Elder strange delicacies of feeling which are as the fragrance of love's humility. After the dinner, however, Loo came towards him dressed as if for a walk, and, of her own accord, began the conversation.

"Father, I want to talk to you." The Elder calmly put down the water-bucket he had been carrying towards the stable, and drew down his shirt-sleeves over his nervous brown arms, whether out of

unconscious modesty or simple sense of fitness 'twould be impossible to determine.) "I want to know . . . Do you think Mr. Bancroft's strong—stronger" (and here came a sudden pause) "than Seth Stevens?"

At once the Elder seemed to give his whole thought to the problem. "P'raps," he said, after a pause, in which he had tried vainly to divine how his daughter would wish him to answer, "p'raps; he's older and more sot. There ain't much difference, tho'. I reckon in five years Seth'll be a heap stronger than the schoolmaster; but now," he went on quickly, reading his daughter's face, "he ain't man enough."

The glad light in the girl's eyes was reward enough for the Elder.

"Now, father, I want to ask you somethin'. You know you told me that on my birthday you'd give me most anythin' I wanted. Wall, I want somethin' this month, not next, right off—a pianner. I guess the settin'-room would look smarter-like, and I want to learn to play. All the girls do East," she added, pouting.

"Yes," replied the Elder, seriously, "I reckon you're right" (he was still doubtful whether he should follow her lead eastwards). "I'll see about it right off. I oughter hev' thought of it before. But now, right off," and he put his large hand on her shoulder as he spoke, as if carelessly, for the Elder was afraid lest an intentional caress should be inopportune.

"I guess Mr. Bancroft's sisters play—and I," and the girl looked down nervously for a moment, and then resolutely, though blushing deeply, she continued: "He's smart, ain't he, father? He'd make a good lawyer, wouldn't he?"

"I reckon he would," replied the Elder.

"I'm so glad," the girl went on hurriedly, as if afraid to give herself time to think of what she was about to say, "for, father, he wants to study in an office East and he hain't got the money, and—oh, father!" and here she threw her arms round his neck and hid her face on her father's shoulder, "I want to go with him."

As she spoke the Elder's heart seemed to stop beating, but he could not hold his daughter in his arms and realise at the same time his own pain. Gently he stroked the bowed head and, after a pause said, "He could study with Lawyer Barkman in Wichita, I reckon, and then you'd be to him. No. Wall! Thar!" and again came a pause of silence. "I reckon anyhow, you knew I'd help you. Didn't you now?" As his daughter drew herself out of his embrace he went on as if recalled to the matter in hand, "Did he say how much money 'twould take?"

"I guess about two or three thousand dollars"—and she looked up into his face anxiously—"for studyin' and gettin' an office and everythin' in New York."

"Wall, I reckon we kin about reach that with a sort o' squeeze. It's about all I kin manage to oncet—that and the pianner. 'But I've no one to think of but you, Loo, jess you. That's what I've bin workin' for, to give you a fair start, and I'm glad I kin jest about do it. I'd sorter take it better if he'd done the studyin' by himself before. No! wall, it don't make much difference p'raps. Anyway he works, and Mr. Crew thinks him enough dedicated even for the Ministry! He does, and that's a smart one. I guess he'll get along all right." The father went on delighted to have brought gladness into his daughter's eyes. "He's young and couldn't be expected to hev done the studyin' and law and nothin'. You kin be sartin that the old man'll do all he knows to help start you fair. All I kin! If *you're* sot upon it! That's enuff for me, I guess, ef you're rale sot on it—an' don't think 'twould be better like to wait a little. He could study here any way a year fust without losin' time. No! wall, wall. I'm right thar' when you want me. I'll go to work to do what I kin. P'raps we might sell off and go back East, too. The farm's worth money now it's all settled up about here. And the mother and Jake and me could get along, I reckon, East or West. I know more'n I did when I came out here. I'm glad you've told me. I think a heap more of him now than I did. There must be a pile of good in any one you like, Loo. Anyway he's lucky." And he stroked the girl's crumpled dress awkwardly, but with an infinite tenderness.

"I've got to go now, Father," the girl exclaimed as she suddenly thought of the time. "But there!" And again she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. "You've made me very happy. But I've got to go right off, and you've all the chores to do, so I mustn't keep you any longer." And as she spoke she moved towards the road along which Jake would have to come with the news of the fight. When the girl reached the top of the bluff whence the road fell rapidly to the creek no one was in sight. She sat down and gave herself up to happy musing.

"He'll get what he wants, and all through me," was the train of her thought, broken now and then by a quick glance down the road. At last, a few hundred yards below her, she saw her brother running.

He had taken off his boots and stockings. They were slung round his neck, and his bare feet pattered along in the thick, white dust of the prairie track. And somehow his haste made his sister's heart beat quickly in a gasp of fear. Down the hill she hurried to the creek, and met him on the bridge.

"Wall?" she asked quietly, but the colour was coming and going in her cheeks, and Jake wasn't to be deceived so easily.

"Wall what?" he answered defiantly, while trying to get breath, "I hain't said nothin'!"

"Oh, you mean boy!" replied his sister. "I'll never help you again when papa wants to whip you—never! Tell me this minute what happened. Is *he* hurt?"

"Is who hurt?" asked the boy, glorying in his superiority of knowledge, and enjoying his power to tease.

"Tell me right off!" said his sister, taking him by the collar in her exasperation, "or—"

"I'll tell you nothin' till you leave go of me," was Jake's reply in a sullen tone. But then the overmastering impulse ran away with him and he broke out with,

"Oh, Loo! I jest seed everythin'. 'T wuz a high ol' fight! They wuz all there, Seth Stevens, Richards, Monkey Bill—all of 'em, when schoolmaster druv up. He was still—looked like he wanted to hear a class recite. He hitched up Jack and com' to 'em, liftin' his hat. Oh, 'twuz O.K., you bet! Then they took off their close. Ned Stevens, he jest jerked him on the ground, but schoolmaster stood by hisself, and folded him up like ma makes me fold mine at night. Then they comed together and Seth Stevens he jest drew off and tried to land him one, but schoolmaster sorter moved aside and took him on the nose, an' Seth he sot down, with the blood runnin' all over him. An'—an'—that's all . . . Every time Seth Stevens hauled off to hit, schoolmaster was thar' first. 'Twas bully! —That's all. An' I seed everythin'. You kin bet your life on that! . . . An' then Richards and the rest come to him an' said as how Ned Stevens was faintin', an' schoolmaster he ran to the crick an' brought water and put over him. An' then I runned to tell you. . . . Schoolmaster's strong, I guess, stronger nor papa. I seed him put on his vest, an' Ned Stevens he was settin' up, all blood and water on his face, streaky like; he did look bad. But, Loo! Say, Loo, why didn't schoolmaster when he got him down the first time, jest stomp on his face with his heels; he had his boots on. An' that's how Seth Stevens broke Tom Crocker's jaw when *they* fit."

The girl was white and trembling from head to foot as the boy ended his narrative, and looked questioningly into her face. She couldn't answer. Indeed, she had scarcely heard the question. The thought of what might have happened to Bancroft appalled her, and terror and remorse held her heart as in a vice. But, oh! and the hot tears came into her eyes—she'd tell him when they met how sorry she was for it all, and how bad she had been, but she hadn't meant it. No! she had acted foolishly, but oh, how she hated herself! She'd be more careful in future, much more careful. How brave he was and kind. How like him it was to get the water. Oh, if he'd only come!

All this while Jake looked at her curiously; at last he said, "Say, Loo, s'pose he'd had his eye plugged out."

"Go away—do!" exclaimed his sister angrily. "I believe you boys jest love fightin' like dogs."

And the boy vanished to tell and retell the tale to whoever would listen.

Half an hour later Loo, who had climbed the bluff to command the view, heard the sound of Jack's feet on the wooden bridge. A moment or two later the buggy drew up beside her, and the schoolmaster spoke, without a trace of emotion in his voice:

"Won't you get in and let me drive you home, Loo?" His victory had put him in a good humour, without, however, removing his critical estimate of her. The quiet, controlled tone of his voice hurt and chilled the girl, but her emotions were too recent and too acute to be restrained.

"Oh, George!" she said, leaning forward against the buggy, and scanning his face intently. "How can you speak so? You ain't hurt, are you?"

"No!" he said lightly. "You didn't expect I should be, did you?" The tone was cold, a little sarcastic even. Again the girl felt hurt; she scarcely knew why; the sneer was too far-fetched for her to feel it.

Earnestly she replied, "Go and put the horse up, and then come back. I'll wait right here for you."

The schoolmaster did as he was told, and in ten minutes was by her side again. After a long pause, Loo said shyly, with frequent breaks of silence:

"George, I'm sorry—so sorry. 'Twas all my fault. But I didn't know" (choking down a sob). . . . "I didn't think."

"I want you to tell me how your sisters act . . . and, and what they wear and do. And I'll try to act like them. Then I'd be good, wouldn't I?"

"They play the pianner, don't they?" (George was forced to confess that one of them did.)

"And they talk like you?"

"Yes."

"And they're good always! Oh, George, I'm jest too sorry for anythin', and now—now I'm too glad!" and the girl burst into tears. As well as he could George consoled her. He understood this mood as little as he had understood her challenge to love. He was not in sympathy with her. She seemed to him to belong to a different race. Some suspicion of this estrangement must have dawned upon the girl, or else she was irritated by his silent acquiescence in her various phases of self-humiliation. For all at once

she dashed the tears from her eyes, and winding herself out of his arms, said defiantly :

"See here, George Bancroft ! I'll jest learn all they know—pianner and all. I ken, and I will. I'll begin right now, you'll see !" And the blue eyes flashed with the glitter of steel, and the figure was thrown back in defiant vanity and self-assertion.

Bancroft looked at her curiously, the quick changes of mood were strange to him. His depreciatory thoughts of her, his resolution not to be led away again by her beauty influencing him, he noticed the keen hardness of the look, and felt perhaps, out of a spirit of antagonism, that he disliked it.

After a few quieting phrases, which, although they sprang rather from the head than the heart, seemed to achieve their aim, Bancroft, in order to change the subject entirely, pointed across the creek and asked :

"Whose corn is that ?"

"Father's, I guess !"

"I thought that was the Indian territory ?"

"'Tis !"

"Is one allowed to sow corn there and to fence off the ground ? Don't the Indians object ?"

"'Taint healthy for Indians about here," answered the girl, carelessly, "I haint ever seen one. I guess it's allowed ; anyway, the corn's there and father 'll cut it right spon now."

It seemed to Bancroft as if they hadn't a thought in common. Wrong done by her own folk did not seem even to interest her. At once he moved towards the house and the girl went with him, feeling, she did not know why, acutely disappointed and humiliated, which state of mind soon became one of rebellious self-assertion. She guessed that other men thought big shucks of her anyway. And with this reflection Loo strove to console herself.

CHAPTER II.—THE ELDER PRAYS.

A week or ten days later Bancroft came down-stairs one morning early and found the ground covered with hoar-frost. The Indian summer had fairly set in. As he went down the steps of the back stoop, he saw Elder Conklin in his shirt sleeves, engaged in cleaning his Sunday boots by the woodpile. When the Elder had finished with a brush, but not a moment sooner, he put it down near his boarder. His greeting, a mere nod, had not prepared the schoolmaster for the conversation which the Elder began as soon as his boots were cleaned.

"Kin you driv kyows ?"

"I guess so ; I've done it when a boy."

"Wall, to-day's Saturday. There ain't no school and I've some cattle to drive to the scales in Eureka. They're in the bush yonder, ef you'd help. That is, supposin' you've nothin' to do."

"No! I've nothing else to do, and shall be glad to help you if I can."

After breakfast the two set off. Miss Lob had pouted when she heard that Bancroft would be away the greater part of the day, but it pleased her to think the Elder had asked him for his help, and so she resigned herself, stipulating only that he would come right back from Eureka. Their way lay along the roll of ground which looked down upon the creek. After a lengthened silence the Elder asked:—

"You ain't a Member, air you? Not a Communicant of the Church?"

"No!"

"That's bad. I kinder misdoubted it las' Sunday, but I wasn't sartin'. Ef your collin' and election ain't sure, I guess Mr. Crew oughter talk to you."

These phrases were jerked out with long pauses separating them, and then the Elder was ominously silent.

In various ways Bancroft tried to draw him into conversation—in vain. The Elder replied in monosyllables. Whether he was immersed in thought or merely ruminating like his cows, Bancroft couldn't divine. Suddenly the Elder turned into the woods on the left, and soon halted before the shoot-entrance to a roughly-built corral.

"The kyows is yonder," he remarked, "ef you'll drive them hyar, I'll count them as they come in."

Without more ado Bancroft turned his horse's head in the direction pointed out to him. He rode for some minutes through the wood without seeing a single animal. Under ordinary circumstances this would have surprised him greatly, but now he was absorbed in thinking of the Elder and his peculiarities, wondering at his taciturnity and its cause. Has he nothing to say? Is he like an animal? Or does he think a great deal and can't find the words to express his thoughts? Bancroft felt that the riddle could only be solved by time. Suddenly a low, as of cattle in pain, came to his ears. He turned slightly towards the sound and there by the snake-fence which zigzagged along the bank of the creek stood the cattle. He went on till he came to the boundary fence which ran at right angles with the creek, and then turring tried to drive the animals towards the corral. But here he met with unexpected difficulties. He had brought his cattle-whip with him and used it with some skill, but in vain. The bullocks and cows turned away from the lash, but before they had gone ten yards towards the

corral they wheeled and bolted back towards the creek. At first this manoeuvre amused Bancroft. The Elder, he thought, has brought me to do what he couldn't do. I'll show him I can drive. But no! in spite of all his efforts the cattle wouldn't be driven. Then he grew angry and set himself to the work. In a quarter of an hour his horse was in a lather and his whip had flayed one or two of the bullocks, but there they stood again with their heads thrust against the snake-fence lowing as if in pain. He couldn't make it out. Reluctantly he turned towards the corral to acquaint the Elder with the inexplicable fact. He had gone some two hundred yards when his blown horse stumbled. Holding him up, Bancroft saw he had tripped over a mound of white dust. A thought struck him. Quickly he threw himself off the horse and tasted the stuff; he was right; 'twas salt! No wonder he couldn't drive the cattle; no wonder they lowed as if in pain; the thing was clear, the ground had been salted—they were mad with thirst. Quickly he remounted and rode on to the corral. He found the Elder sitting on his horse by the shoot, the bars of which were let down.

"I can't drive those cattle!"

"I thought you knew how to drive."

"I do, but those cattle are mad with thirst; no one can drive them in that state; besides, in this sun they'd die on the road like flies in winter!"

"Hum," was the Elder's sole reply.

"Let them drink. Then I can drive them."

"Hum." And the Elder remained for some moments silent. Then he said, as if thinking aloud, "It's eight miles to Eureka; they'll be thirsty again before they get to the town?"

Bancroft had been thinking too, and now answered the other's thought. "I guess so; if they're just allowed a mouthful or two they can be driven, and long before they reach Eureka they'll be as thirsty as ever."

Without a word in reply the Elder set off on a lope to the creek, followed by Bancroft. In ten minutes the two men had taken down the snake-fence for a distance of some fifty yards along the bank of the creek, and the cattle had rushed through and were drinking greedily. As soon as Bancroft saw they had had a deep draught or two, he urged his horse into the creek and began to move the cattle up the bank towards the corral. They went easily now, and head of them rode the Elder, his long, whitey-brown, holland coat fluttering behind him. In half an hour Bancroft had driven the herd of three hundred and sixty-two beasts into the corral. As they filed through, the Elder counted them with slow carefulness. From the corral they were driven on the prairie-track towards Eureka. But

this track led along the creek, and in places ran close to the water without any intervening fence. In the dust and heat the cattle soon grew thirsty again, and it needed all Bancroft's energy and courage to prevent them from dashing into the creek. Once or twice indeed it was a toss-up whether or not they would leave him and his horse. Naturally he felt relieved when some time after the start they came in sight of the little town. Here, with the Elder's consent he let the cattle into the creek to drink their fill, while he sat on his panting horse with the perspiration streaming down his face. Not a word was spoken until the cattle ceased drinking, then Bancroft urged his horse once more to the creek and drove the cattle slowly out on to the road again while the water dripped from their mouths and bodies. Carefully they were driven up the bluff and through the streets to the yard where the scales were. Here the Elder met the would-be purchaser. As soon as this latter saw the cattle he burst into a laugh.

"See here, Elder," he cried out, "I guess you've given them cattle water enough, but I don't buy water for meat. No sir. You bet; I don't."

"No," replied Elder Conklin, gravely; "I didn't allow you would, but the track was long and dusty. So they drank in the creek."

"Wall!" said the cattle-dealer, half disarmed by this confession which served the Elder's purpose better than any cunning deception could have done. "I guess you'll take off fifty pound a head for that water."

"I guess not," replied the Elder. "I guess twenty pounds of water's about as much as a kyow kin drink."

Herewith the "trading" began and continued to Bancroft's disgust for more than half an hour. At last it was settled that thirty pounds weight should be allowed on each beast for the water it had drunk. When this conclusion had been arrived at, it took but a few minutes to weigh the animals and pay the agreed-upon price. Then the Elder declared himself ready to go "to hum" and get somethin' to eat. Without a word Bancroft turned his horse's head, and the pair moved slowly off towards the farm. Bancroft's feelings can easily be imagined. He was disgusted with the whole transaction, and a certain complacent air which the Elder's face wore, irritated him intensely. As he passed place after place where the tortured cattle had given him most trouble in the morning, his irritation grew, and at last forced itself to speech.

"See here, Elder Conklin!" he said at last. "I suppose you call yourself a Christian! You look down on me because I'm not a Member. Yet you can, first of all, salt cattle for days till they're half mad with thirst; then after torturing them by driving them

or hours along this road side by side with water, you can act as with the man you've sold them to, and end up by cheating him. You know as well as I do each of those beasts had drunk fifty-five pounds weight of water at least; so you got" (he couldn't see the word "stole" even in his anger, while the Elder was looking at him) "nearly a dollar a head too much. That's the kind of Christian you are! I don't like such Christians, and, therefore, I'll leave your cause as soon as I can. I feel ashamed I didn't tell that trader you were deceiving him. I feel as if I had been a party to the cheat."

While the young man was speaking the Elder looked at him intently. Now and then as Bancroft spoke Conklin's face twitched, but he answered never a word. An hour later the pair turned into the orchard and through it to the stable. As soon as he had saddled his horse and rubbed it down and made it comfortable with some corn, Bancroft hastened to the house. He wanted to be alone. On the stoop he met Miss Conklin and said to her hurriedly:

"I can't talk now, Loo, I'm tired out and half crazy; I must go to my room and rest. After supper I'll tell you everything. Please don't keep me!"

Supper that evening was a silent meal. The Elder didn't speak a word; the two young people were absorbed in their own thoughts, and Mrs. Conklin's various efforts to make talk were crowned with success only when she turned to Jake. Mrs. Conklin, indeed, was seldom successful in anything she attempted. She was a woman of fifty, or thereabouts, and her face still showed traces of former good looks, but the light had long left her blue eyes, and the colour her cheeks, and with years her figure had grown painfully thin. Mrs. Conklin's character was peculiar in its restless weakness. She was one of that numerous class who delight in taking strangers into their confidence. Unappreciated by those who know them they seek sympathy from polite indifference or curiosity. Before he had been a day in the house Bancroft had heard all about Mrs. Conklin's early life. How her father had been a large farmer in Amherst County, Massachusetts; how comfortable and happy her childhood had been: "We always kept one hired man all through the winter, and in summer often had eight or ten; and then, though you mightn't think it now, I was the belle of all the parties;" how Dave (her husband) had come to work for her father, and how she had taken a "kin" to him, though he was "so wild." Then she told of Dave's conversion and how the Revivalist Minister, who was also an Abolitionist, had proclaimed the duty of emigrating to Kansas to prevent it from becoming a slave state, and how Dave had taken up the idea and persuaded her to go with him. Her story became pathetic in spite of her self-pity when she told of the hardships of that settle-

ment in the wilds, and described her loneliness, her shivering terror when her husband was away hauling logs for their first home; and news came of how the slave-traders from Missouri had made another raid upon the Kansas Abolitionists. Evidently the woman was altogether unfit for such rude transplanting. Mrs. Conklin dwelt upon the fact that the Elder had never understood her feelings or sympathised with her. If he had she wouldn't have minded so much. Marriage was not what girls thought—she had never been so happy as in her father's house, and so forth. The lament was based on a weak and futile vanity, but her lachrymose timidity had struck Bancroft as inexplicable. He didn't see that just as a shrub grows weak and dies away under the branches of a great tree, so a weak nature is apt to become etiolated and feeble by constant association with a strong and self-contained character. In those early days of loneliness and danger the Elder's resolution and reticence had prevented him from affording to his wife the sympathy which might have enabled her to overcome her terrors. "The Elder never talked anything over with me," was the burden of her complaint; and thus solitude had killed every power in her save vanity. And the form her vanity took was peculiarly irritating to her husband, and in lesser degree to her daughter, for neither the Elder nor Loo could or would have founded their self-esteem on adventitious advantages of upbringing. Accordingly, Mrs. Conklin was never more than an uncomfortable shadow in her own house, and this evening her repeated attempts to bring about a semblance of conversation only made the silence and pre-occupation of the others painfully evident.

As soon as the supper things were cleared away, Miss Loo signalled to Bancroft to accompany her on to the stoop, where she asked him what had happened.

"I insulted the Elder," he said, "and I told him I should leave his house as soon as I could."

"You don't mean that!" exclaimed the girl, and then, "You must take that back, George. I'll speak to papa; he'll mind me."

"No," Bancroft went on firmly; "speaking won't do any good. I've made up my mind. It's impossible for me to stay here."

"Then you don't care for me. But that's not so! Say it's not so, George. Say you'll stay—and I'll come down this evening after the old folks have gone to bed, and sit with you. There!"

Of course Bancroft yielded to a certain extent, the pleading face upturned to his was too beautiful to be denied, but he wouldn't promise more than that he'd tell her in the evening what had occurred, and take counsel with her.

About nine o'clock, as usual, the Elder and Mrs. Conklin retired. Half an hour later Bancroft and Loo were seated together in the corner of the back stoop. They sat like lovers, his arm about her

waist. He had told her all. Loo expressed relief; she had thought it much worse; all he had got to do was to say he didn't mean it, and she'd get the Elder to forget and forgive. But to that Bancroft would in no wise consent. He had meant and did mean every word, and could take back nothing. And when the girl appealed to his affection for her he could only say he'd think it over. "You know I like you, Loo, but I can't do impossibilities. It's unfortunate, perhaps, but it's done and can't be undone." And then, annoyed at being pressed further, he thought they'd better go in: 'twas very cold; she'd catch a chill if she sat longer, and there was no sense in that. The girl, seeing that her pleading was of no avail, grew angry: his affection was good enough to talk about, but it couldn't mean much if he denied her so little a thing; but it didn't matter, she didn't care after all—and so forth, when they were startled by the sound of a door opening. Quickly Loo slipped round the corner of the stoop and disappeared. Bancroft had just time to get round the corner, too, when the back-door opened, and footsteps went down the steps. Bancroft could not avoid looking to see who was on foot at such an untimely hour. To his surprise he saw the Elder in his night-shirt and with bare feet walking towards the stables through the long grass already stiff with frost. Before the Elder disappeared Bancroft had ascertained that Loo had gone up to bed the front way, and then curiosity overcame his first impulse, which had been to follow her example, and almost without considering what he was doing, he went after the Elder. When Bancroft had passed through the stables and got to the top of the bluff overlooking the creek, he was surprised to see the Elder twenty yards below him at the water's edge. In mute surprise he watched the old man tie his night-shirt up under his arm-pits, wade into the ice-cold water and kneel down. Then he heard the Elder begin what was evidently intended to be a prayer. At first the phrases used were conventional, but gradually the old man's earnestness and excitement overcame his sense of the becoming, and he talked to God of what lay near his heart in simple words, and disjointed phrases.

"That young man to-day jes' jumped on me! He told me I'd plagued them cattle half to death, and I'd acted lies and cheated Ramsdell out of three hundred dollars. 'Twas all true. There ain't no doubt about that. I s'pose I did plague the cattle, though I've often been as thirsty as they were—after eatin' salt pork and workin' all day in the sun. I didn't think of that when I salted the floor. But I did act to deceive Ramsdell, and I reckon I made nigh on three hundred dollars out of the deal. 'Twas wrong. But ~~see~~ here"—and unconsciously the old man's voice rose—"You know all my life, O Lord. You know everythin'. You know I

never lied or cheated any one for myself. You know I've worked hard and honestly for over forty years, and always been poor. I never troubled about it, and I don't care now, but fer Loo.

"She's so pretty and young. Jes' like a flower wants sunshine, she wants pleasure, and when she don't git it, she feels bad. She's so young and soft. Now she wants a pile of money and a pianner, and I couldn't git it for her no other way. I had to cheat.

"O Lord, ef I could kneel down hyar and say I repented with godly repentance fer sin and determination never to sin agen, I'd jest do it, and ask you to pardon mo for Jesus' sake, but I can't repent—I jes' can't! . . . You see my heart, O Lord, and you know I'll go on cheatin' ef that'll get Loo what she wants. And so I've come down hyar to say that Loo ain't with me in the cheatin'; it's all my sin. I know you punish sin. I know you'll punish the stiffnecked sinner. I'll take the punishment. Put it right on to me. I'm the sinner, that's justice; but, O Lord, leave Loo out, she don't know nothin' about it. I'm the sinner; I'll bear the punishment; that's just; that's why I've come down hyar into the water to show I'm willin' to bear what You send. Amen, O Lord God. In Jesus' name, Amen."

And the Elder rose quietly, came out of the creek, wiped his dripping limbs with his hand as well as he could, and then let down his night-shirt and prepared to climb the bluff. Needless to say, Bancroft had already slipped through the stables and reached the house before the Elder had scaled the hill.

As he sat in his room and thought, Bancroft grew intensely ashamed of himself. There was no doubt of the Elder's sincerity, and he had insulted him. The Elder had given up his principles; he had done violence to the habits of his life, and shame to his faith and practice, all in order that his daughter might have her pianner. The grotesque pronunciation of the word brought tears into Bancroft's eyes. What a fine old fellow Conklin was! Of course he wished to bear the whole burden of his sin and its punishment. It would be easy to go to him on the morrow and beg his pardon. Wrong done as the Elder did it, Bancroft felt, was more than right. What a Christian he was at heart. And what a man!

But the girl who asked for such sacrifice—what was she? All the jealousy, all the humiliation he had suffered on her account, came back to him; she would have her father steal so that she got the piano! What vanity was in her! What cold selfishness! No, she wasn't worth much, in spite of her beauty. He'd be worse than a fool to give his life to such a woman. If her selfishness could drive her father—and such a father—to wrong, where would it drive her husband? No, no, he was warned in time; he would

commit no such irreparable folly. He would match her selfishness with equal prudence. Who could blame him? That was what the steel glitter in her eyes betokened—cold selfishness; and he had thought of her as Hebe!—Hebe who'd give poisoned wine to those who loved her. He was well saved from that.

Then his thoughts called her up before him, and the beauty of her face and the loveliness of her figure came upon his astonished senses like a warm, perfumed wind. As she had sat beside him that evening, his arm round her waist, he had felt the soft, full curves of her form, and as he thought of it his blood grew hot. And then her face—how lovely it was! That appealing air made her irresistible; and even when she was angry, how beautiful! What a pity so lovely a creature should have so shallow a heart. For of that there was no doubt. Vain she was and shallow-hearted. Selfish, too, and imperious!

CHAPTER III.—THE ELDER TESTED.

Next day at breakfast Mr. Morris came in. He was a fair type of young, Western farmer, rough but kindly, ill-educated but sensible. When his appetite was satisfied he wanted to know whether they had heard the news.

"No," Mrs. Conklin replied, "they had heard nothing unless the Elder in Eureka"—but the Elder shook his head, and so Morris went on.

"Folks say the Government in Washington has sent General Custer out here with troops to re-establish the Indian boundary. Away East they thought the settlers were stealing the Indian Reserve, and so the troops were sent with surveyors to draw the line again."

After a pause, "That seems right," said the Elder; "that seems right."

"But you've ploughed and raised crops on the Indian land across the creek," objected Morris; "we all hev'. Air we to give it up?"

No answer came from the Elder.

"Any way," Morris went on, "Custer's at Wichita now. He'll be here they say in a day or two, and we've called a meetin' in the school-house for this evenin', and we hope you'll be thar. 'Tain't likely we're goin' to stand by and see our crops destroyed! We must hold together, the boys say, and all'll come right."

"That's true," said the Elder; "that seems right."

"Then I kin say," said Morris, rising, "that you'll be thar, Elder. All us young uns hold by you, and what you say we'll do."

"Wall," replied the Elder slowly, "I don't know. I kain't see my way to goin'. . . . I've always done for myself by myself, and I mean to—right through; but the meetin' seems a good idee. I'm not contradictin' that. It seems strong . . . Only I don't go much on meetin's. . . . They hain't never helped me. But a meetin' seems strong—for them that likes it."

And with this assurance Morris was fain to be content and go his way.

Bancroft had listened to the colloquy with new feelings. Prepared to regard all that the Elder said or did with admiration, it wasn't difficult for him now to see the real meaning of the rough, tortured phrases. For he was drawn to the Elder by moral sympathy, and this force his Boston up-bringing tended to strengthen. It was right, he felt, that the Elder should go on his own path, fearing nothing that men could do.

In the evening he met Loo. She s'posed with a careloss air that he was goin' to pack them leather trunks of his.

"No," Bancroft replied seriously, "I've thought it over. I'm goin' to beg the Elder's pardon and take back all I said to him."

"Oh!" cried the girl enthusiastically, "then you do care for me, George! I'm so glad! Oh, I've been real miserable since last night; I cried myself to sleep, so I did. Now I know you love me I'll do anythin'! I'll learn the pianner; you see ef I don't."

"Perhaps," replied Bancroft coldly, the old anger growing warm in him at the mention of the pianner—"perhaps 'twould be better if you gave up the idea of the piano; that *costs* a good deal," he added significantly, and then, "If you'd read books and try to live in the thought of the time, 'twould be better. Wisdom," he went on sententiously, "is to be won cheaply and by all, but success in an art depends on natural gifts."

"I see," retorted Miss Loo defiantly, "you think I can't learn to play like your sisters, and I'm very ignorant and had better read and get to know all other people have said, and you call that wisdom. I don't. Memory ain't sense I guess. And to talk like you ain't everythin'!"

"No," Bancroft replied, related to common sense by the quick intuitive reason of the girl, "memory isn't sense, but still one ought to know the best that's been said and thought in the world. It's easier to climb the ladder when others have shown us the rungs. And surely to talk correctly is better than to talk incorrectly."

"It don't matter much I reckon, so long as one gets your meaning, and as for the ladder a monkey could do that."

Bancroft was puzzled, a constant misinterpretation gives pause.

Vaguely he felt that Loo was all wrong as usual, but why should he trouble to put her right? So he relapsed into silence.

With wounded heart the girl waited; she was hurt, felt he didn't care for her, couldn't even guess how she had offended him, but when his silence continued her vanity came to her aid, other men would care for her if he didn't; she'd show him, and so she added with seeming carelessness.

"I'm asked out to-night, so I guess I'll have to get ready and go. Good night, George Bancroft!"

"Good night, Miss Loo," replied the young man, quietly, though the pain he felt, proved that jealousy may outlive love. Still he had too much pride, to show his concern. "I think I shall go to this meeting to-night at the school-house."

And they parted. Loo went upstairs to her room to cry over her misery and George's coldness, to wish she had been better taught, and had learned her lessons in school more carefully, to come at last to the conclusion, a wise one on the whole, that if he wouldn't love her, other men would, and to resolve when she got the chance to show him that they did.

Bancroft went to the meeting, which was completely unanimous. A young farmer from the next County was present, who told how a United States officer with twelve men and a surveyor had come and drawn the boundary line, and torn up his fences and trampled down the corn which, they said, he had planted in the Indian Reserve. The meeting thereupon resolved that,

"In view of the fact that the land cultivated by American citizens in or upon the Indian Reserve had never been used or cultivated by the Indians who keep to the woods, and that it was God's will that land should bring forth fruit for the subsistence of man, therefore they were resolved to stand upon their rights as citizens and to defend the same against all aggression."

It was furthermore determined to send copies of this resolution to General Custer, and also to Washington to the President, the Senate, and Congress.

After this the meeting broke up, but not before those present had resolved informally to stand by anyone of their number who might suffer through the aggression of the United States troops.

When Bancroft returned home the Elder and Mrs. Conklin were still up, and to them he gave an account of what had passed at the meeting.

When they were on the point of going to bed Bancroft with an apology to Mrs. Conklin, said that he had a word to say to the Elder. As soon as they were alone Bancroft began:

"MR Conklin, I insulted you yesterday. I'm sorry for it. I hope you'll forget and forgive."

"Yes," replied the Elder meditatively, while taking the proffered hand, "yes, that's Christian, I reckon. But the truth's the truth. . . . Still" (abruptly turning as if to leave the room) "the corn's most ready to be cut, ef"—and his steady eyes met Bancroft's—"ef the United States troops don't eat it all up we'll have a good year. . . . Good-night."

A day or two later, the Conklins and Bancroft were seated at dinner when a knock came at the door. "Come in!" said Mrs. Conklin, and in stepped a young man in the uniform of a United States cavalry officer. He lifted his cap as he entered and apologised for his intrusion.

"Elder Conklin, I think?" (The Elder nodded his head, but went on eating.) "My business isn't pleasant, I fear, but it needn't take long. I'm sent by General Custer to draw the boundary line between the State of Kansas and the Indian Reserve, to break down all fences in or upon the Reserve erected by citizens of the United States, and to destroy such crops as may have been planted on the Reservation by such citizens. I regret to say our surveyor tells me the boundary line here is Cottonwood Creek, and, therefore, I must notify you that to-morrow at or about noon I shall be here to carry out my orders, and to destroy the crops and fences found on the further side of the Creek."

And again the young man apologised for his intrusion and for the short notice he was compelled to give—this last evidently a concession to Miss Conklin's beauty—before he disappeared.

"Oh papa!" cried Loo, as he vanished, "why didn't you ask him in to have some dinner? He jest looked splendid, and that uniform's too lovely!"

The Elder said not a word. Neither the courteous menace of the young officer nor his daughter's reproach seemed to have any effect upon him. Gravely he went on with his dinner. That the Elder hadn't noticed what his daughter said astonished Bancroft and set him thinking, but Loo's outspoken admiration of the officer didn't trouble him as she had anticipated. It simply confirmed him in his worst suspicions. Angry it made him and jealous, but jealousy doesn't always increase love. His nature was neither deep nor intensely passionate; he had always lived in the conventions which the girl constantly outraged, and they now exercised their influence. Besides, he was unconcerned enough to see that the girl intended to annoy him. In fine, Bancroft was much more anxious to know what the Elder meant to do than what Loo thought or felt.

A few hours later the clue was given to him. Before supper Jake came and told him as a piece of news that "Papa's shotgun warn't in his room. Had he gone out huntin'?" Bancroft

couldn't rid himself of the thought that this fact was significant. And in the evening his suspicions were confirmed; for, though the Elder showed no change in manner, Bancroft noticed that the father's eyes dwelt upon Loo with more intentness than usual.

At breakfast next morning nothing of interest happened, save that Bancroft announced his intention of coming home early to dinner. On his way back from school, some three hours later, Bancroft saw a knot of riders coming up the valley about a mile away, and his eye caught the glitter of steel. As he turned to enter the house he met the Elder on the doorstep.

"There they come!" he said, involuntarily pointing down the valley.

"Hum," replied the Elder; and he left the stoop, going towards the outhouses.

Bancroft had only just entered the parlour when Mrs. Conklin came in. She seemed to be irritated and not excited, as he had expected.

"I suppose you met the Elder?"

"Yes!" said Bancroft. "He went towards the stable. I thought of accompanying him, but was afraid he wouldn't like it."

"He mightn't like it," Mrs. Conklin agreed, and then—"I guess he's fussed about that corn. When he broke that land I told him 'twould bring trouble, but he never minds what anyone says to him. He should mind his wife, though, sometimes, shouldn't he? But there! P'raps you'll take his part. Anyway it has all happened as I knew it would. And what 'll he do now? that's what I'd like to know? All that corn lost and his work on the fences—he jest worked himself to death on those logs—all lost now. We shall be quite poor again. It's too bad. I've never had any money since I left home." And here Mrs. Conklin's face puckered itself up as if she were about to cry, but the impulse of vanity was stronger, and she suddenly continued: "I think it's real wicked of the Elder. I told him so. If he'd ask that young man to let him cut the corn, I'm sure he wouldn't refuse. But he'll never take my advice, or even answer me. It's too aggravatin' when I know I'm right."

Bancroft looked at her curiously. Evidently the woman had no comprehension of the situation or of her husband's character. So he contented himself by saying lightly, "I guess it'll be all right," and, in order to change the subject, he added, "I've not seen Miss Loo, and Jake wasn't in school this morning."

"Oh, Mr. Bancroft, if anythin' has happened to Jake!" and Mrs. Conklin sunk weakly into the nearest chair; "but thar ain't no swimmin' nor skatin' now. When he comes in I'll frighten

him. I'll tell him I'll tell the Elder. He mustn't miss his schoolin', for he's real bright, ain't he?—Loo? Her father sent her to the Morris about somethin'; I don't know what."

When Bancroft came down-stairs, after furnishing himself with a small revolver, his only weapon, the Elder was not in the out-buildings, nor yet in the stables, so Bancroft had to think in order to guess at his whereabouts. Suddenly it struck him that the soldiers could only get to the Elder's corn-field by crossing the bridge, which lay a few hundred yards higher up the creek. Thither Bancroft made his way with all speed. When he reached the top of the rise, looking down on the bridge, he saw the Elder quietly walking across the wooden structure in the inevitable, long, old-fashioned, holland coat. In a minute Bancroft was by his side. The Elder seemed determined not to speak nor pay any attention to him, the school-master began,

"I thought I'd come with you, Elder. I don't know that I'm much good, but I sympathise with you, and I'd like to help you if I could."

"Yes," replied the Elder slowly, and as if acknowledging thereby the young man's proffered aid. "But I guess you kain't. I guess not," he added thoughtfully.

In silence the pair went on to the spot where the trees fringing the creek gave place to the broad field of maize; there, at the corner of the fence, the Elder stopped and, after a long pause, said, as if speaking to himself,

"It runs, I reckon, seventy-five bushes to the acre, and there are two hundred acres." After another pause he went on. "That makes nigh on four thousand dollars. . . . I must have spent three hundred dollars this year in hired labour on that ground, and the half ain't cut yet. . . . 'Thar's a pile of profit and work on that quarter-section."

A few minutes more were passed in silence. Bancroft didn't know what to say, for the calm seriousness of the Elder seemed to repel sympathy, but as he turned restlessly he saw appearing over the rise on the other side of the creek a knot of United States cavalry; the young lieutenant riding in front with a civilian, probably the surveyor, by his side. As Bancroft turned again he saw that the Elder had left him, and disappeared in the corn. Quickly he followed, but as he swung himself on to the fence the Elder appeared holding now a burnished shot-gun in his right hand, and said decisively,

"Don't come in hyar. 'Tain't your corn and you've no cause to mix yourself in this fuss."

Involuntarily Bancroft obeyed, and stood with his eyes fixed on the upright figure in the long, holland coat with jean trousers tucked

into the high, unblackened boots. As the soldiers rode up the young lieutenant dismounted quickly, throwing his reins to a trooper. Then he stepped close to the fence, touching his cap carelessly to the Elder as he began to speak.

"Well, Mr. Conklin, here we are, and I regret I've orders to pull down your fences and destroy the crop. But there's nothing else to be done."

"Yes," the Elder replied, gravely, "I guess you know your work. But"—and as he spoke he drew his shot-gun in front of him, and rested his hands upon the muzzle—"you mustn't pull down my fence nor destroy this crop." And the long upper lip came down over the lower, giving an expression of obstinate resolve to the hard, tanned face.

"You don't seem to understand," retorted the lieutenant, a little impatiently, "this land belongs to the Indians, it has been secured to them by the United States Government, and you've no business either to fence it in or plant it."

"That's all right," answered Conklin, in the same steady, quiet, reasonable tone. "That may all be jes' so, but them Indians warn't usin' the land; they keep to the woods I guess. . . But I broke this prairie ten years ago, and it took eight hosses to do it, and I've sowed it ever sence till the crops hev grown good, and now you come and tell me you're goin' to pull up the fences and tromple down the corn. No, sir, you ain't—that ain't right."

"Right or wrong," retorted the young lieutenant, "I've got to carry out my orders, not to reason about them. Here, sergeant, let three men hold the horses and get to work on this fence."

As the sergeant advanced and put his hand on the top layer of the heavy, snake-fence, the Elder put the shot-gun to his shoulder and said,

"Ef you pull down that bar I'll shoot."

Involuntarily the sergeant took his hand from the bar and turned to his officer as if awaiting further instructions.

"Mr. Conklin," said the lieutenant, moving forward, "this is pure foolishness: we're twelve to one and we're only soldiers and have to carry out orders. I'm sorry, but I must do my duty."

"That's all right," said the Elder, lowering his gun deliberately. "That's all right. You've your duty—perhaps I've mine. 'Taint my business to teach you yours; I'll attend to mine."

For a moment the lieutenant stood as if utterly undecided, then he turned round and said to his troopers, "Half a dozen of you advance and cover him with your rifles. Now Mr. Conklin, if you resist you must take the consequences. I have to tell you that resistance here is rebellion against the United States Government and rebellion means—you know what. Sergeant, down with the bar."

The Elder stood as if he hadn't heard what had been said to him, but as the sergeant laid hold of the bar, again the shot-gun went up to the old man's shoulder, and he said sharply,

"Ef *you* throw down that bar I'll shoot *you*." Again the sergeant paused, and looked at his officer. Evidently he didn't like his position.

At this juncture Bancroft couldn't help interfering. The Elder's attitude had excited in him more than mere admiration; wonder, reverence filled him, and his blood boiled at the thought that perhaps the old man would pay for his obstinacy with his life. Turning to the lieutenant, he said,

"Sir, you musn't order your men to fire." Then, reflection aiding, he added, "You'll raise the whole country against you if you do that. This is surely a law case and not to be decided by violence. Such decisions are not to be taken without reflection and distinct orders."

"Those orders I have," replied the lieutenant, "and I've got to carry them out—more's the pity," he added between his teeth as he turned again to his troopers evidently to give a decisive command. At this moment down from the bluff and over the wooden bridge came clattering a crowd of farmers all armed and the younger ones whirling their rifles or revolvers as they rode. Foremost among them were Mr. Morris and Seth Stevens, and between these two rode young Jake Conklin on Jack. As they reached the corner of the fence the crowd pulled up and Morris cried out:

"Elder, we're on time, I guess." And turning to the lieutenant he added violently, "We don't pay United States soldiers to pull our fences down and destroy our crops. That's got to stop right here, and right now!"

"I've got my orders," repeated the lieutenant. "And if you resist, you must take the consequences." But even as he spoke the hopelessness of his position became clear to him, for reinforcements of farmers were still coming over the bridge, and already the soldiers were outnumbered two to one. Just as Seth Stevens began with "Damn the consequences," the Elder spoke; he had come close to the corner of the fence.

"Young man," he said to the lieutenant, "you'd better go back to Wichita. I guess General Custer didn't send you to fight the hull township; an'," turning to Stevens, he added, "thar ain't no need for any cussin', as I kin see." Then he climbed quietly over the fence, and, in the same voice—

"Jake, take that horse to the stable and clean him. Tell your mother I'm comin' right up to eat."

And without more ado he moved off towards the bridge. With his departure even the lieutenant felt that the matter was ended for

the present. Five minutes later the troopers recrossed the bridge on their way to the camp near Wichita, while Morris and some of the older settlers held a brief consultation. It was agreed that they should be on the same spot at six o'clock on the morrow, and some of the younger spirits voluntarily declared that they would scout about towards Wichita and keep the others informed of what was going on in that quarter.

When Bancroft reached the house with Morris—neither Stevens nor any of the others felt inclined to trespass on the Elder's hospitality without an express invitation—he found dinner waiting. Loo had not returned, had, indeed, as Morris said, resolved to spend the day with his wife; but Jake was present and irrepressible; he wanted to tell all he had done to secure the victory. But he had scarcely begun when the Elder shut him up by telling him to eat, for he'd have to go right back to school. There was manifestly no feeling of triumph in the Elder. He scarcely spoke a word, and when Morris told what had been resolved upon, he merely nodded, but said nothing in approval or disapproval of the proposed preparations. In fact, one would have inferred from his manner that the whole matter had nothing whatever to do with him, and that he took no interest in it. The only thing that appeared to trouble him was Loo's absence and fear lest she should have been "fussed"; but when Morris declared that neither his wife nor Loo knew anything, and Bancroft announced his intention of driving over to fetch Loo home, the Elder seemed to be quite content and only said,

"Jack, I reckon, has had enuff. You'd better take the white mare; she's quiet."

On their way home in the buggy, Bancroft told Loo how her father had defied the United States troops, and how quietly he had taken his victory. The young man declared that he admired the Elder more than any man he had ever known, and ended by saying emphatically,

"I think he's a great man, a hero! And if he had lived in another time, or in another place, poets would have sung his courage."

"Really," replied the girl; but her tone was not enthusiastic, although in her heart she rejoiced that George seemed to be pleased. "Perhaps he cared for her after all," she thought.

"What are you thinking about, Loo?" Bancroft asked, surprised at her silence.

"I was just wonderin' then," answered the girl, startled out of her fit of abstraction, "how father made you like him. It appears as if I couldn't, George," and she turned towards Bancroft as she spoke, while her wistful eyes sought to read his face.

Without doubt the girl was in earnest; her voice trembled as she spoke, and there was in her manner a submission and humility which

touched Bancroft deeply. Besides, all the good impulses in him had been called into active life by his admiration of the Elder, and so he put his disengaged arm round Loo and drew her yielding form to him as he replied,

"Kiss me, Loo dear; and let us try to get on better together in future. There's no reason why we shouldn't," he added, whether in question or assertion would have been difficult to determine. The girl's vain and facile temperament required but little encouragement to abandon itself in utter confidence. In her heart of hearts she felt sure that every man must admire her, and as nothing in Bancroft's tone gave her warning, she chattered away in the highest spirits till the homestead was reached. In fact Loo's good humour and self-satisfaction made the evening pass merrily. Everything the girl said or did pleased the Elder, that Bancroft saw now clearly. Whether she laughed or talked, teased Jake, or questioned Bancroft, the Elder's eyes followed her with manifest pleasure and admiration. As he rose to go to bed he said simply,

"It's been a good day—a good day," he added impressively, as he took his daughter in his arms and kissed her. . .

Bancroft was afoot early next morning. Shortly after sunrise he went down to the famous cornfield and found a couple of youths on watch. They had been there for an hour, they said, and Seth Stevens and Richards, it appeared, were even then scouting towards Wichita. "Conklin's corner's all right," was the phrase which sent Bancroft to breakfast with a light heart. When the meal was over Bancroft returned to the famous "corner." The Elder had gone about his work; Mrs. Conklin seemed as helplessly indifferent as usual; Loo was apparently careless; but Bancroft—bred in the East—felt sure that all this was but Western ignorance; General Custer, he thought, will not accept defeat so easily. At the "corner" he found a couple of hundred youths and men already assembled. They were all armed, but the general opinion was that Custer would do nothing. One old farmer summed up the situation in the phrase, "Thar ain't nothin' for him to do, I reckon, but set still."

About eight o'clock, however, Richards rode up, with his horse in a lather, and announced that Custer, with three hundred men, had broken out from Wichita before six o'clock.

"He'll be hyar in half an hour," he concluded.

Forthwith counsel was taken; fifty men went into the high corn, the rest lined the skirting woods. When all was in order, Morris asked Bancroft to go and fetch the Elder. As the young man set his foot on the stoop of the house, he turned involuntarily to look down the valley; sure enough there, not a mile away, was a cloud of dust, and through the dust his eye caught again the glitter of steel. The Elder was not in the house, but Bancroft found him at the

wood-pile, busily engaged in sawing and splitting logs for fire-wood.

"Hurry, Elder," he said, "Morris has sent me to fetch you, and there's no time to be lost. Custer, with three hundred men, left Wichita at six o'clock this morning, and they'll be here within a quarter of an hour. They're in sight already."

Reluctantly, as it seemed, the Elder paused, and resting on his axe asked, "Is Morris alone?"

"No!" replied Bancroft, amazed to think the Elder could have forgotten the arrangements he had heard described the previous evening. "There are two hundred men and boys down there in the corner and in the woods," and he rapidly sketched the position.

"Wall," said the Elder meditatively, "then I guess it's all right. They'll get along without me. Tell Morris I'm at my chores. And as he turned again to his work, he added, "I've somethin' to do hyar."

From the old man's manner, Bancroft saw there was nothing to be accomplished, and, accordingly, he returned to the corner, where he found Morris standing inside the fence.

"I guessed so," was Morris's comment upon Bancroft's narration; he didn't seem surprised, however, for he went on,

"You and me 'll stay hyar in the open; we don't want to shoot ef we kin avoid it; there ain't no cause to as I kin see."

Ten minutes afterwards the cavalry crossed the bridge two deep, and wound snake-like towards the corner. With the first files came General Custer, accompanied by half-a-dozen officers, among whom Bancroft recognised the young lieutenant. Seeing Morris, the General rode up to the fence and asked,

"Mr. Conklin?"

"No," replied Morris quietly, "but I'm hyar fer him, I guess—an' about two hundred more ef I'm not enuff," he added, drily, waving his hand towards the woods as he spoke.

With a half turn in his saddle and a quick glance towards the line of trees on his flank, General Custer took in the situation. Clearly there was nothing to be done but retreat, with some show of saved dignity.

"Where shall I find Mr. Conklin? I wish to speak to him."

"I'll guide ye," was Morris's reply, "ef you'll come alone; he mightn't fancy so many visitors to oncet."

As Morris and Bancroft climbed over the fence and General Custer put his horse in motion to follow them, the armed settlers showed themselves carelessly among the trees on the creek's bank. When the Elder was informed by Bancroft that General Custer was before his front door and wished to speak to him, he laid down his axe, and in his shirt-sleeves skirted the house till he stood in front of his visitor.

"Mr. Conklin, I believe?"

"That's my name, General," was the quiet reply.

"You've resisted United States troops with arms, and now, it seems, you've got up a rebellion."

"I guess not, General," said the Elder gravely. "I was Union all through the war. I come hyar as an Abolitionist. I don't want nothin', except to keep my fences up as long as they'll stand, an' cut my corn in peace."

"Well," General Custer replied, after a pause; "I must send to Washington for orders and state the facts as I understand them, but if the Federal Courts give the case against you, as I've no doubt they will, I shall be compelled to carry out the law, and resistance can only mean useless bloodshed."

"That's so, the Elder replied, simply; "that's so, I guess," but what the phrase meant was not very clear save to Morris and Bancroft, who understood that the Elder intended merely to deal with facts as they arose.

With a curt motion of his hand to his cap General Custer rode back to his men, who shortly afterwards filed again across the bridge on their way back to Wichita.

When the coast was clear of soldiers some of the older settlers came up to Conklin's to take counsel together. On Morris's representation it was agreed to collect from all the settlers interested two dollars a head for law expenses, and to send at once for lawyer Barkman of Wichita, in order to take his opinion on the case. It was further agreed that Morris should bring Barkman next day about noon to Conklin's, for if any other place had been fixed upon, it would have been manifestly impossible to secure the Elder's presence, as he had again gone off to his wood-pile; and then the insurgents, without more ado, dispersed every man to his house.

On returning home to dinner next day Bancroft found a fine buggy drawn up in front of the stable and a negro busily engaged in cleaning two strange horses. When he entered the parlour he wasn't surprised to find that Morris had already arrived with the lawyer. Barkman was apparently about forty years of age; he was above the medium height and very stout, but still active. The face was heavy; its outlines obscured by fat; but the nose was thin and cocked inquisitively, and the eyes, though small, were quick and intelligent. The lawyer was over dressed; his black frock-coat was too new; the diamond stud which shone in the centre of a vast expanse of shirt-front, was nearly the size of a five-cent piece; his appearance filled Bancroft with contempt. Nevertheless he seemed to know his business. As soon as he had heard the facts he gave it as his opinion that an action against the Elder would lie in the Federal

Courts, and that the damages would certainly be heavy. Still something might be done; the act of war, he thought, would be difficult to prove; in fine, they could but wait and see.

At this moment Mrs. Conklin came in accompanied by Loo to announce that dinner was ready. Barkman was of course introduced by the mother to the daughter, and it was apparent that Loo's beauty made a deep impression upon him. Before seeing the girl Barkman had seemed to look upon the position as hopeless, or nearly so; now he was ready to reconsider his opinion, or rather to modify it. His quick intelligence appeared to have grown keener as he suddenly changed his line of argument and began to put forth the importance of getting the case fully and fairly discussed in Washington.

"I must get up affidavits from all the settlers," he said, "and then, I guess, we'll show the authorities in Washington that this isn't a question in which they should interfere. But if I save you," he went on, with a laugh intended to simulate frank good-nature, "I s'pose I may reckon on your votes when I run for Congress."

It was understood at once that Barkman had seized upon the proper, or rather the only possible method of defence. Morris seemed to speak for the section when he said:—

"Ef you'll take the trouble now, I guess we'll insure your election."

"Never mind the election," replied Barkman good-humouredly, "I guess that'll be all right, and as for the trouble, if Miss Conklin," and here he turned deferentially to the girl, "would take a seat in my buggy and show me the chief settlers' houses, I reckon I could get up the case in three or four days!"

The eyes of all were turned upon Loo. Was it Bancroft's jealousy that made him smile contemptuously as he, too, looked at her? If so, the smile was mistimed. For, flushing slightly, the girl answered, "I guess I'll be pleased to do what I kin," and she looked defiantly at Bancroft as she spoke.

CHAPTER IV.—LOO PLAYS TRUMPS.

With the advent of Barkman upon the scene began for Bancroft a new series of experiences. Up to this time he had thought that the chief danger of the situation lay in the possibility that he might be seduced by Loo's beauty into making her his wife. Now, although he had resolved not to commit this "irreparable mistake," he found it impossible to imagine her given to another. She might not suit him at all; she had done things not to be excused nor extenuated, and yet the mere thought that Barkman might marry and live with her, irritated him intensely. That was not to be endured.

and when they met, particularly if Barkman happened to be present, he exerted half unconsciously, half against his better judgment, all his powers of contempt. He would save her from herself if possible, or at least show her the fate which awaited her.

She was worthy of better things than marriage with such a man. She was vain, yes, and lacking in the finer sensibilities, the tremulous moral instincts which are the crown and glory of womanhood; but then her upbringing was faulty, her surroundings coarse—and after all her beauty was marvellous. In spite of everything she deserved better than lawyer Barkman. And so the jealousy that outlives love, gnawed at his heart; now it made him exert all his powers of pleasing, now it forced him to treat her with a coldness and contempt against which she continually rebelled.

One day on returning from school he saw Barkman and Loo walking together in the peach orchard. As they turned under the fruit trees, and the girl called to him and came quickly to meet him, Bancroft was seized by her beauty. The sunlight playing through the branches fell in golden flakes upon her head and dress; she moved gracefully, and the immediate background of green leaves framed her flower-like face and threw it into relief. But as soon as she spoke the enchantment vanished, and the demon of contempt seemed to possess him.

"I guess you were goin' in without speakin'." (In tones of tender remonstrance.)

"You have one with you whose trade is talk. I'm not needed," was Bancroft's curt reply.

The girl, half-incensed, self-gratified by his passionate exclamation, turned aside while Barkman advancing, said:

"Good day, Mr. Bancroft, good day! I was just tryin' to persuade Miss Conklin to come for another drive this evenin' in order to get this matter of ours settled up right off."

"Another drive;" Bancroft repeated the words to himself, and then steadying his voice answered coolly: "You'll have no difficulty, lawyer. I was just telling Miss Conklin that you talked splendidly—the result of long practice, I suppose."

"That's it, sir," replied the lawyer gravely, "it's mainly a question of practice added to gift—natural gift," but here Barkman's conceit died out as he caught an uneasy, impatient movement of Miss Conklin, and he went on quietly with the knowledge of life and self-control born of long experience. "But anyway, I'm glad you agree with me, for Miss Conklin may take your opinion after rejectin' mine."

Plainly Bancroft saw the trap, but his jealous rage wouldn't be denied its course. Turning, therefore, quietly to Miss Loo, with a smile of contempt on his face, he said,

"No advice of mine is needed; Miss Conklin, I'm sure, has already

made up her mind to gratify you.—She likes to show the country to strangers," he added bitterly.

The girl flushed at the cold, contemptuous words, but her spirit wasn't subdued, and her coquettishness stood her here in good stead. "Wall, Mr. Barkman," she retorted, with a smiling glance at the lawyer, "I guess I must give in; if Mr. Bancroft thinks I ought ter; there's no more to be said. I'm willin'." And the blue eyes flashed a challenge to Bancroft as she spoke. And so the evening drive which exasperated Bancroft past endurance, came off.

A few evenings later Barkman had gone into Wichita, and Bancroft, subdued by the beauty of the night, asked Loo to go out with him upon the stoop. They stood together. Several minutes passed in silence, then he spoke as if to himself.

"What has this scene, this magical beauty, to do with man's cares and restlessness? Look, Loo, look how the silver light bathes the prairie and shimmers on the golden sea of corn, and throws lights as of spirit-flame among the trees, and makes of the little creek a ribband of enamel.

"And yet I daresay you prefer a great diamond gleaming in a white shirt-front and a coarse, fat face and a stream of common talk.

"You," and he turned to the girl, "whose beauty is like the beauty of nature itself, perfect and ineffable. When I think of you and that coarse brute together, I shall always remember this moonlight and the zig-zagging snake-fence yonder, and the roll of tawdry, brown prairie, and the prostitution of pure loveliness to the common service of the world."

The girl turned towards him, only half comprehending his somewhat inconsequent rhapsody, but understanding that he thought much of her, and glowing with his extravagant praise of her beauty. "But, George," she said, shyly, because wholly delighted, and yet fearful of trusting to her joy, "I don't think no more of lawyer Barkman than the moon thinks of the fence or prairie, and I guess that's not much," she added, with a little laugh of complete content.

But the sound of her voice and the common phrases of uneducated speech had broken the spell. Without speaking, Bancroft turned away, and the pair shortly afterwards entered the house.

Needless to say Loo was not content with incidents such as these. Now and then she felt that Bancroft was making fun of Barkman, drawing him out and poking contempt at him. That seemed to her right enough. But often he turned his contempt upon her, and that she couldn't endure. What had she done, what ~~was~~ she doing, to deserve *his* sneers? She only wished him to love her, and she felt indignantly that every time she plagued him by goin' with Barkman he was merciless, and every

time she abandoned herself to him, he drew back. That wasn't to be borne. She loved him, yes; no one, she knew, would ever make him as good a wife as she would. No one ever could. Why, there was nothin' she wouldn't do for him willingly. She'd jest see after all his comforts and everythin'. She'd tidy all his papers and fix up his things. And if he ever got ill, she'd jest wait on him day and night—so she would. There wasn't anythin' she wouldn't do for him. Nothin'! She'd be the best wife to him that ever was!

Oh, why couldn't he be good to her always! That was all she wanted, to feel he loved her; then she'd show him, she'd jest tend on him mornin', noon, and night. He'd be happy, as happy as the day was long. How foolish men were. They saw nothin' that was under their noses. "He loves me," she said to herself, "he talked the other evenin' beautiful; I guess he don't talk like that to everyone, and yet he won't give in to me and jest be content—once for all. It's their pride makes 'em like that; their stupid, foolish pride. Nothin' else. Men air foolish things. I've jest no pride at all when I think of him, except I know no one else could make him as happy as I could. Oh my!" and she sighed with a vague sense of the mysterious burden of this incomprehensible world.

"An' he goes on bein' mad with lawyer Barkman. Fancy, that fat old man! He warn't jealous of Seth Stevens or the officer, no, but of Barkman. Why, it's foolish. Barkman don't count. He talks well, yes, and is always pleasant, always; but he's jest not in it. . . . Men air foolish anyway." And so Loo's soliloquy came to an end.

But Barkman, with the experience of his forty years and his cooler blood, saw more of the game than either Bancroft or Loo. Like Chaucer's Wife of Bath he had learnt the "constant tendance and attention" counted for much with all women, and having studied Miss Conklin as an individual woman he felt that persistent flattery would go a long way towards winning her. "I've won harder cases by studying the jury," he thought, "and I'll win her because I know her. That schoolmaster irritates her; I won't. He says unpleasant things to her; I'll say pleasant things and I'll win. She wants dresses and diamonds and like admiration; she shall have them, have them all through me. . . . I'll win the case, and there's no judge here to go against me just when I've won. I guess it'll be all right. . . . She's the woman I want to marry; so pretty that all the young men'll wonder at my luck—luck, as if that counts. . . . The mother ain't a factor, that's plain, and the father's sittin' on the fence; he'll just do anythin' for the girl, and if he ain't well off what does that matter? I don't want money anyway," and he swelled with a proud sense of disinterestedness.

"Besides, what would the schoolmaster do with such a woman? Why, he couldn't even keep her properly if he did his best. It's a

duty to save the girl from throwin' herself away on a young, married man like that." And again he felt as if his virtue must help him in the struggle.

"What a handsome figure she has! Her shoulders are beautiful and—lovely, that's what she is—lovely, and she shall be my wife—there is no doubt about that. My first wife was good-looking, but not to be compared to this girl. Who'd ever have thought of finding such a dainty morsel in such a place. What a lucky dog I am after all! Yes, lucky because I know just what I want, and go for it right from the start. That's all. That's what luck means."

And so he resolved in the woods of his own thought "to play the game for all 'twas worth," carefully but boldly; for grit often wins at poker—and in life. He got his opportunity at length. As they stepped into the buggy one afternoon he saw the girl was out of sorts. "The schoolmaster's been goin' for her," he said to himself, "the derved fool." And he set himself to soothe her. The task was a difficult one. Loo at first was cold to him and even ill-tempered; she laughed at what he said and promised and got angry at his pretensions. His natural, kindly humour stood him in good stead here. Quietly he persisted; with the adaptability of good-nature he wooed her in his own fashion, and before they reached the first settler's house he had half won her to kindness. Here he made his victory complete. At every question he turned to her deferentially for counsel and assistance; he reckoned Miss Conklin 'd know, he relied on her for the facts, and when she spoke, he guessed that just concluded the matter. He was satisfied; her opinion was good enough for him, and so forth.

The girl, wounded to the soul by Bancroft's persistent, causeless contempt, felt that now, at last she had met some one who appreciated her justly, and unconsciously she gave herself to the charm of soothing, dexterous flattery.

From the look in the girl's eyes, Barkman felt, as they entered the buggy to go on, that the game was his own, and so it came about that he went a little too fast. At the beginning he talked to her with that deference which he had found recently to be so effective. There was no one like her. What a lawyer she'd have made! How she got round the wife and so forced the husband to sign the petition—'twas wonderful. He had never thought any woman could be so smart. He had never met any *man* who was her equal.

And the girl drank in the praise as the prairie absorbs rain. He meant it; that was clear. He had shown it in words and glances, and there before the Croftons. She had always known she could do such things; she didn't know much about books, and couldn't talk fine about moonlight, but the people she knew, she understood. She was sure of that. But still 'twas pleasant to hear it. He must love

was very clever; the best lawyer in the State; no doubt about it. Every one acknowledged that. And he had said no man was equal to her. Oh, if only the other had said that, if only Bancroft had—but there, he was too wrapped up in himself, and, after all, what was he anyway! but still if only he had——

: At this point of her musings the lawyer seeing the flushed cheeks and softened glance thought his moment had come, and resolved to use it.

"Miss Conklin," he began, seriously, "if you'd join with me there's nothing we two couldn't do. Nothing! They call me the first lawyer in the State, and I guess I'll get to Washington soon; but with you to help me I'd be there before this year is out. And as the wife of a Congressman, I guess you'd just show them all the way. I'm rich already; that is, I can do whatever you want, and it's a shame for such genius as yours, and such beauty, to be hidden here among people who don't know how to appreciate you. But in New York and Washington you'd shine; there's no doubt about that," and as the word New York caused the girl to look at him with earnest attention, he added, overcome by the sense of an approaching triumph, "Miss Loo, I love you; you've seen that, for you take in everything. I know I'm not young, but I can be kinder and more faithful than young men, and" (here he slipped his arm round her waist) "I guess all women want to be loved. Won't you let me love you, Loo, as my wife?"

Newly the girl slipped away from him; perhaps it was that the buggy-ride recalled her ride with George; perhaps it was that the cares brought home to her the immense difference between then and now. However that may be, when she answered, she answered with full self-possession.

"I guess what you say's about right, and I like you. But I don't want to marry—anyway not yet. Of course, I'd like to help you, and I'd like to live in New York, but—but I can't make up my mind all at once. You must wait. If you really care for me, that can't be hard."

"Yes," Barkman replied, "it's hard, very hard to feel uncertain of winning the only woman I can love. But," he added, after a pause, "I don't want to press you. I rely on you, and I'll do whatever you say."

His knowledge of the girl's nature showed itself in the last sentences; it had forced him to control at once the bitter disappointment which he had felt at an unexpected resistance, and which had found expression in the tone of his first words.

"Well, then," Miss Loo went on, mollified by his humility, "you'll go back to Wichita this evenin', as you said you would, and when you return, the day after to-morrow, I'll tell you Yes or No! Will that do?" and she smiled up into his face.

"Yes," replied Barkman, "that's better than I had any right to expect. Hope from you is better than certainty from any other woman." And in this mood they reached the homestead. Loo alighted at the gate; she wouldn't allow Barkman even to enter; he was to go right off at once, but when he returned she'd meet him. With a deferential smile, he lifted his hat, and turned his horses' heads towards Wichita, waiting only for his servant to get into the buggy before he drove away. On the whole, Barkman had reason to be proud of his diplomacy; reason, too, to believe that the game was indeed won. Still, all the factors in the struggle were not seen even by his keen eyes.

The next morning, Loo set herself to consider her position. It didn't occur to her that she had somewhat compromised herself with Barkman by giving him leave and, in fact, encouragement to hope for a favourable answer. She was so used to looking at all affairs from the point of view of her own self-interest and satisfaction, that such a thought couldn't even occur to her. Loyalty to delicate, unenforceable obligations is a proof of rare nobility of nature. No, Loo wanted to decide simply on what was best for herself. And she considered the matter as it seemed to her, from all sides, without arriving at any conclusion. Barkman was nice and good to her, there could be no doubt of that; but she didn't care for him, and she loved George. Oh, why wasn't he like Barkman, always kind and appreciative! And so she sat and thought. She felt at the bottom of her heart that she couldn't give George up, couldn't make up her mind to lose him; and why should she? since they loved each other. And here a thought came to her—a golden thought. She remembered how, three months before, she had been invited into Fureka to a ball. She had stayed with her friend Miss Jennie Blood, and by her advice and with her help had then worn for the first and only time a low-necked dress. At first she had felt uncomfortable in it, very uncomfortable, but the men evidently liked it—all of them. She had seen their admiration in their eyes; as Jennie Blood had said, it fetched all of 'em. If only George could see her in a low-necked dress—and she flushed as she thought of it—perhaps he would admire her, and then she'd be quite happy. But there were never any balls or anything in this dead-and-alive township. The idea, however, had taken possession of her. What could she do? And she thought and thought. The solution came to her as a sudden inspiration. It was warm still, very warm, in the middle of the day; why shouldn't she dress as for a dance, somethin' like it anyway, and go into Bancroft's room to put it straight just before he came home from school? Her heart beat quickly as she reflected. After all, what harm was there in it? She remembered hearing that South all the girls wore low,

